



THE
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

AND

LONDON REVIEW:

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE

LITERATURE,

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, POLITICS, ARTS, MANNERS,

AND

Amusements of the Age.

EMBELLISHED WITH PORTRAITS

VOLUME 82.

FROM JULY TO DECEMBER,

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THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

JULY, 1822:

Embellished with an Engraving of the *PSYCHE*, a Statue executed by
R. WESTMACOTT, Esq. R.A., for His Grace the Duke of Bedford,
and exhibited at the Royal Academy, Somerset House:

ALSO,

A Portrait of WILLIAM ROSCOE, Esq., Author of the History of Lorenzo
de Medici, &c. &c.

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LONDON:

Published for the Proprietors,

BY LUPTON RELFE, 13, CORNHILL.

[TWO SHILLINGS.]

ADDRESS.

THE period is now arrived, at which the Proprietors of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE promised to commence their improvements, and they invite their Readers to compare the present Number with any which has preceded it, more especially with those published previously to the commencement of the last Volume. While they endeavour to direct the attention of their Readers to what they consider the more prominent improvements, they are anxious to assure them, that they aim at much higher excellence. The superior manner in which their Engravings are executed, of which the PSYCHE in the present Number is a faithful specimen, justifies the Proprietors in asserting that, considering the low price at which this Magazine is sold, it is superior to any other Periodical Publication.

The *Review* department has undergone a considerable alteration. Instead of only three or four, the present Number contains notices of twenty publications, Foreign and Domestic. This alteration, it is hoped, will be particularly acceptable; as it supplies a void constantly experienced by those who are skilled in foreign languages, and who wish to enlarge the circle of their acquaintance with the living authors of the European Continent. Many Readers, perfectly familiar with the works of Klopstock, Ariosto, Voltaire, Camoëns, Cervantes, and other early modern authors, are wholly ignorant of the writings of contemporaries, who are shedding the lustre of genius over the countries that produced those illustrious men. A knowledge of the excellent works daily issuing from the continental press will, it is hoped, not only be a source of pure and elegant pleasure, but will tend to remove that selfish egotism too often apparent in those, who exclusively confine their attention to the productions of their own country.

The Portraits, in future, will be confined to characters, whose names will descend with honour to posterity; the aim of the present Proprietors being a general encouragement to great actions, by paying a just homage to extraordinary virtue, or transcendent genius.

The Frontispieces will also be more worthy of attention: they will not be confined to Engravings of Buildings and Landscapes, which appear in a thousand shapes and places, but will frequently present to the public those higher works of Art, that not only immortalize the artist and the patron, but raise man higher in the scale of intellectual excellence. By these exertions, added to improvements in the literary department, the present Proprietors of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE hope to be instrumental in disseminating more widely a refined and correct taste for the Fine Arts, and elegant Literature in general; well knowing that, the more the public mind is imbued with genuine taste, the more it is susceptible of real happiness and the blessings of rational liberty.

— dedisse fideliter artes
Emollet mores, nec sinit esse teros.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Subscriber, who wishes the *dates* to be placed to the Marriages and Deaths, should calculate the space they would occupy; he would then see the impossibility of being obliged, without the sacrifice of more important matter.

A Letter from a Gentleman near Pocklington is received.

We are sorry we cannot insert "Sketches by Sea and Land."

The Note from W. T. W. shall be attended to.

Under consideration,—A Fragment from Adolescents.—Lines, &c. from A Constant Reader.—On the Advantages of Literary Correction.—&c. &c.

THE
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

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LONDON REVIEW.

JULY 1822.

MEMOIR

OF

WILLIAM ROSCOE, Esq.

WITH A PORTRAIT, DRAWN AND ENGRAVED BY J. THOMPSON.



"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark, unfathom'd caves of ocean bear."

THESE lines are peculiarly applicable to the birth and parentage, of Mr. Roscoe. He was a "gem," produced in obscurity, whose lustre did not seem intended for the gaze and admiration of mankind; but, happily, he was destined to emerge from the lowliness of his situation, and to surmount the difficulties, which the humility of his birth had opposed to his advancement and literary fame. He was born at Liverpool, of obscure parents. Both his father and mother were engaged in the service of a bachelor, a gentleman of the most amiable and generous disposition, in whose service it is probable they first became acquainted. A mutual attachment became the consequence of this acquaintance, and it was approved of by their master, to whom their fidelity had strongly recommended them. They were, consequently, married with his consent, and young Roscoe, their first-born, was brought up at his expense.— Having died without an heir, he left the greater part, if not the entire of his property, to the subject of our memoir.

It does not appear that his patron paid any attention to his early education, and his father had no higher ambition than of making him ac-

quainted with writing and arithmetic. Through an obstinacy of temper, however, which, in many minds, is the forerunner of genius, Roscoe could not be prevailed upon to submit to the tame drudgery of scholastic discipline; and, consequently, he did not avail himself even of the small advantages of education, which his parents were able to afford him. Indolence, however, was not the character of his mind; and though he would not attend school, he studied assiduously at home. He began early to perceive the advantages of thinking for himself, on every occasion, and the habits of thought and mental application soon gave evidence of that genius, which has since shone forth with so pure a lustre. At this period, however, he studied things, not words. He endeavoured to resolve into their individual elements, all his general conceptions, and to form general theories from an aggregate of individual principles.— He pursued nature through her mazy march, and the wizard perplexity of her course was not more unaccountable to him, than the variety of appearances and dresses which she assumed, at every deviation from her direct course. But

while he was thus endeavouring to combine the kindred, and separate the heterogeneous attributes of things, he seemed to be perfectly free from the dominion of that restless spirit which pants after fame; and his studies to have been determined by no other stimulus than the desire of gratifying that immediate thirst of knowledge, which, in aim, was rather an instinct than the result of mature deliberation. He never reflected, that the treasures of intellectual knowledge, which he was amassing at this early period, might lead either to the promotion of his future interests, or literary reputation. He studied, because study was pleasing to him,—because the charms of science, the captivating scenes of ideal creations, and the syren images of imagination and the muse, were perpetually hovering around him in sportive maze, and communicating a secret gratification to the most simple occurrences and occupations of his youth. As present enjoyment and not prospective advantages was, therefore, the secret magnet by which he was attracted, he totally neglected the study of languages, in which there is nothing to gratify or enchant the youthful mind. A knowledge of Greek and Latin is an endless source of pleasure to him who possesses it, but until a language is known, this pleasure can have no existence, and Roscoe entered only into those regions of science, where every prospect presented some romantic imagery. He was awoke, however, from his fairy dreams, by engaging in more active pursuits,—pursuits, in which the idealisms of the poet, and the hypotheses of the philosopher, are equally unknown. He was articled to Mr. Eyes, a respectable attorney in Liverpool, and now, for the first time, he was made acquainted with the difference between practical and speculative acquirements. A clerk in the office boasted one day of having read *Cicero de Amicitia*, and commented largely on the classic elegance and simplicity of the illustrious Roman; and Roscoe, though much more deeply versed in general literature, was obliged to remain silent, and tacitly acknowledge a conscious sense of his own inferiority. He

felt his situation very poignantly, but it was not a feeling that remained dormant in his breast. He found a new passion awake in his bosom, and he was no longer prompted to study by that spirit of idle curiosity, which proposes to itself no final object. Pride and ambition took immediate possession of him, and he henceforth yielded to their restless but inspiring influence. He now thirsted after knowledge, because he felt its value, and he spurned that effeminacy which delights to linger in the softer recesses of science, and dares not pursue her to her most formidable and difficult retreats.—He immediately procured Cicero's treatise *de Amicitia*, and, by a perpetual recurrence to his Grammar and Dictionary, he soon became acquainted with elegancies of style, and beauties of diction, which no art could transfer to his native tongue. He did not rest his career, however, till he became a perfect master of the Roman language, and intimately acquainted with the best Latin poets and historians. In the accomplishment of this arduous task, he derived very considerable assistance from his intercourse with Mr. Francis Holden.

A knowledge of the Latin tongue was not, however, sufficient to satisfy his ambition. He now applied himself to the study of French and Italian, in the latter of which, he is universally allowed to be as profoundly versed as the most distinguished of its native writers. When we reflect, that he acquired this knowledge during the interval of business, and never absented himself from the duties of his office, we must acknowledge it is an instance of application which has few parallels in the history of literature.

His first passion for poetry and works of imagination, though it was moderated for a time by the toil of more rigid pursuits, assumed its original strength and energy, after he became acquainted with the Latin, French, and Italian poets. His first production, accordingly, was a brilliant effusion of imagination. He wrote "*Mount Pleasant*" in his sixteenth year; and, we must say, that we know of no poem, composed at so early a period, that combines such fertility of idea with such correctness of taste.

We are told that, after the expiration of his clerkship, he was taken into partnership by Mr. Aspinwall, a very respectable attorney of Liverpool; and the entire management of an office, extensive in practice, and high in reputation, devolved upon him alone. In this situation, he conducted himself in such a manner, as to gain universal respect, for notwithstanding his various pursuits, he paid strict attention to his profession, and acquired a liberal and minute knowledge of law. In clearness of comprehension, and rapidity of dispatch, he had few equals.

About this time he formed an intimacy with the late Dr. Enfield, who was at the academy of Warrington, a tutor in the *belles lettres*. When he published the second volume of the *Speaker*, Mr. Roscoe supplied him with an "*Elegy to Pity*," and an "*Ode to Education*." About the same time, he became acquainted with Dr. Aikin, who was then resident at Warrington. These gentlemen were not less admirers of his refined and elegant manner as a writer, than of his chaste and classical taste in painting and sculpture. In December, 1773, he recited before the society formed in Liverpool for the encouragement of drawing, painting, &c. an ode which was afterwards published with "*Mount Pleasant*," his first poetical production. He occasionally gave lectures on subjects connected with the object of this institution, and was a very active member of the society. He also wrote the preface to Dalby's Catalogue of Rembrandt's Etchings, in which he displays not only an original view of engraving and painting, but an intimate acquaintance with the opinions of the best writers on the subject. No person saw more clearly the excellencies and defects of Rembrandt, and the causes to which his faults were properly owing.

While the Combined Powers were engaged in restoring the ancient order of things in France, Mr. Roscoe animated by the rapid glow of youthful emotions, and the enthusiasm inspired by the love of freedom, attuned his lyre to the cause of liberty, and composed his celebrated poems "*The Vine-covered Hills*," and "*Millions be Free*." He also translated one of Petrarch's Odes, which

was inserted in the *Mercurio Italico*. These compositions are deservedly classed among the most elegant and classical productions in the English language.

While France maintained her long contested struggle with this country and the combined powers, Mr. Roscoe devoted himself to his immortal work, the *History of Lorenzo de Medici*. It was begun in 1790, and completed in 1796. Its reputation did not stand in need of adventitious aid. Public feeling had determined its character even before the tribunal of criticism had time to derogate from, or emblazon its merits. Even the cynical Mathias, who seems to have prided himself in scoffing at merit of the highest order, has not ventured to impeach the character of this work, and we believe the lines which he has devoted to its praise are some of the happiest in his "*Pursuits of Literature*."

We are informed, that when Mr. Roscoe undertook his "*Life of Lorenzo de Medici*," he lived at the distance of two miles from Liverpool, whither he was obliged daily to repair, to attend the business of his office. The dry and tedious details of law occupied his attention during the whole of the morning and afternoon; his evenings, alone, he was able to dedicate to study: and it will be easily conceived, that a gentleman surrounded by a numerous family, and whose company was courted by his friends, must have experienced, even at these hours, a variety of interruptions. No public library provided him with materials. The rare books which he had occasion to consult, he was obliged to procure in London, at a considerable expense. But in the midst of all these difficulties, the work grew under his hands; and in order that it might be printed under his own immediate inspection, he established an excellent press in the town of Liverpool, and submitted to the disgusting toil of correcting the proofs.

Shortly after the publication of this work, Mr. Roscoe abandoned the profession of an attorney, and entered himself at Gray's-inn, with a view of becoming a barrister. He availed himself of the leisure which he derived from this circumstance, and began to study the Greek

language, in which, we are told, he made very considerable proficiency.

The "*Life of Lorenzo de Medici*" had made too strong an impression on the public mind to suffer its author to pursue in peace the practice of a profession for which, though he was one of its highest ornaments, nature had never intended him. He was called upon by the general voice of the public to write the life of that celebrated patron of literature, "*Leo the Tenth*," the son of Lorenzo, who was also the Mæcenas of his age. Mr. Roscoe engaged in the work with a sort of filial devotion to the memory of a family, whose fame will descend to the latest posterity. He found Leo not only to be the patron of genius and the Mæcenas of his age, but in fact the actual reviver of literature in Europe. He recognized in him all those attributes of munificence and princely bounty which characterized his father Lorenzo. His popularity suffered considerably, however, for a time, because he dared to do justice to a man whose creed was at variance with his own, but whose actions and conduct through life have commanded the esteem and admiration of mankind. To do justice to an enemy is the distinguishing characteristic of a noble and liberal mind; and yet Mr. Roscoe's liberality has been termed bigotry and infidelity, by those whose expansion of sentiment never ventures to extend itself beyond the niggard pale of their theological creed. We are told he is an apologist for popery, by those very people who accuse him of republicanism and licentiousness of religious opinions. The public, however, have subsequently done justice to his *Life of Leo the Tenth*.

While he was engaged in the completion of this work, he was invited to become chief partner in the banking house of Clarke and Sons, at Liverpool; a situation, which he reluctantly, and we regret to say, unfortunately accepted. He was always a zealous advocate of Mr. Fox's political principles, and in 1806, stood candidate for the representation of his native town, at the solicitation of the whigs who were then in office. He was triumphantly returned, but his friends having retired from office the following year,

he judged it prudent to decline another contest. It should not however be forgotten that, during his short parliamentary career, he was very instrumental in abolishing the African Slave Trade. He published some political pamphlets after retiring from parliament; and though they were received by one party with abuse, and by the other with unqualified applause, all parties acknowledged they were dictated by a spirit of moderation and mildness, which seldom characterize the productions of polemical controvertists.

While he was thus actively engaged, a series of unforeseen circumstances led the banking house in which he was engaged to suspend payment. The creditors, however, had so much confidence in Mr. Roscoe's integrity, that the bank was afforded time to recover from its embarrassments; and Mr. Roscoe, on first entering the bank after this accommodation, was loudly greeted by the populace. The difficulties, however, in which the bank was placed, rendered it impossible for the proprietors to make good their engagements. Mr. Roscoe did all that could be expected from an honest man: he gave up the whole of his property to satisfy his creditors. His library, which was very extensive, and consisted principally of Italian works, was the only sacrifice which he had reason to regret; as it deprived him of that intellectual society which he found in communing with, and imbibing the sentiments of kindred minds. The failure of the bank is supposed to have been principally occasioned by the great number of other failures which took place at the time.

Mr. Roscoe, when young, was extremely handsome. His countenance was open and generous, and his deportment dignified and majestic. He has long enjoyed the honour of ranking at the head of the circles of taste in Liverpool; and has always evinced himself the friend and patron of genius. Whoever was fortunate enough to receive a letter of recommendation to him was certain of being noticed and patronized in Liverpool. Minasi, the celebrated musician, was indebted to him for his early popularity. He was recommended to him by Mr.

Smith, of the British Museum, a gentleman universally respected for his urbanity of manners, and polite attention to all, who have occasion to visit that valuable collection of literary and scientific curiosities.

Though born of humble parentage, Mr. Roscoe has evinced through life that unaffected dignity of manner, that delicate sense of honour, and that pride of acting up to its most rigid and jealous dictates, which prove, that the principle, which constitutes true greatness of mind is not the exclusive birthright of ancestry. He is a zealous advocate for the rights of mankind, and the voice of freedom inspired him to sing "*The Wrongs of Africa*," and to pourtray them with a spirit and strength of colouring, that gave a new impetus to the enthusiasm which animated the friends of liberty at the time; and which eventually restored the degraded African to that equal freedom, which is the birthright of the human race.

It was this love of liberty, or rather the great and generous emotions which it awakens in the soul, that inspired him when he breathed the following impassioned strains :

There Afric's swarthy sons their toils repeat
Beneath the fervors of the noon-tide heat,
Till broke with fervor, helpless and forlorn,
From their weak grasp the lingering morsel torn,
The reed-built hovel's friendly shade deny'd,
The jest of folly, and the scorn of pride,
Drooping beneath meridian suns they lie,
Lift the faint head, and bend the imploring eye,
Till death, in kindness to the tortur'd breast,
Calls the free spirit to the realms of rest.

Mr. Roscoe intended to publish his *Wrongs of Africa* in three parts. The first appeared in 1787, and the second the year following; but the public was never gratified with the third. The subject, it is true, ceased to possess interest after the Slave Trade was abolished, and to this

alone we can attribute the circumstance of its not having appeared. Mr. Roscoe, both in and out of parliament, never ceased his exertions till this great event was happily accomplished; and one of his most argumentative and spirited works is, a refutation of a pamphlet in defence of the Slave Trade, entitled, "*Scriptural researches into the licitness of the Slave Trade*," Mr. Roscoe entitled his answer "*A Scriptural refutation of a pamphlet lately published by the Rev. Raymond Harris*." He was the first who succeeded in bringing the literature of the middle age into repute in this country. His *Life of Lorenzo de Medici*, and of *Leo the Tenth*, rendered an acquaintance with the characters, discoveries, and historical occurrences of those times an indispensable qualification in any person, who would mingle in the literary and fashionable circles. We have learned with unfeigned satisfaction, that he is at present engaged in editing Pope's works. He has lately favoured the public with an able defence of his *Life of Lorenzo de Medici*, which has been attacked by some foreign writers of high literary repute. As the work however is well known to our readers, and was reviewed in our last two numbers, we mention it only as a circumstance which should not be omitted in a memoir of his life. To his edition of Pope's works we look forward with great interest; for the controversies which have lately engaged the public attention, relative to Pope's poetical character, will, we doubt not, be investigated in that distinct and perspicuous manner which is characteristic of all Mr. Roscoe's writings. He, who travels with him, is certain of not being led through the regions of "*Cimmerian darkness*." He never aims, like many of our modern writers, to astonish his readers, by pretending to teach them what he does not understand himself. What he perceives clearly, he expresses simply and luminously. The same chaste simplicity and perspicuity of manner were the distinguishing characteristics of the great poet in the elucidation of whose works he is now engaged.

A SONG.—BY MRS. OPIE.

Yes—thou art gone! I feel it now!
For hours seem days, days weeks to me!
On life I gaze with gloomy brow,
Uncheer'd except by thoughts of thee!

Oh! how I hate to meet with those,
Who speak in mirth's loud heartless tone!
They bid my lips to smile uncloze,
But can I smile? No!—Thou art gone!

Through tears I now see morning rise,
The sun has lost its cheering power;
Since sun, nor moon to glad mine eyes
Can light thee now to Mary's bower.

They bid me sing the favourite lay,
I us'd to breathe to thee alone;
But how can I the wish obey,
Or sing at all, since thou art gone?

They bid me round my tresses twine
The wreath, all tastes, they say, approve:
But why should I desire to shine,
When seen no more by him I love?

They ask me why I seem so sad,
So pale my cheek, so chang'd my tone:
The question almost drives me mad,
For they forget that thou art gone!

I—join the dance! to others yield
The hand so lately grasp'd in thine,
When that fond grasp alone reveal'd
Thy parting agony and mine!

No!—sacred be my hand as heart
To thee, my love, and thee alone!
The dance might charm me where thou art,
But nothing charms since thou art gone!

As if I hop'd with thee to meet,
Abroad with restless steps I stray,
Then home return on weary feet,
To muse the listless hours away.

But, when thy blest return I see,
And welcome thee in faltering tone!
While thou art here, how sweet 'twill be
To paint my pangs when thou wert gone!

AMELIA OPIE.

This song is being set to music by Mr. Kiallmark:

RAMBLINGS OF A POET.

"That spirit is never idle that doth waken
The soul to sights, and contemplations deep;
Even when from out the desert's seeming sleep
A sob is heaved, that but the leaves are shaken."

THERE is no inconsistency in the Ramblings of a Poet being related in prose: all poetry is not verse, any more than all verse is poetry—a fact which no one will be inclined to deny who reads one hundredth part of the poems, whether blank or in rhyme, which issue from the press.

But I am not assuming now the character of a poet; I am relating no high wrought fictions; no impassioned scenes:—I am not endeavouring "to raise the show of things to the desires of the mind"—I am expressing on paper my own solitary musings; in which, though nothing new may be found, something old may be at least represented in a new dress.

Among my stated rambles there is one which I retread with pleasure, unalloyed by repetition.—It is a path which leads to a church-yard; and here I have lingered for hours unwearied, occupied by the reflections produced by surrounding objects. The spot of which I speak is situated on an eminence which commands a lovely prospect. I have been seated on my favourite seat, a large mossy stone, over which a spreading beech throws its shade, when the close of day was approaching:—there was the stone church, with its sombre ivy grown walls and steeple—the thick leafy grove, with its music-breathing inhabitants—the green hill, and the little murmuring rivulet that wandered at its bottom, over its pebble-gemmed bed, dashing its light spray over its violet banks—the whitewashed cottage and barn, with the horse-shoe nailed over the door, the lingering relic of drooping faith in demonology—the spreading fields, and clump of trees, and thinly scattered habitations—and farther on, the majestic windings of the river, beyond which, dim hills raised their eternal barrier to close all further view—and, most beautiful of all, the deep gentle shade of evening, sinking and reddening on hill, and plain, and valley:—it is then

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that the soul, emancipated from earthly thoughts and earthly hopes, holds closer sympathy with the scenes around, and holier visionings flit before the mind; and what spot could better harmonize with such thoughts than the one I have described?

A church-yard, is of all places the one most calculated to call up those feelings which, abstracted from the pleasures, are uncontaminated with the evils of the world—in the evening too, the charm is stronger—on every side lie "relics of mortality"—the fantastic or fearful shapes, which the gloom lends to indistinct objects,

Like a demon thing,
Or shadow hovering,

give a mysterious awe to this *ultima thule* of human schemes—and the doubtful certainty (if the expression may be used) of shortly becoming a companion of the mouldering dust, and hideous corruption beneath us, doubtful as to its period but certain as it regards the event, is fraught with deep, though fearful and appalling interest. Am I wrong in saying that this is the place—the school—the theatre for a poet? Is it not here that the casualties of rank and station are destroyed; and is it not the work of the poet also to overlook these accidental distinguishments, to develop the rise of simple and unadorned loveliness, and to see and properly to estimate the intrinsic excellence of things and actions?

Death is your only sure balance in which to weigh the real worth or importance of individuals—the magic girdle that fits none but those whose deeds have been pure—the wild steed that none can manage but those who encounter him undismayed—the infallible touchstone of greatness or power—he is like the gust, which blows away the thistle-down of splendour and vanity, and exposes the nakedness which lies beneath:—he is the best of friends who relieves us from our cares—our greatest enemy who bereaves us of that

B

we love best—our life:—in short, he is the most paradoxical of things, who is every day present, but never seen—the most unwelcome of visitors, who, whenever he comes, is an unwished-for guest.

I am fond of a church, particularly an old one: it is, as it were, the home for the soul; the refuge from the world; and I am fond of its venerable antique gloom; its painted windows; its monuments which speak of 'the dead and their houses, the grave,' and of its music:—there is an awful solemn beauty in church-music which stills each unhallowed thought; each wish that speaks of earth; and throws its calm of holiness over the mind—the deep roll of the organ; the thrilling enthusiasm-creating sound of human voices trembling to the throne of eternity; which when I think of, I reflect with complacency upon the abodes of monkish superstition,

Those deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly pensive contemplation dwells,

And ever-musing melancholy reigns :

and could almost wish that I had been an inhabitant of them, blest with peace, and undisturbed by vice and folly. Pshaw, pshaw, I am dreaming; and these are the dreams of a poet doomed to wake—an essay writer.

But there is another ornament to a church—the greatest perhaps in my estimation—its bells; its organs of speech; with which it calls together fellow-worshippers.

I love these eloquent inanimations—these metallic tractors of the soul, whose vibrations call up into view the past, which is fled, the present, which dies in its existence, and the future, which will fade away like its predecessors: that simple stroke of two pieces of metal gives me an infinity of ideas—the burst into life, and quick sinking into nothing, the reiteration of the strokes, one succeeding another in measured intervals—all speak of the mutability of every thing earthly, and the rapid succession of beings, which bloom and perish and are forgotten.

I cannot admire the Mahometan custom of employing the human voice as a substitute for bells—*me-thinks* the invitation, which calls to

such exercises of devotion, should be addressed to the mind in some sound which may awaken suitable thoughts—not spoken in the every-day dialect of business and pleasure.—An English steeple will continue, in my thinking, to be very preferable to a Turkish *mina* et.

And what is it that lends this magic to so simple a music? what is it, but that which lends beauty to every thing—the fertile power of association. It is the connexion which subsists between it and the inward workings of the soul—the relation which it bears to the operations of life and of death, which renders it thus pleasing.

It is this principle of association, which is the vivifying soul of matter, which gives interest and beauty to inanimate objects—which engages the soul through the medium of the senses—which is the spirit of poetry—it is not the mere sentiment conveyed by the words of the poet—it is the flood of sweet and gentle reminiscences, which starts upon the reader, varied as it must of necessity be in different individuals, as their respective views, characters, situations, and mental organizations differ; from which is derived the highest pleasure of poetical compositions—I am not young—I am indeed approaching to the period when I shall cease to indite these dotings of age, but in these recurrences to the feelings of past days consists my fondest pleasure—these and a few other loved associations linger in my memory, and shall sink with me to my peaceful bed.

It was a saying worthy of Pope, that he should not care to have an old stump pulled down which he had known in his childhood. I am deeply imbued, I might say saturated, with such feelings—I have a piece of an oak, which grew by the school where I was educated, and has long since fallen a prey to the axe of the spoiler.—I remember, as well as I do any thing, the cutting down of the venerable tree; how we crowded about it; and how each busy discipulus was cutting off relics of their old friend. The branches, which were left by the workmen as useless, were gathered up, and in the evening made into a bonfire—then too we had a feast,

and we sat round the glowing embers with every one his apple, his gingerbread, his nuts, and his glass of currant wine. Then tales of school heroism and school mischief were recounted; and still the wit became brighter as the fire decayed—'the mirth and fun grew fast and furious.'—Ah! those *were* happy days.

I often visit this scene of my infant years;—the school is there, with the stone, the owl with its goggle eyes perched above it; there is the play-ground; the dark stone walls with their soft and solemn brownness—but I will write an essay on the school and my school-days—there are many faces too, but they are strange to me—those of my time, alas! where are they—they are scattered over the world—those that survive at least—there was Zouch, and C——, with his bright wit and clear judgment, and Phillips with his lively sallies of good-humoured mirth, and dozens whom I could mention—One of them I must mention, 'tis R——, the most singular inoffensive mortal I ever met with: R—— fell in love—a thing of common occurrence and slight moment with most men. But it was otherwise with him—his constitution was delicate, and his feelings sensitive beyond the conception of any

but his intimates; to such a being—to love as he loved—was an exertion of energies almost alarming. He succeeded—the object of his adoration loved him—the day was fixed for their marriage—before it came she died, and R——s fond ties were broken—From that hour all his time was spent in retracing the walks they had taken together.—There was a rose-tree which she had planted, and R—— watched over it with incessant care, for "he was the slave of sympathy." I found him near it one day—he said to me, 'You see that tree—I shall live as long as it—no longer.'—He would not be persuaded that it was a mere whim of the imagination. Two months after this he died—I passed through the garden—the tree was withered.

I am perfectly sensible not half my readers will believe this story. To those who do—who will look upon it as an instance of the strong power of the imagination over the mental and physical faculties—I relate this short notice of a gentle and innocent being, poor R——; it is an humble stone that covers his remains in yonder church-yard—his name is unknown, save to a few—but by those it will long be honoured, loved, and wept over!

CINNA.

DIGRESSIONS BY GEOFFREY HARDCASTLE, GENT.

Pha.—Thinke what you will of it, I think 'tis done, and I think 'tis acting by this time; harke, harke, what drumming's yonder; I'll lay my life they are comming to present the shew I spake off.

Common Sense.—It may be so; stay, wee'le see what 'tis.

LINGUA.

I AM neither a disciple of Jeremy Collier, nor of the author of *Histriomatrix*; both of whom, with more zeal than discretion, have occupied themselves in railing against stage plays, and play-goers. More especially, the latter author has contrived to steal sufficient time from the labours of his profession, to indite a goodly "quarto tractate" of some thousand and odd pages, in which he logically proves the immorality of the stage, by well arranged and subtle syllogisms, such as—Things derived from the devil are evil—stage

plays are sprung from the devil—*ergo*, stage plays are evil—which syllogism would, indubitably, be conclusive on the subject, were it not that it is unfortunately necessary to prove his major, which he attempts to do, by the testimony of divers fathers of the Primitive Church, and among others, Tertullian, Cyprian, Chrysostom, Ignatus, Lactantius, and many other long-named men, whom few in the present time know, nor if they knew, would care for.

Leaving, therefore, the reverend and learned gentlemen to slumber

out their days in undisturbed forgetfulness, I confess that I am a playgoer,—a confession, which certainly demands no extraordinary share of resolution to make, as a thousand people do the same every day. But I persuade myself, that I enjoy many pleasures in my theatrical hours, which other people do not experience. I have not a greater number of senses than the rest of my species, but I possess, perhaps, in theatrical pleasures, a more lively power of association than the *ὁ πολλός* who throng the gallery, pit, and boxes around me. Very probably, there may appear in this a great degree of over-weening egotism, but this I do not much regard. All people are egotists in their hearts; the only difference is between those who keep it pent up, and those who let it loose when occasion offers, without caring where it flies, or whose habits or prejudices it runs a tilt against. To proceed—the primary object with most frequenters of the theatre is, I presume, at least nominally,

THE PLAY.

No one goes, or at any rate acknowledges that he goes, to sit in a box, or on a bench. But many make going to see a play an excuse for passing away a portion of time, which they would not otherwise know how to occupy. So we go to meet their friends—others, for less laudable meetings with “fair mischiefs,” as that facetious personage, Master Janus Weathercock hath it—some to clap—others to hiss—these go to applaud, and those to damn—some few, perhaps, go out of real love to dramatic entertainments, and a multitude, because they have nothing else to do.

As for myself, I go out of many motives.—There are a variety of circumstances which conspire to furnish the satisfaction I experience.—I am not cursed with that disposition to be displeased, which throws the darkest shade on every thing in life. I derive pleasure from that, which any one else may derive pleasure from by using the same means—by absolutely banishing from the mind all inclination to cavil and find fault, by looking on the golden side of the shield, by encouraging that spirit of optimism, which softens down the harsh, and elevates, or brings into

more distinct points of view, the mild and lovely features of what we see spread around us. I go to the theatre purposely as a recreation, and I determine, from the moment I enter the pit door or box lobby, not to suffer anything to divert me from my object.—I remember, with great delight, the feelings I used to experience in my childhood, on a visit to the theatre. It was but seldom that I went, but it was a real treat, and I know scarce anything that could equal my joy when I found myself fairly seated—the portentous green curtain, on which I was wont to gaze with expecting wonderment, before me, while I waited with impatience for the moment that should reveal the hidden scenes.—Then, there was the multitude of company; the lights of the house; the painting, gilding, and other decorations, which, to my youthful eye, seemed gorgeous magnificence. Then too, when the prompter's bell sent forth its silver accents, and was immediately succeeded by the agitation of the dark curtain, as it folded itself up as if by its own voluntary motion, disclosing the scene behind—I felt my heart bound within me at the sight of the varied scene, where castles and rocks, and woods and cataracts, and trees, spread forth in mimic beauty—the heroes and kings of gorgeous tragedy went sweeping by—I loved with Romeo—smile not, gentle reader, at a lover of twelve summers—I then but thought I loved, and my imagination was ever on the wing. With Juliet I wept for her sad mischance, and listened with mingled feelings to the “meaning in his madness” of the Denmark prince. But it was in Lear, that my soul was *then* most strongly excited. There was pity for his misfortunes—hatred for the unnatural daughters to whom he had given his all—wonder and commiseration for the maniac whom the foul fiend torments—and pity, admiration, and esteem for her, who exposed her tender limbs and delicate frame to the “peltings of the pitiless storm,” to shield his head, and give solace to his misery, who had driven her from his home and from his heart.

Amongst the advantages, and disadvantages of increasing years, may be reckoned as one of the latter, that

familiarity with the scenes and pleasures of our youth, which takes away their sweetest bloom. The prompter's bell is no longer delightful to me—it is no more the “sweetest achromatic,”—

—the rarest and most exquisite,
Most spherical, divine, angelical.

The mystery of the green curtain has faded away—the scenes are familiar to me—and the multitude of company (for I never can bear to stay to look on empty benches,) with the lights and music and bustle, fail so powerfully to excite in me. But still I am fond of occasionally taking my accustomed seat on the fourth bench of the pit.—’Tis to me like frequenting Wills’ coffee-house, the Metropolitan academy of Queen Ann’s time—where Pope and Addison, and Wycherley and Steele, and their fellow wits, enjoyed the feast of each other’s converse, and laughed at the puny critics, the Dennises of the day. They are gone—but at the theatre, and some other favourite haunts of mine—the Old Hummums in Covent-garden is one—I can sometimes meet with a circle of men, whose conversation is not inferior, I imagine, to that of the author of the *Dunciad*, or the writers of the *Spectator*. There is my friend—proud am I to call him my friend—Charles Lamb, that sportive child of fancy, “*Quem qui non prorsus amict, illum omnes et virtutes et venere odere.*” With his endless fund of anecdote derived from his acquaintance with the old fellows—his various reading—his skill in using his resources—and his free and open nature;—who has ever read his essays, and not rejoiced in their strong and energetic application, the full, ancient, lovely quaintness of his style, and then turned, with disgust, from the mawkish, vapid, flat medium insipidity of writers like me and my brethren? Then there is that wild, hair-brained English opium-eater, De Q—y; and there, in yonder box, in his black coat and silks, and venerable placid-looking countenance, is Bowles—what is he thinking of? Of Pope’s follies with Martha Blount, think ye?—or of a sharp “rubber” for his titled and gifted opponent, the wandering Harold?—

Who is that peaceful, but clever-looking little man? That is Campbell, the Minstrel of Hope, and the Editor of the *New Monthly*. By the way, speaking of editors, turn your eyes that way, yonder is a bench full of them.—You see the man with the sharp, quick eye, and the black cravat—that is our Principal, the *magnus parens**—beside him, is Galt, the Northern Editor, with two of his coadjutors, Lockart and W—n.—That young beauish man with his hair curled up in thick ringlets, rather dark complexion,—d’ye see? that is a limb of the law, a barrister expectant, the head man of the *Gazette of Fashion*.—Next to him, is a man of much repute,—the Editor of the *Examiner*, and with him, his brother Leigh,—“*par nobile fratrum*. As somebody calls them,—“*Arcades ambo.*”

But the play hour approaches, and I must give up my ideal visionings, in order to enjoy the realities of the scene. I hope to God there will be a full house—I abominate empty benches—to sit alone on a whole bench, whose very vacuity increases its infernal extent—the house like a desert—the musicians scraping away their rosined bows with careless hands, creating harsh discords—actors looking about them, kicking their heels, and looking, with a most sleepy and insolent indifference on the *rari nantes* discernible in the house, with here and there a stray wanderer like myself, lolling at full length, or wandering in discontented solitariness from one side to the other; and in the boxes, the expected bright circle of splendour, to spy occasionally a gloomy face looking abroad, or, perhaps, a group of a dozen, forming a half, probably, of the whole set, gathered together in one box, to have something like the appearance of close neighbourhood. I would rather see the face of a printer’s devil, importuning for his damned proof-sheet or unfinished article.—Rap, rap, rap!—Zounds! Speak of the devil, and he’s at your elbow—’tis he, by all the gods!—And so, kind and fair readers, and you readers who are neither fair nor kind,

Good night.

A BALLAD.

She sighed in her singing, and after each groan,
 O willow, willow, willow!
 I am dead to all pleasures, my true love is gone.
 O willow, willow, willow!
 O willow, willow, willow!
 Sing O the green willow shall be my garland.
Old Song.

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him downe,
 O lay his cold head on my pillowe;
 Take off, take off these bridal weeds,
 And crown my careful head with willow.
The Brads of Yarrow.

THE evening breeze wakes loud and shrill
 Among the distant western isles;
 But yet upon yon sea-beat hill,
 The beaming sun in splendour smiles.

Disordered clouds of aspects wild,
 Beneath the vast concave of heaven,
 Fleece upon fleece in mountains piled,
 About in rapid chace are driven.

Dark ! dark ! the islands lie beneath,
 Encircled by the rolling waves ;
 The wind moans on the lonely heath,
 Wild in the wave-worn cavern raves.

On yonder cliff appears a form,
 A lovely maiden robed in white ;
 Wandering amid the beating storm,
 Though gathers fast the blackening night.

Against the cliff's broad base of rocks,
 The roaring, dashing billows come ;
 The breezes, from their rugged shocks,
 Bear up in flakes the milk-white foam.

Louder and louder roars the wind,
 And darker hues the clouds assume ;
 The lone bleak islands lie reclined
 In awful solitary gloom.

Yet, on the beach the maid appears,
 Her hair loose floating to the breeze ;
 Her dark blue eyes, suffused in tears,
 Rove anxious o'er the stormy seas.

List to her wild and plaintive tone,
 That wanders on the blast in vain,
 For he—whose absence claims that moan,
 Perchance he's deep beneath the main !

“ I see not yet thy bounding sail ;
O! Ronald! why so long delay ?
Must Dora still thy absence wail,
And pass in grief and tears the day ?

“ Full many a day I've sought this cliff,
Since that thou promised I should see,—
If here I watched—thy white sailed skiff
Returning gaily o'er the sea.

“ Another chieftain seeks my hand,
But pledged to thee is Dora's love ;
And though my sire should stern command,
Faithless to thee she cannot prove.

“ The sun, that gilds to-morrow's sky,
Should on thy Dora's bridal rise—
O hated day! where shall she fly ?
But e'er she gives her hand—she dies !”

With wild and hurried step she paced
The beach, unmindful of the storm ;
And many a low-white cloud she traced,
That distant bore of sails the form.

And as the night began to fall
Darker on mountain, moor, and dell ;
Full oft did she on Ronald call,
And to the seas her sorrows tell.

“ The howling tempests on me break
In gusts alternate from the sea—
The cold rain beats against my cheek,
And oh! 'tis all for loving thee!

“ Ye furious storms that lower so dark!
Awhile your awful powers restrain ;
O spare the valiant chieftain's bark,
Return him to my arms again!

“ Thou comest not yet! oh didst thou fall!
In battle slain among the brave ;
Or has some sudden stormy squall
Hurried thy bark beneath the wave ?

“ 'Tis night—the sea-gulls scream around—
I'm wandering on the cliff alone ;
The sun is sunk in deep profound,
That on the mountains faintly shone.

“ And with that sun my hopes are past,
That glanced as sun-beams bright and fair ;
With fears my soul is overcast ;
I sink in darkness and despair.”

Thus spoke—yet left she not the gloom,
The long dark night she wandered there;
Hoping her Ronald yet might come,
For hope will beam athwart despair.

Seek, maid, thy father's castle-hall,
And leave this bleak and barren shore;
For Ronald hears not now thy call,
Thy voice shall strike his ear no more.

The moon now broad and silent shone,
And shade and light uncertain gave;
Illumed the cliff of cragged stone,
And glittered brightly on the wave.

Fast fled the gloomy night away,
As flies remembrance of a dream;
And island, ocean, cliff, and bay,
Shone dazzling in the morning beam.

But kinder were the gloomy night,
Whose storms and darkening shades concealed
The scene, that now met Dora's sight,
At little distance full revealed—

There on the sandy beach she spied
The fragments of a storm-wrecked boat;
And on the bright high-swelling tide,
(It seemed) a warrior's corse afloat :—

'Twas Ronald.—To his corse she clung,
And tore her long, dishevelled hair—
Loudly the cliffs and caverns rung,
Her shrieks of horror and despair.

Her reason fled—and till the day
That doomed her to the silent grave,—
Nightly she thither bent her way,
And to the moon would wildly rave.

Now in the grave together lie,
The faithful Dora and her chief,—
But unto superstition's eye,
The maid yet wanders on the cliff.

And when the moon shines bright and clear,
The mariners, who pass the coast,
Think that in every blast they hear,
The wailing sighs of Dora's ghost.

APHORISMS, OPINIONS, AND THOUGHTS ON MORALS.

WINNING manners are to the virtues what a becoming habit is to the person, therefore it is the duty of those, who wish to promote the influence of virtue, to make her appear in as attractive a form as possible.

Moralists of all ages have not only considered man as a bundle of habits, but the human character, as made of almost as many imperceptible particles, of which habits are the chief ingredients, as those which compose a Mosaic pavement—it is on the purity, the brilliancy, and the strength of those component parts that the value of a character, or the beauty of a pavement, depends.

Innocence and mystery never inhabit long together.

True education consists less in precepts than in practice.

No one can be happy who does not enjoy his own esteem.

When the appetite is not contented with bread, says the proverb, the back is ready for servitude.

All wickedness springs from weakness.

The weak man is apt to be restless; the great man is always tranquil.

The weak deceive—the powerful command.

We love our equals better than our superiors.

The love of our country is a passion in the people of that country, but it is a virtue in a philosopher.

We sometimes pardon hatred—but never contempt.

The friend, who conceals our defects from us, serves us less than the enemy who reproaches us with them.

Few things are more difficult than to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and to make the best use possible of one's leisure.

There is less baseness in attacking an unarmed man, than in speaking ill of those who can't defend themselves.

There are two things to be feared—the envy of friends, and the hatred of enemies.

An empire must be in danger, if the magistrate does not obey the laws, and the people the magistrate.

Riches do not consist in the pos-

session of wealth, but in the use made of it.

The most necessary of all sciences is to learn to preserve oneself from the contagion of bad example.

The miser does not so much possess his wealth, as his wealth possesses him.

The only treasure, which we cannot be deprived of, is the consciousness of doing good, and acting uprightly.

Those who enter on the career of the sciences, or indeed on any exercise of the mind or the fancy, should fix their eye on those who are *before them* on the road, and not look on those who are behind them.

The diamond that falls in a dunghill does not thereby become less precious; and the dust, which the wind elevates high in air, does not thence become *less vile*.

To believe that a feeble enemy cannot hurt us is as absurd, as to think a spark cannot cause a conflagration.

What is the tongue in the mouth of a wise and virtuous man?—A key that unlocks a treasure.

Let us endeavour to conquer ourselves rather than our fortune, because we can alter our desires sooner than the order of the world—and because nothing is in our own power but *our thoughts*.

In order to make fortune and events subservient to you, begin by making yourself independent of them.

The first step towards vice is to make a mystery of innocent actions; and he, who is fond of concealment, will sooner or later have reason to conceal himself. This moral precept, if attended to, would annihilate the necessity of any other.

Never do or say any thing that thou dost not wish all the world to see and hear.

We ought never to blush to avow that we have done wrong, because by making this confession we prove, that we are wiser to-day than we were yesterday.

It is much easier to act well in difficult and strongly exciting circumstances, than to fulfil correctly the quiet duties of every day life'

It is easy to avoid a great and evident danger, and to perform a duty that is obvious and prominent—but duties and danger, that are remote and gradual in their operations, are difficult to avoid and to fulfil. When one meets a chimney-sweep in a narrow path, one takes care to avoid the certain and obvious contamination of his touch—but we are not conscious of the equally certain destruction of the purity of our garments from dust and the effects of constant wear.

That woman is indeed pitiable, who can bring herself to believe that a marriage of mere interest is any thing better than legal prostitution.

To perform one's duty, at whatever risk and sacrifice to oneself, is always the safest, and even in this world the happiest path; and vainly beat the waves of woe against the feet of those who firmly and closely cling to the "Rock of ages."

There is not in the daily intercourse of life any charm like attention, and attention in trifles.

What an awful thing it is to be the depository of another's happiness! Let no one presume to enter the marriage state, who is not deeply sensible of this awful responsibility.

There is a time when even the most rational enthusiasm looks back, appalled in some measure, on the actions to which it has impelled.

Love levels all in their turns—the weak with the strong, the sensible with the foolish.

The passive virtue of patient endurance is far more difficult to practise than any other, and it is only too often the necessary duty of wives—a duty too, which is so much expected from them, that they cannot be excited to the performance of it by the hope of obtaining applause—but they have the support of their own approving conscience, and the certainty that "he who seeth in secret will reward them openly."

To give advice is the common and troublesome propensity of weak people—they over-rate their own sagacity, as the child does the value of its play-thing, and fancies the tinsel on its doll to be gold; but the child will grow wiser one day, and know gold from tinsel—not so the offici-

ous givers of common-place advice—their tinsel will seem gold to them to the end of the chapter.

When an old man marries a young wife, he should add a new quartering to his arms, namely, a cradle with a coffin beside it; for the children, that may result from such a marriage, will, as well as their youthful mother, entail on him so many cares and anxieties, that the coffin will very soon succeed to the cradle, and his life be shortened, if not embittered by his folly.

The *parting hour* is far more trying to those who remain than to those who go—as a path, a view, a chair, the veriest trifle are to the former, melancholy memorials of departed pleasures—while for the latter, new scenes, new objects, and even motion itself possess a power to lull the mind in temporary forgetfulness.

How worthy of love is that being, who is fond of encouraging sources for thankfulness, and how salutary is the influence of such a one! Such a temper, like the Claude Lorraine gloss, sheds a glowing tint over scenes which are already pleasing, and creates them where the prospect is gloomy and cheerless.

Alas! it is painful to reflect how often we owe our happiest days to illusion and imagination.

When vanity first gave birth to, and then married detraction, and no one can doubt of their being thus doubly united, they became the parents of the largest family in the world—for up to them may be traced some of the crimes, and most of the vices and evils that embitter and desolate society.

As a man covered with a case of asbestos might go through fire unhurt, so the man whose habits are those of spotless truth and ingenuousness, may go through the world uninjured, even by the shafts of malice. Those only are vulnerable to them, in whose minds and conduct there is something which will not always bear the light, and to hide which they are found occasionally to have recourse to falsehood.

Vanity and conceit are often used as synonymous terms, though in reality none can be more distinct.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS IN LONDON AND PARIS.

LETTER I.

*Sir Charles Darnley, Bart. at Paris, to the Marquess de Vermont,
in London.*

MY DEAR VERMONT,

EVER since my return from America, where I spent so many happy days in your society, I have meditated a journey to Paris—to that Paris which you made me anxious to see, by the enthusiastic terms in which you used to speak of it. After having been prevented again and again, by a variety of circumstances, from carrying this favourite project into execution, I at last availed myself of the opportunity of being at Brighton, from which place packets sail daily for the coast of France—and embarking on board one of these vessels on Friday last, arrived here yesterday evening. As one of my principal inducements for coming hither was the hope of renewing our former habits of intimacy, and, under your auspices, of seeing the Gallic capital to the greatest possible advantage, I need scarcely say how great was my disappointment, when on going this morning to your hotel, I learnt from your old Swiss porter that you were absent, and gone to London: the latter piece of intelligence has increased my chagrin; for I am thus not only deprived of your expected aid in piloting my way through the unknown regions of the French metropolis, but also of the sincere pleasure with which I should have offered you mine, in exploring the wonders of London.

On receiving these unwelcome tidings, I was so surprised, and so distressed, that had I allowed myself to be governed by my first impressions, I should immediately have ordered post-horses, and should have now been on my road back to England; in order, if I may be permitted to use a French phrase, *de vous faire les honneurs de mon pays*.

Having, however, allowed myself a few moments for reflection, (without which you know we sober English seldom take any decided step,) I begin to think that this apparent

disappointment (which I have the vanity to believe you will regret no less than myself,) may eventually prove favourable to the attainment of the objects which we have mutually in view. No doubt, in visiting London, it is your wish, as it is mine in coming hither, to examine every thing with impartiality and fairness—had you met me in England, or I met you in France, would this have been possible? The stranger respecting the judgment of his resident friend, would have been implicitly governed by his opinions—admiring what he admired, and censuring what he censured—he would have lost all the pleasure of first impressions, and would have seen none of the objects of curiosity presented to his attention with unprejudiced eyes. Left to ourselves we shall, doubtless, be both guilty of a thousand ridiculous mistakes; and, with the precipitancy so common to all travellers, we shall alike praise and condemn improperly—still, let us determine to communicate to each other our respective remarks and observations with the utmost candour; and the errors of each may be subsequently corrected by the maturer knowledge of his correspondent. In losing my “*fidus achates*,” I shall, therefore, make a merit of necessity, and learn to depend on myself. Hoping that in your letters to me you will speak of England with no less freedom than I shall use towards you in talking of France, I shall throw aside all ceremony, and tell you honestly and freely what I think.

Having been only four days in France, and but four and twenty hours at Paris, you will not expect in this first epistle that I should have much to say. Yet, perhaps, you will receive, with a smile of good humour, the crude reflections of an inexperienced foreigner, the novelty of whose situation may plead his excuse for innumerable faults.

In landing at Dieppe, I experi-

enced (never having been before on the Continent of Europe) all that surprise which prior tourists have described, and, indeed, after an expeditious voyage of a few hours, I found such a change of scene in all around me, that I seemed much more in a new world, than when, after traversing the Atlantic, I set foot in America. There, the objects which presented themselves, were all similar to those which I had left behind. The countenances of the people, their dress, their manners, and their language were all the same. Here every thing seemed metamorphosed. The darker complexions and more marked features of the crowds who thronged the shore, the large cocked hats and fierce looks of the military, the high head-dresses, and other peculiarities of the Norman costume, which the female peasantry displayed, and the unaccustomed sounds of French and *Patois*, which assaulted my ears, presented altogether a picture so different from that which I had taken leave of a few hours before at Brighton, that I had some difficulty in persuading myself, that what I saw and heard was real, and not the phantom of a dream.

When I had sufficiently recovered my astonishment to observe them, I found myself surrounded with the importunate, but civil emissaries of numerous inns; each of whom insisted, as he forced a card into my hand, that the house which he recommended was incomparably the best. The one to which, by the advice of a fellow passenger, I allowed myself to be conducted at Dieppe, as well as most of those at which I stopped on the road, afforded much better accommodations than I had been led to expect; but you must pardon me for observing, that I remarked in all of them, an incongruity of the most extraordinary kind. The walls of the rooms were generally painted with Arabesque figures, or otherwise ornamented—but the floors, rarely carpeted, were often tiled, and commonly far from clean. Every where we found magnificent looking glasses, marble chimney pieces, and *or-moulu* clocks of great value and beauty; while the doors would not shut, and the windows displayed many a broken pane—the beds were excellent, and the

linen delicately white, but the furniture, of silk or satin, was often ragged, and sometimes dirty; and a mahogany dining-table seemed an unknown luxury.

I had an early specimen of the manners of your people, exhibited in those of a short boy, about fourteen years of age, who waited on me at dinner, on the day of my landing. He displayed no trifling marks of their volubility, vivacity, and officious politeness, which are supposed to be inherent in Frenchmen, in every class of society, and at every period of life. But though no creature could be possibly more civil,—and he might well be called *rempli de grace*.—I was surprised at certain improprieties in his behaviour, of which the awkwardest clown in our island would be ashamed. When I asked him for drink, he took a small tumbler from the table (exactly such a one as we use in our dressing-rooms in England,) and throwing some water which it contained under the cinders of the fire, wiped the glass with a dirty napkin, which he carried under his arm, and then filled it with wine.

This seemed to me no very decorous mode of executing my commands; but my surprise increased, when, at the conclusion of the dinner, the same graceful youth, after removing the cloth, threw the crumbs of bread, parings of apples, orange peel, and other relics of the meal which it contained, under the table, at which I sat, without attempting to sweep them away, or to offer any apology for what he had done.

In the course of conversation (for this pigny waiter had chatted away during the whole of his services, and let me into all his secrets,) he had informed me, that he was very partial to the English, and was going very soon to Brighton, in order to learn our language, and to study our manners. I therefore took the liberty of hinting, that among other improvements which probably he would derive from his visit to Great Britain, I hoped he would discover, that (at least according to our *prejudices*,) it was not very delicate to empty a glass in the fire-place, or to throw a cloth full of crumbs under the table. He stared, thanked me; and, seeming to be

quite unconscious of having been guilty of the least impropriety, observed, as he shrugged up his shoulders, and walked out of the room, "*Que tout pays a ses usages.*"

In respect to the appearance of the country, I had heard much of the beauty of Normandy, and was not disappointed: it fully answered my expectations, particularly as we drove along the smiling banks of the Seine. The scenery is, indeed, delightful, and wants nothing to complete the landscape but some of those elegant villas, thatched cottages, and romantic villages, which are so common on the English side of the Channel. The specimens of Gothic architecture which the buildings of Rouen, and other towns which I traversed on my way to Paris, so profusely offer to the attention of the antiquary, I did not stop critically to examine, but what I saw both pleased and surprised me, and, perhaps, on some future occasion, I may be tempted to come hither again, purposely to study these interesting edifices.

On the road, I made it my practice to dine at the *Tables d'Hôte*, both for the sake of society, and in order to have an opportunity of seeing the manners of the people who frequent them. At one of those dinners, finding that politics were the order of the day, I determined to take no share in the conversation, but to listen in silent attention.

One of the company, however, seemed resolved not to let me off so easily. From his dress, I concluded that he was an Abbé, and, from his mode of arguing, that he belonged to that party, which bears, in this country, the name of Ultra-Royalist. — Having made some observations, which, by his looks, he seemed to expect that I should approve, but to which I neither expressed assent nor dissent, — "*Mais parlez donc, Monsieur L'Anglois,*" exclaimed he, "*et dites nous n'est il pas vrai que vous commencez d'éprouver dans votre pays les tristes effets de principes révolutionnaires — que l'insurrection est organisée à Londres, l'année séduite, et un gouvernement provisionné formé chez le Lord Mayor.*"

Such seemed to be the current report of the day, and when I met this enquiry with a positive negative, I found the only point, upon which

the company seemed disposed to agree, was to disbelieve my evidence; and, in spite of the repeated assurances which I gave them, that I had left London perfectly quiet only two days before, my declarations produced no effect on these ardent politicians; and though they were too well bred to tell me I lied, I read in their countenances that such was their opinion.

In the course of the same conversation, I was informed (and many an Englishman has before heard the same news in France,) that Bonaparte's return from Elba was a British manoeuvre; that *L'affaire meurtrière de Mont St. Jean* (as the battle of Waterloo was called,) was not a victory gained, but a fortunate escape on our part, on which occasion we owed our escape to the accidental arrival of the Prussians; and that the victor at Toulouse was not the Duke of Wellington, but Marshal Soult.

I have no doubt that you will find English *quid-nuncs* making very egregious errors in their estimate of the present state of France; but I apprehend you will scarcely meet with an instance of mis-statements, as gross as those which I have just related, yet those who were guilty of them belonged to rather a higher class of society, consisting (besides ladies) of two Ecclesiastics, several military men, and three returned emigrants, on whose button-hole dangled the cross of St. Louis.

Of Paris, I have as yet only seen the principal features, and I am so bewildered with gazing at the various splendid objects which claim my attention, that I shall reserve my observations till another time.

For the present, then, adieu. I enclose some letters, which, I hope, will procure you an *entrée* into some of our most distinguished circles, in which you may study the English character *en beau*. As to John Bull in his rough garb, he is so very easily known, that I shall leave him, with all his faults and merits, to the unbiassed examination of your penetrating eye.

Believe me,

Ever yours,

C. DARNLEY.

THE MOTHER.

A Fragment.

SCENE—A Plantation near the Guayaquil River, South America.

FERDINAND and ISABELLA.

Isabella. OH! Ferdinand, didst mark the setting sun?
 Methought I never saw him sink so gloriously;
 From yon hill's top he bade the world good night;
 See yet the gorgeous painting of his palace,
 The sumptuous hangings of his presence-chamber;
 Curtains of purple, richly lined with crimson,
 Fring'd round with flame; the drapery of his throne
 Brodered and intertissued o'er with gold,
 By angels' fingers wrought.

Fer. Thou'rt a dear, foolish, fanciful——

Isa. Fond Isabel.

Fer. Ay, let it stand. But prithee tell me, love,
 What do those curiously twined boughs conceal?

Isa. A sight, I guess, more precious in thy view,
 Than is the splendour of the glowing west;
 Behold!

Fer. Ha! 'tis my child, my blessed boy, my Carlos! See, he
 wakes!

Isa. Hush, pretty life, here's nought to fright thee, sweet;
 Peace, innocent dove;
 Yet music to me more dear thy causeless cry,
 Than rarest delicate tun'd melody;
 And e'er to me a sufficit of bliss,
 To see thy seraph-smile of ignorant joy;
 Now is the little urchin in his glory.

Fer. Heav'n keep ye both! Who would not be a mother?
 Scarce are his eyes so dark as thine, my Isabel.

Isa. Not quite so dark, but very, very bright;
 Methinks I read a dawning genius in them.

Fer. Genius! That likes me not!—Rather would I
 He might possess his mind in deep research;
 A scholar, learn'd in divers languages.

Isa. Give me my humour; let me think to see him
 Val'rous in battle, or far-famed in poesy.

Fer. Hold, my dear wife; 'twere hardly well to let our
 Wanton fancies thus outrun futurity.
 Many a turning year must pass the world,
 Between the wish and its desired fulfilment;
 Please heaven, he be spared to us.

Isa. Cruel father, write not his doom to die;
 Though, out of doubt, many a grievous malady
 Doth haunt these parts.—But how soon may we go hence?

Fer. Not yet of many months; but if prevail
 Maternal fears, touching the infant's life,
 We'll have him strait convey'd to other shores.

Isa. Convey'd to other shores! Think ye I'll brook
 The loss of that it joy'd me so to gain?
 Part with a part of my own soul and substance?
 I fear not for his life;

I'll stand a rampart betwixt him and death;
 A halting place, where evil cannot pass;
 Absorb the noxious vapours ere they reach him;
 Way-lay the fever, and, with my fond heart
 Parry, as with a shield, the stroke of pestilence.

Blossom of life ! how could I live without thee !
Yet, having thee, want nothing else beside.

Fer. A frank confession !

I am not needful to thy selfish joys, then ;
I did not look to this, ungrateful girl !
When you have learn'd to better prize my company,
You may have more of it ; till then, farewell.

Isa. So, now I've anger'd him, the jealous churl !
What may I do to win him back again ;
I'll follow strait, and softly seek t' appease him ;
Come, dearest Carlos ; nay, but hold, I will not
Still bear his infant rival in my arms,
Seeing, lest the object did awake his ire,
May bar our friendly reconciliation ;
Lie there, lie still, my love, a little space.

(Goes out, but shortly returns.)

Where can he be ? I wish I could have met him !
But let it pass : he can't be sore displeased ;
Another time, I'll put up my peace off'ring.
Now, pretty cherub, mother is near ye, hush ;
I hear ye, little brawler ; well, my sweetheart——
Ha ! heavenly mercies ! Monster, spare my boy !
Help, help !—the child !—O ! do not kill my infant ;
Feed here, here's flesh enough,—here, here——
(Throws herself between the alligator and the child.)

Enter SCIPIO and SLAVES.

Scipio. What shriek I heard !—"Twas like my mistress' voice !
O frightful sight !——
Where is some weapon,—quick thy hunting spear ;
There, I have done it : look, how the monster writhes !
Seize ye the child, I'll raise the lady up ;
Away—hence—haste,—on to the house—speed, speed ;
Now are we safe.

ARIA.

--- LINES TO SAPPHO.

Oh ! there is a joy in straying
Alone by the deep,
When Luna's beams are playing,
And savage waters sleep.
But a charm more true and tender,
A radiance more divine,
E'er dwells amid the splendour
Of that dark eye of thine.
Oh ! how I love to linger
And listen to the shell,
That answers to the finger
Of the sea maiden well.
But there are tones replying,
More truly by far,
To thy fair finger flying
O'er thy simple guitar.
Though the voices of the daughters
Of ocean in song,
O'er the surface of the waters,
Sweep lightly along ;
Yet sweeter o'er the waters
Of earth's troubled sea,

Most lovely of her daughters,
Is thy lone voice to me.
It hath melody more cheering
Than the notes of delight,
Which hail Aurora peering
From her mantle of light :—
It hath tenderness and power,
Like the nightingale's lay,
Lamenting in her bower,
At the parting of day.
At the calm and placid hour,
When the day-beams depart,
As the dew upon the flower,
It steals on the heart.
Though borne on haughty pinion,
And spurning controul ;
With a magical dominion
It rules o'er the soul :
While the spirit, unrepining,
Submits to the chain,
Thy snowy hands are twining,
As we list to thy strain.

ADOLESCENS.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE.

No. 2.

"It's getting dark, mother," said a pretty little girl about five years of age, as she drew her chair to the side of her mother, looking up with the artlessness of innocence into her face; "It's getting dark, mother, and father is not come home yet;"—"and the wind blows a gale," continued a healthy looking lad, two or three years older—"the waves break right over the black rock;—I've just been to St. Anthony's Point, and there's one boat come ashore, and lost her rudder;—and old Thomas's boat is swamped, and gone ashore below the church;—but I can't see any thing of father yet:"—The scene of this conversation was one of those humble fishermen's huts that are strewed here and there bordering on the coast of the Channel, among the bleak and barren hills on the southwest coast of Cornwall. The interior was neat and cleanly, and appeared to be the abode of peace and contentment. The mother of these two youthful prattlers, held an infant in her arms, which she had just been feeding.

The idea that it was getting late, and her husband not returned, induced her to hasten to the beach, where he was accustomed to house his little boat when the evening threatened to be tempestuous;—it had always been her practice in their days of courtship to hail her beloved James on landing, and had never been omitted since their marriage, unless detained by sickness or some imperious duty. Methinks all the toils and dangers of the past would be amply repaid, and every gloomy anticipation of futurity be banished, as the rolling wave has borne him proudly to the shore, where the fond bosom, of which he was the life and joy, was waiting to receive him. She had been too much accustomed to witness the tempest in its fury, to feel particularly apprehensive for the safety of her husband on the present occasion. Taking the infant in her arms, young Jemmy at the same time leading the little girl by the hand, she proceeded to the

beach to greet his arrival. The dark, heavy clouds swept wildly over the face of heaven, the hoarse waves lashed the unshaken shore, and far and near, the white foam of the ocean was driven to a distance in an unceasing shower. When she arrived at the point,—a spot of ground which runs like a little promontory into the sea, being considerably elevated above the surrounding shores,—she anxiously strained her eyes, to catch, if possible, a glimpse of James's little skiff. Three of the boats belonging to a neighbouring hamlet were already arrived; one of which was much shattered by a tremendous surge, that dashed it against the rocky shore. She stood on tip-toe, looking solicitously round for some time, when the little girl first pointing her finger, and then clapping her hands for joy, cried, "There, there, mother; that's father's boat;"—"Where, my love, where?"—"Oh! it's gone now, but you'll soon see it again!"—in a few minutes she exclaimed, "Now can't you see it over yonder—a great way off?"—she saw, and her heart withered as she saw;—it was as far as eye could reach, through the gloom of the tempest and the approaching shades of evening. They had not been able to carry sail for some time, and the wind blowing down the channel, with the ebbing tide, afforded no prospect of their reaching land for some hours;—to live in such a sea, with a light bark like theirs, was next to impossible; and the melancholy presentiments of a tender and affectionate wife, under such circumstances, may be better conceived than described. Lucy (for that was her name) lingered on the point for some time, to catch at intervals a glance of his tossed bark, as it mounted the topmost waves, till the darkness of night rendered it impossible for her to discern any thing, save the milk-white foam of the boiling billows, as they burst with harsh and thundering roar against the foot of the firm rock on which she stood; whilst the spray flying around drenched her with

its dews: "Come, mother," said the little girl, shivering with cold, "let us go home;—father is there by this, I dare say;—and we will all sit by the fire, and dry our clothes;—I am so wet;—and baby's wet too, mother,—come, let's run, Jemmy, and get there first."

At the voice of her child she started, her thoughts had been on the dark waves, and vied with them in wildness; she found, for the first time, that they were indeed wet; for as night and increasing distance shut the little vessel from her view, she had insensibly drawn nearer and nearer to the shore, till she could trace it no longer;—she now turned towards home, occasionally stopping and looking wistfully round; strained her eyes to see, and ears to hear, something of him who had been the joy of her heart, with whom she had rejoiced in prosperity, and on whom she had leaned in sorrow.

On her arrival at home, her children were waiting for her; she had sometimes left it to meet him with a sorrowing heart, but never till now had she returned un comforted, because she had never before returned without him. Her humble fire-side appeared cheerless and dull, like the countenance of the dead, wanting the soul that animated it. "Alas!" said she, sitting herself before the turf fire, which the boy was assiduously blowing, "alas! what hardships my poor husband endures, even at this moment; whilst I am seated at ease with his own dear innocents smiling round me, he is battling with the foaming waves, or haply sinking in their briny bosom,"—her face was pale, a tear rolled down her cheek, and heaving a deep sigh, she raised her eyes to heaven, and ejaculated with almost delirious fervour, "Oh! spare—spare him—or we must all perish."

After having put her children to bed, she gave them each the nightly maternal kiss, but not in smiles as she was wont—it was bedewed with tears, as she thought on their wretched father. From the roar of the waves which was heard like distant thunder, and the increasing fierceness of the wind, as it whistled through the crevices of her lowly dwelling, it was evident that the storm grew more furious: she arose,

and opening the door, stood listening;—not a star shot forth its silvery ray to enliven the mariner with the whisperings of hope; no sound was heard, save the dread concussion of elemental strife, or the remorseless dash of billows; sometimes she fancied she could hear an approaching footstep; but it was all a deception, and at length she closed the door in the bitterness of despair. The thought suggested itself,—he might have sheltered in some of the neighbouring creeks,—but as morning approached, and James came not, these hopes gradually died away. —Once indeed she imagined she heard him at the door,—she sprang to open it;—and a neighbouring fisherman presented himself;—he was a dark looking and surly fellow, who had always been viewed by Lucy with an eye of fear mingled with disgust; as she understood he was connected with some smugglers that frequented the coast, and she trembled lest he might persuade James to join in their illegal and dangerous traffic. He said he was just come to ask if James was come home; she answered in a low and feeling negative.

In his rough uncultivated manner he endeavoured to cheer her;—but there was a degree of coarseness and brutality in his manner, that made Lucy involuntarily shudder. One circumstance he mentioned which encouraged her to hope all was well. "Mayhap," said he, "he's now gone to Davy's, after all—one o' th' boats is snugly riding in St. Anthony's creek;" she clasped him by the arm in an extasy of delight, and was about to ask him to step in, when he continued,—“And what if he is drowned—and that's the worst, you know—ye'll stand a rare chance to better yourself. I've had some thoughts about you myself—you're passable enough, and you've gotten a pratty pair of eyes of your own, and a nice soft rosy cheek, I'll warrant.” He was about to place his brawny arm round her neck, when she stepped back, and dashed the door in his face; the unfeeling brute, after having endeavoured to open it in vain, muttering his deadly curses, slowly retired, and the last sound of his foot-fall was soon mingled and lost in the roar of the tempest. As

day advanced, the storm abated, and Lucy stepped to the shore -- she sought each crevice for him, but in vain ;--and not a single object greeted her eye on the dark waste of billows, that could lend the least light whereby to guess at his fate. "Haply," thought she, as she watched their unquiet heaving, "he has been swallowed up in your greedy bosom." At times she thought she could discern something at a distance floating on the waters ; but it was too remote, and the glimpses she caught of it too faint to enable her to distinguish whether it was a piece of wreck, or one of those clumps of sea-weed, that having been severed from the rock where they grew by the fury of the waves, are often seen floating about after a storm.

The wind continued gradually to abate, but the face of the ocean, as far as eye could reach, presented but one dreary forest of waves. She returned once more to her hut with less of hope, and gloomier fears. After having dressed her smiling innocents, and partaken their frugal but melancholy breakfast, the affectionate family sallied forth to the beach ;--there was now only a moderate breeze, but the billows were still rolling darkly and tumultuously ; after searching for some time, the little boy espied something the retiring tide had left on the shore close by the church-yard ;--they hastened to the spot ; it was a sail severed from the mast, apparently belonging to some small lug sail boat. As they drew near, Lucy perceived a dead body attached to it ;--the feet were all that was visible, the sail covering the head and neck ;--she ran ;--she knelt down beside it ;--and with her right hand, gradually uncovered the neck ;--it was bare, and the unbuttoned shirt collar lay carelessly open ; one arm was stretched out, and the other formed a pillow for the head, which heeded it not ;--could it be James ?--she gazed wildly around, her eyes appeared starting from their sockets ;--her heart sickened ;--she could proceed no further, but turning away her head, looked intensely on the invidious wave ;--meanwhile the officious little girl had drawn the sail wholly aside ;--shivering with acutest agony, she again turned her head, and was

outstretching her hand to complete the dreadful task, it touched the marble cheek, her eye at the same time resting on the line, but faded features of her adored James, which her child, unconscious of the awful truth, was in the act of kissing. She fetched a deep and mournful sigh, and fell senseless on the corpse :--from that time her mind became a ruin and a wreck. On her revival to life, her mental powers were deranged ; she laughed, she wept, she talked incoherently,--but oftentimes kindly and affectionately : like an instrument out of tune, there was something sweet even in her ravings ;--each future ill of life fell on her heart like dew on the adamantine rock, leaving no trace behind :--there were ideas, but they were disunited and broken ;--there was imagination, but it was lawless and unreined ;--there were thoughts, but they were wild and wandering : thenceforth her mind became like a comet in its flight, rolling unchecked through the eternity of space. Her children were orphans ;--during her lifetime, one only feeling gleaned through the darkness of delirium that enveloped her ;--it was maternal love ;--she still pressed her helpless infant to her bosom with the tenderest care ;--when it wept, she soothed it ;--when it slumbered, she watched it ;--when it smiled, she kissed it ;--night and day became the same to her ; and all objects, all sights, all sounds, were alike unheeded, or only noticed with a heartless smile.

She would sometimes start distractedly, and exclaim, " There--there--the waves have got him ;--they sweep--they roll--they burst over his head ;--save--save--oh ! save him : " --and then with a loud laugh fall exhausted on the ground. The day arrived when they were to consign the last remains of the departed and lamented James to the parent earth. He was borne from the pretty cottage, once the abode of happiness and content, now of death, orphanage, and delirium ;--she saw him laid in the grave, hard by the spot where his body was first discovered, but she was wholly unconcerned : her look was vacancy, and her every action bespoke her a lunatic ;--her children sobbed bitterly as they saw

the coffin that contained their affectionate father lowered into the grave: it was peaceful and humble,---but if ever the heart mourned---if ever bystanders entered into the feeling of sorrow such a mournful event occasions, it was over the grave of James the fisherman:---he had endeared himself to all by his kindness and generosity; and each had some pleasing instance of the one or the other to sob out to his neighbour as they

lingered round: this is the sweetest requiem that can rise over the ashes of the wisest and the best. Many a long and tempestuous night does the forlorn Lucy sit upon the beach, and talk with waves; or, listening to the breakers' deafening roar---

"Watch the pale moonlight on the
wave,
That ripples by that cheerless grave."
J. R. W.

LINES TO A LADY.

In Imitation of Wordsworth.

O! can'st thou tell, when the langour of sleep
O'er thy senses unheeded begins to creep:
When woodbines wildly wreathing shed
Their fragrance around where thy couch is spread:
While the crimson curtain of evening throws
The deepening shade o'er thy sweet repose;
And is heard from afar the wild ocean's roar,
As it bellowing foams o'er the broken shore;
And the herd hangs, lowing, on the distant hill;
When every fluttering breath is still,
But the zephyr, fan'd by cupid's wing,
As he watches over thee slumbering;
Why thou caust not brook the peaceful power
That closes thy lids in that magic hour?
And I will tell thee why I cannot controul
The langour bewitching that seizes my soul:
When glances the light of thy dark, dark eye,
Then cowers beneath my gaze, bashfully:
Why, looking on thee, though without the will,
Howbeit I find that I gaze on thee still.
While those beaming orbs so sweetly shine;
While matchless beauty and youth are thine;
While virtue and truth are dear to me,
O! I shall love to think and to gaze on thee:
And now it remaineth not to tell
Why I look on thee, whom I love so well;
But yet it remaineth to ask of thee
To pardon this, my infirmity;
And although of my sin I shall never repent,
Save when thy brow shall darken: and then,
Though I weep for the fault, I shall sin again;
There is with my nature such frailty blent.
I leave my future lot to thee,
Dispose of it, therefore, graciously.

SHORT STAGES.

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely *passengers*."

THE ease and expedition of travelling in this country have long been a source of domestic benefit, and a theme of foreign admiration. In particular, the appointments of our mail coaches excite the attention of every stranger, who is astonished and delighted at the precision, rapidity, and safety, with which he finds himself, by their agency, transported from one extremity of the island to the other.

But for those, also, whose journeys are of a more limited nature, extraordinary facilities have of late years been provided. Among the numerous conveniences with which the metropolis now abounds, there are few of less questionable utility than the short stages, as they are called, which maintain an hourly communication with the neighbouring villages. The number of these vehicles is almost incredible. At one house alone, bearing the elegant name of "The Goose and the Grid-iron," above two hundred arrive, and, of course, from the same place as many depart, daily.

The accommodation thus afforded to the public at large, is great; and to several extensive and highly valuable classes of the community it has become indispensable. Clerks in public offices, and the second and third ranks of the mercantile and professional world, who cannot afford to keep their own carriages, or even to incur the regularly returning expense of a hackney chaise, are nevertheless enabled, by means of these humble and cheap conveyances, to enjoy the health and comfort of a country residence. A century or two ago, most of the predecessors of such individuals were compelled, with their families, to live in the City; and to the closeness with which they were packed, the impure air which they constantly breathed, and their want of due exercise, was probably attributable that general dwarfishness of stature, of which the West-end wits of former days availed themselves so unsparingly in their

jokes upon cockneys. A very favourable alteration has, however, taken place in that respect. It is no longer usual to transact business after four or five o'clock. About that hour, persons are to be seen hastening from all quarters, to the back of the Royal Exchange, to Gracechurch-street, to St. Paul's Church-yard, to Charing-cross, or to the White-horse Cellar, thence to be trundled down to a late dinner at Holm-ton, Blackheath, Hampstead, Clapham, or Hammersmith, and to forget, in the evening blaze of their own fire-side, the various anxieties by which, perhaps, the earlier part of their day has been clouded. It has often been boasted, that a word synonymous to "home" is not to be discovered in any other language than English; and that the social pleasures, the recollection of which is inseparably connected with that endearing expression in the minds of most Englishmen, are no where relished with so much cordiality and glee as in England. How deeply, then, are we indebted to a convenience, by which the value of home, to those who have one, is so materially enhanced.

Although circumstances do not render the advantage, which I have described, so important to myself as to thousands of my more happy fellow-citizens; although no lovely wife and prattling children bustle to prepare me for my morning departure, or hurry to welcome me on my evening return; although I seem

"—— not destin'd such delights
to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent,
and care."

Yet, I am frequently induced, by bad weather, or by the fatigue of a protracted ramble, to accept the shelter or relief afforded by a shrill "Going up, Sir? going up?" And I have seldom done so, without deriving considerable amusement, and, in some cases, considerable

information from the occurrence. The majority of passengers by the short stages, while they are purified from the ignorance and from the consequent barbarism of the lowest orders of the people, are not in that condition in which *l'usage du monde* produces a courteous but insipid monotony, if not of actual, at least of apparent character. Voltaire says, that the English are like a pot of their own porter.—The top is froth; at the bottom are the dregs; the middle is excellent. The simile may be too broad, but there is some truth in it.

It occasionally affords me no little entertainment, while I listen to the animated discussion that frequently prevails in these "leathern conveniences," to guess the peculiar occupations and habits of those by whom it is carried on. Practice has, I flatter myself, conferred upon me tolerable skill in this respect. I have sometimes been led, by very slight indications, to form conjectures which subsequent enquiry has proved to be well-founded. I have detected a stock-broker, by his remarking, that the barometer "looked up;" a solicitor by his "demurring" to the observations of a gentleman on the opposite seat, and an artist, by his praising the "fine tone of colour" of an iron-grey horse that passed us on the road. Candour, however, compels me to confess, that I now and then commit a little blunder. I once mistook a sheriff's officer for a musician, because he spoke of "bars," and "a good catch;" and just after the death of our late venerable Sovereign, I nearly escaped insulting a young dandy, who talked a great deal about "men and measures," and who, I afterwards understood, was a junior clerk to one of the Under Secretaries of State, by asking him the ready-money-price of a suit of the best French black.

In most short stages, there belongs to every regular set of passengers one person of greater self-importance than the rest, who affects to assume an authoritative tone and manner. This especially occurs, when an individual so pre-disposed, happens to be invested with any of the parochial dignities of his neighbourhood. It is this person who draws up or lets

down the windows. It is this person who rates the coachman for waiting more than exactly two minutes at the door of a dilatory customer. It is this person who prescribes the precise line of streets through which the stage shall be driven to the place of its destination.—Sometimes, his assumption is silently acquiesced in; sometimes, it is stoutly resisted. More than once, after an absence of several months, I have again taken my station in the narrow arena of a contest of this description, for the sole purpose of gratifying my curiosity, by ascertaining whether, in the interval, the ancient autocrat had been able to maintain his despotism, or whether he had been deposed by a well-concerted and vigorous rebellion.

Another striking characteristic of these vehicles is, the inclination evinced by many of their temporary occupants (although seldom on the part of the regular passengers, between whom and interlopers there is often much jealousy,) to communicate to utter strangers a thorough knowledge of their own affairs. In passing from Tunham Green to Piccadilly, I have been entertained with every particular of a complicated and interminable law-suit; and I have had the distance from Leadenhall Street to Lincolns Inn rendered apparently short by an accurate enumeration of the various connexions, down to the fifth cousin, by marriage, of one whom I had never before seen, and whom I trust it is no breach of Christian charity to pray to Heaven I may never see again.

But it would be gross injustice were I not to repeat that the gratification which I have sometimes experienced on these occasions has much exceeded the annoyance. One of the most delightful incidents that I ever witnessed, and which afforded me a pure and unmixed enjoyment, occurred the other day in the Chelsea stage, at a moment when I was so lucky as to be seated in it.

I have a friend in Sloane Terrace, who is an excellent fellow; and, which is more (to use Dogberry's phraseology) a great reader; and, which is more, a tolerable chess player. Having passed an evening with him in chatting on books, he at

length induced me to sit down to the board; at which, as his custom is, he checkmated me repeatedly without mercy. I certainly revenged myself very amply on his sandwiches and liqueurs; but before his hostility and my spirit of retaliation were saliated, it became so late, that I gladly accepted his offer of a sofa and a blanket for the night.

As I had an affair of some importance in town next morning, I determined to go by the nine o'clock stage; at the office for which my friend's servant accordingly booked a place, and I was punctually called for at the proper hour. In the coach I found two gentlemen, who I have no doubt belonged to one of the respectable classes to which I have already alluded, and were on their way to their daily employment. By the time that we had determined that it threatened rain, had predicted what would be the amount of the subscription for the distressed Irish, and had supposed that Parliament would not be prorogued until the the latter end of July, the coach arrived at the junction of Sloane-street with Knightsbridge; and the coachman hastily drew up, in order to admit a lady who was there, awaiting his approach, but whom he did not appear at all to know. She saluted us with much civility. Her age seemed to be about five and forty. She was rather *en bon point*. Her countenance was intelligent, and, if not handsome, (of which I will not be sure) possessed an expression of mingled sweetness and frankness which in my opinion is peculiar to our countrywomen. Conversation, which this little stoppage had interrupted, was resumed, but the topic was again changed.

"I wonder," exclaimed one of my male companions, "what has become of that young lady *as* we used to take up here, and *sit* down at the bottom of Chancery Lane?"

"I can't guess," replied the other. "She came for a long time very *regular*; but she has not been with us for a fortnight."

"It's a great loss. She was always so chatty and pleasant."

"Yes; and very diffident too;—that's what I call properly diffident;—not sheepish or shame-faced."

"O! not a bit. Just what a young woman should be. Do you remember how, by two or three quiet words she confounded the spark *as* kept staring her in the eyes one day, 'till I was going to say something to him which he would not have liked, only she saw what I was about, and spoke herself, to prevent what she thought might be mischief?"

"Aye; and do you recollect that snowy morning last November, when, though the coach was crammed, she begged that the poor little child of a soldier's wife outside might be taken in, and all I could do, insisted on carrying it, wet as it was, in her own lap?"

"Yes; she was a good creature, and very pretty into the bargain. Every body liked her. Even Sam the coachman, when he let down or put up the steps for her seemed to do it with a half smile; though I think he's about the gruffest fellow *as* I ever saw. I should like amazingly to know what is become of her."

"So should I. But with her disposition, she's sure to be *uncommon* happy, go where she may."

Towards the close of the above dialogue my eye happened to glance on our female fellow-passenger, and was suddenly arrested by observing that her fine face was lighted up with no ordinary emotion, which she vainly endeavoured to suppress, but which at length she succeeded in checking so far as to hide it from any scrutiny but that of a physiognomist. I have already owned my vanity on that score. Of course, I immediately set about divining the cause of the appearance I had noticed. Many sagacious conclusions did I draw; but they all fell far short of the affecting truth, told with great simplicity by the lady herself, as she was preparing to leave us in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

"Gentlemen," said she, with the most gracious smile conceivable, "I cannot wish you farewell, without thanking you for your very handsome praises of—my daughter! She is indeed an excellent girl, and deserves your good opinion." Her eyes filled with tears, and she made a short pause. "I am sure you have

kind hearts ; and that you will be glad to hear that she no longer goes by the stage to the place of her usual business, because she was married last week to a worthy young man, with whom I hope and believe she will be——God bless you !”

I do not profess to be sentimental ;

but I would cheerfully endure the jolting of the worst-hung coach that a patentee for easy carriages ever invented, over a hundred miles of the most rugged road that commissioners were ever appointed to keep in repair, to experience such another sensation as I felt at that moment.

W. H. W.

THE SURRENDER OF FORT ST. PHILIP.

A Dramatic Sketch.

SCENE I.—*The Castle.*

ALMANZOR.

Hie thee, Silvestre, to the arsenal ;
Minutely note its yet remaining store ;
See to La Jonquire this despatch convey'd,
And in thy way bid Jervais to me.—Speed.
O! direful strait!—Hedg'd in betwixt two evils ;
Set at the point of two diverging paths ;
Forc'd to choose one, yet fearful each were wrong.
The people's clamour is capitulation,
While 'fore the stern inexorable King
My head! would answer my too-ready yielding.
Would I were
Supreme in power, or but obedient to it.
Great heaven, direct me in my dread resolve ;
And which were best, to farther push the siege,
Or, by surrenderment——

Enter RODRIGO.

Rod. Surrenderment! Who names surrenderment?
Succour at hand, and victory in view;
Look not deject, good Governor, nor shrink
Conquest's red arm up with thy icy fears ;
Many a lusty hand's among our troops ;
Many a heart zealous and brave as mine ;
This one day's truce hath made new men of them.

Alm. Alas! How old art thou, Rodrigo?

Rod. Just turn'd eighteen, my Lord.

Alm. O! Age of happy inexperience!
Who'd not exchange the sage's vastest wisdom,
For the delusive hope of simplest youth?
I've counted twice thy years, young man, and time
Hath taught me to mistrust.

Our bold attempt

To hold communion with the Spanish ship,
Hath fail'd, and he, trust-worthy, faithful Leon,
Made captive. Boy, these things are hard against us

Rod. Let not the soldiery behold thee thus ;
Go round the garrison, talk high of courage,
And we could bear us out for five days longer,
The foe would fairly leave us from despair.
Shew thy men this, I pray, brave General.

Alm. Rather do you, coming as 'twere from me ;
In truth I feel me lighter than I was ;
I've caught a fiery spirit of thy words ;
Go, my good cousin, say whate'er you list.

(*Exit RODERIGO.*)

Enter MATILDA.

Alm. Now, fair Matilda, wherefore art thou here ?
Keep with thy maids, thy ordain'd apartment,
Nor come to cross me with thy childish plaints,
In this my last extremest exigence.

Mat. I cannot think me safe but where thou art ;
Such sights and sounds of uttermost despair
Do reach the casement of our lofty turret,
As frighteth speech from its coherency.
Mothers, with piercing cry, would seeming seek
To cleave the thick substantial battlements ;
Widows call down the stony heights to crush them ;
Grey-headed piety curses heaven's decree,
And infant innocence turns wildly savage :
Each face looks fear and ghastly wonderment.
They whom the sword hath spared, perish of famine ;
Who these outlive are slain by livid plague.
Mine ears do bleed,
To hear my damsels' tales of death and slaughter ;
And now myself behold a scene so horrid,
As makes me shudder to repeat or think on :
A father carried to his pining home ;
A scant supply of food, himself forbore
To taste, that once his starving brood again
Might eat and live. His tott'ring step had gain'd
The hovel's gate : exhaust, he fell to earth,
While from his strengthless hold the treasure'd loaf
Roll'd on into a gutter full of gore ;
An infant boy ran forth, and, so had hunger
Prey'd to extinction on each finer feeling,
Passing his prostrate parents' fate, his eye
Sought th' untempting meal, when strait the bread
So soak'd in blood, devour'd he greedily.

Alm. Forbear, my love, to ravel out these horrors.

Mat. When may we hope that they shall cease to be ?
O ! be persuade to grant th' unequal contest ;
To yield were honour now ; open the gates,
For not the bitterest hate of furious foe
Could curse with suff'rings like fierce famine's torture.

Alm. Alas, Matilda ! little dost thou reck
The pillaging, the lawless violence, and all
Th' unhallow'd revelling of victory.
No temple's holy fane shall sacred be
To saintly relic, or to virgin fears.
And thou, the wife of scarce two months——

Mat. Fie, fie, my Lord ;
The English have an honourable fame,
And on my knees I'll crave the gallant Stanhope
That he would let our people pass in peace ;
Putting up my pair'd hands in supplication,

And raising piteously my streaming eyes,
 Evoke my soul into my earnest lip.

Alm. False traitress, hold! thou dost occasion seek
 To spread thy charms to foreign admiration,
 O! cursed vain conceit: O! woman, woman,
 Angelic fiend! God gave to Eve her beauty,
 The devil did inform her with the knowledge on't.
 And thou hadst been a true and loyal wife,
 Thou'dst wish thine eyes were dim and lustreless;
 Give up the soft vernillion of thy cheek
 To be seam'd and intersected o'er with scars;
 Thy tresses to be shorn, thy form disfigured.

Mat. Alas! my lord, what means this sudden humour?
 So strongly, strangely moved, I ne'er beheld thee;
 'Twere worth my life to see thee often thus.
 Teach me my fault; I false? what is't you say?

Alm. Sweet Maud, my words were hasty and unmeaning,
 These keen perplexities do chafe my temper;
 Forgive me love, and lest you doubt I might
 Recall my penitence as I would my error,
 Feel here my heart, and think each vivid throb
 Does syllable an eager prayer for pardon.

Mat. All I can have to give is ever thine.
 Yet hold, my pardon were too cheap that thus,
 So soon I yield it to the suing for;
 'T'll be more strange, and cold, and look displeas'd,
 That being not easily gain'd thou'lt take more heed on't.

Alm. Beauteous Matilda, my too lovely wife,
 I have a wild surmise, a mad design;
 Say, wilt thou bind thyself to do my bidding,
 Serve my command, and execute my will.

Mat. I have no other will than what is thine.

Alm. Promise; nay, swear, you will not shrink from it.

Mat. I best may prove my truth by my performance.

Alm. Know, then, I have a stratagem—
 Choke on my clammy tongue, the words do choke me
 Whereby t' escape—Soft—some one comes—Retire.

SCENE II.—*Outside the walls.—Distant part of the enemy's camp.*

SEVORINO and BRIAN.

Sev. Why sirrah, knave, how now? didst thou not hear me call thee varlet; whereupon didst thou not answer more quickly?

Bri. Truly, methinks, I am over-ready to answer such discourteous summoning, seeing my name is neither sirrah, knave, nor varlet, but honest Brian O'Shilleford to command.

Sev. Yet this thy baptismal name carrieth no patrimony, whereas that I did confer on thee hath an estate entail.

Bri. An estate! I pray thee shew it me, captain?

Sev. To wit, a halter, fellow, and a scaffold.

Bri. I wot I'm undeserving to fill so elevate a station: no, though I be content to hold the title wherewith thou'rt pleased to dub me, yet do I most unreservedly demise the aforesaid hemp-ground to some dear friend who may stand more in need of it.

Sev. A truce to foolery; has any one been here during my absence?

Bri. Truly has one been waiting this hour.

Sev. Villain, why not have given me to know of this at the first? what was his name, who was he?

Bri. Exactly no other than myself, who have been looking your return ever since you left me.

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Sev. Impudent knave! thou hast been draining draughts of insolence from yonder flagon.

Bri. Absolution followeth confession; verily I have tasted of its spiritualities; it did make me an innocent head-pillow, till I bethought me 'twere unsocial such near neighbours should be unacquainted; yet 'tis my intemperate nose should have the blame, which, quaffing as it were involuntarily inhalations of its goodly flavour, did persuade my envious mouth to become partner in the sin.

Sev. Shame to thee; let not the evil practice grow to habit, lest this same goodly flavour should prove thy mortal enemy.

Bri. Which to my thinking, Captain, would only prove, that I were the better Christian of us two; seeing I do so love my enemy. But 'tis ever thus your abstinent Italian gentleman doth rail at the enjoyment he hath no relish in; yet I warrant thou hast a taste, and I could hit it, whilst there be some dainty bits of fair flesh behind those impracticable walls, report saith the governor's dame alone were worth raising a siege to get a sight of.

Sev. Who gave thee licence to prate after this fashion, thou unmannerly groom? I would thou wert compelled to eat thy words.

Bri. Fie! Captain, I would not wish a foe so bad a dinner; eat my words! a merry jest, i' faith.

Sev. Yet it were no jest to the unlucky dog who was caught skulking through the camp just now, with information for the enemy; he bore his errand in his mouth, but that his awkward speech betrayed him, and when sore pressed he swallowed it.

Bri. Surely, as doth every careful man lock up his valuables in a chest; what, I warrant, you cut his throat to look at his words.

Lev. Nay, but the doctor quickly did oblige him to impart the sum of his intelligence. Harkee, fellow, if thou hast any sober sense remaining, General Stanhope ordereth that all things be appointed to the escalade, surrenderment is hourly expected, the signal of't will be a pistol-shot.

Bri. There would not have been any thing signal in that yesterday, but of late the town is just as mute as mice; suppose they have been muzzling all the women; alack a day! would I were once more safe on t'other side the channel.

[*The signal is heard.—Shout several voices*]

Capitulation! victory! surrenderment!
On to the castle—guard the gates—
Lead to the governor.

SCENE III.—*A terrace belonging to the castle*

RODERIGO.

Oh! sight of horror;
Behold! what's here? our gallant governor,
And see the beauteous gentle lady Maud;
O! ill-starr'd pair, the fatal shot we heard
Did in the moment 'reave ye of existence;
They've fall'n together, by each others' hand;
Alas! the heavy day.

ARIA.

DOMESTIC TALES.—GRATITUDE.

(Concluded from page 528, Vol. 81.)

WHEN Howard quitted Hamilton-place, it was with a firm resolution to sacrifice his fortune to any extent, or even life itself, in rescuing Meliora from the cruel opprobrium which the Earl's suspicions would have thrown upon her, though he could not but allow, in his own mind, that some of the circumstances elicited in the evidence, might seem to justify them, however fully himself might feel assured of their entire falseness; and on parting from Twiss, he strolled into a retired part of Hyde Park, in order to collect his ideas, to digest his opinions, and to form his arrangements accordingly.

About eight months previous to the present period, Howard, at a small dinner party at Lord Annesley's, had been seated opposite to Colonel Levison, whose features struck him, as having been, in some former event of his life, perfectly familiar to him, though the recollection of them did not appear to be associated with any agreeable impression. On hearing the name of Levison pronounced, he found that he had not been mistaken in his notion; and the whole history of their earlier acquaintance occurred to his memory. Such was Howard's extraordinary faculty for preserving in his mind's eye any peculiarity of physiognomical expression, that he now recognized Levison to have been a passenger in the same vessel, which transported himself and his brother William from Liverpool to New York. The circumstance that probably had served to imprint this man's countenance so deeply in his recollection was, that he, Levison, who was then Sergeant, belonging to a small company of soldiers, which had been sent out to garrison a fort on the American coast, had, to beguile the tediousness of the voyage, as he said, engaged William in play, and succeeded in depriving the youthful adventurer of what was to him, at that time, no inconsiderable sum. But it having been subsequently intimated to the younger Howard, that Levison had played falsely, a violent dispute, terminating in blows, had arisen be-

tween them; the interference of one of the superior officers soon put an end to the combat, but not before William had, by striking his antagonist on the face, so injured his nose as quite to deform it, a disfigurement which now served to mark, indubitably, to Howard, the identity of the person, though Levison did not manifest the smallest signs of the recognition being mutual.

It was this very man whom Howard had observed engaged in deep and earnest conversation with the Countess, on the night of the concert; and as he passed them by unnoticed, his ears caught these remarkable words uttered by Levison, very emphatically, yet in an under tone,—“Six hundred and seventy pounds—paid—to-morrow morning.” The question naturally occurred to his mind, of what nature could be a debt, standing between two mere common acquaintances; the one party, a young and lovely female of high rank; the other, a questionable Colonel, for Levison had appeared to evade Howard's enquiries respecting his regiment, whom Howard knew to have risen from a low origin in life, and had heard accused as an unprincipled gamester? The subject of the confabulation, too, was evidently a secret, from the retired and deserted spot which they had chosen for the discussion; and Howard fancied, that there was an air of confusion and embarrassment perceptible in the countenance and manner of Lady Annesley, as, on receiving a significant frown from Levison, she started round, and addressed him. And he felt half inclined, yet sorry, to think, that the sum he had heard quoted, was not, improbably, part of some gambling score, existing between the pseudo Colonel, and the rich, young, and thoughtless Countess. But these impressions and ideas passed swiftly through Howard's mind, and, before the next morning, he had dismissed every trace of so unprofitable a speculation. Immediately, however, on the discovery

of the forgery, the whole occurrence flashed on his recollection. The perpetration of a fraud in the name of Lord Annesley, to obtain the specific sum of six hundred and seventy pounds, presented a coincidence too remarkable to be overlooked. It was under this impression that Howard had requested the interview with her Ladyship; and after delivering some trifling message from Mrs. Howard, he adverted to the circumstance of the forgery; observing, in a careless manner, yet with his deeply-sunken eye fixed on the Countess's varying countenance, "That forgery was a dangerous matter to meddle with, being denounced as a capital offence, even between a husband and wife." He saw the lady's cheek turn deadly pale, as in a faltering voice she iterated the words, "Capital offence!" but instantly recollecting herself, she added, "Oh, yes, to be sure it is—I think I have heard so before—a dreadful thing certainly." Howard had seen enough to satisfy himself, and took his leave. But as he passed out of the house, noticing the number of visiting tickets which were lying on the marble slab in the hall, he desired to have Colonel Levison's address; and when the porter delivered to him a card, inscribed, "Lieutenant-Colonel Levison, 160, Strand," he felt as if his suspicions had received confirmation. Still, however, the whole was but suspicion; and as he was careful not to accuse any one on such slight and inefficient evidence, and, perhaps, being anxious, that the merit of bringing about the entire justification and exculpation of Meliora, should rest entirely with himself, he forbore to impart his view of the subject to Twiss, but retired, to form, in solitude, a clear and comprehensive analysis of this intricate and enigmatical transaction.

The result of half an hour's deliberation was this: that the surest and readiest mode of arriving at the truth would be, to confront with each other every person who was either accused, suspected, implicated, or in any degree connected with the business in question. He already possessed two principal, and important agents, in the clerk and the coachman. His next aim was to

endeavour to produce the veiled lady in black, and to trace the object of her visit to the Strand. In pursuance of this purpose, Howard repaired to Levison's lodgings, carrying Cater along with him, in the hope, that he might be enabled to identify the dwelling. Cater, however, could say no farther, than that he believed it was the house at which he had stopped on the eventful Wednesday; at least, he was sure it was on that side of the street.

A ticket on the shop-window advertised the vacancy of the first floor. Howard knocked at the door; and, on enquiring for Colonel Levison, was told, that he had, suddenly, quitted his lodgings a day or two before; but the landlady could not afford any information respecting the cause of his removal, or the then place of his abode. This abrupt departure and concealment of his destination, while it disappointed and perplexed Howard, seemed to be in unison with the doubts and dark surmises that he already entertained of the self-promoted Colonel. To no purpose did he renew and urge his questions; the woman persisted in denying all knowledge of her late inmate, but, at length, allowed, that his man, Phillips, could tell where his master was gone to, whom, she expected, would call there in the course of an hour, to take away a parcel belonging to himself, which had been left in the hasty removal. —Howard requested permission to await this man's arrival, which was readily granted. He had traversed the extent of the drawing room for nearly the space of two hours, devoid of any other amusement or occupation, than what his own reflections furnished, before Phillips made his appearance, who, at first, assumed a most profound ignorance, till a liberal *douceur* from Howard produced a marvellous effect, in unsealing his lips, and he instantly began to decry his late master as the most tyrannical and avaricious man that he had ever served. "He is now fled to France for safety," continued the treacherous groom. "I don't care who knows it; I only wish he might be caught, and compelled to give back some part of his ill-gotten gains, the loss of which has made many a heart ache, I war-

rant." Howard, then, with a view to induce a full share of Phillips's confidence, partially disclosed the object that rendered him desirous of seeing the Colonel, and asked the servant if he remembered the visit of the lady he described.

"Lady—yes; there was but one lady who visited my master; and what she had to do with him I don't know; but I believe she was his own daughter; at least I found a letter as makes me think so, though she used to go under the name of Beresford."

"Beresford!" repeated Howard, in amazement, immediately calling to mind the young female whom, thus denominated, he had been accustomed to see seated at the Earl's table.

"Did she come here on Wednesday morning?" eagerly demanded he.

"Yes, she did, the day my master left town," answered Phillips.

"In a hackney coach?"

"Yes."

"Drest in black?"

"She has been in mourning lately," was the reply.

"'Tis she—'tis clear—aye, I have it all," exclaimed Howard; "there is a cruel mistake—the innocent may suffer for the guilty—I must see this woman: where is she to be found? what is her address?"

But to this point Phillips protested, and with truth, that his intelligence did not extend.

Howard desired to see the letter, which Phillips had alluded to, and which he now drew from his pocket. The contents were as follow: but, to Howard's severe mortification and disappointment, it bore no date, probably an intentional omission, either of time or place.

"Dear Sir,—In consequence of the death of Mrs. Beresford, I have just received a very affectionate and urgent invitation from my grandfather, to come and be his nurse, companion, housekeeper, &c. an offer which, with your permission, I propose to accept. Now, that the old gentleman is so fast hastening to his grave, I should conceive his resentment against you must have died away; though he makes no mention of you in his letter, yet his sending for me wears a conciliatory aspect, and I hope, by a

little finesse, to bring you in at the death. Be so kind as to return an early answer to this. If I do go to Whitchurch, it will be in the course of a week at farthest.

"I remain, dear Sir,

"Your affectionate child,

"BRIDGET LEVISON BERESFORD."
To Michael Levison, Esq.

Howard turned to the post-mark for information; it was nearly obliterated; but after poring over the half-effaced characters for a length of time, he fancied that he could decypher the remains of what had once been, "Saturday, July 3, Pimlico," which was about three weeks anterior to the present period. On communicating the result of his inspection to Phillips, the latter recollected to have seen a note lying on the table, but a few days previously, directed to Miss Beresford, at Pimlico, which his master had, at first, given into his hands, with instructions to carry it to the office; but shortly afterward countermanded the order, saying, he would himself drop it into the letter-box. Phillips had consequently caught but a transient view of the superscription, and the name, or number, of the particular street specified in the address, he was totally at a loss to conjecture. A map of London, and a court guide, were procured, when he declared it, to the best of his memory, to have been Belgrave Street. It was now growing late in the day, yet the indefatigable champion of justice and humanity resolved to prosecute his search; and accordingly, after having anticipated Phillips' fidelity and secrecy, by a second fee, and caused him to afford a direction where he was to be found, left the house in the Strand, and, without stopping to take any refreshment on the way, repaired strait to the south-western extremity of the metropolis.

He knocked at every door, asked at every shop, in Belgrave-street, without being able to discover the object he was in quest of; but was told, to his consolation, that there was a row of houses, not far distant, called Belgrave Terrace, whither he proceeded, and went through a similar, yet still unsuccessful course of enquiry; though, from having heard

of another street, named Belgrave Place, he was not in despair. But, when he had visited, without exception, every house here also, where every one agreed in declaring, that they had never even heard of the name of Beresford, Howard's spirits began to fail. One resource, however, was still left. This unfinished street was continued a little farther on, under the title of Upper Belgrave Place. Of these few houses the whole were not habitable, and not more than the half of them were inhabited. At five of them Howard had reiterated his usual question, and received the usual answer. Two more only remained to rest his hope on; and he actually experienced a sort of sick apprehension and nervous tremor, as he laid his hand on the knocker of the last door but one. Having repeated the signal for admission more than once, a young girl at length appeared, to answer to his demand for Miss Beresford.

"Miss Beresford, sir," replied the girl, civilly, "did live here, but she has just left us; however, if you will please to walk in, sir," continued she, "I will ask my mother if she knows her address in the country."

Howard was on the point of exclaiming, "God bless you, my dear," but, repressing the fervent and premature benediction, he contented himself with simply expressing his thanks as he followed his conductor into a neat little parlour, where the damsel left him, but returned in a few minutes, and seating herself near to him, began to be very communicative: "I am extremely sorry, sir," said she, "that my mother is quite unacquainted with Miss Beresford's direction; but my sister knows it, and if you are particularly anxious——"

"Yes, particularly anxious," interrupted Howard.

"Well then, sir, perhaps you will not mind the trouble of a long walk."

"No, no, where is your sister?" said Howard, impatiently.

"My sister, sir, works at a ready-made linen warehouse in Houndsditch; the name of the people who keep it is Isaacs; do you think you will remember it, sir, or shall I write it down for you?"

"I shall not fail to remember it," assured Howard.

"Well, sir, if you will go to Isaac's warehouse, No. 91, Houndsditch, and ask to see Miss Sarah Cormack, she is sure to be there; and I know she can tell the place where Miss Beresford is gone to live at; because, sir, to say the truth, Bridget, before she left town, bought part of a ticket in the lottery, a sixteenth I believe it was, and she told my sister Sarah to look after it, and send her word whether it came up a blank or a prize."

With this direction impressed on his recollection, Howard rose to take leave, and after making his acknowledgments to the pretty black-eyed Hibernian for her information, and, what spoke more eloquently, putting a sovereign into her hand, hurried from the house; but as it was now growing dark he resolved not to travel any farther on his voyage of discovery till the next day; and, harassed and fatigued in the greatest degree, returned to a coffee-house near Buckingham-gate, where, having ordered dinner, or more properly supper, he took up his abode for the night. Before ten o'clock on the next morning Howard was in Houndsditch, where he obtained all the intelligence he was in search of, namely, Miss Beresford's present place of abode. The direction given to him was simply this:—Miss B. L. Beresford, Mr. Beresford, Forest Farm, Whitechurch, Hampshire, not more than twenty-five miles from London.

But now a most perplexing difficulty presented itself. By what means could Howard hope to induce the young lady and her estimable father to return to the metropolis? the latter having quitted it with an intention, perhaps, never again to revisit the scene of his iniquity and disgrace; and the former considering herself finally established in her then place of residence. It was obvious that neither of them would consent to appear to give testimony on the benevolent principles of justice, charity, and a desire to clear the fame of an injured female. Had the matter been brought indeed to a public and regular trial, Howard would have been empowered to subpoena them as witnesses, but he was anxious, for the sake of the countess, to avoid pushing the question to this extremity. After pondering on the

circumstance for a length of time, he felt that he should be reduced to have recourse to stratagem for the accomplishment of his purpose; and accordingly determined to put in practice the following expedient, viz. that Layton should write to Miss Beresford, requesting to know the exact number of the lottery ticket which she had purchased, since, through the negligence of one of the clerks, a mistake that might prove of much importance in the drawing, had arisen, in transcribing the figures into their own books. Previously to this Howard waited himself on the proprietor of the office where the ticket had been purchased, and made him, in part, privy to the plot he was carrying on; at the same time taking out a whole ticket, which he did in the name of Emma Jerningham, Meliora's mother, thereby inducing his consent to and connivance in the scheme.

When Miss Beresford should have answered the first letter satisfactorily, a second was to be sent, as if from the lottery contractor, stating, that two gentlemen had taken up the whole ticket of the number she had chosen prior to her purchase, consequently to the exclusion of Miss Beresford's share in it; and finally, it was planned that Layton, in the character of one of Bish's clerks, should take a journey into Hampshire, to desire the actual presence of the young lady in London, as being requisite to settle the difficulty; that he should escort her to town, defraying all the expences on the road, which, he was to make it appear, was partly the purpose of his coming down. The lady, on her arrival in London, after having visited the lottery office, in order to dispel any suspicion that could have arisen in her mind on the subject, was to be referred and conveyed to the house of Mr. Twiss, in Abingdon-street, which he had lent to be the place of general rendezvous. Leaving the execution of this arrangement in the hands of Twiss and Layton, Howard prepared to set out on his journey of pursuit to the Continent, having obtained from Phillips an insight into Levison's intended route.

Just before his departure for France, however, a note was deli-

vered to Howard from Lord Annesley;—

"Sir,—Three days have elapsed without my having either seen or heard from you on the subject of our last meeting: if you have proved the fallacy of your conjectures and suspicions, and wish on your part to decline any further interference, do not hesitate to acknowledge it. I am sorry to say that my opinion has been greatly strengthened since I saw you; I could almost declare that it was confirmed. Miss Jerningham, by her own confession, was absent from our house at the identical period, during which the circumstances appearing in evidence were said to have taken place: I was anxious that she should establish an *alibi*, but she asserted that the object of her walk had been to visit her mother, whom she *very opportunely* met in the street, and accompanied some way on the road to Kensington.

"I am in a state of the most painful suspense; and desire that this unfortunate transaction may be further enquired into, and brought to an issue, with all the speed it may.

"Your's, ANNESLEY."

To which appeal Howard returned the following caustic reply:

"Make not more haste than good speed, my Lord. The fruit of my exertions is nearly ripe, but not ready to be gathered immediately.

"So, my Lord, you could not resist the pleasure of teasing Miss Jerningham a little; forgetting a stupid promise that you made, on your honour, as long as three days ago, not to speak to her on the subject. How convenient it is to have a short memory! Perhaps I shall call upon you to discuss this matter more *seriously*, elsewhere.

"GODFREY HOWARD,

"A man of his word yet no Lord!"

Having dispatched this, Howard set off in a chaise and four for Dover, that being the road which, according to Phillip's information, Levison had taken; nor was he misled; for on arriving at Boulogne, after a remarkably quick and favourable passage, almost the very

first person whom he encountered at the English hotel there, was the Colonel himself: Howard instantly recognized him with much real glee, though the greeting was by no means returned with the same degree of cordiality by the other. Howard in answer to Levison's enquiries, invented some plausible pretence for being seen on that side of the Channel; and by the time they had entered more into conversation, and Howard had invited Levison to dine with him in the true John Bull style, the air of apprehension, of distrust and reserve which had characterized the behaviour of the latter on their first meeting, gradually and entirely disappeared. In the discourse that took place during dinner, Levison unhesitatingly remarked that he had quitted London almost a week previously to the present period; but that owing to a trunk belonging to him having been left behind at the inn at Dover, he had been detained most reluctantly, he said, on the French coast, to await its arrival.

Howard exerted himself in being unusually communicative, and free, and facetious; and in order to put Levison in complete good humour with his companion, observed that he had had a very pleasant game of whist on board of the packet: Levison instantly asked with much eagerness, if he was fond of cards—Howard replied in the affirmative,—a pack of cards were procured, and they played several rubbers of casino, at which Howard, who hardly knew any thing of the game, lost every thing he played for. During all this time, Howard continued to supply Levison with potent libations of champagne; till having rendered him completely insensible of all that was passing around, he had him carried on board a vessel, and they sailed back for England. The effect of the motion of the vessel on Levison's intemperance, prevented him from sleeping on the passage; but being landed on the British shore, he sunk exhausted into a profound slumber; and in this state Howard had him put into a carriage with six horses, that in little more than seven hours, brought them to town.

The expression of Levison's sensations when he opened his eyes, as

the coach stopped in Abingdon-street, was ludicrous in the extreme: his sentiments of wonder were mixed with terror; he fancied himself in a dream; he appeared to entertain no recollection of the past; he was utterly bewildered; and before he had collected his ideas, or taken time to reflect on what he was doing, Howard had induced him to alight, and enter Twiss's house: all he seemed conscious of was that he was in England; how he came to be there was a question, which was to him involved in the most impenetrable mystery: he only knew that he was in London, and that he would rather have been in any other city in the world. A multitude of swindled creditors, of baffled bailiffs, of friends betrayed and plundered by his avarice, and of ruthless desperadoes, co-partners in his villanies, presented themselves to his dismayed imagination; and he indignantly demanded of Howard an explanation of his situation.

Howard, at first, somewhat evaded the question, merely by replying, that the most noble Colonel should have an explanation in full, in the course of an hour, if he could restrain his impatience so long; whereon Levison became absolutely furious; accused Howard of harbouring some design against his life and property; ran through the whole vocabulary of Billingsgate; protested that he would set fire to the premises, if not permitted instantly to depart unmolested; and, in short, raved and stamped, and swore, like a maniac.

Howard listened to this ebullition of vengeance, lounging in a listless position in an arm chair, occasionally taking a calm survey of the impassioned speaker, who having made a pause in his harrangue from absolute exhaustion of words, as well as of physical energy, Howard seized the moment of silence, thus coolly and impressively to address his prisoner, for such in fact he was:—"Colonel Levison,—or, I should rather say, no Colonel at all—I beg your pardon, Sir, were you about to speak?—I entreat, that you will make yourself perfectly easy, with respect to any apprehensions that you may feel, concerning the security of your life, and property. For the first, I am not aware that it is of any cou-

sequence to any one, excepting your daughter, the amiable and all-accomplished Miss Beresford, as she is vulgarly called; by the bye, I think it was a pity that you did not give her mother a title to your own name; it is so much prettier—nay, do not interrupt me, Sir: it would disconcert me to hear your arguments just now; I doubt not that you had wise reasons for the precaution; I only meant to offer the hint, in a friendly way—but you're not going to be angry again?—Suppose we shake hands. No!—well, as you will. But to proceed with my defence against the charge of meditating an attack on your fortune.—I am really so overstocked with the dross myself, that if now you were to take a liking to me, and make me a present of all your property, I should hardly know what to do with it,—unless, indeed,” continued he, “unless I were to deposit it with the rightful owners; for instance, we'll say the Countess Annesley—the young Lord Stanton, or a silly, beardless rustic, on board a vessel where I happened to be about thirty years ago; I noticed the lad, because his name chanced to be the same as my own. You look astounded, my good Sir!—Ha, ha, ha!—that's natural. I believe I did not acquaint you that I am something of an astrologer: I have looked into the past, and gazed into the future; I can tell fortunes by the hand, or the face; nay, I have been making calculations since we have been here, which seem to prove, that some one, now present, is destined for the gallows! Mr. Twiss, are you aware of any repugnance that you experience at the sight of a rope? I hope, Layton, you have not got a mole behind the ear.”

In this manner did Howard contrive to banter, and play, with Levinson, until such time as he might expect the return of the messenger, who had been despatched to all the various parties concerned in the development of the still unexplained circumstance of the forgery; and, in little more than an hour from the time of his arrival, he had the satisfaction of learning, that the Earl and Countess of Annesley, Mr. Singleton, brother to the Countess, and Meliora, were waiting in the parlour for his promised communication.—

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He ordered, that the two ladies might be conducted into the conservatory, while the Earl and Singleton were ushered into court, as Howard termed a spacious apartment, into which several others opened; indeed, it was the peculiar fitness of the arrangement of the rooms for this occasion, that had caused Howard to adopt Twiss's dwelling for the scene of the *eclaircissement*.

When the Earl, and Singleton, who was a magistrate, and Howard and Twiss, had taken their station in the hall of audience, the proceedings commenced, in due form, and Twiss was ordered to read over the evidence, as it had been taken down, about a week before, to which notes had since been added by his Lordship; wherein he accused Miss Meliora Jerningham as a party concerned, from the circumstance of her being unable to afford, what the Earl considered to be, a satisfactory account of the employment of the identical period of time consumed in the execution of the forgery.

Singleton listened attentively to the recital of the various depositions, and declared, at its conclusion, that appearances went strongly to criminate Miss Jerningham. Howard smiled to himself, as he remembered how fallacious the magistrate's judgment would soon be proved to have been, and then, with an air of deference and respect, proffered his defence.

“The explanation that I have in my power to afford, Gentlemen,” said he, “consists rather of a singular combination of facts, than in making a verbose and fluent appeal; but facts are stubborn things. My mode of procedure, too, will be very summary. I shall not detain your attention long, Gentlemen;” then advancing to one of the side doors, he called aloud on Thomas Cater, whom, when he came forward, Howard presented to the court, saying, “This man is the coach-driver, mentioned in evidence.” Singleton asked Cater a few questions; but finding that his answers tallied precisely with his former testimony, he was quickly dismissed.

Layton was the next witness produced, who, having repeated his former asseverations, now added, “That if a dozen ladies were shewn

to him, and among them the one who had presented the draft, he had no doubt of being able to identify, and even swear to her person." He was then ordered to withdraw; and Howard brought Colonel Levison into court. "Here, my Lord, is a gentleman, who did reside at No. 160, in the Strand, the house where Cater drove to, on the Wednesday morning."

"Colonel Levison!" cried the Earl in astonishment; but the gallant officer was so confounded with the fear of detection in his misdeeds, that he remained silent, and Howard went on to say, "And now comes an important witness, this honest fellow, Gentlemen,"—and to Levison's horror Phillips came forward,—“this young man is ready to depose, that on Wednesday the 22d instant, about twelve o'clock in the forenoon, a lady, habited in black, came in a hackney coach to his master's door, his master being the redoubtable Col. Levison, now before you; that the lady alighted from the coach, and herself knocked at the house-door, viz. No. 160, Strand; that she continued in private conference with the Colonel, believed to be her father, for the space of ten minutes, and was occupied, during that time, in paying a large sum of money; this same Richard Phillips, having been despatched to procure a stamp, of the value of seven shillings and sixpence.” “Where is the lady?” asked Singleton; “Just at hand,” replied Howard; and straitway led forth Miss Bridget Beresford, at the sight of whom, Lord Annesley uttered an exclamation of mingled aversion and astonishment; while the lady herself, on beholding her father, whom she believed to be many hundred miles distant, was overcome, almost to fainting. When she was recovered, however, she underwent a minute examination by Singleton; but when he demanded to know from whom she received the money paid to Colonel Levison, and for what purpose it was paid, she maintained a resolute silence; nor even when Singleton menaced her with being taken into custody, could he elicit any reply. Just at this juncture, Howard, noticing the collusion that was being carried on, by means of

signs and gestures, between the father and daughter, cried out,—“Come and stand on this side, young lady, where, perhaps, you will be able to answer in plain English. Frowns, and winks, and nods, are a language not generally understood. I never observed what an expressive countenance my friend the Colonel had got, till within the last quarter of an hour.”

Howard then advanced to Singleton, and whispered, that he had reason to think that the money had been paid on the account of the Countess Annesley. Singleton started, but gave him leave to put the question secretly to Miss Beresford. He did so, and the whole truth was, in a moment, visible; the lady's countenance turned to a livid paleness, as she faltered out, “Good God! how did you know that?”

“A confession, Mr. Singleton,” exclaimed Howard, “we have no need of any farther witnesses.”

Singleton then went out, and after an interview of great length with his sister, in which she acknowledged the whole extent of her delinquency, returned again to his judgment-seat, and caused the Earl to read over a recantation, which Singleton himself had drawn up, of the charge he had preferred against Meliora Jerningham, and to repeat it aloud, in presence of all the witnesses there assembled.

Levison and his daughter were then permitted to proceed on their respective journeys, while Singleton undertook to act as mediator between his unhappy sister and her injured husband, offering to discharge, on his part, one half of the Countess' enormous debt. Lord Annesley was glad to avail himself of the liberal tender, but would not consent to run a similar hazard, by receiving the Countess into his house, and she was compelled to retire, on a somewhat limited allowance, from her husband, to live with her parents in Yorkshire.

Meliora and her mother had resided for a short time at a small cottage on the banks of the Thames, in contented poverty, when they received information that Howard was fled, no one knew whither, having first, with the exception of a handsome provision for his wife and sister-in-law, made over the whole of

his vast wealth to Mrs. Jerningham, addressing a letter to her to this effect, in which he said, he only gave back the money to "the affectionate little Emma," whose tender intercession had been the remote means of laying the foundation of his fortune, and begged it might be accepted and regarded as the debt of gratitude.

It was discovered, but not till after his death, that he had retired to a kind of cell, deeply embosomed in a wood, somewhere in the west of England, where he literally lived as a hermit.

Meantime young Sir Alfred Arden (for his father was now dead) returned home, and constant to his vows, claimed the honour of Meliora's hand.

The nuptials were celebrated with great splendour and rejoicing; they lived long and happy, and united to rear a numerous offspring, who were taught, in lisping accents, to bless the name of Godfrey Howard.

CONCLUSION.

"Well, my children," said the worthy rector, as Caroline closed her volume; "having now completed your prize-essays, it only remains for me to pronounce judgment on your respective claims.--- With regard to the manner in which

you have executed your illustrations, I shall not at present say any thing: it is my office to decide the differences of opinion which formed the foundation of each story; and in this must declare, that I agree with Sophia in awarding the highest place to friendship, as tried by the several members of the proposed question; for although Love has been proved to be sufficiently powerful, and said to be intensely pleasurable, yet it fails in being the *most pure* of the affections: while Gratitude, in the highest degree a pure, and in some few instances, a powerful sentiment, still, to a thoroughly independent spirit, the weight of an obligation is irksome; and which must preclude Gratitude from being allowed to rank universally as the *most pleasurable* of our feelings. But the bond of Friendship between two exalted and congenial natures affords, perhaps, the nearest approximation on earth to perfect felicity: the affection which it feels for its object is pure as virtue--its power has been proved to extend even to the sacrifice of life; while the pleasure derived from a participation of its joys, must be tasted in order to be appreciated. To you, therefore, Sophia, do I declare the honour of victory; and having thus fairly *won* the prize, you are welcome to *wear* it as soon as you please."

ARIETTA.

TO MRS. L——. ON HER BIRTH-DAY, JUNE 5, 1818.

ELLE se passe Iris ! Cette belle jeunesse,
Qui vous fit de l'amour allumer tant de feux ;
Mais Alexis fait voir par sa vive tendresse,
Que de ce temps encor, l'innage est à ses yeux ;
Il vous rend un fidele, un légitime hommage,
Que son cœur à jà-ràis sera prompt à payer ;
Quand on a l'art de plaire, et le don de charmer,
On est, malgré le temps, toujours du bel age.

AMELIA OPIE.

ESSAY ON THE GENIUS OF COWLEY, DONNE AND CLEIVELAND.

COWLEY owes more of his poetical fame to his metaphysical acuteness, than to any display of original poetical genius. The fire and enthusiasm of poetry are no where to be met with in his writings. His language is not the language of feeling. He has neither the sublimity of Milton, the pathos of Shakspeare, the copiousness of Dryden, the delicacy of Pope, the *naivete* of Shenstone, or the truth and nature of Goldsmith. He excites no affection: he commands no sympathy. He is so replete with exaggeration, hyperbole and catachrestical decorations, that he is frequently monstrous and disgusting. Cowley was neither a philosopher, a metaphysician, an orator, nor a poet: for though his acquired knowledge embraced, perhaps, all the philosophy and metaphysics of his age, he never aimed at improving the stock which he possessed; and instead of applying himself to the discovery of new truths, he exercised himself in debasing the value of the old. He seldom ventures to think for himself; but having taken up some common-place thought, or philosophic dogma, which had been a thousand times discussed in the schools; he repeats it over again, that he may have an opportunity of displaying his wit, by viewing it in the character of a harlequin, and not of a philosopher. He has, therefore, no originality of thought, though, like every other harlequin, he is original enough in the views which he takes of the thoughts of others, but instead of using them to some noble end, he only brings them into contempt by the littleness of the purposes to which he applies them. In the following absurd application, for instance, of the doctrine of personal identity to love, how puerile, how unpoetical, is the use to which he applies his metaphysical knowledge:—

Five years ago (says story) I loved you,
For what you call me most inconstant
now;
Pardon me, Madam, you mistake the
man,
For I am not the same that I was then;

No flesh is now the same 'twas then in
me,
And that my mind is chang'd yourself
may see.
The same thoughts to retain still, and
intents,
Were more inconstant far: for accidents
Must, of all things, most strangely in
constant prove,
If from one subject they to another
move;
My members, then, the father members
were,
From whence these take their birth
which now are here,
If, then, this body love what the other
did,
'Twere incest which by nature is forbid.

This is neither poetry, philosophy, nor common sense; for though Cowley intended nothing more than a shadow of excuse for inconstancy in love, we have not, in this passage, even the shadow of a shade. It commences with a contradiction, and necessarily ends with one, as it is all one thought, spun out into a cobweb texture. If the person writing those lines was not the person who loved the lady five years before, he should not have written,—“Five years ago I loved you,” as he maintains himself, that it was not he that loved her, but another person. It should, therefore, have been, *he* loved, and not *I* loved, for to write I loved, is to admit that he was still the same person. The same absurdity is more glaringly manifest in the line,

For I am not the same that I was then.

for if he was not really the same, why not write,

For *he* am not the same that *he* was then.

If the reasoning, however, were even true, the application of philosophy to poetry, is neither philosophy nor poetry; and if some choose to call it wit, I have only to say, that wit always appears more natural in prose than in poetry. The pathetic and soul-moving language of poetry should never be prostituted to the purposes of wit. Addison very justly censures a passage in the “Paradise Lost,” which represents the evil

spirits rallying the angels upon the success of their new-invented artillery. "This passage," he says, "I look upon to be the most exceptionable in the whole poem, as being nothing else but a string of puns." Of Cowley, however, it may be said, that the spirit of punning exercises a perpetual and predominant influence over his pen, and that it can be traced even where his subject requires of him to be plain and natural. Where can a pun be so unnatural and monstrous as in the language of love, or the description of ardent passion; and yet Cowley thus describes absent love:—

By every wind that comes this way,
Send me at least a sigh or two;
Such and so many I'll repay,
As shall themselves make winds to
get to you!!!

This disgusting hyperbole is still more tolerable than the following description of ardent affection:—

The fate of Egypt I sustain,
And never feel the dew of rain,
From clouds which in the head appear;
But all my too-much moisture owe
To overflowings of the heart below.

Cowley has devoted a great portion of his muse to the charms of woman; but no poet was worse calculated to praise her in such a manner as would secure her esteem. Indeed, the woman who would not spurn his compliments, and hunt him from her society, must have been as destitute of true feeling, or, in other words, of natural feeling, as he was himself. Every man's experience informs him, that the real beauties of objects fall infinitely short of those which imagination "leads forth;" but how ill-timed, how cold, how insipid, how unpoetic, how unphilosophic, how contrary to every precept of delicacy, to every feeling of nature, to apply this truth to the beloved object of our affections. Yet Cowley has no hesitation to compliment his mistress on charms, which, according to his metaphysical and unimpassioned feelings, could not properly belong to her. In fact, the following lines evidently tell her, that his attachment is not credited by any charms which she actually possesses, but by those which are figured in his own imagination, than which, we cannot

conceive a greater insult to female delicacy:—

Thou in my fancy dost much higher
stand,
Than woman can be plac'd by nature's
hand;
And I must needs, I'm sure, a loser be,
To change thee as thou'rt there for very
thee.

Cowley wrote in an age when the English nation had advanced half her course from barbarism to civilization. It might therefore be thought that the writers of the time would have been more under the dominion of natural feeling than the writers of the present day, because they had not removed so far as we have done from the state of nature, a term which is generally applied to the savage state. We find, however, that every thing in Cowley and in most of his contemporaries is artificial; that the spontaneous feelings of nature are scarcely ever recognized in their writings; and that in fact, if we were to judge of them by their works, we should conclude them destitute of these feelings altogether. This phenomenon has not been hitherto accounted for; and it appears to me that Lord Kames would have found it more worthy of investigation, and more properly forming a part of the subject of his "Elements of Criticism," than many of the tedious and trivial distinctions into which he has entered, and on which he lays an importance to which they are not certainly entitled. As the question cannot be more properly investigated than in the treating of the genius of Cowley, I shall attempt to place it in the clearest possible light.

Before we can venture to resolve this question, it is necessary to ascertain whether the want of natural feeling which characterizes the writers, and particularly the poets who flourished at the commencement of the seventeenth century, arose from the circumstance of their being placed midway between the extremes of the state of nature and that of the most polished refinement; for if it arose from any other cause, our present enquiry would be vain, for we should not only be tracing an effect to a wrong cause, but all our arguments would be necessarily erroneous, as they would be formed on an erroneous assumption. If the want of

natural feeling in the poets of the seventeenth century resulted from the stage which they had reached in the career of science, the same cause must have produced the same effect in all countries; and, wherever science has traversed half her course, we shall find the predominance of art and the extension of nature characterize the poetry of the age. The thing to be ascertained then is, whether this be a fact or not: whether the poetry of every country present the same aspect in the same stage of intellectual improvement. I believe it requires but a slight acquaintance with the history of literature to discover, that the fact is what I have stated it to be, and that every nation is more or less under the dominion of art, by which I here mean false feeling and false perceptions of beauty, in proportion as it more or less nearly approaches the middle stage in the march of intellect. We find that the eloquence and the poetry of savages is always natural, and frequently sublime, though they seldom evince either delicacy or refinement. What writer is more sublime than the savage Ossian: he has even more delicacy than Cowley and most of his contemporaries: but indeed there is great reason to apprehend that he has too much delicacy for a savage, and that he owes a considerable portion of this amiable attribute to the mistaken generosity of his translator. But if natural feeling be characteristic of the savage state, we find it is equally so of the state of extreme refinement. The eloquence of Cicero and Demosthenes were natural and sublime, while it was polished and refined to the last degree: they aimed at no false beauties;—they endeavoured to excite no false emotions in the minds of their auditors. The same may be said of the poetry of Virgil and Horace: their feelings were at once natural and refined. But when we come to the middle state, how woe-fully is the scene reversed. Of this we need no other instance than the literature of the middle age. To the writers of this time, may be applied what Dr. Johnson says of Cowley and his contemporaries, that “they cannot be said to have imitated any thing; they neither copied nature nor life: neither painted the forms of matter, nor represented the ope-

rations of intellect. Their thoughts are often new, but seldom natural; they are not obvious, but neither are they just; and the reader, far from wondering that he missed them, wonders more frequently by what perverseness of industry they were ever found. Their courtship was void of fondness, and their lamentation of sorrow. Their wish was only to say what they hoped had never been said before.”

The character, which Dr. Johnson here gives of the writers who flourished in England at the commencement of the seventeenth century, is the character of the writers of every country in the middle stage of science; but though the Doctor treats at considerable length of the prominent features, which characterize the poetry of this class of writers; though he shews them destitute of all true feeling, he assigns no reason for ‘so remarkable’ a feature in the poetry of the age. Let us endeavour to explain it.

In the state of nature every one, who has the ambition of communicating to writing his own uncultivated ideas, indites them exactly as they arise in his mind, without art, order, or inversion. The more any writer neglects authority, communes with his own mind alone, and neglects the information which he might have derived from others, the more he pursues this mode of writing. Of this Montaigne is a noted instance. No writer neglected more or perhaps despised more the aid, which he might have acquired from others. He always thought for himself, and communicated every thought to paper in the order of priority. “First come first serve,” was always his motto, and therefore the first thought, that occurred to him, was the first he wrote down without waiting to examine whether the proposition it contained was liable to any exceptions. Accordingly he is perpetually raising objections to his own arguments, because he did not perceive the objection when he first advanced the argument; but having once advanced it, he suffered it to remain, and brings forward his objection afterward, the moment he perceives it. Hence Montaigne is all nature, because he never consults any other authority than his own

immediate feelings, and this is identically the reason, if I mistake not, why the poetry and eloquence of savages are always natural. They always write and speak as they feel; or, more properly, they cannot write otherwise, because they have no authority to consult. They have no literary guides, no critical monitors, no principles, systems, or theories of elegance and propriety. They are therefore entirely their own teachers and directors, and it is impossible they can write otherwise than what their own feelings dictate. Now as every feeling that is actually felt is a natural feeling, (for if it were otherwise it could not be felt,) the expression of these feelings must always be natural, and it is therefore in a manner impossible for men in a state of nature to write or speak but what is natural. It is true indeed there is a grossness frequently in what they say which shocks the delicacy of more refined feelings, but this is no argument of its being unnatural, for it was natural to them, though it is not so to us, and we immediately recognize it as such. Man is altogether the creature of circumstances, and so consequently are his feelings. The feelings therefore which are natural to him at one time are not natural at another, though he perceives they would be natural if he were placed under the circumstances that would have naturally excited them. We therefore recognize the real feelings of nature in the productions of the rude uncultivated mind, though such feelings are no longer agreeable to ourselves because a more exquisite sense of propriety, which is in fact all that distinguishes the savage from the courtier, insensibly generates other feelings which become as natural to us as those which nature herself originally gave us. It is different, however, when we take our departure from the state of nature, and seek to enrich our minds with the knowledge of others. If we can make the knowledge of others properly our own, if we believe that the truths which they communicate to us are truths, not because they have taught them to us, but because we perceive, on examining them ourselves, that they are true, if we can perceive where our authorities

are wrong, and where they are right, and follow them no farther than this perception leads us, we are then actually in the state of nature, because ultimately we have no guide or authority but ourselves, and the consultation which we hold with our own feelings and understanding. It is evident, at the same time, that we cannot reach this height, and be perfectly qualified to judge how far every thing communicated to us is right or wrong, until science and literature have reached their utmost height, because, until then, we have not all the aids and means of ascertaining the truth of every proposition, theory, and system, to which our assent may be required. They may be right or wrong, for any thing that we can discover to the contrary, because the means of discovery are not placed within our reach, while science herself is employed, as we are, in exploring and investigating the nature of things, and even the nature of the means by which this nature can be discovered. But when science has reached her utmost height, she places within our reach the means of ascertaining what is demonstratively true, what is conjectural, and the degrees of probability on which conjecture is founded, what is merely possible, and, lastly, what is purely ideal. The moment we are enabled to ascertain all this, we are no longer the slaves of authority, because we have the same means of ascertaining, whether what they teach us be true that they had themselves, and, consequently, we revert back to the state of nature. We are no longer influenced by the authority of others, except so far as this authority quadrates with our own feelings and perceptions of things; and, therefore, we stand exactly upon the same ground with the natural poet and orator, whose effusions are always the emanations of his own mind and feelings, having no other feelings or authority which he could possibly consult.

It appears, then, that the state of nature, and that in which science has reached her last perfection, are, so far as regards natural feeling, exactly the same; and therefore we can have no difficulty in explaining why Cicero and Demosthenes are, as natural orators, as the savage chief

who animates his followers to deeds of heroism, and inspires them with the most perfect contempt for death, and all the images of horror which follow in its train. If it should be said that the eloquence of the savage chief is not true or natural eloquence, I reply that the enthusiasm which he excites in his followers proves it to be eloquence of the very first order, because the highest aim of oratory is to persuade, and he who persuades us to face danger in all its terrifying and appalling aspects must certainly be of all other men best acquainted with the art of persuading. To maintain that the eloquence of the savage chief cannot be natural, because he does not address his followers with that force of argument which Cicero was obliged to use in addressing a Roman audience, would be, to maintain what is in itself not less unnatural than it is absurd.

The moment however we go one step beyond the state of nature, the human faculties present us with an aspect totally different from either the state of nature or that of knowledge. By perfect knowledge I do not mean that perfectability of human reason which Madame de Stael so strenuously advocates, because this is a perfectability which I have shewn in my "Essay on Taste," to be placed beyond the utmost reach of human attainment. I mean, therefore, by perfect knowledge, only that perfection of knowledge of which the limited nature of our faculties are capable. Keeping this idea of perfection in view, I say, that the moment we advance one step beyond the state of nature, we enter into a new world where all our faculties are enchained, and where it is impossible we can display a perfect freedom of opinions. The reason is obvious: we are thenceforth, necessarily obliged to look up to the authority of others. We acknowledge at once that we are no longer qualified to judge for ourselves, that nature is not sufficient to direct us, and that to attain to higher perfection, it is necessary to become acquainted with the acquirements of others. The moment we adopt this creed, we necessarily abandon all confidence in ourselves, and we view every object through the speculum of others. We either believe that

they are right, or if we reject their opinion, we are apt to go into the extreme of scepticism, and to suspect that there is no certainty in human knowledge. It is impossible, however, that we can become complete sceptics in the infancy of science, because we are every day discovering the cause of effects, and the resolution of problems of which we were ignorant the day before; and we very justly conclude, that if we cannot understand what is taught by others, or even if it appear doubtful, the fault is in ourselves, and we expect that when we enlarge our views, and extend our enquiries farther, we shall perceive them as clearly as we do the truth which we discovered to day, but of which we were yesterday perfectly ignorant. A nation must therefore be far removed from the state of nature, and approach very nearly to the last stage of human knowledge before it can generate sceptics. The consequence is, that during the intermediate periods, we are completely the slaves of authority. The mere light of nature cannot enable us to determine whether what we are taught be true or false for the reasons which I have already assigned, and therefore we are apt to devour greedily whatever is sanctioned by the authority of others. Hence it is that we seldom venture to think for ourselves, because every day makes us acquainted with the folly of our own opinions, with a clear perception of things which we could not understand before, and with the difficulties which we have yet to surmount before we are qualified to form a correct judgment. We are therefore apt to believe implicitly whatever we are taught, and make no distinction between truth and error, provided we have as good authority for the one as for the other. The consequence is, that we view every thing through the medium of authority, that we feel and think as others feel and think for us, and that we suspect our own feelings towards the close of life, withdrawn from the gay illusions of society,—and opinions whenever we find them at variance with those of persons whom we are in the habit of reverencing as our guardians and directors.

(To be continued.)

LONDON REVIEW ;

or,

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS,

Foreign and Domestic.

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 QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.  
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FOREIGN.

*Ideen über unsere Erasmische aussprache des Altgriechischen:—*A view of our pronunciation of the ancient Greek, called Erasmian. By M. Neidlinger. Vienna.

The subject of the present work is a proof, that the Germans of the present day are more eager of grasping at what is curious, than of aiming at what is useful. The rage in Germany seems to be for subjects inexplicable in their nature, and which, if resolved, would leave us no wiser than we were before. It matters little how the Greeks pronounced their vowels and diphthongs, provided we agree in pronouncing them in the most harmonious manner, or at least in that manner which seems most agreeable to our ear; for as there can be no abstract harmony, all sounds are harmonious that seem to be so. If, then, we be satisfied with our own mode of pronouncing Greek,—and if we were not we should not have adopted it,—what avails it to know how it was pronounced by the original framers of it? Sounds, indeed, excite agreeable or disagreeable sensations, and therefore we should prefer the former in the formation of languages; but between two agreeable sounds, it matters not which we take, because neither of them conveys any meaning to the mind, antecedent to convention, and therefore one will suit our purpose as well as the other. There can be no room for choice where the harmony of sound is equal. When, therefore, we admire a certain passage in Homer, according to our manner of reading it,—and when the natives of Corfu or Zante admire it equally, though they pronounce and read it differently,—and when we accuse them, and they accuse us of introducing into the language of Homer, barbarous and corrupt sounds, we bring charges against each other which

neither of us understands. Sound cannot be corrupted, for it is not composed of parts; and therefore the separating or vitiating principle cannot act upon it. A corrupt sound can, therefore, mean nothing more than a disagreeable sound, or a sound void of harmony. How absurd is it then, to accuse the inhabitants of Zante with using inharmonious sounds, for if they appear harmonious to them, they must be so, however harsh and grating they may be to us. Perhaps, if their ears were more exquisitely attuned to musical expression, they would find our pronunciation of Greek more musical than their own; but while they want this nice discrimination, our sounds may offend them, and consequently possess no harmony so far as regards them. Whatever pleases the ear of any individual is harmony to him, however grating it may be to the ear of another. If we could prove the existence of an harmonious sound without recurring to the ear at all, we might then indeed determine whose pronunciation is the most harmonious, but surely if we can form no idea of an harmonious sound but by our ear, and if we can assign no reason why it produces the agreeable effect, no man can pretend to make his own ear a standard for that of another. Perhaps the most musical sound in nature, is discord compared to the music of less materialized beings than man. A French critic, treating of the work before us, makes the following judicious reflections.

“The pronunciation of the Greek has excited no inconsiderable dispute among the learned; but after all that has been advanced concerning the value of letters, we now remain where we set out, and are as wise as if the question had never been agitated: and the most elegant of languages no longer speaks but to our eyes, and offers to the ear but contested sounds. M. Neidlinger

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has thrown one opinion more into the balance it is, no doubt, judicious and reasonable, but it is still only an opinion, and will ever remain so, and though he finds both parties in error, he has not helped in the least to determine the controversy. The observations of learned men are always of little value when opposed to the grammar of a people. M. Neidlinger acknowledges that we may have adopted in erroneous pronunciation of the diphthongs. He shows that since the second century, *ei* and *ai* had lost their quality as diphthongs, and became simple vowel sounds. In support of this opinion, he cites a passage from Slobee, but why has he not cited a passage still more ancient, I mean that of the oracle, related by Thucydides, in his second book, chap. 51, the entire ambiguity of which rests on the pronunciation of the diphthong *oi*. The Athenians, afflicted by pestilence, recollected a prediction which their fathers had reported formerly — *Ἡ ἐστὶ Διοτρεῖς καὶ λαοὶ καὶ λαοὶ ἀπ' αὐτοῦ*. As in the pronunciation *λαοί*, pestilence, does not differ from *λαοί*, the scourge which threatened them was not anticipated, till its effects were previously felt. It is certain, that, among the ancient Greeks, *oi* was pronounced *i*. But I will readily say with one of our most learned Hellenists, *thant's tocta* ' this letter, *η*, which is the principal point of difficulty in Greek pronunciation, has been disputed with such acrimony, that there has been *Ἰταῖοι* and *Ἰταῖοι*; as there have been Janinists and Molinists. What seems to give the victory to the partisans of the Lissimian pronunciation is, a passage from Plato, and another from Terence; the former proves that this letter *eta, η*, has been intended to strengthen *epsilon*, as *omega* has been to prolong *omeron*. The second proves that the sound of both was preserved in the new letter. The passages are these — Plato says, *Οἱ γὰρ ἡ ἐχέμεθα ἀλλὰ εἰ τοῦ ἀκαίου*, and Terence, *Interim namque I. vidimus esse ad ητα proximum, sicut o et o videntur esse viciniores. Interim momenta distant, non soni nativitas*."

Noten zu einigen Geschichtschreibern des deutschen Mittelalters — Notes on some of the German Historians of the Middle Ages. By A. C. Wedekind. 8vo. Hamburg, 1821.

Few nations have, for a considerable time past, evinced more zeal and in-

dustry than the Germans, in elucidating historic facts, and fixing the chronology of doubtful events, particularly those of the middle ages. That this is the national spirit, and not confined to the curiosity of a few antiquaries, appears evident from the interest, which the public authorities take in promoting this species of knowledge. How far this zeal, however, may tend to promote the ends of science, appears to me of a questionable nature. The knowledge of events is of little importance, unless it make us wiser or better, but neither wisdom nor virtue is promoted by knowing when events took place. If history had merely informed us, that the Romans were defeated at the battle of Cannæ, and that the engagement took place on a certain day, in a certain year, what advantage could we derive from this abstract information? To tell us that a battle was fought, and the weaker party overcome, is only to tell us, that power prevails over weakness. The information, therefore, can serve only those, if any such there be, who are ignorant of the fact. But to tell us that it was fought on a certain day, adds still less to our experience, and can only gratify middle curiosity. The case, however, is different when we are told, that upwards of forty thousand men were lost by the rashness of our general, who would have been observed had they been guided by the wisdom of another. It is not, then, the event which takes place, much less the time in which it takes place, that interests us, or at least that should interest us, but the causes by which it is brought about. It is this knowledge which the wise man seeks after: the fool is satisfied if he can tell the date of the event.

Noten zu einigen Geschichtschreibern des deutschen Mittelalters

M. Wedekind, however, though his attractions more important to dates than we do, and has, consequently, excited more diligence in ascertaining them, than we think them worthy of, has still directed his attention to more useful purposes. He has corrected many geographical errors, and pointed out, with great precision, many places which have been hitherto very imperfectly known. The author throws considerable light on the genealogy of the House of Sax, and on its alliance with Charlemagne. The diligence which he has exercised in elucidating the obscure, and exploding the fabulous, has necessarily enabled him to correct many popular errors, and even to trace them to their source. He consigns, for instance, Joads, a prince of Hungary

to the regions of romance, and shews, that she owed her imaginary existence to a false Latin genitive case.—On the whole, it may be said, that if his work be not one of those which expands the mind by the lights of useful science, at least it is well calculated to gratify curiosity, and to unbend the mind from the toil of active pursuits, and severer studies.

Pindarus Werke:—a Metrical Translation of the Works of Pindar, with the original Texts and Notes. By *T. Thiersch*. 2 vols. royal 8vo. Leipsick.

This is the first time the works of the most difficult of the Greek poets, with the fragments, have been completely translated into German verse of the same metre with the original. *M. Thiersch* has completed this bold undertaking in a manner that does him great credit. The translation is faithful; and although the original is rendered verse for verse, yet nothing seems forced, and the Greek text is conformable to the best editions. The introduction treats of Greek music, and of the author of Pindar's verse; and explains the subject and occasion upon which each ode was written. The author treats generally of the origin of dramatic poetry at Athens, and concludes with a chronological table of Pindar's poems.

Delle Rivoluzioni d'Italia, &c.:—Of the Revolutions of Italy. By *C. Denina*, with the unpublished additions and corrections of the Author. 3 vols. 8vo. Milan.

The continuation of the Revolutions of Italy, from 1713 to 1792, under the title of "Modern Italy," appeared full of errors. The author undertook to correct them by a copy of the edition, published at Venice in 1793. He accordingly retouched the entire of his "Revolutions." After his death, this corrected and improved copy fell into the hands of *Giuseppe Micali*, known by his "History of Italy before the Dominion of the Romans." The typographic society of Italian classics happily succeeded in gaining possession of this valuable compilation, and have published it with great accuracy and correctness.

Saggio sulle Azioni, &c.—An Essay on the Life and Writings of *Francesco Guicciardini*, by Professor *Giovanni Rosini*. 8vo. Pisa.

The object of *Rosini* in this work is, to make us acquainted with the life, studies, and writings of this celebrated author; and we cannot refuse him the credit of evincing judgment and impartiality in the execution of it. *Guicciardini* flourished in Italy when it was the scene of important political occurrences, and the parent of eminent literary productions. His Italian history of the principal events of his own time is a master-piece in its kind, but he has been accused, nor does *Rosini* deny the charge, of entertaining sentiments unfavourable to liberty. He admits that he was infected with a portion of the spirit that characterized his age, and how few writers have triumphed over its influence! He adopted that dangerous maxim of *Machiavel*, that whatever is useful and happily executed is always just and reasonable; and this maxim had no inconsiderable ascendancy over his life and writings. *Rosini*, however, maintains, that he was an enemy to despotism, though no advocate for popular administration; and that in all his vicissitudes, he distinguished himself by his firmness and consistency of character. He likewise takes considerable pains in shewing the merits of his history, and vindicating him from some unfounded charges which had been brought against his character and his impartiality as a writer. It is mournful to reflect, that a writer who had been equally caressed by the court of Rome and the house of Medici, should be finally abandoned by both, and suffered to conclude his days in privation and misery; and if we may believe *Legui*, whose fidelity as an historian has been seldom questioned, he died at length by poison.

L'Italia avanti il Dominio dei Romani:—Italy before the domination of the Romans. By *Joseph Micali*. Second edition, 4 vols. 8vo.

The present work is the history of a people that had no historians of their own; and though it procured for the author one of the decennial prizes instituted by the French government in Italy, it is obvious that neither talent

nor industry can ensure success in historic researches, or shed over the scenes of other days that informing light which can alone give them interest and importance, without an access to original documents; and where no such documents exist, where the public events and transactions of a country are left unrecorded, and suffered to slumber in oblivion, the historian who seeks to explore them after a lapse of two thousand years must frequently wander through the romantic abodes of fancied events and imaginary heroes, without a guide to direct him to the retreats of certainty. Battles will be won that never were fought, and warriors will be slain that never existed. The author indeed collects with indefatigable industry whatever could be gleaned from the Greek and Roman historians; but this afforded but scanty materials, as these historians never spoke of them but incidentally, and were but little acquainted with their local history. M. Micali himself frequently convicts them of erroneous relations, and proves the fabulous character of many of their accounts; but after exploding these poetic dreams, he is unable to unveil to us the truth which ought to replace them. He leads us to doubt, or to incredulity, relative to the greater part of the traditions which others have implicitly received; but he has substituted nothing for them but a void which no human industry, or intellectual powers will ever be able to supply. In making these observations, we are far from depreciating the talents of the author: on the contrary, we cannot sufficiently admire the vigour and application of mind that reign throughout. Wherever he has authority to rest upon, wherever he has such *data* as enable him to speak as a critic, and without which criticism always dwindles into conjecture, he gives soul and animation to his subject, and proves himself to be what he is, a writer of the first order. Hence it is, that his account of the progress of the Pythagorean schools, and of the revolutions of Greece are read, and will continue to be read with increasing interest. His reflections on politics and political economy are equally profound; and notwithstanding the insurmountable difficulties under which the author laboured, we have no hesitation to say, that there is no work more deserving a place in a general library, or more necessary to fill up, if not entirely, at least partially, a void which has been long experienced with regard to the history of the native Italians.

Coleccion, &c. :—A Selection of Fragments in the Castilian Language, collected from the best Writers. Madrid, 1821.

This collection contains fragments of the poems of Cervantes, Mariana, Solis, Quevedo, Mendoza, Guevara, Granada, Leon, and Jovellanos, who are the most classical writers of Spain, and, therefore, the best models for youth.

Noticia de los Principales Sucesos ocurridos en el Gobierno de Espana, &c. —Also in French, under the title of—*D'Appren des Revolutions survenues dans le Gouvernement d'Espagne, &c.* An Account of the Revolutions of the Spanish Government, from the commencement of the Insurrection of 1808, to the Dissolution of the Ordinary Cortes, in 1811. 8vo. Paris.

This history of the late Revolutions, which have taken place in the Spanish Government, the production of a Spaniard resident at Paris, has been thought worthy of a translation into the French language. The events that led to this Revolution are unknown to few. Buonaparte, in virtue of an Act of Session, signed by the Spanish Monarch, claimed, in virtue of this Act, the right of Sovereignty over the kingdom of Spain.—The invader prescribed laws to it, and gave it a King from his own family. It is obvious, that this Act of Session conveyed no virtual right. Buonaparte might, indeed, issue his manifestos and decrees, but they could give him no constitutional authority over the country, and the nation was at liberty to choose the best means of redress which her situation placed within her reach. She did, indeed, all that could be done, and more, perhaps, than she could reasonably anticipate, considering the extraordinary circumstances in which she was placed. Deprived of a central Government, the Provinces rose separately in arms, and formed themselves under the direction of Juntos. These partial insurrections leagued with each other by degrees; the juntos were brought to act in unison with each other, and the federal system united once more the various countries which the dethronement of the Monarch had at first separated. In this critical situation, the juntos formed the virtual

Government. Created by the will of the people, they were guided in all their acts by that spirit which became the Spanish nation at the moment, and were the sole organ by which this spirit was directed in its career.

This natural spirit, by which they were actuated, made them instinctively perceive the necessity of forming a centre of action or of government, instead of that which had been subverted by usurpation; but in order that this centre of action might preserve the real spirit of its institution, they resolved, that it should be composed of deputies from the juntas of the different provinces, who, by a generous sacrifice, divested themselves of their power the moment they had established a national Government.—The new Government, however, was merely provisional, and bound to prepare the Convocation of the Cortes, who alone could establish a fixed order of things.

The central junta, composed of thirty-six deputies of the provincial juntas, re-united in 1808, at Aranjuez, in the midst of the invasion. Faithful to the discharge of its duties, though driven from town to town, it directed all its attention to the Convocation of the Cortes; but as imperious circumstances required the utmost promptitude in all measures connected with the public safety, it substituted a Regency, composed of five members, who were better qualified for assuming the sole direction of things in such a critical emergency. The Regency did not yield in patriotism to its founders, and when driven to the very extremity of the kingdom, into the Isle of Leon, they convened, in 1810, the Cortes, general and extraordinary. The provinces which still remained free hastened to send their deputies to Leon; those which were under the lash of the invader, unanimously appointed the representatives, the moment they were freed from the yoke.

In 1811, the Cortes held their general sessions at Cadiz, with the sole object of establishing a new Government for Spain. This constituent assembly presented, indeed, an august spectacle, deliberating with the wisdom and undisturbed calmness of an ancient senate, on all the articles of the new Constitution, while the bombs of the enemy were flying over their heads. Deeply impressed with the obligation imposed upon them, of consulting not only for the public welfare of their contemporaries, but also for that of posterity, they formed that constitutional code,

celebrated under the name of the *Constitution of the Cortes of Cadiz*.

All the Sovereigns of Europe, who were not obliged to yield to the influence of Buonaparte, immediately recognized the Constitution of the Cortes. Of this number were,—the Infant of Portugal, and the Kings of England, Prussia, and Sweden. The Emperor of Russia expressly declared, in the third article of the treaty of Weliki-Louki, that he recognized *the legitimacy of the Cortes, general and extraordinary, as well as the Constitution, decreed and sanctioned by that assembly*.

Established and sanctioned by the legitimate representatives of the Spanish nation, accepted by the people and recognized as a constitutional act by foreign powers, the constitution of 1812 was obligatory throughout all Spain. The King returned to Spain with an intention, as it appeared, of accepting the present constitution; but being imposed upon by intrigue, he engaged in promoting the purposes of a party. This anti-national intrigue caused Spain to groan for six years under the despotism of a faction. The King could not possibly emancipate himself from the circle which this servile faction had drawn around him at Valencia. Whoever he consulted informed him that Spain sighed after the establishment of the ancient government. The faction, however, laboured under some disquietude from the disposition of the army, until General Elío was gained over to their designs. From this moment they openly avowed their audacity; troops were sent to the capital to disperse the Cortes and arrest the liberals. The decree, ordering the subversion of the constitution, was signed and promulgated; and all the servile deputies hurried to sign a protestation against the Cortes, the moment they ascertained that this act of baseness would procure them pensions, places and honorary distinction. The measures of despotism thenceforth advanced with such rapidity, that the liberals, far from being able to oppose the violence of its career, only thought of saving their own lives; but the greater part of them were, notwithstanding, seized and thrown into prison.—All these circumstances are related with great fidelity in matters of fact, and impartiality in matters of opinion, by the author of this work; and he successfully combats and disproves the objection generally urged against the constitutional validity of the acts of the Cortes, namely,—that they acted under the influence of English counsels.

Histoire Critique et Militaire des Guerres de la Révolution :—Critical and Military History of the Wars of the Revolution. By *General Jomini, Aid-de-Camp* of the Emperor of Russia. Part I. 6 vols. 8vo. with an Atlas. Paris. 65 francs.

This is the completest work ever offered to the public on the subject of a struggle, which will ever present a bold and prominent feature in the annals of history. The author, indeed, has taken a most extensive scope in designing the plan of his history; for the part already published, though it contains six volumes, is confined to the campaigns of 1792, 1793, and 1794.

The author might properly prefix to this work the expression which the Roman poet put into the mouth of his hero,

—quaque ipse miserrima vidi
Et quorum pars magna fui :—

for he has evidently engaged in the work as a person strongly interested in every thing he relates. He is always full of his subject, and always describes as a real actor, not as a philosophic observer. His thoughts are bold, and not biased by any influence but that of truth; yet the ardour of his imagination seems to have led him beyond the rigid limits which the severer laws of historical writing allow. It is the business of the historian to proceed immediately to his object, and never to wander from the direct course into the smiling retreats and captivating bowers, which the arts and sciences, the representations of fancy, and the creations of poetry, have scattered around it. More skilled in the science of the sword than in that of the pen, he has not attained that happy art which knows how to concentrate profound ideas, and to throw them into that concise and picturesque form which gives them energy and splendour in an equal degree. He also wants the rapid simplicity, the *imperatoria brevis* of Cæsar, in his commentaries, and of Bonaparte in his instructions;—a rapidity so suitable to the language of a general who gives an account of his military labours. It must not, however, be denied, that though he is far from having attained the elegance and simplicity of the models which have been left us by the ancients, though he is seldom chastely classical in his style, he possesses, notwithstanding, some qualities that must greatly recommend him to public no-

tice. He is dignified and noble in the recital of events, animated in the descriptions of military evolutions and engagements, and luminous in his descriptions of the plans and manœuvres of a campaign.

The critical and military history of General Jomini is not merely a recital of operations carried on by stratagem. The author has evidently felt, that the success of battles has a necessary connexion with the progress of political events; and he endeavours to make us feel the existence of this connexion during the campaigns of which he treats, and even during the period which immediately preceded it. His political views are, in general, comprehensive and profound, two qualities which particularly designate the author's talent. The opinions which he advances on the motives of action, and the events to which they gave rise, are proofs of great wisdom and impartiality.

We dwell upon these evidences of merit, feeling as we do, that they are qualities which are rarely met with in those, who treat of the important events of the French Revolution.

De la Révolution Piemontaise, &c.
—Of the Revolution of Piedmont. Second edition, revised, corrected, and enlarged, by an Analysis of the Sicilian Constitution. 1 vol. 8vo. Paris, 1822.

This work, the first edition of which was sold in eight days, is attributed to the Count de Santa Rosa, minister of war at Piedmont, during the revolution of 1821. This historic document is the more valuable as the author treats in it of many persons who were opposed to him in the ranks of war, with a degree of frankness and impartiality which is seldom met with in those who attach themselves to a party, and particularly to a party that suffers under oppression.

Voyage en Sicile, fait en 1820, et 1821, &c. :—Travels through Sicily, in 1821, By *Augustus de Sayre*. 3 vols. 8vo. 18 francs. Paris. 1822.

The travels of M. Sayre is only a natural history of the country, its politics, literature, archæology, and industry. The first volume, and a considerable portion of the second, is devoted to itinerary. In the second volume he treats at some length on the

ancient political organization of Sicily, its constitution in 1813, and the want of stability in its present political state. Some portion of the third volume is bestowed on the sciences in particular, and on the Sicilians who have shed lustre upon them by their works. The work concludes with general observations on volcanoes, and a summary of Sicilian history. What appears most interesting in this work is the journey to Mount Etna, and the observations to which it gave rise; and the feeblest parts are, perhaps, the proper history of Sicily itself. His description of Etna, however, is not only characterized by elegance of language, but calculated to inspire us with sublime emotions.

Abégé de l'Histoire de Savoie:—

An Abridgement of the History of Savoy, from the time of the Romans to the Restitution of the Duchy to the King of Sardinia. 1 vol. 12mo.

The author probably intended to convey in this little work the ele-

ments only of the history of Savoy. He commences by a summary of the history of Savoy before Berold, that is, from the period in which Savoy became subject to the Romans, to the year 998. He then divides his historical abridgment into three parts, the first containing the Counts, the second the Dukes, and the third the Princes of Savoy. The first embraces a period of four hundred and eighteen, the second of three hundred and two, and the third of ninety-seven years. The author has devoted six chapters to the state of religion, government, and the administration of justice, the public revenues, armed force, industry, commerce, literature, public instruction, and the different eras of the history of the country; and eight chapters, to the events attending the revolution to the entry of Francis into Savoy. It is doubtful, whether this last part will obtain the approbation of all classes of readers. This Abridgment, though small, will serve to convey an elementary idea of the history of Savoy, and create a desire to become more amply acquainted with the annals of that country, and the house by which it is governed.

ENGLISH PUBLICATIONS.

Bracebridge Hall; or, the Humourists. By Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. 2 vols. 8vo. 2s. London, 1822.

We cannot perceive why the explanatory title of "The Humourists" should be superadded to this work, as there is not one humorous character described in it from beginning to end. They are all arch characters as are every day met with in the country parts of England, particularly such parts as are most excluded from an intercourse with London, and the principal cities, where the strong and picturesque features of old English manners can seldom be traced through the softer aspect of modern elegance and refinement. There is nothing picturesque or characteristic in refined manners, and, therefore, they are but ill adapted to painting or poetry, because they present no feature sufficiently prominent to attract particular notice.—Even if refined manners were painted to the life, there could be little interest excited by the portrait, because all the features so perfectly harmonize with each other, that none of them can command particular attention, as each of them seems to possess an equal claim to

our regard. There is nothing principal, nothing secondary, and they all present themselves as a perfect whole. As a marked countenance is much easier painted than a beautiful face, so are rustic and vulgar much easier painted than elegant manners. But though the manners of a clown or a country gentleman may appear sufficiently awkward and ridiculous to us, we consider neither of them as a humourist, nor do they appear so to each other. But while we object to the title, we are far from quarrelling with the execution of the work before us. To deny its merits, would be to acknowledge ourselves devoid of all taste and feeling. The characters described in "Bracebridge Hall" present us with the most beautiful, and, at the same time, with the most faithful models of primitive English manners, judging of them from the remains which are still among us, and which, in many parts of England, may not become extinct for centuries to come. The author has sketched his portrait of these manners from the inmates of "Bracebridge Hall," its occasional visitors, and the neighbouring inhabitants, and we have no hesitation in saying, that he has fully supported

the character which his "Sketchbook" has already so deservedly procured for him. He may be justly called, "the American Bruyere," with the only difference, that Bruyere described the manners of his own countrymen, while our author has painted those of a country, in which he acknowledges himself to be still a stranger. In picturesque description, however, he leaves Bruyere far behind him. Even Sterne did not possess the art of exciting imagination in so powerful a manner. In the description of the "Stout Man," attention and expectation is kept continually on the wing; and when the picture is completed, we know as little what to make of the "Stout Man" as when he was first introduced to us. This was admirably conceived, and proves our author a perfect master in his art.—Painting could produce no such effect, and we recollect no instance of it even in poetry. His description of "A Wet Sunday in a Country Inn," is in the finest style of picturesque colouring. We cannot forbear presenting it to our readers.—"The rain pattered against the casements; the bells tolled for church with a muckachy sound—I went to the windows in search of something to amuse the eye, but it seemed as if I had been placed completely out of the reach of all amusement. The windows of my bed-room looked out among tiled roofs and stacks of chimnies, while those of my sitting-room commanded a view of the stable-yard. The place was littered with wet straw that had been kicked about by travellers and stable-boys. In one corner was a stagnant pool of water, surrounding an island of muck; there were several half-drowned fowls crowded together, under a cart, among which, was a miserable, crest-fallen cock, drenched out of all life and spirit; his drooping tail matted, as it were, into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his back. Near the cart, was a half-dozing cow, chewing the cud, and standing patiently to be rained on, with wreaths of vapour rising from her reeking side. A wall-eyed horse, tired of the loneliness of the stable, was poking his spectral head out of a window, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves. An unhappy cur chained to a dog-house hard by, uttered something every now and then between a bark and a yelp. A drab of a kitchen-wench tramped backwards and forwards through the yard in pattens, looking as sulky as the weather itself. Every thing, in short, was comfortless and forlorn, except a crew of hard-drinking ducks

assembled like boon companions round a puddle, and making a riotous noise over their liquor."

There are few writers of the day perfectly free from the use of hacknied, modern phrases; but in the author of "Bracebridge Hall" we cannot trace even a vestige of them. In one instance, he uses the term, "it was quite *refreshing*," but adds, in a parenthesis (if I may be allowed a hacknied phrase of the day.) His style is that of natural and unaffected eloquence. Not only his ideas, but his expressions, seem to flow spontaneously from his pen, nor is it possible to trace the slightest appearance of labour or effort. The style of the "Sketch-book" was easy and eloquent, compared to that of other writers, but yet it wanted the freedom of "Bracebridge Hall," a circumstance which we can only attribute to that facility of expression which is obtained by experience and practice. His delineation of manners is so faithfully executed, that we always imagine we are acquainted with the person whom he is describing, or at least with some person of the same original stamp of character. The expressions which he puts into the mouth of General Harbottle after dinner, whose loyalty, he says, waxes very fervent with his second bottle, and who gets into a perfect ecstacy when he hears "God save the King," exposes, more than all the logic of political wisdom, the motives which influence those who argue against the existence of public distress. "They talk of public distress," said the General this day to me at dinner, as he smacked a glass of rich Burgundy, and cast his eyes about the ample board; "they talk of public distress, but where do we find it, Sir? I see none. I see no reason any one has to complain. Take my word for it, Sir, this talk about public distress is all humbug."

The great merit of "Bracebridge Hall" is the exquisite delineation of character, or rather of manners. It is evident the author intended his character of "Ready-money Jack Tibbets" for a portrait of John Bull; and, if the portrait be correct, we must confess, that John Bull, with all his bluntness, is far from being placed beyond the influence of vanity, particularly where he leaves his breeches unbuttoned at the knees, to show a broad pair of scarlet garters. He has so many good qualities, however, that his vanity only serves to prevent us from falling completely in love with him. We shall conclude by observing, that our author

is no where a copyist; that he takes his images and descriptions from nature alone, and that he always views nature with the inspired eyes of painting and poetry. In "Bracebridge Hall," there fore,—*Tout prends un corps, une ame, un esprit, un visage.*"

The Vale of Chamouni, a Poem
By the Author of "Rome." 8vo.
pp. 176. 6s. 6d.

The reader is naturally led to expect, from the title of the present work, a descriptive poem, in which he will be led through all the secret retreats, and romantic wildernesses of nature. He will expect to wander promiscuously through those sublime, beautiful and picturesque scenes which she has scattered with lavish hand over certain portions of the globe, and to return from his poetic excursion laden with all the treasures which imagination can bestow. "The Vale of Chamouni," or, indeed, any vale forming the subject of a poem, naturally leads the mind through a labyrinth of rural associations, and descriptive scenery; but in one half of the poem before us, and in the entire of the introduction, the external beauties of nature are seldom presented to the wistful eye of imagination; and we are obliged to be contented with narratives as little related to each other, as the proser, sons of Sylla to the loves of Pyramis and Thisbe. We can perceive no connection between the links that connect two different scenes or relations together; and we revolt at the unnatural manner in which we are thrust forward, and obliged to wade through the recital of circumstances and events, which have as little connection with the "Vale of Chamouni," or with each other, as those which we have just mentioned. The author prefaces his poem with a poetical introduction of four hundred and four lines, supposed to be written at Inverness. The chief and prevailing fault of this poem is, that there is no obvious connection between its different parts; that every time the subject changes, it changes capriciously; that the prevailing idea in one part, section, or paragraph, does not suggest that which immediately follows; and that, consequently, every paragraph seems a distinct poem in itself. The entire of the introduction is a series of unconnected thoughts; and the whole of them put together has no connection with the "Vale of Chamouni." Indeed, the only

sensible lines in the entire introduction are six, which he puts into the mouth of his reader by way of objection to his winding and irrelevant manner. We could never have imagined that it was to serve as a preface to a description of a Vale in Savoy, as almost the entire of it is taken up with Scotland, and

"The splendour of the Caledonian arms."

The poem itself begins with an address, not to Apollo, or any of his daughters, nor indeed to any sentient or intelligent being, but to his own "shattered bark!" by which we are unhappily to understand his own poetical genius; that genius which guided him in his former attempt. His "Rome" he thinks has been so severely treated by the critics, that his poetical bark has been shattered by their rudeness. He seems to wonder, however, that so well built a bark could suffer wreck, and therefore introduces her shattered condition with a note of admiration,—*"Poor—shattered bark!"* He comforts her, however, by telling her that she was superior to all the storms that opposed her course;—if so, we are at some loss to discover by what means she was "shattered."

The poet, after contemplating the injuries which he had received from the critics in his former poetic attempt, turns to Switzerland, and takes an opportunity of lamenting the evils of slavery.—The author is a strong advocate for liberty; but yet there is a levity in his muse which we cannot easily reconcile with that sacred flame which freedom inspires. He skips about perpetually, without rhyme or reason, so that he seldom produces a deep effect. He has evidently a talent for rhyming, for his versification is smooth, and seems to be executed with great facility; but what he has gained in facility, he has lost in dignity. He gives a very pleasing description of the "capricious taste" exemplified in the costume of the Helvetians, and of prospects from Ferney and the Jura Mountains; but in the entire of the first part of his poem, which forms half the work, he never leads us once to the "Vale of Chamouni," which is the proper subject of his song. All this part is preparatory to an arrival at the Vale, and in most parts as little connected with it as the introduction. To this, however, we have no other objection than its disagreeing with the title of the work, for the poet leads us occasionally through a variety of pleasing scenes and interesting relations, which

are suggested by other parts of Switzerland. Nor are we merely entertained with descriptive scenes and beautiful landscapes, but the persons whom they commemorate are also introduced to us, and agreeably diversify those pictures of external nature which the poet describes, and which would otherwise possess too still and sombre a character to give any permanent pleasure. The poet has therefore very artfully, but at the same time very judiciously, made Voltaire, Madame de Staël, Gibbon, Rousseau, Frederic Eschen, &c. appear in different parts of his painting, so that he leads us very agreeably through Bonneville, Cluse, Cavern of Balme, Groves of Magland, Cascade of Balme, the Savoyard, &c. till he brings us within the sight of the "Vale of Chamouni."

Our limits oblige us to leave our poet and our readers at the entrance of this sublime and awful vale. Such of them as love the grand and the terrific of nature must peruse this part of the poem with mingled astonishment and delight. The poet has certainly divested himself of a great portion of that levity of manner which characterizes his introduction particularly. He seems to have written the last part of his poem, or the description of the vale itself, under the awful impressions, which the surrounding scenes are calculated to inspire in every breast, that responds to the influences and harmonies of the sublimer productions of nature. This is no slight evidence of rising genius. The dunce, and the writer of heavy intellect, puts forth all his energies at the first onset, and afterwards sinks into tame insipidity; but the writer of native genius, though in his first attempts he betrays at every step the faults, which unavoidably cling to inexperience and want of maturer judgment, still rises progressively in strength and vigour, and gives new interest to every scene and situation which he describes. The defects of the work before us result, we believe, from this source alone; it has many beauties to compensate for its faults, and even its faults contain latent evidences of the author's genius, and prove themselves to be only the blameless offspring of inexperience.

Tracts by Sir Thomas Browne, Knight, M.D. 12mo. pp. 183. Edinburgh, 1822.

The work before us does not contain all the productions of Sir Thomas

Browne. His "Pseudodoxia Epidemica, or Vulgar Errors," his "Quincunx," and "Religio Medici," have been properly omitted by the editor of the present edition, the former being too long to appear, except in a complete edition of his works; and the latter too apt to create sceptical views of things which, even if ideal, constitute a great portion of our real happiness; and which consequently it can be neither wisdom nor philosophy to explode, could even their inexistence be mathematically demonstrated. There is another reason why we think that the tracts contained in this edition have been selected with great judgment by the present editor, namely, because it is from these very tracts that Sir Thomas Browne has been justly called the *most extraordinary writer in the English language*. His other works are not of so unique and determined a character, and in perusing them, we cannot always discover from the style alone, that they are his productions. They are not like the present tracts, a mirror that always reflects a faithful picture of the original. Here he is always himself, and we can never mistake him for any other English writer. His singularity appears as well in his style as in his manner of thinking. We are always at a loss to know whether he is serious or in jest; for even when he is evidently jesting, he puts on a serious face, and addresses us so gravely, that we can hardly think him otherwise than in earnest. Yet there is no obscurity in his style: his diction is always so clear and perspicuous, that he who runs may read. But though his style is clear, it is still as characteristic of him as his manner of thinking. He is full of elisions, so full, indeed, that it is impossible to omit a word in any sentence which he has not omitted himself.

To a reader not accustomed to this style, it may possess a slight degree of obscurity at first; but we only read a few pages when this obscurity vanishes, and we are only surprised to meet with a verb where it could be omitted. In imitation of the Latins, he is fond of the inverted style, and has a good deal of Montaigne in his manner of thinking, except that he always keeps to his subject more or less, while Montaigne frequently takes us into a new world altogether. They agree however in this, that Montaigne is always seeking for objections to what he advances himself, while Sir Thomas is eternally qualifying his assertions by the introduction of some unexpected idea, that always serves to render them more

agreeable, or more disagreeable, than if they had stood by themselves. He treats of the most important matters as if they were the most unimportant, and *vice versa*. He makes us pleased with what is actually displeasing to us, or archly affects to believe we are pleased; but when he presents us with a delightful image, he immediately prevents us from enjoying it, by associating it with other images which either entirely destroy, or at least greatly diminish the pleasure which they would otherwise impart. He is perhaps of all writers the most witty in his way, and yet no man knew better how to conceal his wit. He never affects to know that what he says is calculated to provoke us or make us laugh. He generally means the contrary of what he says, and praises always when he intends to censure. Of this the following passage is a beautiful example, in which he lashes the fanatics of his time:—

"Pious spirits who passed their days in raptures of infinity made little more of this world than the world that was before it, while they lay obscure in the chaos of pre-ordination and night of their forebodings. And if they be so happy as truly to understand Christian annihilation, ecstasies, exultation, liquefaction, transformation, the kiss of the spouse, gustation of God, and ingestion into the divine shadow, they have already had a handsome anticipation of heaven. The glory of the world is surely over, and the earth in ashes unto them.

"To subvert in living monuments, to live in their productions, to exist in their names and predicament of eternities was large satisfaction to old expectation, and made one part of their elysium. But all this is nothing in the metaphysics of true belief. To live indeed is to be again our selves, which being not only a hope but an evidence in noble believers, it is all due to be in St. Innocent's church-yard as in the sands of Egypt. Ready to be any thing in the ecstasy of being ever, and as content with six feet as the *monks* of Adrianus."

——— *Tabesce cadavera solvat
An rogus hand refert.*

We have only to add that the little work before us is an imperishable monument of the author's genius. We will not say but he might have directed his talents to higher purposes; but as genius converts whatever it touches into gold, we are so pleased with every thing coming from his pen, that we would hardly wish him to have written on any other subjects than those on which he has written, or at least we would not exchange the pleasure, which they have imparted to us, for the speculative satisfaction which we might have possibly enjoyed, had he directed his talents to subjects of sublimer interests. We know what he has done: what he might have done, had he directed his

talents to other pursuits, we cannot venture to determine.

One science only will one genius fit,
So vast is art, so narrow human wit.

We have already observed, that he resembles Montaigne in one feature of his manner: we may add that, in his general manner, he resembles Erasmus more than any other writer. The editor* is entitled to all the merit which an editor can claim,—the exercise of a chaste and correct judgment,—the work is printed with neatness and elegance,—and we strongly recommend it to our readers.

Memoirs of the Life of Artemi.
8vo. pp. 374. 12s.

This is the biography of an Armenian, written by himself, in his native dialect, which he afterwards translated into the Russian language, from which it has been rendered into English. The faithful painting of Asiatic characters and manners, not by a European traveller, but by a simple native, is new to our literature, and delights from its novelty; but the chief charm of the book is its simplicity of views and of style, in which latter respect it has, we suspect, lost much by its travelling into English through the medium of Russia. The work gives us a terrible view of the ferocity of our nature when untamed by education and philosophy; shewing the wretched state of Society, when regular governments and permanent institutions do not exist to protect life and property, or do not produce an amelioration of individual character. Artemi's simplicity evinces itself even from the first line of his preface, where he tells us that the catalogue and journal of his sufferings and mishaps were noted down, at his mother's command, merely to shew the godness of God towards him. He was born at Wagarschapat, near Mount Ararat, on the 20th of April, 1774, his father being "a skilful cutter and polisher of precious stones." His history of his mother, and of her maternal parent, is the most simple and moving representation of the strong natural affection of a mother for her offspring that we ever read. This universal feature of our nature supported these two unfortunate creatures through as much of cruelty and suffering as the most ferocious could inflict, or as the most patient could support. There is a story told of his mother

* A Gentleman whose high talents and extensive acquirements are not unknown to the literary world.

having been stolen from her parent at four years old, and being purchased by a benevolent Persian of wealth, was brought up by the old man as his daughter and betrothed to his son. But the mother having, after a long and arduous search, discovered her child in the house of the Persian, by one quarter of an hour's rhapsody about saints and martyrs, creates in the girl an abhorrence of Mahometanism, weans all her affections from her kind old protector, and makes her desert him, in spite of all his tears and entreaties. This is practically shewing the dreadful effects of proselytism and religious difference, unaccompanied by good sense and humanity; and we sympathize with the good old man when he exclaims in his anguish, "kindness has no effect on these unfeeling, ungrateful creatures." But Artemi loses his father at four months old, and his widowed mother struggles through every privation, and supports numerous cruelties to maintain her children, and to rear Artemi for the church, which was the object of her piety and of her ambition, as well as of her affection for her son. In Wagarschapat there were seven hundred houses, and we suppose about three thousand inhabitants, of which it appears only ten could read. Poor Artemi's literary proficiency excited so much envy on the part of his superiors, as to bring down upon himself and mother numerous taunts, as well as cuffs and blows from both laymen and the Christian priesthood of Armenia; who certainly appear to be as arrant a set of scoundrels as we ever read of. Poor Artemi is very sensible, a great moralizer, very superstitious, and credulous. He suffers much for conscience sake, and more, it would seem, from his untoward destiny. His adventures are numerous, and told in a style of affecting simplicity—at length Artemi escapes to the Russians, and eventually gets to St. Petersburg, where, however, new tribulations commence. After his long catalogue of disasters, drubbings, and of "moving accidents by flood and field," the humble and amiable creature concludes by a "Praise be to God who has prospered me in such manifold ways," although a life of less prosperity it is not very easy to imagine. However, Artemi at last realizes an humble competence, he gets to Paris, acts as a commercial agent for the Armenians at St. Petersburg, and, as if enamoured of his disastrous peregrinations, he cannot content himself with ease, quiet, and security, but starts on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem by the

way of Constantinople—about as awkward a journey as a man in these disturbed times of the East could well undertake. May good fortune restore him to a safe and comfortable old age, for his biography has interested our feelings, and has afforded us a day of pleasurable study.

The Lollards, a Tale. By the Author of "The Mystery," and of "Calthorpe." London, 1822.

The Author of this book is already known to our readers, as we have had occasion to notice his former works; and his last novel of "Calthorpe" demanded and received at our hands an acknowledgement of its very superior merit. But the work now before us is of a species totally distinct from its predecessors; and however well the author of "Calthorpe" may have established his claim to the general character of a good novelist, he has now entered into a new field, and it becomes necessary to examine, *de novo*, the powers and capability of his mind and pen. The book before us is not a mere commentary upon human passions, and a nicely constructed series of incidents and story, intended to interest and delight the imagination; but it aspires to the loftier task of identifying remote and important matters of history with the occurrences of private life, and the customs and habits of private society. It is easy to conceive, that this is no common undertaking, if it be executed with accuracy and success. The difficulty does not alone consist in the comparative scarcity of materials, from which the necessary information is to be derived. It is greatly increased by the taste of the age, which leads a large portion of the literary world to the very sources of that information, with a thirst too insatiable to be satisfied, though the fountain yielded its waters, like the rock at the touch of the prophet. There is a prevailing rage for historical and antiquarian research, which renders it utterly impossible, that an author should deceive or blunder without detection; or assume facts for the sake of convenience without a tolerable shew of data upon which to found his assumption. There is a close illustration of this in "the Lollards," to which there is a learned and a candid, as well as modest preface, apologising for some slight anachronisms, and elaborately attempting to justify other

important departures from received opinions. The chief point, upon which he has adopted such a course, is in relation to the era at which the art of printing was discovered, as he makes use of that discovery for the purposes of his work at a period considerably antecedent to the time, at which it has been generally supposed to have taken place. And it must be admitted, in candour, that although the case he makes out may not be a perfect one, yet it is sufficiently conclusive to warrant its particular application. Our opinion of this work, upon its general merits, is decidedly a favourable one. If we discover imperfections in the detail, we do not find the author wanting in the greater qualities of mind and acquirement, which it is necessary that he should possess. His research has been sufficiently extensive to enable him to unfold the obscurities of history, and to connect them with life and the actions of men. He has done this, not only with the delightful interest and vivid colouring which attract and charm the general mass of readers; but with an accuracy and general fidelity that may defy the most cynical of antiquaries. His motto is fully exemplified; for truly in his pages do "forgotten generations live again."

Lacon; or, Many Things in Few Words. Vol. II. 8vo. 7s. 6d. pp. 266.

That, which we dislike the most of this work, is its title. A book, which tells us many things in a few words, possesses no ordinary degree of merit, and we think that the author might as well have selected some less quaint and assuming name, leaving the merits of the work to elicit such a panegyric, if it could, from its readers. The work, however, does really contain many very good things, which we are rather surprised at, as the first volume was replete with so much of similar matter, that we thought it must have exhausted any private store-house of even more than ordinary profundity. The present volume contains two hundred and eighty-three Aphorisms, a long Critique upon Lord Byron's *Don Juan*, and the author's Poem upon the Conflagration of Moscow, now printed with many additions. The Aphorisms do not possess the style of epigrammatic paradox, or the brilliant turn so peculiar to Rochefoucault, but they evince a power of profound thinking, as well as a habit of acute

observation. Although the style, *courte*, and antitheses, be peculiarly adapted to Aphorisms, we cannot agree with Mr. Colton in his opinion upon the beauty of antitheses, as a figure, nor can we agree with him in his possessing the power of avoiding it in his more lengthened pieces, for reading his preface, or the first ten lines of his Critique on *Don Juan*, would convince us, that he even thinks in antithesis. Some of these Aphorisms are so long and diffuse, that they are rather essays, or short sermons. —Others are trite, containing nothing of novelty in the matter, or of superiority in the form, such as Nos. 1. 3. 4. 8. 58. 83. 88. 89. 90. 96. 282.—Some of the best are, 7. 11. 13. 15. 35. 48. 73. 77. 81. 91. &c. Many are very bad, such, for instance, as Nos. 16. 18. or both obvious and hacknied, such as 71. 84. &c.; whilst others, as we have before observed, are mere essays; and, we must add, being written in the style of Aphorisms, are by no means pleasing essays. We like Mr. Colton's longer pieces the least: for instance, the Number 62, upon Materialism, contains nothing of fact, but what the writings of Laurence, Brown, Rennell, and the Reviews and Magazines of the day have rendered, we should almost say, nauseously common; whilst as to reasoning upon those facts, Mr. Colton displays a total ignorance of the arguments. Mr. Colton ought to know, that Analogy affords no "grounds of probability" in favour of any religion, nor does it even prove, that religion is not improbable; all that it can prove is, that it is not unnatural or absurd. This is the only use that Bishop Butler professes to make of Analogy, and that orthodox and excellent reasoner, Dr. Reid, confines Analogy to the same bounds. The critique on *Don Juan* contains many good observations, but where Mr. Colton pronounces stanzas to be obscene or blasphemous, he might as well have avoided quoting them; and he never blames the poet's morals without accompanying his censure with such high commendations of his genius and powers, as to give us some suspicion that he is hardly in earnest; or that he is falling within the observation contained in his fourteenth Aphorism. Mr. Colton, in the third page of this critique, tells us, that "the Morality of Pope is too neutralized to do good." What he means by this, we do not know; and we suspect he does not know himself. As to the magnanimity of sacrificing Moscow, we must observe, that in poetry such a view of the case is allowable—only let us remember that those, who fired the city,

passed the ensuing winter at the Court of St. Petersburg, whilst the inhabitants of Moscow were left to perish with the cold. We have nevertheless enjoyed much satisfaction from Mr. Colton's work, and think the present volume a useful addition to its predecessor.

The Remains of Henry Kirk White.
Vol. III. 8vo. pp. 185.

The decidedly favourable judgment, which the public pronounced on the first two volumes of "*The Remains of Henry Kirk White*," has been confirmed by time; and the affection which those works excited for the truly amiable and interesting poet, who sunk untimely to the grave, will render the present publication of value to most persons. Independent of this feeling, the present volume possesses intrinsic merit. The first two volumes contained only selections of the poet's better pieces, but the present volume, containing his more juvenile and less studied productions, affords us a fairer specimen of his mind and habits. We may possess the biography of more powerful, or even of more precocious intellects than Kirk White's, but literature does not afford us so fine an instance of the union of early character with early genius. His fervent piety was untinted with any of the extravagance incident to young and ardent minds, and was free from the bigotry and spirit of exclusion, with which it is so often accompanied by maturer judgments. The clearness of his intellect, his unwearied and constant industry, so free from the sudden efforts of youth, which relax into inaction or dissipation; and, above all, the astonishing tone of prudence and quiet good sense, which distinguished this highly-gifted individual, are most beautifully, but indirectly displayed in the contents of this volume. The volume consists of about fifty pages of his private correspondence, of some forty or fifty poetical pieces, and of numerous prose productions. Independent of the pious and amiable spirit breathed throughout his private correspondence, some of the letters contain matter of much utility to young minds. The poems give promise of future excellence: that upon "*Winter*" is full of vigour, but the allusion to goblins and witches in this and in "*the Fair Maid of Clifton*," are the

sports of boyish fancy.—The lines on "*Rural Solitude*," transport the reader to the purest rural scenery and feelings. There is a singular mixture of the school-boy and the poet in the "*Song to the Robin Red-breast*," and in the "*Lines to a Dog*." The poems, at pages 89, 117, and 121, are of the best in the volume. The prose pieces are all upon religious subjects, and, although controversial, they are replete with the humanity and benevolent spirit which ought to characterise a Christian. We cannot agree with Mr. White in the arguments he raises upon the interpolated passage of Josephus: in subjects of such importance as Revelation, too many admissions of may-be's and possibilities are the foundations of scepticism. To conclude—the volume now offered to the public is a necessary addition to its two precursors, and, without it, they would not have made a faithful portrait of the poet's mind and heart.

The Three Perils of Man; or, War, Women, and Witchcraft. A Border Romance. By James Hogg. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1822.

We have long been admirers of Mr. Hogg's talents, and sincere well-wishers to him. By his preceding works he has established a reputation, which the one now before us will not, as we think, diminish. His beauties are peculiarly his own; his faults are rather the faults of his situation than of the man; a natural, unaffected style, and a variety of incident are the most prominent and attractive features of this author's works. It is with regret that we observe these beauties obscured by occasional coarseness, not to say indecency. But in this instance, allowances ought to be made for the remarkable circumstances in which Mr. Hogg has been placed. With no advantages of birth or education he has, by the unassisted force of native intellect, brought himself into the favourable notice of the public. Our limits do not allow of our giving any account of the work; but to those of our readers who have found pleasure in the perusal of Mr. Hogg's former productions (and we think few have not found pleasure in them), we may venture to promise a considerable gratification in the perusal of this romance.

FINE ARTS.

Explanation of the Frontispiece.

EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

(Concluded from page 564, Vol. 81.)

IN pursuance of the intention, which we expressed in our last number, we proceed to make a few observations on the Sculpture in the Exhibition of the present year, which closed on Saturday the 13th of July.

It has always appeared to us to be a most judicious arrangement on the part of the Royal Academicians, so to frame their catalogue, as to lead the visitors to the Exhibition up stairs at once, and not to induce them to go into the Model-School, until they have been in all the other apartments of the Institution. On a sultry day, the coolness of this room is as refreshing as a glass of ice-cream:—it is like a bath at the end of a journey, on a dusty road. After we have been dazzled by the glare and contrast of colours, and wearied by the pressure of the throng of gazers in the upper rooms, we are instantly relieved on entering the apartment appropriated to Sculpture, by its comparative solitude, and by the chaste simplicity of the works which are there assembled. When we have snugly seated ourselves in that little shaded niche which is so accommodatingly placed between the windows, we feel as if, after having run a long career of pleasure and dissipation, we had, towards the close of life, withdrawn from the gay illusions of society; in order to cherish the graver reflections, and more heavenly contemplations calculated to fit us for our final departure.

The number of works of Sculpture, and of Models, in this last, was not so great as we have known it to be in some former exhibitions; but there was a large proportion of productions of superior merit:—of these, the one which appeared to us to be unequivocally the most fascinating (and we doubt whether in the more refined qualities of the art it has ever been excelled,) was Mr. Westmacott's "*Psyche*;" of which we have the pleasure, by the kind permission of his Grace the Duke of Bedford, to prefix an Engraving to

the present number; in order to serve as a FRONTISPIECE to the *eighty-second* volume of our Magazine.

The fable of Cupid and Psyche, comprehending the beautiful allegory of Love and the Soul, has been a frequent and a favourite subject of poetry, painting, and sculpture. It is not, however, a story of very remote antiquity. No mention of Psyche, nor any allusion to her amours with Cupid, occurs in any Greek or Latin writer of an earlier date than Lucius Apuleius; who flourished in the reigns of Antoninus Pius, and his brothers, M. Antoninus, the philosopher, and Lucius Aurelius Verus. It is generally supposed, therefore, to be the invention of Apuleius; although he may possibly have derived his materials from the Basilidians, in Egypt. Apuleius introduces it as an episode in "*The Golden Ass*," a work abounding with indecencies; and in which the charming fable of Cupid and Psyche, although rather verbosely told, appears, in comparison with the other parts of the book, like a lovely and fragrant flower, springing from a rank and fetid hot-bed. The following analysis of the story, which is by the classical and elegant pen of Mr. D'Israeli, we take the liberty of borrowing from that very interesting and scarce work, "*Gems selected from the Antique*," by Mr. R. Ragley; published in 1801.

"A king and queen had three daughters, all beautiful; the third was more than beautiful. She was compared to Venus; for her was the worship of that deity neglected; Paphos, and Cnidos, and Cythera were deserted. The statues of Beauty were ungarlanded and uncrowned; her altars were without incense and sacrifices. Venus, indignant, summoned her son signally to chastise the feeble mortal, whose audacious beauty had stolen away her adorers.

"Yet Psyche drew no advantage from her charms. All hastened to behold her; all admired her; but she inspired no one with desire. Her sisters were already married; and she alone, in the solitude of the palace, hated her own beauties,

which all were satisfied to praise, without wishing to enjoy.

"Her sympathising parents consulted the Oracle, which deceived, that *Psyche* should be exposed on the point of a rock, dressed in funeral robes; that she should have no mortal for her husband, but a ferocious and terrific monster, who, flying in the air, desolates the earth, and makes the heavens tremble.

"*Psyche*, exhausted, tremblingly gave herself up to grief and to complaint; when a zephyr suddenly lifted her with his soft breath on his light wings into a valley, where he laid her down on a green bank, enamelled with flowers. There she slept. What was her astonishment, when she awoke, to find herself in a palace ornamented with as much taste as magnificence; and above all, when, without perceiving any person, she heard voices congratulate her, and supplicate for her commands! The palace resounds with celestial music; the most delicate viands, and the most exquisite wines are served up by invisible hands; delicious paintings enchant her eyes; she breathes a balmy air; all her senses are charmed at once, and every moment they are struck by changeful novelties.

"Night came, and the beautiful *Psyche* yielded to the softness of repose. Scarcely had she dosed, when a voice, far softer and more melodious than all the voices she had heard, whispered in her ear. A secret trouble agitates her; she is ignorant of what she fears. A thousand thoughts distract her tender imagination. But her husband is with her! He embraces her unseen. She is his wife; but her invisible husband disappears with the day.

"Meanwhile the unhappy parents of *Psyche* were perishing with grief. Her sisters each day wept at the foot of the rock on which she had been exposed. With lamenting cries, they filled the surrounding vallies. The distant echoes multiplied their accents, and the winds floated them to the ear of *Psyche*. Her affectionate heart palpitated with domestic sympathies; she dwelt on the thoughts of home, and sighed to console them. The brilliant enchantments, that flattered her self-love and her senses, never reached her heart; and the caresses of an invisible husband did not compensate for the severity of her solitude. She requested once more to embrace her sisters. Her husband instantly rejected her entreaty, (which, however, he had anticipated), and warned her of the fatal consequences; but, overcome by her beauty, her tears, and her caresses, he at length consented; on condition, however, that if her sisters indiscreetly inquired who her husband was, she would not acquaint them of his strict command, that she should never attempt either to see, or to know him. *Psyche* promised every thing; and the same Zephyr that had transported her to this delicious abode, conveyed on its wings her two sisters.

"After having embraced each other a hundred times, *Psyche* displayed to them the amazing beauties of her enchant-

ing residence. Dazzled by such magnificence, they ask who was the husband, or rather the god, who assembled in one spot such charms of nature, and such splendours of art? *Psyche*, faithful to her promise, answers, that he was a beautiful youth, whose cheek was scarcely shadowed by its down; but, fearful to betray her secret, she sends her sisters back to her family with rich gifts.

"They returned in a few days, but with sentiments of a different colour from those they had just felt. To the sisterly affection of longing to embrace *Psyche*, and the rapture of having found her, now succeeded all the madness of envy, and the desire of her ruin. They feigned, at first, to participate in her felicity and her pleasures; afterwards, they again urged her to tell them the name, and describe the person of her husband; and the prudent, but forgetful *Psyche*, who had quite lost the recollection of her former account, painted him with quite different features.

"Convinced now that she had never seen her husband, they pretend to compassionate her destiny. They wish, as they declare, that it was allowed them to be silent; but their duty and their tenderness compel them to warn her of a danger that menaced her tranquillity. They recall to her mind the frightful prediction of the Oracle. This unknown husband was, no doubt, some horrid monster, to whose ferocity she would one day assuredly become the victim. The alarmed and trembling *Psyche* abandons herself entirely to the counsels of her perfidious sisters, who engage to bring her a lamp and a dagger; and advise her to seize that moment of time when the monster would be asleep, to pierce him with her poniard. Alas! the too credulous *Psyche* accepts these fatal gifts.

"At the fall of the night, the husband arrives, caresses his beloved wife, and sleeps. Then *Psyche*, softly sliding from his encircling arms, and taking in one hand the lamp she had concealed, and in the other holding the poniard, advances, approaches; but—O heavens! what is her surprise, when, by the light of the lamp, which, as if kindled by magic, suddenly burst into a wavering splendour, she perceives *Love* himself, reposing in the most charming attitude! Pale, trembling, and dismayed, she directs the steel she had pointed at the god to her own bosom; but the poniard falls from her hand. While she contemplates the lovely object before her, she regains her strength, and the more she examines the heavenly boy, the more beautiful he appears, and with a softer influence the enchantment steals over her senses. She beholds a head adorned with flowing and resplendent tresses, diffusing celestial odours; some fall carelessly in curls, on cheeks more beautifully blushing than the rose; while others float on a neck whiter than milk. On his shoulders are white wings, whose tender and delicate down, tremulously alive, is brilliant as the flowers yet humid with morning dew. His body was smooth

and elegant; the proud perfection of Venus! At the foot of the bed lay his bow, his quiver, and his arrows; and the curious Psyche, unwearied, touches and re-touches his propitious weapons. From the quiver she draws out one of the arrows, and, with the tip of her finger touching the point to try its sharpness, her trembling hand pierces the flesh, and small drops of rosy blood are sprinkled on her skin. At that instant she felt the wound in her heart: there it was not slight! Deliciously enamoured, she gazes on the face of Love with insatiable eyes; she breathes the warmest kisses; and trembles, lest he should awake.

"While she yields to the rapture of her soul, ardent and lost, from the lamp (as if it longed to touch the beautiful body its light so sweetly tuted) a drop of boiling oil falls on the right shoulder of the god. Love awakes, shrieks, and flies away. The unhappy Psyche catches his foot, and clings to the volatile god till her strength is exhausted, and hopelessly she falls on the green margin of a river.

"Love suspends his flight for a moment. He loiters above a cypress, and, in a voice more in sorrow than in anger, reproaches his mistress for her unfaithful credulity, her unjust fears, and, above all, for her inhuman design. Having said this, the soft luxurious boy waves his wings, and flies. Psyche, with eyes dim with tears, traces his course for a moment; but in the midst of the sky the god melts into a shadow, and the shadow into air. The desolated Psyche, urged on by despair, seeks to precipitate herself into the stream; but the waters, feeling the influence of Love, who rules all the elements, gently swell to receive the beauteous maid, and softly float her to their flowery margin. There Pan receives her, consoles her, and exhorts her to soften the anger of Love by her tears and her prayers.

"Wandering from clime to clime, every where seeking for her husband, and finding him no where, ever-suppliant and ever-rejected, the wife of Love can discover no asylum on the earth. In the height of her misery, she still hoped her misfortunes would soon terminate; but that most unhappy maid knew not then of the afflictions the anger of Venus still reserved for her.

"The mother of Love now discovered that, instead of having punished the mortal against whom she was incensed, her son had made her his wife. In the first moments of her rage, she would have disarmed her son, broken his arrows, and extinguished his torch. Beauty itself (soft as beauty is when adulated,) is cruel, vindictive, and unforgiving, when contemned. She condemns Psyche to the most afflictive torments, and subjects her to the most cruel trials. All nature sympathises with the sufferings of Psyche. When men and gods abandon her, the inanimate creation is represented as endowed with sympathetic affections. She passes into the depths of hell; and there

executes the terrible command of the vindictive power. At length Love, who trembles for her fate, and shudders lest she should perish under so many persecutions, flies to Jupiter, tells him his adventures with her, talks with all his tenderness of affection—and who can talk like Love?—paints the scenes of her persecution—and who can paint so lively?—describes the softness, the charms, the innocence of his mistress, and solemnly adjures the Father of Creation to ordain, that he may be for ever united to Psyche, by the indissoluble bonds of a celestial marriage. Jupiter assembles a synod of the divinities. They feel the inquietudes, and approve the vows of Love. To calm the half-forgiving Venus, Psyche is admitted to the rank of a divinity, that Love may not be united to a simple mortal. The celestial assembly applaud the union of Love and Psyche, and from their marriage is born a daughter, whom they name Divine Pleasure."

The point of time, which Mr. Westmacott has chosen, is during the return of Psyche from executing one of the difficult and perilous tasks required of her by the offended and wrathful Venus. Having had a casket delivered to her by the goddess, Psyche is commanded to descend to the infernal shades, and to request Proserpine to send Venus a little of her beauty. Despairing of success in her mission, the unhappy Psyche is on the point of precipitating herself from the top of a high tower, in order to put an end to her miseries; when a voice is suddenly heard, dissuading her from her rash design, and pointing out the means by which she may discover the gloomy cave of Dis, satisfy the avarice of Charon, appease the fury of Cerberus, propitiate Proserpine, achieve the object of her errand, and regain Olympus in safety. Having, by following this friendly advice, accomplished her embassy, and having received from Proserpine the casket, filled with charms, Psyche is on her way back; when, notwithstanding a strict injunction that has been laid upon her not to open the casket, she is tempted by curiosity to do so. "What!" says she, "shall I, the carrier of this divine beauty; not steal the smallest portion, to render me more bewitching in the eyes of my lover?" The result is melancholy. On unclosing the casket, no beauty appears; but a Stygian sleep, which, being thus liberated, invades

the senses of Psyche; and, issuing in a dense soporiferous cloud, spreads itself all over her, until she falls down; and lies like a corpse, without motion. From this, her last danger, she is, however, eventually rescued by Cupid.

Mr. Westmacott has represented Psyche at the critical moment of opening the fatal casket. Evidently sensible of the risk she incurs by indulging her curiosity, and yet unable to resist the powerful temptation, operated upon at once by an eager expectation of delight, and by the apprehension of punishment for her disobedience; she is casting a fearful look behind, while her delicate fingers are introducing themselves beneath the lid of the casket. From her shoulders bud a pair of butterfly's wings, emblematic of the soul's surviving the chrysalis or worm, and thus finely indicative of the future state of man. A slight drapery, partially sustained by a narrow zone, falls in small and graceful folds over the left knee and leg; and gives purity, repose, stability, and variety to the figure.

Our engraving, we flatter ourselves, affords a very competent notion of the general composition; but it is impossible by any mode of communication to convey to those, who have not had an opportunity of seeing this exquisite result of genius and long-cultivated taste, the tender and delicious sentiment that pervades the whole. It exhibits indeed the perfection of female delicacy, grace, and beauty;

— "Timid, as the wintry flower,
That, whiter than the snow it blooms
among,
Droops its fair head, submissive to the
power
Of every angry blast which sweeps
along."

If, amidst so much excellence, we might venture, with great hesitation and deference, to hint at what appears to us to be a blemish, (but which, if so, may easily be removed) we would confess that we object to the materials, gold and ivory, of which the casket is composed. We are aware that Mr. Westmacott can quote high and ancient authority for this introduction of other substances than pure marble; but we own that we have always thought homoge-

neity a quality of sculpture essential to its elevated character. Any thing which disturbs that character, any thing which approximates sculpture in the slightest degree to painting, with respect to the means to which the latter has recourse for the production of its effects, is, in our humble judgment, so much degradation. In the present instance, the casket, (which is richly adorned with small highly-finished, and undoubtedly appropriate carvings of sleeping loves) certainly seems to us, in consequence of the difference of its colour and character, to attract the attention too immediately, and to injure the simplicity and unity of the general impression.

But this is a trifle. The work possesses merits which would outweigh a thousand such cavils. It is a statue on which Mr. Westmacott may securely rest his fame as a sculptor; for its production must have necessarily required, not only the long and skilful study of one of the loveliest forms in nature which the privileged eye of an artist ever contemplated, but the rare, the inestimable power of arresting the fine and fleeting graces of expression, and of combining them in a faithful and permanent memorial. We understand that a thousand guineas is the liberal but well-deserved price paid for this *chef d'œuvre* by his Grace, the Duke of Bedford; whose taste in the fine arts is well known; and who was so much charmed with "Psyche," even when she had just begun to emerge from the rude block, as immediately to determine on giving her a distinguished place in his Grace's magnificent gallery at Woburn Abbey.

The Houseless Traveller. This interesting groupe is also from the accomplished chissel of Mr. Westmacott. It is of a character entirely different from the work to which we have just been calling the attention of our readers; but it is highly valuable, not only for its intrinsic excellence, but as affording an additional proof of the justice of that opinion, which has of late years been slowly gaining ground; the applicability of sculpture to modern and familiar subjects. *The Houseless Traveller* is intended "to illustrate the benevolence of a lady, whose house was an asylum to

necessitous travellers;" and it represents "a distressed mother with her infant, who, in place of the accustomed hospitality she had sought, finds the tomb of her benefactress."

—There is a pathos in the countenance and general air of the unhappy mother that goes at once to the heart. The disposition of the limbs of the child which reposes unconsciously in its parent's lap, and more especially the position of the hands, are full of infantine grace and beauty. Some objections have been made by contemporary critics to the texture of the cloak that wraps and unites a considerable part of this affecting groupe. To us, however, it seems decidedly advantageous; imparting delicacy to the flesh, and richness and depth to the general effect. As long as the material remains the same, the sculptor appears to us to be perfectly justified in leaving or producing whatever surface may best suit his purpose, or satisfy his taste.

Satan overcome by St. Michael.

I. FLAXMAN, R. A. It is delightful to find such a veteran in the arts, as Mr. Flaxman, possessing so much energy as must have been requisite for the production of this very striking composition. The figures are of heroic dimensions. St. Michael, bestriding his conquered antagonist, into whom he seems about to plunge his uplifted spear, is an admirable model of strength and dignity. The expression of his features, and of his whole figure, is that of conscious and imperturbable superiority; to which the rage and malignity of the fallen angel, the writhing of his monstrous form, and the convulsive clinch with which he grasps the earth that has received him, affords an admirable contrast.

Statue in marble of Eve at the Fountain. E. H. BAILY, R. A.

— "I laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seemed another
sky.

As I bent down to look, just opposite
A shape within the watery gleam
appear'd,
Bending to look on me: I started back."

Mr. Baily, who has for some time been a sculptor of great promise, has here produced a work of very

considerable beauty and merit. The graceful ease of Eve's recumbent posture, and the air of mingled surprise and admiration, with which she starts back from the view of her own reflected form, are charmingly imagined. Great flexibility is imparted to the flesh; and the extremities, especially the feet, are finished with peculiar delicacy and care.

Bust of his Majesty. F. CHANTREY, R. A. There is considerable dignity in this bust of the King. The muscles of the neck are very finely, and we understand very faithfully pronounced. We are, however so much accustomed to the most striking and characteristic resemblances from Mr. Chantrey's masterly hand, that we own we are a little disappointed in the likeness of His Majesty.

Bust of the Right Hon. G. Tierney, M. P. W. BEHNES. Who that attentively contemplates this excellent portrait of the Right Honourable member for Knaresborough, but must acknowledge the truth of the science of physiognomy? An entire stranger to the character of the original would instantly remark the unsparing detection of error and abuse which that shaggy eyebrow, and the glance of that piercing eye unequivocally indicate; as well as the ironical and sarcastic tendencies, broken however and mellowed by kindlier feelings, which play in the undulating muscles surrounding that apparently ever-varying mouth! It is life itself.

Bust of C. Ellison, Esq. M. P. T. GINSON. A carefully finished bust; chiefly, however, remarkable as being the work of a young English sculptor, who had resided for some years at Rome; and who, we are happy to learn, is distinguishing himself there in a manner calculated to uphold the character of British genius, which Sir T. Lawrence, the extraordinary but ill-fated Harlowe, and others of our countrymen have recently established on the continent.

Our limits will not allow us to enter into any further circumstantial details; and we must therefore deny ourselves the pleasure of noticing several other meritorious performances, which do great credit to the talents of the artists by whom they have been produced.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

"VELUTI IN SPECULUM."

KING'S THEATRE.

THAT splendid effort of musical genius, Mozart's opera of "*Don Giovanni*," was revived on the 27th of June, for the benefit of Madame Ronzi de Begnis; and the fulness of the house at once evinced the classic taste of the public, and testified their just appreciation of the talents of Madame de Begnis. When this opera was revived after its long slumber by Mr. Ayrton, the principal characters, Zerlina and Don Giovanni, were respectively played by that exquisite singer, Madame Fodor, and by that equally excellent actor, Ambrogetti. The first of these characters is now sustained by Signora Camporese, whose fine science is not quite so well adapted to the juvenile gaiety and simple pathos, which ought to be the expression of Zerlina's vocal effusions of artless passion. Don Giovanni was sustained by Signor Zucchelli, and we should have been more pleased with his performance, had we not been in the habit for five succeeding years of seeing it so admirably played by Ambrogetti, whose many excellencies were so powerfully blended in this character as to make it completely his own. It is not, therefore, quite fair to examine Zucchelli by a standard, in favour of which our judgment and our feelings have been so strongly prepossessed; and, judging him by any ordinary standard of histrionic merit, we should not hesitate to bestow upon him a high degree of praise. The accuracy of judgment, the strength of feeling, the gentlemanly humour, the elegant

gaiety, and the fervid, yet courtly gallantry which Ambrogetti infused into his representation of *Don Giovanni*, are vividly impressed upon our memories; but to these Zucchelli laid few pretensions. He was the genteel and gay libertine, but had less of passion and strength of delineation in his performance. His voice and skill as a singer are immeasurably superior to Ambrogetti's, but if he gave the science and melody of the musician better, he certainly gave the sense of the poet worse than Ambrogetti; and, in spite of Ambrogetti's inferior voice, we must say that the feeling which he threw into his songs often charmed us more than the syren tones of Zucchelli. We particularly felt this in the song of "*Fin ch'han dal vino*," and in the final scene of the supper, where Ambrogetti, as if from his heart, used to pour forth those beautiful notes of "*Sosten e gloria d'umanita*." We regret the loss of that excellent actor and singer, Naldi, although latterly his *Leparello* began to evince a decay of his physical powers. This opera has been repeated with increased success. A new ballet, "*Le Petit Caperon Rouge*," has been brought out, the sole intention of which, we suppose, is to exhibit the surprising powers of Monsieur Paul—this is at least the only merit it can pretend to. Mesdames Noblet and Mercandotti have, during the month, been in the full exercise of their at once elegant and surprising powers as heroines of the ballet.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

At a public meeting of the proprietors of this Theatre, held in the saloon, Mr. Oakley, auditor, reported that the income of the theatre had been regularly paid by Mr. Elliston, whom he mentioned to them with great commendation. He also stated that Mr. Elliston had not only paid their rent of 10,200l. but, in conse-

quence of the extra nights on which the theatre had been opened, they had now in the hands of their bankers the sum of 1,100l. for the free renters; so that he had actually paid, during the last season, 11,300l. When they came to reflect upon the previous circumstances of the concern, they could not but consider this

as an extraordinary change in theatrical matters. They had, in addition to this, realized the other part of their income from houses and offices. There was a law charge of 280*l.* but this, under the peculiar circumstances under which it had been incurred, must be considered rather as a gain than a loss. During the three years that the committee had held the management of their affairs, they were engaged only in one law-suit, and in that they were successful. The utmost expectations of the committee had been fulfilled. They had got rid of debt much more rapidly than they calculated on, and there was every prospect that they would ultimately realize the whole of their property. Mr. Elliston intended to make great alterations, and introduce further embellishments in the theatre, during the recess; which, added to the industrious efforts he was making to improve the company, would render it as attractive as it ever had been in the annals of theatrical history. As far as such property was concerned, nothing could be more promising or more cheering. They had repaid 75*l.* per cent. instalments on their debts; and if they had not realized all that they owed, they had the most favourable prospects before them. The sum of 11,973*l.* had been discharged, reducing the present amount of debt to

33,965*l.* They had been called upon to pay 2,000*l.* for a loan upon the theatre, which they did not anticipate; but which, upon looking into the terms of the engagement, was found perfectly just. Agreeably to the stipulations held out to the subscribers to the loan, the sum of 4,351*l.* was to be paid to them in the course of the next year. The committee having already paid three instalments of 25*l.* per cent. each with interest, up to January last, they had therefore fulfilled their engagement in a great measure, so that no more than 3,400*l.* remained due. Setting aside the nightly receipts, for the new renters, had been fully acted upon. The committee confidently calculated that they would be able to discharge the whole of the debt within the time, mentioned in the several reports made to the proprietors. The committee had fully realized the scheme held out three years back to the public. The new renters might have the 1,100*l.* paid for extra nights, whenever they pleased to call for it. Their prospects were much better than any person a short time back could venture to hope. From the punctuality and great attention of Mr. Elliston, he formed the most sanguine expectations that they would be able to realize every thing held out to the proprietors.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE

This theatre closed for the season on Saturday, June 29, with the musical drama of the "*Antiquary*," in which Liston made his last appear-

ance as Oldbuck. Miss Stephens, Miss M. Tree, and Miss Halland gave some of their most celebrated airs in their best style.

HAY-MARKET THEATRE.

That prolific author, Mr. T. Dibdin, has already produced two after-pieces at this theatre, the one "*The Bill of Fare*," an original piece, and the other, "*Love Letters*," a translation from the French; and, as if to shew that this is the very age of invention, or rather of imitation, these novelties have been rapidly succeeded by two other pieces from the French, called "*John Buzby, or a Day's Pleasure*," and "*Peter Fin, or a New Road to Brighton*." The *Bill of Fare* was sufficiently described in our last number.

"*Love Letters*" has all the light-

ness of the French school, and its attraction consists in Mr. Johnson's representation of an enraptured and simple French lover, and in Madame Vestris's excellent acting, and still better singing, in the character of his adorable. "*John Buzby*" is a light and laughable piece, made from the materials of common life; the characters and incidents of which are of course broadly portrayed to suit the stage. John Buzby, a hosier, has gone nominally to Deptford, but in fact to Richmond, for a day's pleasure, and to get rid of a termagant wife and his son-in-

law, Natty Briggs. Now the wife, imagining Mr. Buzby safe in Kent, sets off, unluckily, to Richmond, for the purpose of promoting the marriage of her son, Natty Briggs, with Cecilia, a rich ward of Mr. Buzby. Now it so happens, that in the Richmond stage an interesting young lady (Julia) lately married, is desirous of getting possession of some love letters which she had written to a former flame, Captain Greville, and is going to Richmond to induce Major Aubrey, the uncle of Greville, to procure her the restoration of these letters. Julia throws herself under the protection of the sedate John Buzby, and on Mrs. Buzby's arrival at Richmond, to her astonishment, she meets her husband walking about with a fine woman. We need not say that the day of pleasure is spoiled with both of them; and poor Mr. Buzby, in his efforts to save Julia, gets involved with her husband, as well as with Capt. Greville and Major Aubrey. The comic incidents arising from these *contretemps* are numerous and irresistibly laughable, and are well set off by the characters of a loquacious Richmond inn-keeper, and his no less loquacious daughter, with a *gawkey* country waiter. The general *fracas* arising from all the mistakes and misunderstandings is cleared up by Major Aubrey; and poor Mr. Buzby, being extricated from his perplexities, is left to enjoy himself at Richmond, and without his wife. The piece is evidently written for Mr. Terry, who did ample justice to the author.

"*Peter Fin, or a New Road to Brighton*," represents a fishmonger, who retires from business upon a large

fortune being left to him and his daughter, on the simple condition of never sleeping under the same roof with a certain cousin Henry. Now honest Peter Fin had never seen the sea, and resolves to start for Brighton, with his old friend Mr. Morgan; but Mr. Morgan breaks his engagement, and sends, as a substitute, a friend, Mr. Harry Turleton. Now the prohibited cousin Henry, being in love with Peter Fin's daughter, induces Harry Turleton to drive honest Peter during the night in the environs of London, and, assuring him that he is on the road to Brighton, at length lodge him in the identical house of the said Henry, situated, lying, and being in Bedford-square, which they persuade honest Peter is the town of Brighton. Peter Fin, thus sleeping under the roof of the disinherited cousin, of course forfeits his title to the fortune which had been left him. Henry thus becomes possessed of the bequest, but restores all to harmony by marrying Peter Fin's daughter, which was the object of his contrivance.—The supposition of a fishmonger's living near Turnstile, Holborn, and being persuaded that Bedford-square is the town of Brighton, is too absurd for the broadest farce. They should have conveyed Peter Fin to Finsbury-square, or at least to a square more distant from his home than Bedford-square. Liston was so irresistibly comic as Peter Fin, that the farce could not fail of success. Goldsmith's excellent comedy of "*She Stoops to Conquer*," has been played with the combined talents of Mr. Charles Kemble, Mr. Jones, and Mr. Liston. Mrs. Chatterly played Miss Hardcastle with considerable success.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

This theatre opened on July 1, with the favourite piece of the "*Mil-ler's Maid*," and a new Operetta, entitled, "*Love Among the Roses, or the Master Key*." It is from the pen of Mr. Beazley, and was received with decided applause. The "*Mil-ler's Maid*" derives its merit from its affording scope for the excellent acting of Mr. Emery and Miss Kelly, both of whom, in the last scene, wrought as pathetic an effect upon the audience as we ever witnessed.

The conflict between love and honor, in the breast of a simple peasant, was finely painted by Mr. Emery; and Miss Kelly's triumph of duty over passion, in persuading Giles, her lover, to give her up to her father, and afterwards to his rival, George, was of the best acting our stage can boast.—Miss Clara Fisher, a child of an age at which scarcely any talent, and least of all the talent of discrimination, can be expected, has successively played, The Actress of

All Work.—Little Pickle, in the "*Spoiled Child*,"—and Munden's famous character of Crack, in the "*Turnpike Gate*."—Her humour, and her vivacity are beyond anything pleasing; and although in the "*Actress of All Work*" she was, of necessity, reduced to imitate many of the more adult actresses, she yet frequently displayed an astonishing acuteness of judgment and discrimination. In the "*Spoiled Child*" she is all that could be wished or expected; and, had she never attempted any other character, this alone would have acquired her a singular degree of celebrity. She sings the songs with considerable sweetness and taste, and her dancing would not disgrace a more practical *figurante*; while her action and deportment are extremely natural and unembarrassed. We believe that the intention of her engagement has been fully answered to the Proprietors, who have every reason to be satis-

fied with the well-filled pit and crowded half-price, which her appearance never fails to induce; while the comic talents of Wilkinson, who has not hitherto been seen to advantage here, the sweet singing of Miss Carew, and even the admirable, and, at present unequalled acting of Miss Kelly, make but indifferent returns to a far from affluent treasury.

A young lady, of the name of Southwell, has made her *début* in Maria, in the "*Spoiled Child*," and was favourably received to a degree that restored her to self-possession from the embarrassment of a first appearance. A new musical drama, called, "*All in the Dark, or the Banks of the Elbe*," has been produced and was rather favourably received. The merits, or rather the attractions of the piece, are of a nature which so exclusively depends upon the acting, that it would not be fair to the author to detail the plot, or to criticise its *denouement*.

PARLIAMENTARY REGISTER,

AND FOREIGN POLITICAL DIGEST.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

JUNE 21.—A petition was presented by the Earl of Carnarvon, from the farmers attending the market at Romford, complaining of the prejudicial effects of Mr. Peel's bill. —The Earl of Liverpool protested against the doctrine, that the distress of the agricultural interest was attributable to Mr. Peel's bill.—The Earl of Lauderdale concurred with Lord Liverpool.

JUNE 25.—The Earl of Liverpool moved the second reading of the Naval and Military Pensions' Bill; and described the operation of the bill, which was, to relieve the public from a considerable immediate expense, and to spread that expense over a period of forty-five years.—The Marquis of Lansdown exposed the inconsistency of the operation of the measure with the operation of the Sinking Fund.—The Earl of Lauderdale expressed a similar opi-

nion.—Lord King contended that, until the nine millions due to the Bank were paid, we had not a shilling of real Sinking Fund; and urged a further reduction of taxation. The bill was then read a second time.

JULY 2.—Earl Grey relinquished his notice of a motion, for an enquiry into the state of the country, not on the ground, that enough had been done in the way of reducing the public expenditure and taxation; but because he despaired of effecting any beneficial result.—After much discussion, and several divisions, the Marriage Act Amendment Bill was passed; the last division being, for the passing of the bill, 41; against it, 18; majority, 23.

JULY 5.—A debate took place on the motion for the commitment of the Corn Importation Bill.—Earl Bathurst dwelt on the importance of

the measure, as a protection against a glut of foreign corn, in the event of the ports being opened.—Lord Erskine opposed the bill; and moved to postpone the commitment for three months.—Lord Dacre thought it would be better to postpone it.—The Earl of Harrowby observed, that if their Lordships refused to legislate on this subject, until the removal of every possible objection, they might postpone their proceeding for a century.—The Earl of Carnarvon replied, that there was no period at which Parliament had proceeded to legislate under the disadvantage of such a total ignorance as at that moment.—On a division, the numbers were,—for Lord Erskine's amendment, 19; against it, 37; majority, 18.

JULY 10.—Earl Bathurst moved the third reading of the Corn Importation Bill.—The Earl of Lauderdale moved to postpone the third reading for three months.—On a division, there appeared for the amendment, 16; against it, 32; majority, 16.—The bill was then passed.

JULY 15.—The Marquis of Lansdown adverted to the seizure by officers acting under the Spanish Government, of a British ship, carrying on trade with South America; and asked whether, if his Majesty's Ministers had not yet come to the determination of formally recognizing the Independent Governments of South America, they had not, at least, adopted measures for the protection of our commerce with those States, in order that our merchants might not be liable to have their vessels seized under any orders from the Government of Old Spain?—The Earl of Liverpool replied, that with respect to the British ship which had been seized, a strong remonstrance had been sent to the Government of Spain, demanding a remuneration for all the loss which the owners had sustained by that illegal act. To this remonstrance there had not yet been time for receiving an answer. As to the question of the formal recognition of the *de facto* Independent States of South America, it involved a number of considerations. Such a measure must necessarily be preceded by a negotiation with the government of Spain.—The Marquis of Lansdown, feeling all the advantages which must result to this coun-

try from the formal recognition of the Independent Governments of South America, expressed his disappointment, that no such preliminary negotiation as that alluded to by the noble Earl, had been entered into.—The Earl of Liverpool intimated, that such a negotiation had been commenced.

JULY 16.—The Earl of Carnarvon took the opportunity of the motion for the third reading of the Small Notes Bill, to express his regret, that this seemed to be the only measure to be expected, during the present Session, for the relief of agricultural distress. He ridiculed the notion, that that distress was occasioned by superabundant produce, and attributed it partly to the pressure of taxation; but, principally, to the diminution of the circulating medium, occasioned by the bill of 1819.—The Earl of Liverpool maintained, that the distress of agriculture did not proceed from the measure alluded to by the noble Earl, but that it was attributable to a variety of causes, all growing out of the change occasioned by the cessation of the late war.

JULY 17.—Earl Grosvenor observed, that as this country had interfered with other powers with regard to the slave trade, he trusted there would be no hesitation, in interfering with regard to that most atrocious slavery into which the Greeks were forced by the Turks. The cruelties which had been committed by the latter were a disgrace to the age. Seventy or eighty Greeks, held as hostages at Scio, had been put to death in the most dreadful manner, and ten or twelve had been murdered at Constantinople. It was reported that the lives of those unfortunate individuals had been guaranteed by the English ambassador at Constantinople. If so, it unquestionably became the duty of our government to interfere; and, to ascertain the fact, he moved for copies or extracts of any dispatches from the British minister at Constantinople, respecting the hostages of Scio executed at Constantinople and at Scio.—The Earl of Liverpool opposed the motion, as entirely unprecedented. He admitted that the execution of the Sciot hostages was a most flagitious act; but he denied that we had any right

to interfere with the conduct of the Turkish government, whose subjects they were. With respect to the contest between the Turks and the Greeks, he could assure the House that the British government preserved the strictest neutrality on the subject.—Lord Holland denied that the motion was unprecedented. The noble earl had given no answer to the enquiry of his noble friend, whether or not the safety of the unfortunate persons, who had been massacred at Constantinople, had been guaranteed by any British authorities.—The Earl of Liverpool replied, that he had no hesitation in declaring that no such guarantee had ever been given. The motion was then negatived.

JULY 19.—The Earl of Liverpool moved the second reading of the Irish Insurrection Bill, expressing his regret that circumstances rendered a renewal of the measure necessary.—The Marquis of Lansdowne

strongly recommended the adoption of such a system, as, by healing the evils which Ireland endured, might render similar measures unnecessary.—Lord Ellenborough coincided in opinion with the noble Marquis.—The Earl of Limerick and Lord Redesdale defended the conduct of his Majesty's government.—The Earl of Darnley reprobated the disgraceful scene which had taken place in Dublin on the 12th.—The Earl of Liverpool assured the noble Earl, that the noble Marquis at the head of the Irish government had been exceedingly anxious to prevent the proceeding alluded to.—The Earl of Donoughmore and Lord Rawdon supported the bill on the ground of its necessity.—Lord Holland could not consent to grant such enormous and frightful powers, even to the noble Marquis at the head of the Irish government, in whom he had the greatest confidence.—The bill was then read a second time.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

JUNE 21.—Mr. Brougham pressed upon the House the expediency of reducing the over-grown influence of the crown. The honourable and learned gentleman described the vast extent of our establishments; the immense patronage which consequently fell into the hands of government; and the necessary effect upon the conduct of the House of Commons: and concluded by moving "That the influence of the Crown was unnecessary to the maintenance of its due prerogatives, destructive of the independence of Parliament, and inconsistent with the well government of the state."—The Marquis of Londonderry denied that the influence of the Crown was such as it was represented to be by the hon. and learned gentleman, and moved the order of the day.—On a division there appeared, for passing to the order of the day, 216—for the original motion, 101—majority, 115.

JUNE 25. — Mr. Abercrombie brought the conduct of the Lord Advocate, and of the other law officers of the Crown in Scotland, in regard to their interference with the public press, under the consideration of the House; and after particularizing the circumstances of that con-

duct, moved for the appointment of a Committee to enquire into it.—The Lord Advocate defended his proceedings and those of his learned friends in the transactions in question.—Mr. Peel maintained that the appointment of a committee on the mere assumptions of the hon. and learned mover would be inconsistent with justice.—Sir J. Mackintosh warmly supported the motion, and observed that the House were called upon that night to determine, whether they would frown down the infamous system of private calumny which had overwhelmed the country, or whether they would authorise, establish, and perhaps perpetuate it.—The Marquis of Londonderry denied that any ground had been laid for the proposed enquiry.—On a division there appeared, for the motion, 95—against it, 120—majority 25.

JUNE 26.—Mr. Creevey moved for the repeal of the Pension Bill, and proposed eight resolutions, descriptive of the various abuses that existed under the present system of granting pensions; and expressive of the opinion of the House, that the Ministerial Pension Bill ought to be repealed forthwith.—Mr. Banks considered that the present mode of

rewarding public servants was one of the least expensive that could be pursued, and moved the order of the day.—Mr. Bennett, as an instance of abuse, quoted the pension of 3000*l.* which had been granted to Lord Sidmouth, a man just as much calculated to fill a ministerial situation as one of the door-keepers of the House.—The Marquis of Londonderry said, he regarded with indignation the disgusting language, in which the hon. member for Shrewsbury had spoken of his noble friend.—The House divided, for passing to the order of the day, 143—for the motion, 42—majority, 101.

JUNE 27.—Mr. Wilberforce moved an address to his Majesty, conjuring him to renew his remonstrances to foreign courts on the subject of the slave trade. The hon. gentleman stated that, although the Cortes of Spain had, most creditably to themselves, passed a law inflicting a severe penalty on any one who should be found dealing in slaves, yet that the trade was still carried on by the Portuguese; and, which was still worse, by the French to an enormous extent.—The Marquis of Londonderry did not oppose the motion, which was agreed to.

JUNE 28.—In answer to a question from Mr. W. Smith, the Marquis of Londonderry said, that Government were not in possession of the details respecting the ten or twelve hostages of Scio, who had been executed at Constantinople. Great barbarities had been committed by both parties; although he did not mean to say that that fact justified the recent event at Constantinople.—Sir J. Mackintosh asked, if any dispatches had been received from our ambassador to the Ottoman court, on the subject of the persons recently murdered by the barbarous tyrants of Constantinople.—The Marquis of Londonderry replied, that none of the persons lately executed at Constantinople, stood in such a relation to the British Government as to justify our interference on the principle of protection; although our ambassador had certainly interfered on the principle of humanity.—On the report of the resolution for diminishing the amount of the salt duties being brought up, Mr. Curwen moved as an amendment, that the duties, payable on British

salt in Great Britain and Ireland, should cease and determine." A division took place—for the amendment, 92—against it, 104—majority, 12.

JULY 1.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer brought forward the budget, and observed that the revenue was rapidly improving, and that the public credit was in the most satisfactory state.—Mr. Maberley exposed the inconsistencies of his Majesty's Government with respect to the Sinking Fund, and strongly recommended a further reduction of our expenditure.—Mr. Ricardo contended, that the real efficient Sinking Fund amounted only to 1,400,000*l.*—Mr. Hume declared that the statements of the Chancellor of the Exchequer were entirely visionary. The resolutions were agreed to.—Mr. Secretary Peel then moved the commitment of the Alien Bill, which was opposed by Mr. Hobhouse, as involving principles that must lead to an infringement of the liberty of the state. On a division there appeared, for the Speaker's leaving the chair, 142—against it, 60—majority 82.

JULY 2.—Mr. Hobhouse moved three resolutions, the last of which went to declare the expediency of taking off the tax on houses and windows.—The Chancellor of the Exchequer gave the motion his decided opposition. The House divided.—For the motion, 59—against it, 146—majority, 87.

JULY 5.—Sir J. Mackintosh asked his Majesty's Ministers, if they had received an authentic copy of the Ukase of the Emperor of Russia, claiming as Russian dominions the N. E. coast of Asia, and the N. W. coast of America, being an extent of coast, of five thousand miles?—The Marquis of Londonderry replied, that a copy of the Ukase had been received, and that his Majesty's Government had addressed a note to the Russian ambassador, stating that they would not accede to the principle of the Ukase, but offering to enter into a friendly explanation on the subject.

JULY 8.—Mr. Goulburn moved, that the house should resolve itself into a Committee on the Irish Insurrection Bill.—Sir R. Wilson opposed the motion, adverted to several acts of extreme oppression, which

had taken place in Ireland; pointed out a number of grievances of which the Irish had to complain, especially the system of tithes; and concluded by moving an instruction to the Committee to investigate the causes of the present distress of that country, with a view to its removal without the adoption of any unconstitutional measure. This proposition was negatived, the numbers being 17 in its favour; 135 against it; majority 118.

JULY 9.—Mr. Courtenay called the attention of the House to two publications, which he had no doubt they would consider breaches of their privileges. The one was a letter to J. Abercromby, M.P. by John Hope, Esq. commenting in very strong terms on the speech which that hon. gentleman had recently made in that House, with respect to the conduct of several individuals in Scotland; the other was a correspondence between Mr. Abercromby and Mr. Menzies, on the same subject, which had been published in the *Courier*. Having read the offensive paragraphs in these publications, he moved, that they were breaches of the privileges of the House. The motion was agreed to; Mr. Hope, and Mr. Menzies, were ordered to attend at the bar of the House on the 17th, and Mr. Abercromby was ordered to attend forthwith.

JULY 10.—Mr. Nolan obtained leave to bring in a bill to amend the laws respecting the poor. The hon. and learned gentleman stated that the principal object which he had in view, was to bring back the system of the poor laws to the intention of the statute of Elizabeth.—Mr. Western again called the attention of the House to the evils, which had resulted from Mr. Peel's bill, and moved eighteen resolutions, embodying his opinions on the subject.—Mr. Richards contended, in opposition to the hon. member for Essex, that the bill of 1797 had been the cause of the evils which the country had endured, and that the bill of 1819, was the remedy.—Lord Milton was of opinion, that the only advisable measure was the reduction of taxation to a large amount. The resolutions were negatived without a division.

JULY 12.—Mr. Abercromby appearing in his place, Mr. Courtenay moved, that he should be enjoined not to prosecute any quarrel against any person or persons, arising out of the publications which the House had pronounced breaches of privilege. The motion having been agreed to, the Speaker accordingly so enjoined Mr. Abercromby.

JULY 15.—Sir J. Mackintosh presented a petition from certain inhabitants of Lees, Ashton-under-Line, in Lancashire, expressing their horror at the murder of their Christian brethren, the Greeks, by those inhuman barbarians the Turks, and praying for the interference of the House. The hon. and learned gentleman observed, that for himself he could not help entertaining a wish, that the powers of Europe would make a simultaneous effort in favour of that brave and persecuted people.—Mr. Hutchinson, and Mr. Wilberforce declared their strong sympathy in the cause of the unfortunate Greeks. The Marquis of Londonderry said, that Ministers had done their utmost to recommend pacific and conciliatory measures to the Turkish government; at the same time he regretted to observe, that there were as many acts of ferocity and cruelty perpetrated on the one side, as on the other.—Sir R. Wilson urged the repeal of the foreign enlistment bill, to enable the Greeks to receive assistance from the subjects of this country.—Lord A. Hamilton contended, that the conduct of England towards the Greeks, was not creditable to her as a nation.—On the motion for going into a Committee of supply, Mr. Hume called the attention of the House to the large sums levied by the Consul General of the Brazils, and his Vice Consuls, very much to the detriment of trade. The Marquis of Londonderry admitted that the facts were strong; but thought that the hon. gentleman's statement must be exaggerated.

JULY 17.—Mr. Brougham presented a petition from Mr. John Lawless, of Belfast, complaining of the outrages consequent on the orange processions, which had been permitted in Ireland on the 12th inst. Mr. Spring Rice, Sir J.

Mackintosh, Mr. Hutchison, and Mr. Brougham warmly condemned such processions.—Mr. Goulburn, and Sir G. Hill, concurred in reprobating the practice, but declared that great provocation had been given by the other party.—In pursuance of the order of the House, Mr. Hope appeared at the bar, and, in an address to the House, justified his conduct; at the same time expressing his regret that the course, which he had felt it imperative upon him to pursue in vindication of his honour and character, had led to an act which was an apparent violation of the privileges of the House. After some discussion, Mr. Hope was recalled to the bar, and told by the Speaker that, as he had expressed his regret at what had occurred, the House, under all the circumstances of the case, had determined not to proceed any further. Mr. Menzies then appeared, explained his conduct, and was also discharged from further attendance.—Sir J. Mack-

intosh asked his Majesty's Ministers, whether any representation had been made to Spain, which related to the recognition of the independence of South America by Great Britain? The Marquis of Londonderry replied, that unless he were to give a detailed answer, which could be done only on a specific motion, what he said on the subject would be liable to misrepresentation.

JULY 18.—A considerable discussion took place on the motion by Mr. Wilmot, for the House to go into a Committee on the Canada trade bill. On a division, the numbers were, for the motion, 48; against it, 14; majority, 34. The bill then passed through the Committee.

JULY 19.—The motion for the third reading of the Alien bill produced a long debate. On a division, there appeared in favour of the third reading, 75; against it, 32; majority, 43.

COLONIAL.

The disputes between the Chinese and the East India Company's ships have been amicably settled. Letters from Madras, dated the 7th March, convey the pleasing information that the whole of the British possessions in India, were in a state of tranquillity, and restored health. The Cholera Morbus appeared to have ceased its destructive influence on the shores of the Persian Gulph, where peace also prevailed; the strong holds of the Wahabee pirates having been destroyed.

A proclamation has been issued at

the Cape of Good Hope, by which foreign vessels are admitted to bond there their produce and manufactures under certain restrictions. This measure it is expected will render the Colony, at some future period, a place of general depot between India and the continents of Europe and America. We regret to learn that the new settlers are going on very indifferently.

Accounts from Bermuda state that the governor, Sir W. Lumley, has been recalled, and is on his way to England.

FOREIGN.

An attempt has been made at Madrid to effect a counter-revolution, and to restore the ancient despotic form of government. It appears, that in consequence of some imprudent conduct, or insolent expressions of a party of the Guards, on the evening of the 29th of June, there was much disturbance in the streets on the next morning, when the King went to the Hall of the Legislative Assembly to close the Session of the Cortes. Blows were exchanged between some of the

guards and the citizens; and, in endeavouring to check the violence of the former, the life of one of their officers was sacrificed to the fury of military insubordination, in the palace, and nearly under the eye of the King. An order was immediately issued to bring the assassins to justice; but the public ferment did not subside. The militia was called out, the garrison remained under arms, and every precaution was adopted by the civil authorities to prevent disorder, and to restore

confidence. But on the evening of the 2d of July, four battalions of the guards, amounting to between one thousand five hundred and two thousand men, evinced symptoms of insubordination; and after displaying much disorder and tumult, raised the standard of revolt. Finding that there was no expectation of support from any of the civil party, they retired to the Pardo, an old palace on the other side of the Manzanares. Pressed, however, by the want of provisions, they formed the project of attacking the city on the morning of the 7th, at an early hour, conceiving, that the militia and armed inhabitants, who had been on duty for several days and nights successively, might easily be overcome. With this view, they left their position in the night, and at daylight entered the avenues leading to the Square of the Constitution; where they found four companies of militia, and a detachment of cavalry, supported by two pieces of artillery. The guards, shouting "Long live the absolute King," immediately commenced a brisk fire. When they reached the line occupied by the militia, two grenadier companies of the latter, and a company of chasseurs, attacked them, and considerable loss was experienced on both sides. At six in the morning, General Morillo ordered a piece of artillery to be placed in the main street, to prevent the escape of the guards in that direction. The mutineers then retreated, in two bodies, towards the palace, to join two battalions of their comrades, which still remained there under the pretext of guarding the person of the King. On their way, they were repeatedly charged by the regiment of the Prince, crying out, "Long live Liberty." The King's stables, where the guards had collected and posted themselves, were next attacked by General Morillo, at the head of the militia and forced with fixed bayonets. Repulsed on all sides, the mutineers offered to enter into negotiations; and, after several partial actions, on the 8th they surrendered,

and the Bishop of Madrid performed a solemn mass, in honour of the triumph gained, in presence of the militia. It is said, that all the King's ministers have since resigned, and positively refused his Majesty's solicitation to resume their functions. This, however, is mere rumour.

The contest between the Greeks and the Turks continues to be vigorously maintained on both sides.—A most atrocious act of barbarity has been committed by the Turkish Government, in the execution of ninety-five Greek merchants, eighty-five at Scio, and ten at Constantinople, who had been detained above twelve months as hostages for the good behaviour of their brethren in the Isle of Scio. The Samiotes, having invaded the Island of Scio, compelled some of the inhabitants to join them; in consequence of which, the Turks massacred, or carried into slavery, the whole of the unfortunate islanders; and then sacrificed their generous and unoffending securities!

A Russian document, bearing the stamp of authority, has been published in some of the continental journals. It declares, first, that the cause of the Greeks, being one of rebellion and insubordination, can never be espoused by the Emperor Alexander, without a departure from the principles to which he pledged himself at the Congress of Vienna; and, secondly, that peace being no less the interest than the wish of his Imperial Majesty, he has accepted the mediation of friendly powers, for the adjustment of the differences subsisting between the Russian and Ottoman governments.

News has been received at Lisbon, from Rio Janeiro, and Pernambuco, announcing the independent feeling of the people, and adding that although no actual declaration of independence had been made, yet that virtually the Brazils were no longer under the controul of the mother country. At Lisbon, the King seems to leave the direction of public affairs entirely at the disposal of the Cortes.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

POLAND.

New Publications.—The youth of Sweden, having no powerful motive or real interest to engage them in the military service, since the re-establishment of peace, have devoted themselves chiefly to the study of the Arts and Sciences. The severity of censure, which characterizes the political Journals of Warsaw, has led to the extinction of the greater part of them; but periodical, literary, and scientific works are very numerous. Even the military do not disdain the courtship of the Muses. M. Niemcewicz, one of the most distinguished among them, is preparing a *Philosophic Grammar*. The name of the illustrious author is associated with every species of glory, which has tended to raise the character and national splendor of Poland within the last fifty years; and he still continues his watchful care of the welfare of his country. He has published *Memoirs to serve as documents for the History of Poland*. A German Polish Dictionary, which an inhabitant of Dantzic has been compiling during the last thirty years, is also being printed at Warsaw; also a curious work, called, the *Sportman's Dictionary*. The greater part of new works are printed at Glugsberg, where they are brought out in the first style of excellence. It is to be regretted, that the booksellers are restricted in their intercourse with foreign nations. In general, the sale of books, particularly foreign and political works, is subject to many obstacles; and the want of a general trade, which raises the price very considerably, is another inconvenience which retards the circulation of knowledge, and the progress of instruction.

GERMANY.

Mechanics—The Government of Baden has offered a prize of from fifty to one hundred ducats, out of the Treasury, to any person who will invent a machine proper to scour the sands of the Rhine, which contain particles of gold; by means of which one individual may collect, in one day, as much gold as two or three workmen can in the ordinary way. The new machine is to be constructed in such a manner, that a workman may handle it as readily as the one now in use. The expense of it must not exceed, twice or thrice that of the old machine. The

different models must be publicly exhibited, so that the common workmen may scour the sand with both instruments, and verify the results.

ITALY.

Archeology—A complete edition of the works of Visconti is being printed at Milan, without note or comment; the editors wishing to give them to the world in all their original purity. The last volume will contain an examination of such of the opinions of Visconti, as have become the subject of criticism. Two German writers, M. M. Kohler and Boettiger, have published a memoir, in which they manifest prejudices not calculated to place the present edition in a favorable point of view. They maintain, that the errors of the celebrated antiquary ought to be expunged, but they do not seem to take into consideration, that these errors were, in a manner, unavoidable, in a work of such vast extent and that, notwithstanding these errors, Visconti may still pass for the most learned antiquary in Europe.

Fine Arts—The group of Mars and Venus has been exhibited at the house of Canova, at Rome. The group was executed for his present Majesty, the King of England. It is easy to perceive the difficulty of such a work, and the immense distance between its first conception, and perfect execution. It would seem, that the artist was desirous of uniting, at once, the severe and tender, or graceful style with each other. The contrast has produced a most delightful effect, and gives a character of originality to this new production of the Italian sculptor. The attitude of Venus, her tender and moving aspect, seems to indicate, that she wishes to prevail on Mars to desist from the military exploits which he meditates. The connoisseurs regard the present production as one of the most distinguished which the artist has ever produced, whether we consider the merit of the composition, the beauty of forms, or the dignity of expression.

Chemistry.—M. Pepe, Professor of Chemistry at Naples, has discovered a means of preserving all sorts of metals, as iron, pewter, bronze, &c. from the effects of air and water, by covering them with a metallic plaster, which can only be removed by the file, and which, after polishing, becomes as white

and brilliant as silver. He has published a treatise on this important discovery.

A new Journal has lately appeared in Bologna, entitled, *Nuova Dottrina Medica Italiana*. The new Italian practice of physic. The object of the editors is to explain the origin, progress, and actual state of the doctrine of *Contra Stimulus*. They have commenced with extracts from the works of M. Thomasini, and other eminent physicians; but particularly from those of M. Rasoni, who is regarded as the founder of this new doctrine. The first part of the journal is composed of these extracts; and, under the head of *varieties*, are given clinical observations, and polemical discussions. Italy possesses some other journals connected either directly or indirectly with the diffusion of medical science; but this is the only one which aims at tracing the progress of Italian medicine, and at presenting the public with a complete treatise on the art.

Count Litta has lately published, at Milan, a new chart of the Southern States of the Church. It is divided into four topographical numbers, accompanied by two numbers of explanation. The author has examined, and corrected all the general and particular maps which were already published; and, profiting by every thing he found in them worth notice, he has given one which is esteemed greatly superior to all the rest. He has pointed out whatever is most remarkable in the different parts, relative to their learning, history, chronology, natural history, and population. His observations are just, and presented with great correctness of expression. What interests most, perhaps, is a table of mensuration, arranged in a clear and perspicuous manner, and reduced to measure. He has also laboured to ascertain the ancient Roman mile more correctly than any of his predecessors have done. According to his calculations, it consists of 1171, 23, or 1469, 84 fathoms.

PORTUGAL.

A *Society for the Encouragement of National Industry* was instituted at Lisbon, the 27th of last April. Its principal object is to collect, and publish all the discoveries useful to agriculture, the arts, and to foreign and domestic commerce. It will distribute prizes yearly to such scholars, artists, mechanics, &c. as shall answer most satisfactorily to the questions proposed by the Society. It intends to form an establishment, to be entitled the *Con-*

servatory of the Arts, in which will be deposited the machines, models, and plans of artists, in order to excite emulation, extend knowledge, and encourage talent. The minister of war is at this moment president of this Society, and has been chiefly instrumental in its formation.

FRANCE.

Oriental Encyclopedia. The commencement of this work has been published at Marseilles, in a quarto form, and printed in two columns. It is principally intended to serve as a development, errata, and continuation of the work of Herbelot.

M. Huyot, architect, who has distinguished himself by his "Restoration of Ancient Rome," is returned to Paris; after having, during five years, visited and explored Greece, Asia-Minor, upper and lower Egypt and Nubia. He has brought back a great quantity of valuable plans and drawings of these countries, which it is expected he will publish with an account of his travels.

It has been ascertained, with certainty, that the *Zodiack of Denderah* has been purchased by Louis XVIII. out of his own privy purse. It is said, the Zodiack will be placed in the ceiling of the Louvre, but it will be extremely necessary in attending to the execution of this project, that the public and the curious may not be deprived of inspecting it with ease, and of the means of studying it. It is also necessary to make the hollow in which it will be placed strong and solid, so that it may be conveniently handled.

SWITZERLAND.

The ecclesiastical counsel of the Canton of Berne has been directed to organize an *Institution for the Education of deaf and dumb Children*, born in the country. The future director of this interesting establishment will be first sent to foreign countries to study, at the national expense, the particular methods of instruction which are adopted in educating the deaf and dumb. Independent of the ordinary instruction adopted in other schools, he will have to give his pupils the elementary instructions of manual labour, either of agriculture or of mechanical art. Children under the age of seven are not admitted without a salary, which is to be determined by the ecclesiastical counsel, and independent of the fixed salary allowed to the director.

Lithography.—M. Charles Girardet of Neuchatel, having submitted to the *Society of Artists* of Zurich, and to the *Society for the promotion of the Arts* at Geneva, his beautiful lithographic

painting of the *Transfiguration of Raphael*, these two societies have expressed this most favourable judgment; "that it unites," according to the expression of the secretary of the *Society of Artists*, "the energy of engraving in relief to the sweetness of dotting."

GREECE.

Though the provisional seat of government is fixed at Corinth, it has been resolved, that Athens is to be the capital of all Greece. The national arms is supported by a Minerva, with the attributes of wisdom. The colours are a light blue and white, united by a cross. The orthodox religion is proclaimed the religion of the state all other religions, however, are tolerated and protected. To be a citizen, it is necessary to be a Grecian by birth, and of some Christian communion. A foreigner may become a citizen by an act of naturalization, provided he profess some Christian ritual. The legislation will be provisionally founded on the laws of the ancient emperors of France, but the present commercial and military codes of France are proclaimed to be the national laws. The colours of the King of France will form a part of the arms of the Greek union. These resolutions have been adopted, according to the terms made use of in the act of the Congress, as a testimony of grateful remembrance of the protection, which the Consul of France extended to all the Greeks at Patras, in 1821, and have been signed by the president Maurocordato, the vice-president Mantonichali, and the secretary Theodore Negri. A resolution has

been entered into to establish immediately, at Athens, schools, museums, and libraries; so that the blessings of learning and liberty will soon be extended over this ancient country of arts and civilization.

A Journal, called the *Grecian Trumpet*, which was originally published at Calamata, is now being published at Corinth.

A Collection of the Acts of the Senate of Peloponnesus.—A collection of all the patriotic proclamations and acts of this Senate, which have appeared from the commencement of the heroic struggle of the Greeks against their oppressors, has been translated from the original modern Greek into French, by M. Mustoxydi, a learned Greek of the city of Corfu. It is said that this translation, which has been transmitted to Paris, will be shortly published.

Population.—The Peninsula contains about two millions of souls; the Morea and Negropont, one million; the Islands, one million. Making a total of four millions. Of these the Greeks may be computed at not less than three millions, the rest being composed of Turks, Mussulmen, Albanians, Jews, and the mixed descendants of Romans, Venetians, Neapolitans, and other Europeans, known generally by the name of Franks.—The population of the Seven Ionian Islands, now under British rule, has been estimated at 200,000, the majority of them Greeks. Of these Corfu may contain from 60 to 70,000, Cephalonia, 60,000, Zante, 40,000, Santa Maura, 18,000, Ithaca and Cefigo, each 8,000; and Paxos, 3 or 4,000.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Mr. Edward Blaquiere is engaged in a work on the revolution of Spain, which will form a sequel to his work upon Sicily, now preparing for publication at Paris. This work will contain a compendium of the history of Spain, to the invasion of Buonaparte; an account of what has passed from the return of Ferdinand, to the re-establishment of the Constitution; and an examination of what has been effected by the Cortes in 1820, with different anecdotes and biographical notices of the most distinguished characters in the peninsula.

The remains of the late Alexander Leith Ross, A. M. of Aberdeen, with a memoir of his Life, is nearly ready for publication. This volume will contain the Literary Remains of a young man, distinguished for talents, piety, and

extensive attainments in general knowledge, especially in oriental literature.

Mr. Pontey's Practical Treatise on Rural Ornament, which deduces the science from well known fixed principles, will certainly appear in the course of the present month.

The *Odyssey* of Homer, translated into English Prose, as literally as the different idioms of the Greek and English languages will allow, will soon be published with explanatory notes; by a member of the University of Oxford, in two Volumes, 8vo.

Mr. Hogg has in the press a new edition, with considerable improvements, of his "Concise Treatise on the Growth and Culture of the Carnation, Pink, Auricula, Polyanthus, Ranunculus, Tulip, and other flowers:" in 1 Vol. 12mo.

Captain Manby, author of "The means of saving persons from Shipwreck," has nearly ready for publication, a Journal of a Voyage to Greenland, in the year 1821, with graphic illustrations, in one Volume, 4to.

IN THE PRESS.

The Heir of Kenningmuir, a Tale, in 3 vols. by Thomas Angus Lyle.

An Abridgement of Blackstone's Commentaries on the Laws of England, in a Series of Letters from a Father to his Daughter, chiefly intended for the Use and Advancement of Female Education, by a Barrister at Law, F.R. F.A. F.L.S.

Osmond; a Tale, by the Author of "The Favourite of Nature," in 3 vols. 12mo.

The School for Mothers; or the Politics of a Village, a Novel, will shortly appear in 3 vols. 12mo.

The French Primer, containing a copious vocabulary of familiar words, illustrated by 250 Engravings, with interesting dialogues, arranged in the most pleasing form, by Madame Döüin, 1s. sewed, and 1s. 6d. bds.

The Second French Book, containing short Phrases, and easy Reading Lessons, illustrated by 100 Engravings, 1s. 6d.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

BOTANY.

The Scottish Cryptogamic Flora; or, Coloured Figures and Descriptions of Cryptogamic Plants, growing in Scotland, and belonging chiefly to the Order Fungi. By R. K. Greville, F.R.S.E. M.W.S. &c. Royal 8vo. No. I. 4s.

DIVINITY.

The Laws relating to the Clergy; being a Practical Guide to the Clerical Profession in the Legal and Canonical Discharge of their various Duties, and forming a body of Ecclesiastical Law; with Instructions to Candidates for Holy Orders, &c. &c.—Also, a Comprehensive Digest of the Laws of Tithes. By the Rev. David Williams, M.A. late of Christ Church, Oxford. 16s. boards.

The Influence of Protestant Missionary Establishments, in developing the Physical and Moral Condition of Man, &c. briefly delineated. Illustrated with a large coloured Map, exhibiting the Progress of Christianity, and the Professed Religions of Mankind in every Part of the World. By Thomas Myers, A.M. of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. 3s.

Sermons on Subjects, Doctrinal and Practical. By the Rev. H. G. White, A.M. Preacher at the Asylum for Female Orphans, 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.

Baptism Discussed, containing Scripture Principles, Precepts, and Precedents, in favour of the Baptism of Infants and little Children, and Thousands of Examples in Proof, that neither John the Baptist, nor Jesus Christ, nor the Holy Apostles, ever required of a Candidate as a qualification for the Ordinance, either a Knowledge of the Theory of Religion, or Repentance, or Faith, or Holiness; with a Defence of Sprinkling as the Word. By Daniel Isaac, 12mo. bds. 4s. 6d.

Eur. Mag. Vol. 82.

Observations on the Metrical Version of the Psalms, made by Sternhold, Hopkins, and others: with a View to illustrate the Authority with which this Collection was at first admitted, and how that authority has been since regarded, in the public Service of the Established Church of England; and thence to maintain, in this venerable Service, the Usage of such metrical Psalmody only as is duly authorized, &c. By the Rev. Henry John Todd, M.A. F.S.A. Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty, 8vo. 4s.

Three Sermons on St. Paul's Doctrine, 1. of Justification by Faith: 2. Original Sin: 3. Predestination: with Notes.—Also, a Synopsis of the Argument of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. By the Rev. Thomas Young, A.M. Rector of Gilling. Second Edition, enlarged, 8vo. 9s.

The Collects prefixed to the Epistles and Gospels, in the Liturgy of the United Church of England and Ireland, catechetically explained. By the Rev. John Radcliffe, M.A. Rector of St. Anne, Limehouse, Middlesex; Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells, 12mo. 5s.

EDUCATION.

Soutter's Schoolmasters' General Catalogue, containing upwards of Five Thousand School Books, in all Languages. 1s.

The Mother's French Catechism for her Children; containing those things most necessary to be known at an Early Age; illustrated by one hundred Engravings; being a French Edition of Dr. Clark's English Mother's Catechism. By Mad. Döüin, 1s. sewed, and 1s. 6d. bound.

The English Primer; or, Child's First Book to the Elements of Spelling and Reading. By the Rev. T. Clark.

Illustrated by upwards of Two Hundred Wood Engravings, 6d. sewed, or 10d. bound.

The English Mother's Catechism for her Children, containing those things most necessary to be known at an Early Age. Illustrated by One Hundred Engravings. By the Rev. T. Clark. Coloured, 2s. 6d. bound.

Souter's Semi Annual Catalogue, No. 4, containing a List of the New School Books published since Christmas last.

FINE ARTS.

Portraits of the British Poets, Part 15, containing six Portraits, four of which have never before been engraved. On Royal 8vo. paper, 14s.; Proofs, on India paper, Super-Royal, 4to. 28s.

GEOGRAPHY.

Remarks touching Geography, especially that of the British Isles, with two illustrated Charts, by Mela Britannicus, 1 vol. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

GEOLOGY.

An Introduction to the Study of Fossil Organic Remains, especially of those found in the British Strata. Illustrated with Plates. By James Parkinson, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c. 12s.

HORTICULTURE.

An Encyclopædia of Gardening; comprising the Theory and Practice of Horticulture, Floriculture, and Landscape Gardening, including all the latest Improvements; a General History of Gardening in all Countries; and a Statistical View of its present State, with Suggestions for its future Progress in the British Isles, with Six Hundred Wood Engravings. By J. C. Loudon, F.L.S.H.S. &c. 1 vol. 8vo. 2l. 10s.

Hortus Anglicus; or, the Modern English Garden: containing a familiar Description of all the Plants which are cultivated in the Climate of Great Britain, either for use or ornament, and of a Selection from the established Favourites of the Stove and Green-house; arranged according to the System of Linnæus. By the Author of "The British Botanist," 2 vols. 12mo. 16s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A new edition of Patterson's Roads entirely reconstructed from new surveys and original communications.

A Gazetteer of the most remarkable places in the World, with brief Notices of the principal Historical Events, and of the most celebrated persons,

connected with them: to which are annexed References to Books of History, Voyages, Travels, &c. By Thomas Bourn, Teacher of Writing and Geography, Third Edition, enlarged and corrected to the present time, 8vo. 18s. boards.

A View of the present state of the Scilly Islands. Exhibiting their vast importance to Great Britain;—the improvements of which they are susceptible; and a detail of the measures recently adopted for relieving the Distress of the Islanders, by the Establishment and Extension of their Fisheries. Embellished with an accurate chart. By the Rev. George Woodley, 1 vol. 8vo. 12s. boards.

The New Ready Reckoner, on a Novel system of reduction. By William Wright

Elements of Chess; or a New Method of Instruction in that celebrated Game, founded on Scientific Principles containing numerous Rules, Remarks, and Examples. By W. Lewis, Teacher of Chess, 12mo. 7s.

I. F. Setchel, of King-street, Covent-garden, has just published a Catalogue of 5,500 Pamphlets lately purchased from the Country.

NOVEL.

Vagras; a Tale of Spain, 3 vols. 12mo 18s.

POETRY.

Theatrical Portraits, with other Poems, by Harry Stoe Van Dyk. Foolscap, 8vo. 6s.

Recreative Hours. By G. E. Linley, Esq. Foolscap, 8vo. 5s.

The Apotheosis of Pitt, or the crowning of the statue, a Masque. By Thomas Harrol, 12mo.

TOPOGRAPHY.

Enquiry concerning the Site of Ancient Palibothra, Part IV. containing a Tour from Bhaugulpoor to Maudar, from thence to Curruckpoor and a Circuit of the Hills, with an Account of the Site of the Ancient City of Jey Nuggur, and some remarks on the Jeyne Worship; made during the months of December and January, 1819-19—with a Map of the Route, Views, &c. By W. Francklin, Lieutenant Colonel in the service of the Hon. East India Company, 4to. boards, 15s.

ZOOLOGY.

Zoological Researches in the Island of Java, &c. &c.; with Figures of Native Quadrupeds and Birds, No. IV. By Thomas Horsfield, M.D. F.L.S. Royal 4to. 21s.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE autumnal wheats, with the usual local exceptions, will be a great crop, perhaps considerably beyond an average, and the harvest is as early as in the most favourable years. Some complaints still continue of the roughness and intractable state of the clays and heavy land fallows, which had no winter frost to mellow and render them friable. The consequence will be, not only a bad tilth, but superabundant crop of couch grass for future seasons. On good and moist soils the potatoes look blooming and luxuriant; on those of an arid description, the crop will be greatly defective: they are, however, cheaper now in some parts of England than ever before known. Sheep shearing has been universally early, and most successful. The wool, having had no impediment to its growth from the rigours of winter, and the sheep having been well kept, their fleece was early ripe, weighs

well, and is full of condition. Notwithstanding the want of rain, the crops of grass, natural and artificial, with some failures, were never earlier or heavier, nor the hay better preserved, or of a more nutritious quality, being full of seed. Hops, with all the usual defects of an uncertain season, are likely to prove a heavier crop than may be agreeable to some considerable holders. Many farmers, who continue the old practice of *broad casting* beans, will find the present season a corrective one. Soiling cattle and horses has been very successful. The advance on lean stock has continued, whilst the depression of price in meat and corn has been regularly progressive, foreboding a still farther and, perhaps, considerable decline. Milch cows are cheaper;—pigs and pork below every thing else in price.—The harvest is become general throughout the kingdom.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, July 23.)

COTTON.—The Cotton Market this forenoon is particularly heavy, notwithstanding the favourable accounts received from Liverpool and Glasgow. The improvement in the demand and in the prices at Liverpool has little effect on this market; and during the last week, India descriptions were offered at a small reduction without facilitating sales. The purchases since our last are entirely confined to parcels for export.

COFFEE.—The demand for Coffee during the last week was brisk and very extensive; 1537 casks, and 836 bags were brought forward, and notwithstanding the sales being continued till an unusual late hour, yet the biddings were animated, and higher prices were generally obtained at the close of the sales than at the commencement; the market was rather higher.

SUGAR.—The demand for Muscovades continued general and rather extensive till Thursday, when a public sale of 126 hhds. 13 tierces Barbadoes Sugar sold heavily at a reduction of 2s. per cwt and checked the market; the business done afterwards was inconsiderable, and the market last week closed heavily.

There was a plentiful supply of new Sugars on show this morning, and a great proportion of good quality, the consequence has been a full attendance

of buyers, and contrary to the general expectation (from the heaviness of the market last week), there have been rather extensive purchases, and at prices a shade higher; the Refiners have appeared at market, and have to-day purchased rather freely. The estimated sales to-day, 1200 hhds.

The supply of Refined Goods is very limited, and, from the trade lately doing little business, it is believed the quantity for some weeks to come will be quite inconsiderable; the demand is, however, on a very confined scale, and some low lumps sold last week at the reduced price of 74s. 6d. and 74s. In patent goods there is little variation.—Molasses were last week 26s.; to-day, 27s. 6d.

CORN.—The Corn market will be governed entirely by the state of the weather for some weeks to come. Since our last it has been alternately rain and sunshine, and very favourable for the harvest. There were more enquiries made after fine fresh thrashed Barley at rather higher prices. Stained samples dull and lower. Oats exceedingly heavy, at a small reduction.—Beans in extensive supply, and 1s. lower.—In Boiling Peas, no alteration; grey at a decline of 1s. per quarter. Rapeseed was heavy, and 2l. per last lower.

HEMP, FLAX, and TALLOW.—The prices of yellow candle Tallow declined

considerably during last week; since then, the market has advanced 1s a 1s. 6d.; the nearest price to-day is 35s. The trade are entirely out of stock.—In Hemp or Flax there is little alteration.

INDIGO.—Since the sale at the India House the market looks firm, and in some instances a small premium on the sale price has been obtained.

SPICES.—Pimento has rather given way; considerable parcels of middling sold at 8½d. and 8½d.; good, 8½d. a 9d.

TOBACCO.—There has been so little business done lately in Tobacco, that the quotations must be considered entirely nominal.

RUM, BRANDY, & HOLLANDS.—The holders of Rum continue sanguine, in the expectation of higher prices, and an advance of about 1d. per gallon must be stated since Tuesday last—Brandies are still heavy; the prices are, however, still varied.—Geneva continues neglected.

IRISH PROVISIONS, &c.—There is little variation in Beef or Pork.—Bacon is heavy and lower, prime 34s.—The late rains have an unfavourable effect on Butters; the prices are 2s. a 4s lower.

SILK.—The quotations of Silk are nominal, on account of the sale at the India House.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF TRADE.

The *Secretary* to the SOCIETY of GUARDIANS for the PROTECTION of TRADE by Circulars has informed the Members thereof, that

JOHN COURT is one of the firm of FRYER and Co. No. 1, Warwick-lane, Newgate-street, lately mentioned;—and that bills dated "DUBLIN," have been lately in negotiation, appearing to be drawn by

E. and J. CANTWELL, some on

THOMAS GRAY, merchant, 3, Bridge-water-square, others on

WILLIAM ROBINSON and Co. 4, Staining-lane, at both which places

RICHARD COSTER has been frequently mentioned as resident.

The Secretary has also informed the members, that

BOOKER and FRANCIS, ship agents, 76, Cornhill, one of whom calls himself CAPTAIN FRANCIS, and lives at 6, Roseberry-place, Dalston, are reported to this Society as improper to be proposed to be balloted for as members thereof; and that

WALWYN and Co. printers and publishers, 68, Wood-street, Chancery-lane, give orders for goods, and refer for character to

RICHARD COSTER, 3, Bridgewater-square, so often mentioned.

LIST OF PATENTS

To H. S. H. Wollaston, of Clapton, Middlesex, merchant; for a bolt or fastening, particularly applicable as a night-bolt. Dated June 4, 1822.

To William Huxham, of Exeter, Devon, iron-founder; for improvements in the construction of roofs. Dated June 4, 1822.

To Henry Colebark, of Broughton, in Furness, Lancashire, tallow-chandler; for an engine for cutting, twisting, and spreading of wick, used in the making of candles, by which a great saving in manual labour is accomplished. Dated June 4, 1822.

To John Barton, deputy comptroller of the Mint, for a certain process for the application of prismatic colours to the surface of steel and other metals; and using the same in the manufacture of various ornaments. Dated June 4, 1822.

To James Frost, of Finchley, Middle-

sex, builder; for a new cement or artificial stone. Dated June 11, 1822.

To William Feetham, of Ludgate-hill, London, stove-maker and furnishing ironmonger; for certain improvements on shower baths. Dated June 13, 1822.

To Dormy Gardner, of Edmund-place, Aldersgate-street, London, manufacturer; for a stay particularly applicable to supporting the body under spinal weakness, and correcting deformity of shape. Dated June 13, 1822.

To Joseph Wass, of Lea Wharf, Ashover, Derbyshire, millwright and lead-smelter; for an improvement that prevents the ill effects to vegetation and animal life, that has hitherto been occasioned by noxious fumes and particles that arise from smelting or calcining lead ore and other pernicious minerals. Dated June 13, 1822.

LIST OF BANKRUPTS,

FROM TUESDAY, JUNE 18, TO TUESDAY, JULY 23, 1822:

WITH THE ATTORNIES' NAMES.

Extracted from the London Gazette.

N.B. All the Meetings are at the *Court of Commissioners, Basinghall-street*, unless otherwise expressed. The Attornies' Names are between Parenthesis.

BANKRUPTS.

- Allen, J. S. Towcester, Northamptonshire, linen-draper, July 20, Aug. 6, 17. (Leigh, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house)
- Abbott, S. Canning-place, Pontonville, merchant, June 22, 29, and July 30. (Bovill and Co. Bride-court, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars)
- Abbott, H. R. Throgmorton-street stock-broker, July 9, 16, and Aug. 13. (Montrion and Co. King's Arms-yard, Coleman-street)
- Barnard, W. late of Frampton-upon-Severn, Gloucestershire, grocer, July 22, 23, and Aug. 24. George Inn, Strand (Winterbottom, Tewkesbury, and Bousfield and Co. Bouvaine-street, Fleet street)
- Brothers, F. and J. Leith, King street, Covent-garden, army agents, July 20, Aug. 6, 17. (Whittaker, Broad-court, Long-acre)
- Beaumont, T. S. and J. Beaumont, Leicester, bakers, June 25, 26, and July 30. Three Crowns, Leicester (Lowtham and Co. Leicester; and Jeyes, Chancery-lane)
- Bolton W. Banbury, Oxfordshire, and Bolton, T. Grimsbury Northamptonshire, coal-merchant, June 28, 29, and July 30. Red Lion Inn, Banbury (Meyrick and Co. Red Lion-square; and Golby, Banbury)
- Bosisto, W. Reading, woollen-draper, July 25, 26, and Aug. 7 at the Upper Slip Inn, Reading. (Edmunds, Exchequer Office of Pleas, Lincoln's-inn, and Cooper, Reading)
- Bedson T. and R. Bishop, Aston, Warwickshire, brass-founders, July 1, 2, and Aug. 3. Stork Tavern, Birmingham (Edmunds, Exchequer Office of Pleas, Lincoln's-inn; and Mole, Birmingham)
- Carter, J. W. Mercer-street, Long-acre, coach-plater, July 9, 16, and Aug. 17 (Richardson, Golden-square)
- Cooper, J. Grosvenor-mews, Bond-street, horse-dealer, July 13, 20, and Aug. 17. (Field and Abrahams, Clifford-street)
- Chasey, T. East Pennard, Somersetshire, butcher, June 29, and July 1, 30. George Inn, Shepton Mallet, Somersetshire. (Bamfoot, Tince, Peuple, & Higgins, Shepton Mallet)
- Crag, J. Whitehaven, ironmonger, July 15, 16, and Aug. 10. Black Lion Inn Whitehaven (Clemell, Staple's-inn, and Messrs. Adamson and Co. Whitehaven)
- Cattell, W. Cotton-end, Warwick, ironman, July 6, 20, and Aug. 10 (Richardson, Lincoln's-inn-fields)
- Chenier, S. and A. Jovee, Beckington, Somersetshire, grocers, July 20, White Hart Inn, Bath, July 25, and Aug. 27. Woolpack Inn, the Knagtoe (Perkins and Co. Holborn-court, Gray's Inn, and Miller, Frouce Selwood Somersetshire)
- Clay, G. Totnes, Devonshire, builder, July 25, 27, and Aug. 21. Smead of Arois, Bridgetown (Blake, Great Surrey-street, Black-horse, and Taunton, Totness)
- Cross, J. Haleswood, Lancashire, brewer, July 15, 17, and Aug. 3. York Hotel, Liverpool, (Addington, Gregory, and Faulkner, Bedford-row)
- Davison, G. Upper Berkeley-street, Portman-square, upholsterer, July 20, 27, and Aug. 17. (Andros and Alderson, Chancery-lane)
- Deighton, T. Davies-street, Berkeley-square, saddler, July 2, 9, and Aug. 10. (Hunt, Surrey-street, Strand)
- Davies, J. late of Carnarthen, spirit-merchant, July 4, 5, and Aug. 6. Bristol. (Clarke and Co. Chancery-lane; and Smith, Bristol)
- Dicker, J. Crockerwell, Devonshire, inn-keeper, July 16, 23, and Aug. 13. King John Tavern, Exeter. (Andros and Co. Chancery-lane; and Pring, Crediton, Devonshire)
- Elwell, W. Westhroomwich, Staffordshire, chemist, July 12, 13, and Aug. 17. Littleton Arms Inn, Penkridge. (Wheeler, Castle-street, Holborn; and Smith, Walsal)
- Ellis, B. late of Leicester, wool-tapler, July 15, 16, and Aug. 10. Ram Inn, Lutterworth, Leicestershire. (Holme and Co. New-inn; and Bond, Leicester)
- Friend, D. late of Ramsgate, shipwright, July 12, 18, and Aug. 20. Spread Eagle Inn, Ramsgate (Bigg, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane; and Wightwick, Ramsgate)
- Farquharson, T. Lime-street, merchant, July 2, 13, and Aug. 10. (Score, Tokenhouse-yard)
- Gray, W. and E. Birmingham, nail-ironmongers, Aug. 1, 2, and 27. George Inn, Digheth. (Norton and Chaplin, Gray's-inn-square; and Benson, Birmingham)
- Gayleard, J. New Bond-street, habit-maker, July 2, 6, and Aug. 3. (Bull, Holles-street, Cavendish-square)
- Glegg, T. R. Watling-street, confectioner, July 20, 27, and Aug. 24 (Pearce and Son, St. Swithun's-lane, Lombard-street)
- Granger, J. Took's-court, Curator-street, press-maker, July 20, and Aug. 6, 24. (Tunbrell and Co. Macclesfield-street, Soho-square)
- Garrod, S. Paddington-street, St. Mary-le-bone, bookseller, June 29, July 9, and Aug. 6. (Hill, Welbeck street, Cavendish-square)
- Giffin, D. Walworth, linen-draper, July 6, 13, & Aug. 10. (Jones, Sise-lane, Queen-street)
- Harris, J. Bristol, lithographer, July 29, 30, and Aug. 10. Commercial Rooms, Corn-street, Bristol (Bridges and Co. Red Lion-square; and Chislett, Bristol)
- Harris, E. Copthall-buildings, broker, June 25, July 2, & Aug. 3 (Hartley New Bridge-st.)
- Harrison, T. late of Princes-street, Rotherhithe, merchant, July 20, 27, and Aug. 20. (Robinson and Co. Austin-triars)
- Heydon, W. late of South Audley-street, plumber, July 9, 13, and Aug. 10. (Greenwood, Manchester-street, Manchester-square)
- Holland, J. Bedford-house, Tottenham-court-road, haberdasher, July 2, 16, and Aug. 3. (Smith, Basinghall-street)
- Henderson, R. Lowthian Gill, Cumberland, corn-dealer, June 28, 29, and July 20. New Crown Inn, Penrith (Addison, Verulam-buildings; and Harrison, Penrith)
- Leigh, T. Manchester, plumber, July 26, 27, and Aug. 17. Star Inn, Manchester. (Lever, Gray's-inn-square; and Ackers, Manchester)
- Leach, J. Jewell's-square, St. Mary-axe, merchant, July 9, 23, and Aug. 17 (Knight and Fyson, Basinghall-street)
- Lyall, G. North Shields, merchant, July 1. George Inn, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, July 18, and 30. Commercial Hotel, North Shields. (Francis

- Sun-court, Cornhill; and Lowrey, Tynestreet, North Shields
- Luck, G. Shoreditch, hosier, July 13, 20, and Aug. 17. (Carter, Lord Mayor's Court-office, Royal Exchange
- Lowry, J. Bunker's Hill, Cumberland, lead ore-miner, June 26, 27, and July 30, Lion and Lamb, Carlisle. (Clenell, Staple's-inn; and S. and G. Sanl, Carlisle
- Lloyd, G. Cumberland-street, and Stingo-lane, Mary-le-bone, brewer, July 20, 27, and Aug. 24. (Hill, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square
- Lucas, R. and H. Southampton, linen-draper, July 11, 27, and Aug. 6, Guildhall, Southampton. (Clarke, Warrford-court; and Kirkpatrick, Southampton
- Lovegrove, J. Cranham, Gloucestershire, timber dealer, July 19, 20, King's Head Inn, Cirencester, and Aug. 20, King's Head Inn, Birdlip. (Whately, Cirencester; and Williams and Co. Lincoln's-inn
- Miggins, G. and J. Boothman, Carlisle, hat-manufacturers, July 19, and August 13, Bush Inn, Carlisle (Atkinson, Carlisle; and Young and Co. Charlotte-row, Mansion-house
- Mendham, S. late of Bryanstone-street, Portman-square, merchant, July 2, 16, and Aug. 10. (Eicke, Cornhill
- Matthews, D. Carlisle, mercer, Aug. 5, 7, and 24 Coach and Horses Inn, Manchester. (Hurd and Co. Temple; and Wood, Manchester
- Nathan, L. Villiers-street, Strand, pen-manufacturer, June 29, July 6, and August 3. (Isaacs, Mansell-street, Goodman's-fields
- Oakley, J. Southampton, bricklayer, July 30, August 5, and 24, Guildhall, Southampton. (Pepper, Southampton; and Brundrett and Co. Temple
- Pycock, J. Doncaster, hosier, July 25, 26, and August 17, Rutland Arms Inn, Leicester. (Taylor, John-street, Bedford-row, and Lawton, Leicester
- Pritchard, T. Chesham, Monmouthshire, linen-draper, August 6, 7, 17, Hummer Tavern, Bristol. (Hildrad and Hastings, Gray's-inn-square; and Smith, Chesham
- Phene, W. Jun and T. R. Gregg, Watling-street, confectioners, July 20, and August 21. (Foss and Son, Essex-street
- Parker, J. and J. Ellison, Belmont, Lancashire calico-printers, July 31 and August 1 Star Inn, Manchester, and August 20, Old Bull Inn, Blackburn; (Dodds of, Blackburn; and Milne and Co. Temple
- Peell, W. Bromyard, Herefordshire, builder, July 1, 2, 30, at Rein Deer Inn, Worcester. (Williams and Co. Lincoln's-inn; and Holdsworth, Worcester
- Powell, T. Oldfoze, Goodrich, Herefordshire, corn-dealer, Aug. 2, 5, 27, Swan Inn, Ross. (Pugh, Bernard-street, Russell-square and Ridge, Ross
- Rangley, J. and E. H. Diggle, Stone, Staffordshire, iron-founders, July 18, 19, and August 17, York Hotel, Liverpool. (Adlington, Gregory, and Faulkner, Bedford-row; and Whetley and Co. Liverpool
- Robertson, G. Wapping, ship-chandler, July 23, 27, and August 21. (Bourdillon and Co. Bread-street, Cheapside
- Ralls, J. Freshwater, Isle of Wight, corn-dealer, July 2, 3, 30, Guildhall, Newport. (Sewell and Co. Newport
- Ridgway, J. C. late of the Old Kent-road, linen-draper, July 6, 20, and August 10 (Shepherd and Co. Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn
- Reeve, G. W. Craven-buildings, Drury-lane, dealer in music, June 29, July 2, and Aug. 6. (Hubert, New Clement's-inn Chambers, Clement's-inn
- Rothwell, J. Morthfield Bleachworks, Lancashire, whitster, July 9, 16, and Aug. 17. (Niblett, New-court, Crutchedfriars
- Rider, J. late of Winchester-house, Broad-street, merchant, July 20, 30, and Aug. 24. (Lavie and Co. Frederick's-place, Old Jewry
- Robinson, B. North Walsam, Norfolk, linen-draper, Aug. 6, 7, 24, White Lion Inn, Norwich. (Unthank and Co. Norwich, and Lythgoe, Essex-street, Strand
- Saunders, W. Beckington, Somerset, school-master, July 19, 20, and Aug. 17, Castle and Bull Inn, Bath. (Bridges and Quilter, Red Lion-square; and Tiley, Frome
- Snappe, W. late of Cheadle, Staffordshire, grocer, July 31 and Aug. 1, 24, Unicorn Inn, Cheadle. (Brandle, Cheadle; and Barbor, Fetter-lane
- Smith, J. Rugby, corn-merchant, July 22, 23, and Aug. 20, Spread Eagle Inn, Rugby. (Fuller and Co. Carlton-chambers, Regent-street
- Twamley, Aston-road, near Birmingham, miller, August 3, 5, 22, George Inn, Walsall. (Wheeler, Castle-street, Holborn, & Smith, Walsall, Staffordshire
- Todd, W. and F. W. Courthouse, Langbourn-chambers, Fenchurch-street, timber-merchants, July 2, 9, and August 3. (Hodgson and Ogden, St. Mildred's-convit
- Thomson, J. Leman-street Goodman's-fields, oilman, July 16, 27, and Aug. 24. (Glynnes, Burn-street, East Smithfield
- Waterhouse, J. and J. Green late of Rope makers-street, builders, July 27, and Aug. 10. (Shuter, Milbank-street, Westminster
- Watts, sen. Bradford, Wilts, dealer, July 21, 25, and August 20, Commercial Rooms, Corn street, Bristol. (Poole and Co. Gray's-inn; and Saunders, Bristol
- Wilkins, W. Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicester-shire spirit-merchant, July 31, and Aug. 1, 20, Queen's Head Inn, Ashby-de-la-Zouch (Long and Co. Gray's-inn, and Deyes, Ashby-de-la-Zouch
- Woodcroft, J. Cleveland-street, Fitzroy-square, linen-draper, July 20, and August 3, 21. (Niblett, New-court, Crutched-friars
- Williams, S. late of Fenchurch-street, broker, July 20, 27, and Aug. 21. (Draper, Walcot-place
- Weston, M. Wellington, Somersetshire, draper, July 2, 13, and August 3. (Adams and Tilleard, Old Jewry
- Warner, W. jun. North Walsham, Norfolk, scrivener, August 6, 7, 21, Castle and Lion Inn, Norwich. (Sewell and Co. Norwich, and Tibbury and Co. Falcon-street, Aldersgate-street

DIVIDENDS,

FROM TUESDAY, JUNE 18, TO TUESDAY, JULY 23, 1822.

- Adcock, D. Melton Mowbray, July 22
- Allison, G. Bishopwearmouth, July 31
- Arnold, J. W. Great Tower-street, July 27
- Allen, A. Pall-mall, July 27
- Alderson, J. Liverpool, August 5
- Ansell, W. Wantage, Berks, August 8
- Anderson, A. Salter's hall-court, July 6
- Bantock, W. J. London-wall, July 30
- Baker, T. York, July 25
- Bunbury, J. Coventry, July 30
- Buckland, J. Chard, Somersetshire, July 23
- Benham, H. High-street, Southwark, July 23
- Burton, M. Wolverhampton, July 15
- Bennet, S. A. Worship-st. Shoreditch, July 20
- Bunker, J. Grafton-street, Soho, July 27
- Boyce, G. F. Analby King-st-on-upon-Hull, July 13

- Boyce, J. jun. Wansford, Yorkshire, July 13
 Boyce, J. Sen. Analby, Kingston-upon-Hull, July 13
 Bone, J. Truro
 Burrows, E. Worsop, July 24
 Chapman, W. Liverpool, July 24
 Chater, W. Kingston-upon-Hull, July 16
 Clarke, J. Liverpool, July 17
 Carter, J. jun. Liverpool, July 22
 Colston, D. E. St. John's Street-road, July 27
 Chubb, W. P. Aldgate, July 27
 Cox, R. A. W. G. F. J. and C. G. Little-britain, July 27
 Card, J. Lloyd's Coffee-house, July 13
 Cossart, P. and J. J. Clement's-lane, August 3
 Cape, R. St. Martin's, Worcestershire, Aug. 6
 Dixon, W. jun. Liverpool, August 9
 Dixon, H. L. C. J. and C. J. K. Liverpool, July 31
 Darwin, J. and W. T. Clement's-court, June 27
 Dye, R. Peckham, July 20
 Dubois, J. and J. F. Alderman's-walk, June 29
 Dixie, J. and B. Falcon-square, July 20
 Elgar, W. Maidstone, July 2
 Eames, W. Haymarket, July 13
 Edwards, G. H. Craven-sheet, August 10
 England, T. Smithfield, July 27
 Feat, W. Bath, August 6
 Forrester, T. William-st. Newington, July 27
 Fox, R. W. and W. P. S. Plymouth, August 3
 Flower, G. York, July 25
 Flower, T. Castle-street, July 27
 Foster, E. S. and T. Yalding, Kent, July 2
 French, J. West Orchard, Warwickshire, July 13
 Garnett, J. Liverpool, August 12
 Goodman, P. Blarney-st. August 7
 Gordon, A. and C. Church-street, Soho, July 27
 George, J. Park-st. Hanover-square, July 27
 Guild, J. London July 27
 Gray, J. Bishop gate-st. Without, August 6
 Gale, Q. Newgate-Market, July 13
 Greenwood, T. jun. Preston, July 10
 Gaylor, T. Suffolk, July 26
 Greenhouse, W. Ludlow, July 19
 Gilbert, J. Maidstone, August 3
 Garratt, D. Portsea, July 26
 Hague, J. Chalford, July 31
 Hassell, J. Richard-street, Islington, July 20
 Heppel, T. and H. O. Von. Post. St. Mary Hill, July 27
 Hopper, C. Little Trinity-lane, July 27
 Horneman, H. F. Queen-st. Cheapside, July 27
 Hornsby, T. Cornhill, July 27 [20
 Hopkins, T. and C. C. St. Margaret, Hillingdon, July
 Hornman, H. F. Queen-st. Cheapside, July 20
 Hutton, T. St. Martin's-le-grand, August 3
 Hodges, C. Hampshire, August 17
 Hopwood, J. and W. T. J. Horwich, August 2
 Howkins, J. M. T. and C. W. Pooler, July 16
 Hampson, R. and T. Liverpool, July 16
 Hill, W. Deaton green, Lancashire, July 18
 Handley, J. Cottes, Staffordshire, July 26
 Hemerick, J. W. Liverpool, July 31
 Johnson, T. and T. Lavstoft, Suffolk, July 13
 Jones, T. P. Carmarthen, July 24
 Jacobs, T. and S. W. Oxford, July 27
 Jump, J. and H. T. Fore-street, August 3
 Jansson, T. Ironmonger's-lane, July 20
 Judd, J. Derby, July 18
 Knowles, J. and W. H. Saltford, June 26
 Kendrick, F. Holborn, & G. T. Aldgate, July 27
 Lippard, J. Deptford, July 27
 Lubben, F. M. Newcastle, August 15
 Lea, W. & J. Paternoster-row, July 16 [July 27
 Lym, T. Jerusalem Coffee-house, Cornhill, July 27
 Lapage, S. Clement's-lane, July 27
 Lesingham, T. Worcester, July 27
 Mackenzie, A. J. and Roper, H. Cross-st. Finsbury-square, July 27
 Matland, D. New Bridge-street, July 27
 Martin, W. Leadenhall-market, August 3
 Mallone, W. Leeds, August 6
 Mitchell, F. New Malton, Yorkshire, August 6
 Mackavoy, E. Greenwich, July 27
 May, W. Newgate, July 23
 Merry, R. Birmingham, July 20
 Marr, R. C. Rathbone-place, July 27
 Morgan, G. M. Queenhithe, July 27
 Nichol, J. and W. Old Jewry, August 3
 Norris, H. Bolton-le-Moors, August 15
 Newman, J. Clerkenwell, July 20 [22
 Norfolk, H. Mountsorrell, Leicestershire, July
 Outram, J. and W. W. Liverpool, July 29
 Parker, W. Newark-upon-Trent, August 15
 Parker, Whitechurch, Shropshire, August 14
 Playfair, T. New Bond-street, August 3
 Phillips, E. Narbeth, July 23
 Parsons, J. Whitechapel, July 27 [shire, July 27
 Peel, J. H. C. and W. W. Taggley, Stafford-
 Plaw, H. R. Riches-court, Lime-st. July 27
 Portlock, R. Andover, July 27
 Porter, S. London, July 27
 Pardon, G. Plymouth, July 20
 Page, W. F. High-holborn, August 3
 Purkis, W. Portsmouth, July 13
 Passmore, J. Farnham, Surrey, July 13
 Poole, R. Leeds, August 5
 Ralston, J. North-shields, August 13 [July 27
 Robinson, J. Crosby-square, Bishopgate-street
 Rely, R. Southampton row, Bloomsbury, July 27
 Ricket, H. Shoreditch, July 27
 Rumford, R. W. Bartholomew-lane, July 27
 Rowley, M. Bear-street, Leicester-sq. August 3
 Riley, J. Leicester, July 30
 Rudkin, T. H. Islington, July 13
 Roscoe, W. C. J. & R. S. W. Liverpool, July 16
 Reid, W. Bristol, July 16
 Reynolds, R. Shobrooke, July 11 [August 24
 Richardson, T. Iron Acton, Gloucestershire,
 Smith, G. Pultenham, Surrey, August 3
 Styan, W. and A. D. London, and J. P. and H. Kensington, August 6
 Sissell, T. Jewin-street, July 20
 Simons, S. Hylpert, July 27
 Scott, C. Manchester, August 6
 Samson, T. Lynn, July 27
 Simpson, R. Crown-et. Threadneedle-st. July 27
 Shoebridge, C. Kensington, July 27
 Stevens, J. Stalford, July 27
 Symonds, C. and T. W. Watling-street, July 27
 Spear, J. Sheffield, August 5
 Stern, R. and J. Fenchurch-street, June 29
 Sanderson, R. Doncaster, July 18
 Sherwood, W. Liverpool, July 27
 Sackett, T. Bermondsey, July 16
 Senger, S. P. Maidstone, July 2
 Tollervey, H. W. Portsea, August 9
 Thompson, C. and P. Cornhill, July 26
 Taylor, F. Adlington, August 2
 Tucker, J. H. Jermyn-street, St. James's July 9
 Ugarte, de D. Wilson-st. Finsbury-sq. Aug. 6
 Upton, C. Queen-street, July 27
 Whittenbury, N. Manchester, August 8
 Woodeock, C. Norwich, July 27
 Watts, W. Gysport, July 26
 Woodeock, W. Preston, July 10
 Woodeock, J. Truro, July 27
 Waddington, J. Reading, July 15
 Wilson, W. Shakespeare-walk, Shadwell, July 6
 Watson, H. and J. Friday-street, July 20
 Watkins, W. Norton, August 5 [August 7
 Whiteside, B. F. H. and H. T. Whitehaven,
 Worrell, W. Downton, July 22
 Webb, W. and H. Bristol, July 23
 Webster, J. Derby, June 7
 Witchurch, J. Worship-st. Finsbury-sq. May 11
 Witherley, R. Liverpool, May 21
 Williams, W. and W. A. New Bond-st. May 23
 Woolven, T. Andover, May 30
 Wright, T. Stourport, May 28
 Washburn, J. Great Marlow, June 8
 Young, T. Machen, Monmouth, June 3
 Young, Peter, and A. R. Wapping, May 11

INSOLVENCY REGISTER.

Notice of opposition to the discharge of any prisoner must be entered in the book at the office, 33, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, three clear days, exclusive of Sunday, before the day of hearing. The schedules are filed and may be inspected every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, between the hours of ten and four, up to the last day for entering opposition.

LONDON.

*Petitions to be heard at Westminster,
6th August, at nine.*

Benson, Joseph, of 9, St. John-street-road, Clerkenwell, commercial-clerk
Bird, James Barry, of George-yard, Lombard-street, of Exchange-bdgs. of the firm of Diaper and Bird, last of Tokenhouse-yd and Farnival's-inn, Holborn, Middlesex gentleman
Broomfield, John, of 31, Hamilton-row, Pentonville, last of 24, Grove place
Colston, William, of Crown-street, Westminster, piano-forte maker
Davis, David, John, of Deal, Kent, hatter, last of Middlesex-st, Aldgate, grocer and cheese-monger
De Quelboz, Joze Morei Moreia, of Albion-pl. Christchurch, last of 61, Surrey-st. merchant
Dimmock, Moss, last of 8, Bow-lane, Cheap-side, London, stationer
Fowler, Jesse, Soaper, of King-st 1-burton, of Pollard's-row, Bethnal-green, of 13 and 16, Church-row, Bethnal-green, of the Spa road, Bermondsey, of 97, Long-lane, Bermondsey, last of 23, William-street, Harper st Kent-st. blacking manufacturer
Gregg, Henry Robert, of Fleet lane, London, refiner and mould maker
Joy, William, of Saxilby, near Lincoln, farmer, timber and coal merchant
Mason, John Wilkes, of 5, White Horse-street, Piccadilly, servant to a coach proprietor
Pearce, Thomas, of Peckham, bricklayer
Perin, Stephen, of Windlesham, chandler-shop-keeper, last labourer and farmer
Portas, John, of Hamton, last of Minten, both in Lincolnshire, farmer
Ramsden, James, of 5, Baker's-row, Whitechapel, Middlesex, smith
Sawtel, William, of Curry-Rivell, Somersetshire, saddler
Street, John, of Bursledon, near Southampton, shipwright and victualler
Stuart, John, of Angel-st. Throgmorton-street, of Strong's-buildings, Poplar, saddler
Suter, John, of Greenwich, coach-proprietor
Tarver George, of Minstead, near Southampton, farmer and dealer in cattle
Wheeler, George, jun. of Phoenix-terrace, Back-road, Islington, salesman and dealer in cattle.

August 12, at nine.

Bell, W. of Brick-lane, Whitechapel, of Stockton-upon-Tees, Durham, of Long-lane, Bermondsey, last of Amelia-st. Walworth, currier and leather-cutter
Bellenie, W. of Greenhill's-rents, West Smithfield, tailor
Blakey, E. of Wimpole-st. of George-st. last of Upper Baker-st. Portman-sq. milliner and dress-maker
Elliott, W. of St. Martin's-st. Leicester-sq. carpenter and cabinet-maker
Evans, T. late of Dartmouth, master-mariner.
Harris, T. of Kagland, Monmouth, farmer

Henesey, Patrick, of 5, Union-st. Blackfriars-road, breeches maker and dealer in fruit
Knatchbull, J. of Queen's-row, Brompton, late captain in the navy
Langdale, T. of Cloughton, of Stanton-dale, last of Burnston, Yorkshire, farmer
Masters, E. of Newcastle-st. Southwark, of Back-lane, Deptford, baker
Millington, T. of 1, Shead's-court, Piccadilly, of 13, Upper Baker-st. Paddington, of 31, New-nham-st. Edgeware-road, of Dorset-cottage, New road, servant, and last of 1, Junction-pl. Harrow-road, Paddington, green-grocer
Moraley, H. of Bermondsey-st. Southwark, corn-chandler and labourer in the East India Company's warehouse, last of the Maze, Bermondsey, green-grocer and labourer
Pavy, R. of Frowbridge, Wilts, miller, last meal-man and cheese-monger
Neale, J. of Blue Anchor-lane, and Bermondsey-wall, Surry, of Hounslow, of Mitchell-st. St. Luke's, of White Horse-court, Botolph, of Little Charlotte-st. Blackfriars road, of the Isle of Guernsey, last of Newington-butts, smith and non-fonder
Radford, W. of Richmond, last of Acton Middlesex, baker
Rolleston, W. of Cold Ashby, last of Wold, Northamptonshire, farmer
Trench, F. late of Downing st. and of Mason's-yard, Duke st St James's, cabinet-maker
Wake, R. B. of Morton, near Gainsborough, Lincolnshire, timber-merchant, ship-builder, and ship-owner
Walker, Eliza, alias Elizabeth Williams, of Buckingham-st Fitzroy-sq. of Fetter-lane of Buckingham-st of Cannathurst-st of Thornhaugh-st of Pancras-lane, last of Gresse st. Tottenham-court-road, spinster
White, J. S. of Tolleshunt, Darcy, last of Great Braxted, Essex, farmer.

COUNTRY.

Guildhall, Dover, August 9, at eleven.

Back, Henry, of Deal, draper.

Town-clerk's-office, August 9, at eleven.

Bates, William, of St. Clement's, Oxford, grocer.

Shirchall, Carmarthen, Aug. 10, at ten.

Thomas, Joseph, of Llanglwydwen-mill, Llanglwydwen, Carmarthen-shire, miller.

County-hall, Coventry, Aug. 12, at ten.

Bainard, James, sen. of Longford, Poleshill, Coventry, toll-collector of the Coventry canal navigation, last of Coventry, labourer.

Jury-room, Monmouth, August 13, at eleven.

Evans, Walter, of St. Arvans, Monmouthshire farmer and butcher.

REMARKABLE INCIDENTS IN THE MONTH.

BIRTHS ABROAD.

Bengal—Lady of the late Capt. Harris, of a son
Buenos-Ayres—Lady of Thos. Fair, esq. of a son
Demerara—Lady of Charles Wray, esq. of a son

Palermo—Wife of C. Blackrith, esq. a daughter
St. Petersburg—Hon. Lady Bagot, of a son
Naples—Lady of C. Selwin, esq. Down Hall, a son

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

Dixon, Mr. Luke, of Sheffield, to
Renne, Miss, of London, at St. Petersburg
Hodgson, J. A. esq. of Aneklard, to
Harratt, Mrs. of Bengal, East Indies

Lottus, W. T. esq. of the 4th Light Dragoons, to
Medex, Miss, of Adam-st. Adelphi, at Paris
Taylor, Major 81st Regt. Halifax, N. A. to
George, Miss, daughter of Sir Rupert George.

DEATHS ABROAD.

Aiskell, Major General Francis, at Madras
Brough, Capt. of the Bombay E. R. at Baroda
Desjardes, Mr. C. of Hunter-street, drowned off
Antigua 17—Donnelly, R. S. esq. commanding
the Najeb Native Regt. at Delhi
Foster, Thos. esq. of Jamaica, at St. Dennis
Hobbs Capt. W. at Amungabad, 23—Hall,
Lieut. 1th M. N. I. at Condipilla, East Indies, 18
Jukes, Andrew M. D. at Is-pahani, in Persia
Lutyns, Ensign H. W. 33rd Regt. at Jamaica—
Lindlow, A. esq. of Heywood-house, Wilts, at
Rouen

Mackenzie, Mr. A. K. of Southgate, at Jama-
ica, 18—Matthew, Miss H. M. at Calcutta, 19—
Mitchell, J. F. esq. of Gloucester-place, at
Tarharc, near Lyons, 37
Nicholls, Mrs. at Madras, 36
Smith, Henry, esq. at Nice—Sampson, Rev. W.
of Peter-sham, at Upper Canada
Thelluson, infant son, and heir of Lord Rendle-
sham, at Florence
Wells, W. esq. of Bickley-house, Kent, at Ma-
deira—Webster, Capt. J. E. of the 22nd N. I.
at Calcutta.

METROPOLITAN OCCURRENCES.

His Majesty has finally resolved to visit Scotland this year. It is understood his Majesty will arrive in Edinburgh early in the month of August, and his sojourn there, it is said, will not exceed a fortnight, during which time he will hold a Drawing-room or two at Holyrood House. His Majesty will proceed direct to Leith, by water, and return by land, through the interior of the country. The King embarks at Greenwich. His horses are gone by land. His Majesty's suite and servants embark in steam yachts.

Revenue—There is an increase in the year ending 5th July, of 780,000*l.* beyond the year preceding, in the department of the Customs. In the Excise, an increase of 791,000*l.* The Assessed Taxes are less by about 153,000*l.* than they were last year. In the Stamp Duties there has been an increase of 102,000*l.* In the Land Tax, an increase of 133,000*l.* and in the Miscellaneous Services, about 28,000*l.* In the Post Office there is a small decrease upon the whole year. There is a decrease on the present Quarter, compared with the corresponding Quarter of last year, of 35,000*l.*—On the whole year the increase is somewhat above 1,600,000*l.* beyond the produce of the year before.

The harvest this year will be as early as that of 1788, when corn of all kinds was housed before the end of August.

Summer Circuit—Cambridgeshire, *Eu. Mag.* Vol. 82, 1822.

Aug. 21.—Haverfordwest, Aug. 27—Cardigan, Sept. 2.—Radnorshire, Aug. 19, at Presteign.—Breconshire, Aug. 24, at Brecon.—Glamorganshire, Aug. 31, at Cardiff.—Merionethshire, Aug. 6, at Dolgelly.—Carnarvonshire, Aug. 12, at Carnarvon.—Anglesey, Aug. 17, at Beaumaris.

Six thousand pounds is said to be the sum taken at the door of the Royal Academy, for admissions to view the late Exhibition.

The sum subscribed in England for the relief of the distress in Ireland amounts to upwards of 200,000*l.*

The total amount of money paid by the county of Middlesex, for the last seven years, for expenses of witnesses attending to give evidence at the Old Bailey, was 38,590*l.* 19*s.* 8*d.*

The Lord Melville steam yacht left her moorings at the Tower on Wednesday, the 17th inst. at seven o'clock, with about 120 passengers on board, and six carriages, for Calais, which she reached at seven o'clock that day; and having disembarked her passengers and luggage, took on board six chaldrons of coals, and between forty and fifty passengers, with their luggage, proceeded for London, and arrived at the Tower on the following morning, at seven o'clock.—The Margate steam yachts frequently go the whole distance from London at the rate of 14 miles an hour.

Madame Catalani has exerted her extraordinary powers for the benefit of

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the distressed Irish—also Mademoiselle Noblet, whose benefit amounted to no less a sum than 200l. No class of people contribute so much in proportion to their means, either in talent or money, to benevolent purposes, as public performers.

A memoranda of supplies of provisions which have been dispatched and ordered to the Western and Southern Parts of Ireland :—

About 5000 Tons of Potatoes.

1000 Tons of Oatmeal.

450 Bags of Flour.

2000 Barrels and Bags of Wheat.

21 Tons of Barley Meal.

1100 Bags of Biscuit.

The perfect bodies of a cat and a rat, the former in a watchful position over the rat, which was cringing in a corner, were found in a hollow part of one of the buttresses or supporters of St. Olave's Church, Southwark, which is now repairing, quite dead, but in the highest state of preservation. They are supposed to have been there some centuries, from the aperture where they

must have entered into the buttress having been stopped up when that part of the edifice last went under repair. Both the cat and rat are now in the possession of Mr. Roberts, the architect, and are considered great curiosities.

The following is the intended distribution of the cavalry in Great Britain for the present year :—

King's Dragoon Guards, Manchester, Birmingham, and Coventry, from Ireland ; 2d ditto (Bays), York, Leeds, &c. 3d ditto, Newcastle-upon-Tyne and Carlisle, from Scotland ; 4th ditto, from Scotland ; 7th ditto, from Manchester, &c. to Edinburgh ; Royal Dragoons, from Weymouth to Canterbury, and Ipswich ; Scots Greys, from Birmingham, &c. to Glasgow ; 31st Light Dragoons, from Ireland to Brighton ; 9th Lancers, to Weymouth, Exeter, &c. ; 10 Hussars, to Ireland ; 14th Light Dragoons, to Nottingham, &c. ; 15th Hussars, to Hounslow ; the 16th Lancers are in daily expectation of embarking for India

BIRTHS IN AND NEAR THE METROPOLIS.

Mrs. C. I. F. Coombe, Blackheath
Mrs. Dowling, Manston-house, Highgate
Mrs. G. Ballie, Poplar
Mrs. William Holt, Threadneedle-street
Mrs. Kendricks, Queen Anne-st. Cavendish sq.
The lady of Capt. Murray, R. N. Cleveland-row
Mrs. Niven Kerr, Pensbury-place
Mrs. Horatio Leggatt, Royal Terrace, Adelphi

SONS.

Mrs. Walford, Gower-street
Mrs. Irving, of Jamaica, Harley-street
The lady of Sir C. Dalrymple
Mrs. Roves, Charter-house square
Mrs. Arthur Clarke, Bishop-gate-street without
Lady Charlotte McGregor Murray
Mrs. Tower, Richmond
The lady of Capt. Digby, R. N. Upper Harley sq.

DAUGHTERS.

The lady of Sir T. Noel-Hill, Upper Brook-st.
Lady Sheehel, Portman-place
Mrs. Robert Gream, Richmond
Mrs. J. B. Lonsada, jun. Brunswick-square
Mrs. S. Smith, Weymouth-street
The lady of Thomas Deuman, esq. M.P.
Mrs. J. S. Winstanley, Upper Tooting
The lady of Lieut. J. A. Collins, 1st Royal Regt.
Lady Jane Neville, Audley-end
Mrs. Jeffers, Weymouth-street
The lady of Lieut.-General, J. T. Layard, Bath

The lady of Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. Anson
Mrs. Ottywell Robinson, Argyll-street
The lady of Sir Hudson Lowe, Hanover-square
Mrs. H. Bonatos, Beaufort Butts
Mrs. Tilley, Chelsea
Mrs. Charles Shewell, Newington, Surrey
Mrs. Harford, Balham-hill
Mrs. J. H. Mervale, Woburn-place
Mrs. William Wightman, Euston-square
Mrs. David F. Jones, Great Russell street
Mrs. C. D. Bowles

MARRIAGES IN AND NEAR THE METROPOLIS.

Alder, W. esq. Goswell-street road, to
Coppin, widow of the late Captain Coppin
Atkinson, Sir George, Hibernborough, Ireland, to
Scott, Miss H. Harton-house, Durham
Andrews, R. B. esq. Epping, to
Miles, Miss Emma Ann
Bailey, John, esq. Alder-gate-street, to
Mucklow, Miss Mary, Old Brentford
Beauchamp, R. F. esq. Tetton-House, Som. : to
Westbrook, Miss E. Chapel-st. Grosvenor-sq.
Boulnois, Mr. William, Tower-street, to
Allen, Miss Elizabeth, Ballingdon, Essex
Bethune, H. L. esq. Kilcomquhar, co. Fife, to
Trotter, Miss Coutts, Durham-park, Herts
Bulivant, Mr. Thomas, Kennington-common, to
Vigers, Miss Mary Chapel
Burgess, H. W. esq. to
Stirling, Miss S. Earl's-court
Bruce, Robert N. esq. Stafford-place, to
Williams, Miss H. Albemarle-street

Byles, Mr. Samuel, Henley upon-Thames, to
Barbet, Miss Elizabeth, Old Artillery Ground
Capes, John, esq. Walworth, to
Jones, Miss, Prince-street, Lambeth
Clarke, L. esq. M.A. F.R.S. Lincoln's-inn, to
Myers, Miss M. John-street, America-square
Coutland, Mr. Samuel, Bocking, Essex, to
Taylor, Miss E. Frederick-pl. Hampstead-ld
Clark, George, esq. Isleworth, to
Spicer, Miss Ellen Sarah
Carter, Mr. Richard, Friday-street, to
Broadbent, Miss Diana, Lawrence-lane
Clardge, Mr. R. T. New Bond-street, to
Green, Miss Elizabeth, Old Bond-street
Dodwell, Henry, esq. East India-house, to
Humphries, Mrs. Lowestoffe, Suffolk
Dolphin, Vernon, esq. Exford, Gloucestershire, to
Payne, Miss M. A. Edleston-house, Salop
Dimm, Lieut. George, 23d R. W. Fusiliers, to
Murray, Miss M. daughter of the late Major M

East, J. B. esq. son of late Cf Jst. at Calcutta, to
 Leigh, Miss C. Stoneleigh Abbey, Warwick
 Edwards, Mr. Hugh, London, to
 Lloyd, Miss E. A. Bala, Monmouthshire
 Evans, Mr. Walter, Oxford-street, to
 Sherriff, Miss P. Harrow-on-the-Hill
 Fowler, Charles, esq. Great Ormond-street, to
 Crane, Miss Maria, Paddington
 Gunner, John, esq. St. John's, Southwark, to
 Gallilee, Miss M. Elm-row, Shadwell
 Harris, Mr. William, Kensington, to
 Coombe, Miss Harriet, Somerset
 Higley, Mr. Fleet-street, to
 Miers, Miss A. Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-sq.
 Houghton, Robert, esq. Conduit-street, to
 Darby, Miss Georgina, Leghorn
 Imeson, Mr. William, Shore-ditch, to
 Catherwood, Miss Anelia, Hoxton
 Kilby, Thomas, esq. Fenchurch-street, to
 Herbert, Miss Eliza, Wapping
 Lowell, Mr. J. C. George-lane, to
 Steuart, Miss Margaret, Thames-street
 Mason, Captain of the late 100th Regiment, to
 Gordon, Miss, daughter of late Lt.-Col. Gordon
 Marillier, Mons. Jacques, Harrow-on-the-Hill, to
 Aspland, Miss Sarah Middleton, Hackney
 Mitchell, Mr. Thomas, Bow, Middlesex, to
 Putman, Miss Charlotte, Styke Newington
 Musgrave, R. A. esq. Gloucester, to
 Lowther, Miss Katherine
 Nightingale, G. esq. of the Grenadier Guards, to
 Knowles, Miss Mary, of St. Lowell
 O'Kelly, Edmund de Penthevis, Acton House, to
 Arundell, Miss M. Blanche, Kenilworth
 Openheim, Simon, esq. Munsel-street, to
 Levy, Miss Maria
 Pestose, Mr. Redruth, Cornwall, to
 Sims, Miss, Hackney-road
 Petch, Wm. Heath, esq. Red Lion-square, to
 Phillips, Miss, daughter of Sir Rd. Phillips
 Pegg, Mr. Bledlow Mills, Bucks, to
 Jackson, Miss Mary Ann, London
 Peel, Lawrence, esq. to
 Lennox, Right Hon. Lady Jane
 Rayden, Mr. Wm Harris, to
 Market, Miss Sarah Anne

Ripley, F. P. esq. Veinlam-buildings to
 Nettidge, Miss M. Rose Hill, Suffolk
 Rogers, Francis Newman, esq. to
 Yea, Miss J. E. Pyrland Hall, Somersetshire
 Rowley, G. D.D. University College, Oxford, to
 Ripley, Miss Juliana
 Runciman, Mr. Welbeck-street, to
 Moreton, Miss, Lower Tooting
 Rumsey, Mr. J. R. Southgate, to
 Marshall, Miss E. Eagle Hall, Southgate
 Standley, Edward, esq. King-street, to
 Ryley, Miss
 Sperling, Rev. H. Papworth, St. Agnes, to
 Macnab, Miss A. Newton, Perthshire
 Sharp, W. Henry, esq. Weymouth-street, to
 Stone, Miss A. L. Brightwell
 Spence, Robert, esq. Canberwell, to
 Harnar, Miss C. Cannon-street
 Stopford, Lord, son of the Earl of Courtown, to
 Scott, Lady A. M. sister to D. of Buccleugh
 Stone, Rev. J. G. Rector of Stow, to
 Perring, Miss E. Portland-place
 St. Aubyn, Sir John, bart. to
 Vincombe, Mrs. Juliana
 Travers, Joseph, esq. Park-street, Islington, to
 Taylor, Miss Mary, Finsbury-square
 Tichbourne, Robert G. esq. Hampshire, to
 Nance, Miss R. Belmont Park-Hants
 Vachell, Horatio, esq. Coptfold Hall, Essex, to
 Honeywood, Miss M. late of Marks Hall
 Waller, Edward, esq. Clifton, to
 Sawkins, Miss, of Brampton
 Waterfield, Wm. Hill, esq. 7th Regt. Bombay, to
 Dowling, Miss M. Boulogne-sur-mer
 Wath, Major C. of the 17th Light Dragoons, to
 Jacobson, Miss Anne, Maldstone
 Westera, the Hon. Richard, to
 Scott, Miss, county of Monaghan
 Williams, Mr. E. Wm St. Mildred's-court, to
 Weston, Miss Isabella Mary
 Willey, Mr. Thos. purser, R.N. to
 Parsons, Miss F. M. Milk-street
 Withers, Mr. Rathbone-place, to
 Ring, Miss, Wineanton
 Yates, Mr. John, City-road, to
 Bramwell, Miss F. Prospect-place, Paddington

DEATHS IN AND NEAR THE METROPOLIS.

Allen, Miss M. York-place, City road.
 Barnes, Mr. Ann Lincoln's-inn-fields—Barnister, Miss C. St. Paul—Baker, Mr. W. Twickenham 38—Bangor, Mrs. Upper Mitcham Common, 82—Beckwith, Miss J. P. daughter of Sir F. S. Beckwith, 18—Berle, Rev. W. King-st. Pontian-sq.—Bizard, Lady M. Devonshire-sq.—Blair, J. H. esq. M.P. Gordon's Hotel—Gomer, Mr. C. Fleet-st.—Bolland, Mr. J. jun. Distaff-lane—Bodkin, Miss M. A. Peckham—Grove, E. esq. London-st. Greenwich, 72—Carr, Rev. C. Vicar, Ealing, 82—Champion, Capt. C. F. Newman-st.—Chambers, Mr. R. Dove-st. Lombard-st.—Cleland, Capt. J. R.N. Islington, 83—Cornwall, C. A. esq.—Consius, Miss H. M. Hackney—Collins, Mrs. Greenwich, Davenport, Mr. J. Salisbury-sq. 66—Dowdell, Miss M. Highgate, 14—Edenborough, Miss M. A. Chapsade, 17.
 Frances, Mrs. Acree-lane, Clapham—French, Mrs. Islington, late of Sydenham, 97—Frost, Miss Kensington
 Glossop, Mrs. M. 129, High Holborn—Gomn, Miss, Hill-st. Berkeley-sq.—Grenson, J. esq. London—Graham, Miss M. Prospect-pl. Southwark, 19—Green, Mr. T. H. Kennington
 Hammett, Miss Auburns, 73—Harrison, Mrs. Islington—Headen, Mr. T. Islington, 24—Hust, Miss Great Russell-st. Bloomsbury-sq.—Hugh, Miss. Stoney-pl. Kent-id. 72.
 Ince, D. esq. Bolton-street, 55—Jacobs, P. esq. Newman-st. 12—Jenningsham, Mrs. relict of E. Jenningsham, esq. Bolton-row—Jones, Mr. T. Ludgate Hill, 76—Johnstone, J. C. esq. Waddon.

Kentish, Mr. J. Paddington-st.
 Langton, Mrs. M. C. Whitehall-pl.—Langton, J. W. esq. North-end, Croydon, 76—Llewellyn, H. B. esq. London Hospital, 31—Long, Mrs. G. Chelsea, 56—Louch, H. esq. Rotherhithe, 65.
 Marks, Mr. J. Cumming-st. Pentonville, 65—Milhogan, Mr. J. Hayes, 35—Moore, W. esq. midshipman on board the ship Salisbury—Morrison, Mrs. widow of Gen. Morrison, Manchester-sq. 86.
 Newton, W. esq. St. Mary-le-bone, 61—Noble, Miss C. Kentish-town, 69.
 Oliver, Mrs. J. S. Thistle-grove, Little Chelsea—Oliver, Mr. G. Blackheath-hill, 84—Oldham, J. esq. Montague-place, Russell-square, 70.
 Potter, Mrs. S. Charles-st. Middlesex Hospital, 73—Pratt, Lady F. daughter of the Marquis of Camden—Prichard, Mrs. Newgate-st.
 Reavley, Mrs. Isabella, Gower-st. 76—Reid, J. M.D. Grenville-st. Brunswick-sq.—Ross, Mrs. R. Stock Exchange—Ross, Miss M. Howard-st. Strand, 12—Rush, J. eldest daughter of R. Rush, Envoy Extraordinary, and Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States.
 Satchell, Mr. J. Newington-pl.—Scott, Miss A. Bedford-sq. 36—Shepherd, Mr. J. Hyde-st. Bloomsbury—Smith, T. P. esq. late of Stoke Newington—Smith, T. esq. Crayford, 82—Smith, Mrs. John-st. Oxford-st.
 Tagg, Mr. S. Bell-yard, Temple-bar—Taylor, Mr. J. Maiden-lane, Chapsade, 54—Tennant, J. esq. Denmark-hill, 62
 Walker, Mrs. M. Hampstead—Weller, Mrs. Croydon 37.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

BERKSHIRE.

The consecration of the new Parish Church of Windsor, has been performed by the Bishop of Salisbury.—Contributions for the relief of the distressed Irish flow in with encreasing speed in this county.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

W. C. Walters, esq. B. A. of Jesus College, has been elected a Fellow of that Society.—Mr. G. Hume, and Mr. J. Chapman, scholars of King's College, have been admitted Fellows of that society.—The Rev. H. Pepys, B. D. Fellow of St. John's College, has been presented by the Masters and Fellows of that Society, to the Rectory of Moreton, in Essex, vacant by the death of the Rev. W. Wilson, B. D.

Doctors in Divinity.—The Rev. W. Ainger, of St. John's College, superintendant of the Clerical Institution, at St. Bee's, in Cumberland, the Rev. J. Jeffery, of St. John's College.

Doctors in Physic.—C. Hewit, Esq.

Downing, Professor of Med.—J. C. Baddeley, Esq. of Caius College.—Sir R. Anstruther, Bart. of Trinity College, has been admitted Honorary Master of Arts.

CHESHIRE.

The Rev. J. N. Frame, Ashton-under-Lyne, has been presented to the perpetual Incumbency of Stayley Bridge.

CORNWALL.

On the 9th June, fifty children were baptized in the parish Church of St Austle, and on the following day, nineteen—total sixty-nine in two successive days!—Meneliot and Gram-pound fairs have been fully supplied with cattle, which sold at very low prices.—Throughout the county, the season promises abundant crops, and particularly fruits.

CUMBERLAND.

The Rev. H. Lowther, A. M. has been presented, by the Earl of Lonsdale, to the rectory of Bolton, vacant by the death of the Rev. R. Watts.—At a collection made in Cockermouth for the Irish, nearly £50 was obtained. The inhabitants of the neighbouring villages are following the charitable and humane example.

DERBYSHIRE.

Sermons have been preached with great success in the different places of worship throughout this county, for the relief of the suffering Irish.

DEVONSHIRE.

The Exeter fair produced a good shew of cattle, at somewhat better prices than of late. The cloth fair

has greatly declined, since every village has its shop, every road its travellers, and long credit has succeeded to ready money.—A diving bell, under the direction of a sub-marine adventurer called Crusoe, has been shipped from London for Holland, to recover the cargo of a vessel sunk there twenty-two years ago.

DORSETSHIRE.

A few days since, fourteen antique lances, or swords, were dug up in Wetherbury Castle, Rings, near Milbourne, by some labourers who were removing a thorn bush. They are in a good state of preservation.

DURHAM.

The subscription entered into at Stockton for the relief of the Irish, amounts to 138l 9s. 7d.—His Grace the Duke of Athol, has given fifty barrels of Herrings to the Liverpool Committee for the relief of the distressed Irish.—The bones of the famous horse, Eclipse, in a case, are now offered for sale at 1,000 guineas.

ESSEX.

Wanstead House.—The influx of persons to view this splendid mansion during the auction, was so very great, that, on an average, there were not less than from three to five thousand daily. The furniture was of surprising magnificence, the carpets and hangings alone having cost £60,000. The family arms of Tilney and Wellesley were embroidered on all the carpets. The walls, as well as the windows, were hung with the richest Genoa velvet, with three borders of gold lace, at three guineas and a half per yard.—We understand, that the three magnificent paintings in the entrance hall, are destined to decorate the walls of the principal staircase at Leeds Castle, in this county.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

A number of locusts alighted in a field at Kingswood, near Bristol, on the 18th of June. One was picked up, which measured three inches in length; it had horns shaped like those of a stag.—At Gloucester Midsummer Fair, business was remarkably flat. Sheep were rather plentiful, and were dull of sale at from threepence to fourpence per lb.—Pigs almost unsaleable.

HAMPSHIRE.

The sum of £158. 15s. 2d. has been subscribed at Lympington, for the relief of the Irish.—The pier at Ryde is to be carried five hundred feet farther into the sea forthwith.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

The produce of sixteen acres of

good land, in the parish of Rickmersworth (containing wheat, barley, oats, and peas, with the straw, in stacks well secured from the weather), has been sold by auction, at the very low price of 25*l.* being 1*l.* 11*s.* 3*d.* per acre.—On the 20th of June, the doors of Hereford prison were thrown open, there not being a single prisoner under confinement.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

A collection at Hemel Hempstead Church, for the benefit of the distressed Irish amounted to 36*l.* 3*s.* 3½*d.*

HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

The harvest commenced early; the crops though not generally heavy are of excellent quality.

KENT.

Lord Petre has signified his intention of making the very liberal reduction of 20 per Cent. upon the Impropriation tythes.—His Lordship, has also given notice to his tenants, that 20 per Cent. will be allowed on the rents due on Lady-day.—One hundred and seventy silver coins of Henry VII. and VIII. and Edward III. were lately found under the root of a tree, in Blackwose Field, near Hythe.

LANCASHIRE.

A gentleman of Loughborough has collected from the Liverpool official reports of corn, flour and meal, imported from Ireland, during the last seven weeks, the following items—Wheat, 21,344 quarters; Oats, 24,884 qrs.; Barley, 906 qrs.; Beans, 279 qrs.; Oatmeal, 984 qrs.; and Flour, 8,433 bags; and all this time the people in that country have been *perishing of famine!*

LEICESTERSHIRE.

A flock of sheep, consisting of forty-nine hoggrebs, were found dead in a field on the forrest, supposed to have been killed by lightning.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

Last month were taken from a rookery at Hemengby, near Horncastle, a couple of milk-white rooks, with white bills and legs, and without a tinge of any other colour whatever.

MONMOUTHSHIRE.

The remains of a Roman pavement, in a fine state of preservation, has been lately discovered in the grounds of Mr. Stokes, at Caerwent.—At Usk wool fair there was a large supply. The prices were, for coarse wool, from 1*s.* to 13*s.*; fine from 13*s.* to 16*s.* per stone, of 13*lbs.*—The alarming practice of desertion of farms and driving off the stock is, in Monmouthshire, by no means confined to the little or insignificant farmer, or to the least fertile soils of the country.

NORFOLK.

At his last audit, Sir G. Jerningham liberally took off 20 per cent. from the rent of his tenants.—The Lynn election was concluded on Friday, June 28, when Col. Walpole was elected by a majority of sixty-five.—We understand that it is the intention of the bankers of Norwich to reduce the interest allowed by them from 3 to 2½ per cent.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

Earl Fitzwilliam has again made a liberal abatement of from 20 to 40 per cent. to his tenants in this county.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Skipton fortnight fair, July 2, was crowded to excess with both fat beasts, sheep, and lambs; but in none of the above could last fair's prices be obtained.—The workmen employed in digging the foundation of the goal at Morpeth lately, found at the depth of thirteen feet from the surface, an oak tree, measuring thirty-eight feet in length, and nine feet in circumference, and perfectly sound. The skeleton of a deer's head with fine branching horns was also lately found at the same place, about fifteen feet below the surface.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

We understand that at the last rent day at Winwick, the worthy and respected rector made a return of one pound per acre, on which occasion the tenants caused a merry peal to be rung on the bells of the parish church; and spent the day with the utmost festivity and rejoicing.—Sermons have been preached and collections made at all the places of worship in Nottingham, in aid of the distressed Irish—the donations were considerable, and highly creditable to the inhabitants of that town.

SHROPSHIRE.

Collections to a considerable amount have been made under the King's letter in this county.—At Shrewsbury Fair there was about an average supply. Fat sheep averaged 3½*d.* and some very prime 4*d.* per lb. Store sheep much the same as last fair.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

The quartern loaf of the best wheaten bread is selling at Frome at 5½*d.*—The ladies of Melksham have formed themselves into a society for collecting articles of apparel for the distressed Irish.—Taunton fair was fully supplied with stock. The demand was unusually flat, and the prices obtained very low.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

Wolverhampton Fair has been but moderately supplied with cattle and sheep. Fat stock of every description

sold heavily, except lambs, which were quickly bought up. The shew of horses was as usual large, and there was a brisk demand for them.

SUFFOLK.

Singular Occurrence—As Mr. Thos. French, of Ilken Hall, was passing through Tunstal, a swarm of bees lighted on him and rolled into his coat pocket. Mr. F. had some scented herbs in the pocket at the time.

SUSSEX.

J. C. Pelham, esq. of Crowhurst, has ordered one hundred acres of good land to be set apart for the cultivation of deserving husbandmen, in suitable proportions for the benefit of themselves and families.—The hop plantations, at Breda, and other places, have lately improved in their appearance.—Autumnal fruits of every description, more particularly hazel and walnuts, filberts, &c. promise most luxuriantly.

WARWICKSHIRE.

The subscription in Birmingham, for the relief of the poor Irish, amounts to nearly 2,000*l.*—A legacy of 50*l.* has been bequeathed to the Birmingham Dispensary, by the late Miss Greatrix.—Warwick last Fair was well supplied with every description of cattle, but sales were extremely dull, and prices no better than at the last late fairs.

WILTSHIRE.

The down land, which commands a view of Salisbury, is now in a state of cultivation, the guardians of the poor employing on that and other beneficial works, every able pauper.—The Rev. J. L. Bythsea, rector of Leigh, Delamere, has reduced his tithes in the course of the last three years, 45 per Cent.—There are now in full bloom, in the hot-house of T. Timbrell, Esq. of Trowdridge, two plants of the *Yucca Aliofolia*, upwards of 8 feet in height.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

At Pershore Fair, there was an unusually large shew of horses; those fit for harness met ready sale at advanced prices; inferior ones little in demand; and many driven away unsold. Not many sheep, and sold at reduced prices.—The Rev. W. Tindall, M. A. Head Master of Wolverhampton Free Grammar School, has been presented to the perpetual curacy of Holme, in Lancashire.

YORKSHIRE.

Mr. Stavelay, the Governor of York Castle, has received orders from the Magistrates of the County, to raise the walls of the prison, and to make such

other alterations as he may think requisite for the safe detention of his prisoners. They have also ordered that the "*county dress*," which is now to be the same as that of Lancaster, shall henceforth be worn by all men in the Castle, excepting the debtors, and those imprisoned for misdemeanors. Irons will not be placed on any before trial, excepting such as the Governor may deem refractory and dangerous.

—At the York Wool Fair, the supply has been again extremely large, and the buyers numerous, but inadequate to the supply. Hog wool, from 11*d.* to 1*s.* per *lb.* Hog and Ewe wool, 9*d.* to 11*d.* per *lb.*

WALES.

We are happy to hear that a College, for the education of such students for the Ministry whose friends are not in affluence, is about to be erected at Lampeter, in Cardiganshire. The sum of 15,000*l.* three per cents, is already collected, and his Majesty has munificently sent a donation of 1000*l.* accompanied with a flattering letter. A Quarterly Magazine in the Welsh Language, to be conducted upon the principles of the Church of England, will shortly be commenced.

SCOTLAND.

We understand that the Directors of the Bank of Scotland, following the example of the Bank of England, have adopted the resolution of discounting bills and notes at four per cent.—The subscriptions to Mr. Owen's Experiment of Mutual Association and Co-operation at Motherwell, near Lanark, amounts already to more than 50,000*l.*

IRELAND.

The Royal Dublin Society have resolved to erect a whole-length statue of the King, in marble, to commemorate the royal visit and patronage of that institution. It appears by their resolutions, that they have selected Mr. Behnes for the distinguished task.—We will not shock the feelings of our readers, by quoting the instances of unparalleled distress, that now pervade every part of this starving country.—The work of charity is begun in almost every part of England, and a very large sum is already subscribed to alleviate the poor inhabitants of unhappy Ireland!

VARIATIONS OF BAROMETER, THERMOMETER, &c. at Nine o'Clock A. M. By T. BLUNT,
Mathematical Instrument Maker to his Majesty, No. 22, CORNHILL.

1822	Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Obs.	1822	Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Obs.	1822	Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Obs.
July 25	29.97	70	S. W.	Fair	July 6	29.83	61	N. E.	Fair	July 17	29.58	59	E.	Rain
26	29.94	71	S.	Ditto	7	30.02	60	N.	Fair	18	29.66	70	S.	Fair
27	30.08	67	N.	Ditto	8	30.11	59	N.	Ditto	19	29.45	65	S. W.	Ditto
28	30.06	63	N. W.	Ditto	9	30.02	65	S. W.	Shwy.	20	29.46	64	S.	Shwy.
29	29.98	64	N. W.	Ditto	10	29.80	65	W.	Rain	21	29.63	62	S.	Ditto
30	30.06	62	W.	Rain	11	29.72	61	S. W.	Shwy.	22	29.60	64	S. W.	Ditto
July 1	30.08	64	N. W.	Fair	12	29.30	65	S. W.	Ditto	23	29.56	60	S. W.	Ditto
2	29.89	61	S. W.	Ditto	13	29.80	61	N.	Fair	24	29.57	65	S.	Cl'dy.
3	29.93	65	S. W.	Ditto	14	29.91	64	N. E.	Ditto	25	29.64		S. W.	Fair
4	29.93	70	S. W.	Ditto	15	29.87	63	N.	Shwy					
5	29.71	65	N. E.	Storm	16	29.75	60	N. E.	Fair					

PRICE OF SHARES IN CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, FIRE AND LIFE
INSURANCE COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, NINES, &c.—JULY 23, 1822.

Canals.				Bridges.				Water-works.				Insurance.			
	Price	Per	Div. per		Price	Per	Div. per		Price	Per	Div. per		Price	Per	Div. per
	£	£ s.	£. s. d.		£.	£. s.	£. s. d.		£.	£. s.	£. s. d.		£.	£. s.	£. s. d.
Ashton and Oldham	100	100	4	Southwark	100	21	—	Chelsea	—	—	—	Albion	500	50	2 10
Barnesley	160	190	10	Ditto, New	50	70	7½ pr. rt.	East London	100	—	2 10	Atlas	50	5	6
Birmingham divided	25	580	24	Ditto, Loan	—	—	5	Grand Junction	50	55	2 10	Bath	—	575	40
Bolton and Bury	250	95	5	Vauxhall	100	18	—	Kent	100	31 10	1 10	Birmingham Fire	1000	300	25
Bricknock and Abergav.	150	80	4	Waterloo	100	5	—	London Bridge	—	50	2 10	British	250	50	3
Carlisle	50	—	—					South London	100	30	—	County	100	40	2 10
Chesterfield	50	120	8					West Middlesex	—	51	2 5	Eagle	50	2 12 6	—
Coventry	50	1000	44 3					York Buildings	100	21	—	European	20	20	1
Cromford	100	270	14									Globe	100	—	6
Croydon	100	2	—									Guardian	100	10	—
Derby	100	135	6									Hope	50	4 5	6
Dudley	100	63	3									Imperial Fire	500	—	4 10
Ellismere and Chester	133	63	3									Ditto, Life	50	11	9 6
Ennawash	100	1000	58									Kent Fire	50	55	—
Forth and Clyde	100	470	20									London Fire	25	—	1 4
Grand Junction	100	212	10									Provident	100	17	18
Grand Surrey	100	55	3									Rock	20	1 18	2
Grand Union	100	20	—									Royal Exchange	—	—	10
Grand Western	100	3	—									Sun Fire	—	—	8 10
Graham	150	145	8									Sun Life	100	23 10	10
Hereford and Gloucester	100	—	—									Union	200	40	1 8
Lancaster	100	27	1												
Leeds and Liverpool	100	300	12												
Leicester	—	300	11												
Leicester & Northampton	100	70	—												
Loughborough	—	3500	170												
Milton Mowbray	100	221	11												
Momouthshire	100	160	8												
Montgomeryshire	100	70	2 10												
North	—	410	25												
Nottingham	150	200	12												
Oxford	100	730	32												
Portsmouth and Arundel	50	40	—												
Regent's	—	31 10	—												
Rochdale	100	50	2												
Shrewsbury	125	170	9 10												
Shropshire	125	125	7												
Somerset Coal	50	107 10	7												
Ditto, Lock Fund	—	74	4												
Staffordsh. & Worcestershire	110	700	40												
Stonbridge	115	200	9												
Stafford-on-Avon	—	12	—												
Stonewater	—	495	22												
Swansea	100	180	10												
Tavistock	100	90	—												
Thames and Medway	—	20	—												
Thames and Severn, New	—	23	—												
Trent & Mersey	200	1900	75												
Warwick and Birmingham	100	220	10												
Warwick and Napton	100	210	10												
Worcester & Birmingham	—	26 10	1												
Docks				Gas Lights.				Literary Institutions				Miscellaneous.			
London	100	108½	4 10	Gas Light and Coke (Chart	50	70	4	London	75gs	28	—	Auction Mart	50	22	1 5
West India	100	—	10	Company	50	65	3 12	Russel	25gs	11	—	British Copper Company	100	52	2 10
East India	100	160	8	Ditto, New Shares	100	—	—	Surrey	30gs	5	—	Golden Lane Brewery	80	10	—
Commercial	100	—	3 10	City Gas Light Company	100	—	—					Ditto	50	6	—
East Country	100	31	—	Ditto, New	100	—	—					London Com. Sale Rooms	150	15	1
				South London	100	112	—					Gannatic Stock, 1st class	—	92	4
				Impenal	50	6 15	—					Ditto, 2d ditto	—	74	3

Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No 9, Change-Alley, Cornhill.

NOTE.—The List of East India Shipping and Price of London Markets are omitted this month on want of room.—They will appear in the next number.

PRICES OF STOCKS, COURSE OF EXCHANGE, &c.

GOVERNMENT FUNDS.		JULY 24.	IRISH FUNDS.		JULY 18.
BANK STOCK , div. 10 per cent.	428	<i>a</i>	Bank Stock
3 per Cent. Reduced Annuities	80½	<i>a</i> ¾	Govt. Debents. 3½ per ct.	907
3½ per Cent. Consols Annuities	91½	<i>a</i>	Do. Stock 3½	91½
4 per Cent. Consols Annuities	98½	<i>a</i> 7/8	Govt. Debents 4	91½	2
Long Annuities, <i>expire</i> 5th Jan. 1860	208	<i>a</i> 1	Do. Stock 4
5 per Cent. 1797	Paving Debents. 4
Irish 5 per Cent.	Govt. Debents. 5	104½	1
South Sea Old Ann. div. 3 per cent.	Do. Stock 5	101½	½
3 per Cent. Consols Annuities	79½	<i>a</i> 80	Gd. Canal Loan 6 per ct.	72
4 per Cent. Ditto, New	98½	<i>a</i> ¾	Ditto ditto 1	18
5 per Cent. Navy Annuities	Pipe Wat. Debs. 5
India Stock, div. 10½ per Cent.	Do. do. do. 6
South Sea Stock, div. 3½	City Debents. 5	102½
South S. New Anns. div. 3 per cent	Grand Canal Stock
3 per Cent. Annuities, 1751	Royal Canal Stock
Imperial 3 per Cent. Annuities	79½	<i>a</i> 80	Exchange on London	8½	<i>a</i>
4 per Cent. India Bonds	63	<i>a</i> 64 pm.			
Exchequer Bills, £1000. 2d. per day	5	<i>a</i> 6 pm.			
Ditto £500.	5	<i>a</i> 6 pm.			
Ditto small	5	<i>a</i> 7 pm.			
Bank for Account, 29th Aug 1822			
India for Opening, 29th Aug			
Consols for Opening, 28th Aug	80	<i>a</i> 1/8			
3½ per Cent. Consols	917			
3 per per Cent Reduced	84½			
Imperial	80			

BULLION.

	PER OZ.
JULY 23.	£ s. d.
Portugal Gold, in Coin ..	0 0 0
Foreign Gold, in Bars ..	3 17 6
New Doubloons	3 13 0
New Dollars	0 4 6½
Silver, in Bars, Standard	0 4 11

AMERICAN FUNDS.

	London, July 23.	N. York, June 24.
Bank Shares	22	105½ 6½
7 per Cent.	91	101½ 5½
3 pr. Cts. of 1812, 92 80 ..	} div. from Jan 1821	103½ 1
.... 1813, 92 8½ ..		103 1
.... 1814, 92 8½ ..		101 1
.... 1815, 92 8½ ..		101½ 1
3 per Cent.	68½
5 per Cent.	95½
5 per Cent.	96½
Exchange on London,	8½ pm.

FRENCH FUNDS.

	London, July 23.
5 p Ct An with div.
due March 21, and	92½ 25c.
September 21	100 5c.
Bank 51 aces, div. 31	16000. c.
Dec. and 30 June
Mar 1820, 3 compts. of 1 liq
Mar. 21, & Sep 21
Exchange on Lon-
don, 3 months	25½ 20c.
Ditto 1 ditto	25½ 40c.

PRUSSIAN STOCK.

<i>London, July 23, 1822.</i>	
5 per Cent. Bonds, large 88½	
Small — Div due 31st March,	
and 30th Sept.	

RUSSIAN STOCK.

<i>London, July 23, 1822.</i>	
6 per Cent. Inscriptions, 82. — Ex-	
change 11½ p. Ro — Div. due 30th	
June, and 31st Dec — Metallic 5 per	
Cents 7½ ex. d. — Exchange 3½ p.	
Ro — Div. due 28th Feb. & 31st Aug	

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

	TUES. July 23.
Amsterdam C. F.	12 8½
Ditto at Sight	12 5
Rotterdam	12 9
Antwerp	12 5
Hamburgh	37 10
Altona	37 11
Paris, 3 days Sight	25 50
Ditto	25 80
Bordeaux	25 80
Frankfort on the Main	156½
Vienna effec. 2 M. flo.	10 16
Trieste, ditto	10 16
Madrid	36
Cadix	35½
Bilboa	36
Barcelona	35½
Seville	35½
Gibraltar	30½
Leghorn	47½
Genoa	43½
Venice Italian liv.	27 60
Malta	45
Naples	39½
Palermo	117d
Lisbon	51½
Oporto	52
Rio Janeiro	46
Bahia	50
Dublin	9½
Cork	9½

EXCHEQUER BILLS.

All Exchequer Bills dated prior to Oct. 1821, have been Advertised to be Paid Off.



Giovanni Belyuzhskiy

AUGUST, 1822 :

CONTENTS

[TWO SHIFTS]

TO THE PUBLIC.

ALTHOUGH *five hundred* Copies of the last Number of this Magazine were printed in addition to the usual quantity, the whole impression has been found unequal to the demand; and the Proprietors regret that they did not further anticipate the success that has attended the elegant Engraving of "PSYCHE" and their improvements in general. Their Subscribers, however, are respectfully informed that, the Proof Impressions of the PSYCHE, with a Mythological account of her history, are nearly ready for publication. On account of circumstances, which it would be tedious and unnecessary to detail, these Proofs are far more elegantly executed and faithful to the original than the Engravings inserted in the last month's Magazine, although they were superior to any thing of the kind that ever appeared in this or any other Magazine.

The Proofs on India paper, with descriptive letter press on imperial quarto paper and hot-pressed, will be published at the latter end of the present month; dedicated to His Grace the Duke of Bedford. Price 7s. 6d.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following communications shall appear as soon as possible:—

Posthumous Vanity	On Poetical Resemblance
On the Advantages of Literary Correction	Humanitati Amicus
Titian's Picture	Translation by Alexis
	Claribel, or the King's Daughter.

We have returned the following articles to our publisher, which their respective Authors may receive on application;—

Sketches by Sea and Land	On Servility
Remarks on the Higher Ranks of Society	Lines on Friendship
Lines on Chelsea College	Lines to * * * by a constant Reader
Patterdale	Eliza; or, the Convicts
Scraps, No. I.	Lines to N * * * by Half-existence
Victim of Superstition	Lines by Cantabrigiensis
Walk to Wilsdon	On Pugilism, by W. T. W.
Youth	The Schoolmaster
Remarks on Garth's Dispensary	Pierce Egan and Lord Byron
Lines to H—n with a withered rose	Critique on the "Charities of London."

ERRATA IN OUR LAST NUMBER.

Page 21, read, "*que l'insurrection est organisée à Londres, l'armée séduite, et un gouvernement provisoire formé chez le Lord Mayor.*"—Page 43, for "*Cette,*" read "*cette.*"

THE
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,
AND
LONDON REVIEW.

AUGUST 1822.

MEMOIR
OF
GIOVANNI BELZONI, Esq.

WITH A

Retrospect of his "Operations and recent Discoveries within the Pyramids, Temples, Tombs and Excavations in Egypt and Nubia; and of a Journey to the Coast of the Red Sea, in search of the ancient Berenice; and another to the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon."

MR. BELZONI is a native of the city of Padua, and descended from a Roman family, which resided there many years. The disturbed state of Italy, in 1800, obliged him to leave that country, a circumstance which led him to visit different parts of Europe. His family, though not rich, sent him some occasional remittances; but, unwilling to be a burthen to them, he contrived to support himself by the knowledge which he had acquired in various branches, particularly hydraulics,—a science from which he derived considerable advantages, and which ultimately led to his visiting Egypt. In 1803 he arrived in England, and married shortly after. He remained here nine years, and having a natural propensity for travelling, he resolved on making a tour through the South of Europe, and visited Portugal, Spain, and Malta, whence he embarked for Egypt in 1815, where he remained to 1819. The discoveries which he made in this country, and Nubia, are the subject of a work which he has published since his arrival in England. He was chiefly led to engage in this work, in consequence of the many erroneous accounts which had been given to the public, after his opera-

tions and discoveries in Egypt. The work is written in a simple, pleasing, and perspicuous style, though it may seem to want that nerve, that copiousness of expression and power of language, which seldom, if ever, characterize the style of an author who writes in a foreign tongue. The want of these higher beauties, however, is more than compensated, by the importance of the matter, and the plain, unaffected simplicity of manner in which the author communicates his thoughts. Though he had many causes of complaint against certain individuals, he seldom gives way to the language of indignation. His reason always presides over his feelings, but his feelings are not the less strong, nor his sense of injury less poignant and acute. As his travels in Egypt and Nubia form the most interesting part of his own life, we have, for the satisfaction of our readers, given a history in miniature of the most important transactions in which he was engaged, during his residence in these countries. By this means, we make them, at once, acquainted with the history of his life, and the substance of the work which he has laid before the public. Mr. Belzoni sailed from Malta on the 19th of May, 1815, and

arrived at Alexandria on the 9th of June following. The object of his visit to Egypt was to construct hydraulic machines, to water the fields with greater expedition, and less expence, than the method usually adopted in that country. On arriving at Alexandria, the city was infected with the plague, though it was then on the decline. He and his party, which consisted only of Mrs. Belzoni, James Curtain, an Irish youth, and himself, were, accordingly, obliged to perform quarantine at the French Occale, where they remained till the first of July, when the plague had entirely abated. The 24th of June, St. John's day, is eagerly looked for by the Egyptians during the plague, as it then generally begins to decline rapidly,—a circumstance which the natives attribute to the guardian-power of the saint, but which Mr. Belzoni justly attributes to the great increase of heat, which, like the extreme of cold, checks the pestilence. On the first of July, Mr. Belzoni and his party sailed up the Nile, in company with Mr. Turner, an English gentleman, but were driven back by contrary winds the same evening. The next day they re-embarked, and landed at Aboukir, in consequence of high winds. They continued their voyage the same day, and landed at Rosetta. In four days afterwards, they reached Boolak, within a mile of Cairo, to which they immediately proceeded; and as the monks of the convent of Terressante could receive no women within their walls, they were accommodated with an old house in Boolak, belonging to Mr. Baghos, the principal interpreter of Mahomed Ali, and director of all foreign affairs. Mr. Baghos very courteously appointed a day to present him to his Highness, the Bashaw, to propose the object of his visit. In the meantime, curiosity led him to see the pyramids in the neighbourhood of Cairo, in company with Mr. Turner, who procured an escort of soldiers from the Bashaw. —They ascended the first pyramid before the rising of the sun; and, though Mr. Belzoni deals not in the picturesque style, the scene, as he describes it, is grand and imposing beyond description. Our limits preclude us from entertaining our read-

ers with the sublime prospects of which it was composed, and which lavish nature seemed to have scattered around him, in terrific though delightful magnificence. Mr. Belzoni returned with his friend to Cairo, strongly impressed with the influence of a scene which he had long desired, but never expected he should have the happiness to behold.

A few days after, he and a party of Europeans visited the pyramids of Sacara, by water, whence he proceeded, accompanied only by Mr. Turner, to visit the pyramids of Dajior; which, though considerably smaller, are in much better preservation than any of the rest. If opportunity permitted, they would have visited the embalmed mummies of birds, but a Fellah brought them an earthen vase containing a bird, which appeared to be of the hawk species. The vase was so perfect, that they believed the Fellah only sought to impose upon them, and, refusing, consequently, to purchase it, the Fellah, to prove what connoisseurs they were, broke it in their presence.

Two days after their return to Cairo, Mr. Baghos accompanied him to the citadel, to introduce him to the Bashaw; but as they passed along through one of the principal streets, a soldier on horseback rode up to him, and gave him such a blow on the leg with his stirrup, that he imagined it cut in two. The wound was deep, and two inches broad, so that, instead of proceeding to the Bashaw, he was taken to the convent of Terrassanta, to be cured. The stirrups of the Turkish soldiers are like shovels, cut very short. The Turks were, at this time, greatly incensed against the Bashaw, for ordering them to learn the European military evolutions,—a circumstance to which Mr. Belzoni attributes the injury which he received.

After recovering from his wound, he was presented to the Bashaw, who received him with great civility. He seemed to think little about the wound in his leg; simply observing, that such things were unavoidable, where there were troops. He immediately entered into an arrangement with Mr. Belzoni, relative to the construction of his hydraulic

machine; but he was not many days engaged in it, when a revolution took place at Cairo among the troops, who were hostile to the introduction of European tactics; and the Bashaw was obliged to take refuge in the citadel. Cairo and its vicinity remained a scene of pillage and confusion for several days, during which, our traveller was obliged to confine himself within doors; but the troops who remained faithful to the Bashaw succeeded, at length, in restoring order, and the discontented troops were sent to encampments in various stations, at a distance from Cairo. The Bashaw, however, was obliged to relinquish his project of introducing the military evolutions of Europe among his soldiery.

After tranquillity was restored, Mr. Belzoni proceeded with his hydraulic preparations, in which he experienced considerable interruption from the Turks, who were not only hostile to all European improvements, but suspected, that if this hydraulic machine should succeed, it would deprive many of them of work. While he was thus engaged, he had many opportunities of becoming acquainted with the manners and customs of the Turks, and the occupations and amusements of the Bashaw, which he very particularly describes. The Bashaw is a great marksman, and diverts himself every evening, about sun-set, in shooting at an earthen pot, placed on the opposite bank of the Nile. Mr. Belzoni saw him hit a pot, only fifteen inches high, across the Nile, where the river is much broader than the Thames at Westminster. He is extremely fond of European arts, to which his subjects have a proportionate aversion. He has, however, succeeded in introducing the fabrication of gunpowder, the refining of sugar, the making of fine indigo, and the silk manufacture. Why a ruler should be more studious of those arts which benefit society at large, than those to whom the blessing is communicated, seems to be a question well worthy of philosophic investigation. As our limits will not permit us to enter into the discussion, we can only observe, that mere abstract philosophy can have little, or, rather, no hope of being able to resolve it: and that no writer can pretend to be adequate

to the task, who cannot place himself in the same situation with the people, for the motives of whose conduct he pretends to account.

Mr. Belzoni's water machine was finished while the Bashaw happened to be at Alexandria, and, on his return, an experiment was made of its utility. Though constructed of bad wood and bad iron, and erected by Arabian carpenters, it drew six times more water than the common machines. The prejudice, however, was very strong against it; and the Bashaw, fearful to oppose the general feeling, decided, that it had only four times the power of the common machines. This, however, was all that Mr. Belzoni had undertaken, but an accident soon frustrated its adoption, and quieted the fears of the people. The Bashaw, to indulge a frolic, instead of oxen, put fifteen men into it, to try its effect, but the wheel had scarcely turned once, when they all leaped out, leaving James, the Irish boy, alone in the machine. The wheel, which was consequently overbalanced by the weight of water, turned back with such rapidity, that the catch was unable to check it; and the boy was violently thrown out, having one of his thighs broken. The Turks have an insurmountable objection to all new inventions which are attended with any accident; and the Bashaw, who had not yet surmounted the fears of the late rebellion, yielded to their superstition, and renounced the adoption of the machine, so that Mr. Belzoni's contract with him was consigned to oblivion.

He now determined to leave Cairo, and, accordingly, applied to Mr. Salt, the British Consul, to procure him a firman from the Bashaw, to sail up the Nile. Mr. Salt, who had long deliberated on removing the head of the statue of the younger Memnon, which lay at Gornou, a village near Thebes, availed himself of this opportunity, and proposed to Mr. Belzoni the raising of the bust, and conveying it down the Nile to Alexandria, with an intention of sending it to London, and offering it as a present to the British Museum. To this proposal, Mr. Belzoni agreed, but denies, that he was regularly employed by the British Consul, as has been publicly

stated, and says he received no remuneration but the expenses which he had incurred on the occasion.

Having made the necessary preparations, Mr. Belzoni departed from Cairo on the 30th of June, and met Ibrahim, Bashaw of Upper Egypt, on his way to Siout, to whom he presented his letters. The Bashaw politely requested of him to deliver them to the Defterdar, who was left in command at Siout. He reached Siout on the 6th of July, and found the Defterdar Bey from home. He waited on Dr. Scotto, according to the instructions which he received from the Consul, but found him unwilling to promote the success of his undertaking, observing, that "the bust was a mass of stone not worth the carriage." The Bey, however, on his arrival, received him very politely, and furnished him with orders to the Casheft of the province of Erments, who holds jurisdiction over the Fellahs of Thebes. Mr. Belzoni proceeded on his voyage, and reached Dendera on the 18th, at night; and visited the celebrated temple of Tentyra the next morning. It is the first Egyptian temple that presents itself along the Nile, and by far the most magnificent. Mr. Belzoni gives a very minute description of this "Cabinet of Egyptian Arts, the product of studies for many centuries." Here he saw the famous Zodiac, which, we understand, has been purchased since Mr. Belzoni left Egypt, by the King of France, out of his own private purse, to embellish the ceiling of the Louvre. —For the description of this noted temple, we must refer the reader to the work before us, that we may pursue Mr. Belzoni on his route. On the 22d, he landed at Luxor, and saw the ruins of Thebes, for the first time.

Mr. Belzoni describes several colossal figures, which he met with before he reached the bust which he had to remove, particularly the colossus of Memnon, or Sesostris, or Osymandias, or Rhamenoph, or some other Egyptian monarch, for, as Mr. Belzoni observes, "so many names have been given to it, that at last it has no name at all." He says it would require more labour to convey this mass of granite by water than the obelisk known by the name of Pompey's Pillar. He commenced

his operations of removing the bust under very discouraging auspices. The only implements he brought from Cairo were fourteen poles, eight of which were employed in making a sort of cart to lay the bust on, four ropes of palm leaves, and four rollers without tackle of any sort. The want of implements, however, was little in comparison to the difficulties thrown in his way by the Turkish Cachefts and Calnakans, on whose word no reliance can be placed. Even when a superior sends a firman, fiscarry, or order to an inferior governor, though he will not positively disobey the order, he will endeavour to prevent its execution one way or other, unless he receives a present from the person whose interest it promotes. Mr. Belzoni, however, succeeded in removing the bust to the banks of the Nile, though he had considerable difficulty in getting the Arabs to work; for they not only acted in concert with each other, but seemed to have frequently private instructions from the Cachefts to disappoint him when he stood most in need of them. Accordingly, if he had an hundred men at work one day, he could not get one of them to appear the day following, though they had strict orders to attend him from the Cachefts, and were regularly paid for their labour by Mr. Belzoni.

After conveying the bust to the banks of the Nile, he went with some Arabs to a cave, where he was informed by M. Drouetti, the ex-consul-general of the late government of France, that a sarcophagus was discovered. The ex-consul himself endeavoured to remove it, but could not succeed, the Arabs having cunningly stopped up the great entrance which led to it. Mr. Belzoni entered through a long narrow cavity, where he was frequently obliged to creep on the ground. They reached the sarcophagus at length, which nearly closed up the passage. One of the Arabs, however, and Mr. Belzoni's interpreter, succeeded in passing, and it was agreed that Mr. Belzoni himself, and the other Arab should wait there till the interpreter and his companion returned: They went so far that the lights entirely disappeared, and a few minutes after the interpreter was heard to cry out, *O*

mon Dieu ! mon Dieu ! Je suis perdu. Mr. Belzoni immediately returned to procure help from the other Arabs, but lost his way. At length, however, he miraculously got out, and found his interpreter at the entrance. It seems that, after leaving Mr. Belzoni, they came to a pit, which they did not perceive till the Arab fell in. It was then the interpreter cried out, *I am lost*; for the Arab, in falling, put out both lights. The interpreter, however, happening to see a small light at a distance, approached it, and after scraping away some loose sand and stones, got out of the cave through an aperture in the large entrance which the Arabs had stopped up. Mr. Belzoni immediately set the Arabs to work, and cleared out the large entrance, in order to remove the sarcophagus, but the Cacheft of Erments, whose permission he had heretofore in all his operations, sent him word to desist, as the sarcophagus was sold to the French consul. Finding he could not, at present, succeed in his design, and having no boat fit to convey the colossal bust to Cairo, he sent a courier to Mr. Salt, to send him a boat for that purpose, and determined, in the mean time, to go up the Nile, and return before the courier arrived from Cairo. His voyage up the Nile is extremely interesting, and places the character of the Turks and their chiefs in a truer point of view than that of any other traveller. The principal places and remains of antiquity, which he describes, are Esné, Edfu, Assouan, the Isle of Elephantine and its temple, supposed to be dedicated to the serpent Knuphis, the beautiful Island of Philoe, Taffa, the ruins of Kalahshe, Garba Dandour, Garbah Merieh, Garba Gyrshe, the temple of Dakke and its Greek inscriptions, Meharrakæ, or Offelina, Seboua, Korosko, Deir, the great capital of Lower Nubia, Ibrim and its sepulchral chambers, Faras, Ybsambul and its temple, half-buried in the sand, Wady Halfa, the Isle of Mainarty, and the rook of Aspir, which commands a view of the second Cataract. Here Mr. Belzoni was obliged to return; but on his arrival at Thebes, he found that no boat had arrived from Cairo, though Mr. Salt had sent him a remittance of money. After considerable trou-

ble and perplexity, Mr. Belzoni however succeeded in procuring a boat, and conveying the bust of Memnon to Cairo, where he received letters from the consul, who was then at Alexandria; to proceed to him directly with the colossus, leaving all the other articles he had brought with him in the consulate. He left Cairo accordingly on the 3d of January, 1817, and reached Alexandria in eleven days, where he lodged the colossus in the Bashaw's magazine to await its embarkation for England.

Mr. Belzoni had left too many objects of curiosity behind him to remain satisfied with his first trip into Upper Egypt and Nubia. He proposed accordingly a second voyage to Mr. Salt, particularly with a view to open the temple of Ybsambul, which he attempted in his first journey, but which he was obliged to give over for want of sufficient money to pay the workmen. The consul readily embraced the proposal, and Mr. Belzoni set off from Boolak on the 20th of February, in company with a Mr. Beechey, whom he took along with him at the consul's request. On their arrival at Eshmonneir, they were informed that two agents of Mr. Drouetti, the French ex-consul, were making a forced march to Thebes. Mr. Belzoni justly concluding that their object was to reach that place before himself to purchase up all the antiquities, that had been accumulated by the Arabs during the preceding season, and also apprehensive they would take possession of a spot where he had made excavations and discovered sphinxes and statues, if they reached Thebes before him, immediately determined to travel by land, and ordered a horse and ass to be got ready. He took along with him a Greek servant, who attended on board, and leaving the boat in Mr. Beechey's charge, he arrived in Thebes by forced marches in five days and a half. It happened that the Defterdar Bey of Siout had given Mr. Belzoni a letter to the British consul, to which he expected an answer by Mr. Belzoni on his return; but the consul having neglected to write to him he was so enraged, that he went direct to Luxor, and ordered the ground where Mr. Belzoni had discovered the

sphinxes, to be dug up, and all its contents were afterwards given to the agents of M. Drouetti, who took every opportunity of conciliating the good will of the Bey, and irritating him against the English party. Mr. Belzoni, however, continued to make many important discoveries, though every possible difficulty was thrown in his way. Among the relics of antiquity which he discovered, were two brazen vessels, which he purchased from one of the Fellahs, and which he describes as the finest and most perfect pieces of Egyptian antiquity he had ever seen. They were covered with engraved hieroglyphics, admirably executed; and were about eighteen inches high, and ten in diameter, their sound resembling that of Corinthian brass. The French party, finding the success that attended Mr. Belzoni's labours, succeeded at length in persuading the Bey, who was already incensed against the English, to issue an order to all the Cachafts, and Caimakans who commanded on both sides of Thebes, not to permit Mr. Belzoni's party to collect any more antiquities, nor to allow the Arabs to work, or sell any thing more to them on any account. Mr. Belzoni expostulated, and threatened to write to the Bashaw, on which he counteracted the order, but shortly renewed it again, so that Mr. Belzoni finding it useless to remain at Thebes, determined to proceed farther up the Nile. He left a Sheik to guard his collection, which he covered with earth, and encompassed with a mud wall before his departure.

Mr. Belzoni gives, not only a very circumstantial, but a very pleasing, account of the various places, curiosities, and antiquities which he visited and explored in his second voyage up the Nile, among which may be particularly noticed his account of the Island of Philoe, and its curiosities. His opening the temple of Ysambul, however, excites the attention of the reader more than all the rest, not only because it was half buried in the sand, but because its internal part was never seen by the oldest inhabitant then living. He was twenty-eight days in removing the sand which closed up the entrance, and had frequently upwards of one hundred men employ-

ed. On entering, he was surprised to find it one of the most beautiful temples in Egypt, enriched with beautiful intaglios, paintings, colossal figures, &c. We regret our limits will not afford us to give even an abstract of his description; but it is well worthy the attention of every lover of antiquity.

Mr. Belzoni, after visiting every place worthy the attention of the antiquary and inquisitive traveller, returned to Thebes, and commenced his operations anew. Finding M. Drouetti's agents making excavations about Gornau, and knowing from experience he could not be at peace in their neighbourhood, he determined to make the sacred valley of Beban el Malook the scene of his researches; having previously obtained a firman from the Cachaft of Ghous, who was now ruler over Thebes, directed to the Scheiks of Gournou, commanding them to supply him with twenty men. In this fortunate valley Mr. Belzoni made his grand discovery of the tomb of Psammuthis, King of Egypt. He caused the earth to be dug up at the foot of a steep hill, immediately under a torrent, where no vestige of a tomb appeared. He kept the men at work, however, for three days, and at length discovered an entrance into the solid rock, eighteen feet below the surface. The entrance led to a corridor, thirty-six feet two inches long, eight feet four inches wide, and eight feet nine inches high: the paintings on the ceiling and the hieroglyphics, in basso relievo indicated that it was the entrance to some magnificent tomb. At the end was a stair-case twenty-three feet in depth, which led to another corridor, still larger and more sumptuous than the former: at the end was a pit, thirty feet deep, and fourteen by twelve feet wide, beyond which he described a small aperture, two feet wide, and two feet and a half high. He contrived, by placing beams across the pit, to reach the entrance, and open it: on entering, Mr. Belzoni found himself in a beautiful hall, twenty-seven feet and a half long, and about twenty-six feet wide, supported by square pillars. This entrance hall led to a chamber twenty-eight feet long, and twenty-five feet and a half wide, also supported by pillars. On one side of the entrance hall he dis-

covered another corridor, thirteen feet long, which led to another beautiful corridor, thirty-six feet six inches, by six feet eleven inches. The paintings still became more and more perfect as he advanced. A descent of ten steps led to another corridor, seventeen feet by ten feet five inches, which led to a chamber, twenty feet four inches by thirteen feet eight inches: in this chamber was a grand display of Egyptian gods and goddesses. This chamber led to a large hall, about twenty-eight by twenty-seven feet, supported by two rows of square pillars: on each side of the hall is a small chamber, and the end led to a grand saloon with an arched roof, about thirty-two feet long, and twenty-seven wide. On the left of the saloon was a chamber about twenty-six feet long, and twenty-three wide: at the end of this room, facing the hall of pillars, was another grand chamber, forty-three feet four inches by seventeen feet and a half wide. In the centre of this room, Mr. Belzoni discovered the most perfect and valuable remains of Egyptian antiquity,—a Sarcophagus of the finest oriental alabaster, nine feet five inches long, and three feet seven inches wide: its thickness is two inches; and it is transparent when a light is placed in the inside. It is sculptured within and without with several hundred figures and emblems. It was placed over a staircase in the centre of the saloon, leading to a subterraneous passage three hundred feet deep.

Mr. Belzoni, with the assistance of M. Ricci, made drawings afterwards of all the figures, hieroglyphics, emblems, ornaments, &c. in the tomb; and took impressions of every thing in wax, a task which occupied him more than twelve months. The paintings, &c. are all minutely described in the work before us: the description, though brief, takes up fourteen pages.

Shortly after the discovery of this celebrated tomb, Mr. Belzoni left Thebes for Cairo, to which he conveyed his second collection of antiquities. Even here the spirit of curiosity would not suffer him to be at rest—he formed a project of opening the second pyramid of Ghizeh—that enormous mass, which has baffled the conjectures of ancient and modern writers. Having mentioned his in-

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tention to Count de Forbin, who was then at Cairo, he sarcastically requested of him to send him a plan of it to France, when opened. The Count thought the thing impossible, but he was mistaken—Mr. Belzoni opened the pyramid, and sent him the plan. A paragraph appeared shortly after in a French paper, stating that Count de Forbin, Director General of the Royal Museum of France, penetrated into the second pyramid of Ghizeh, and brought the plan of the discovery along with him to France. The expenses of opening the pyramid Mr. Belzoni paid out of his own pocket; all his other expenses were paid by Mr. Salt, to whom he delivered both the collections which he brought from Thebes. He therefore determined, after opening the pyramid, to make a collection on his own account, and to make the drawings of the tomb of Psammuthis, and the wax impressions of which we have already spoken: having, accordingly, arranged his affairs with the Consul, he set off once more for Thebes. On his third journey to Thebes, he visited the Defferdar Bey of Siout, whom he found exercising his soldiers and young Mamelukes in gunnery and horsemanship:—having obtained a firman from him, he continued his voyage to Thebes, where he commenced his drawings and models of the tomb as before stated, the moment he arrived.

It is disagreeable to revert to the difficulties he had here again to encounter, and the obstacles illiberally thrown in his way, not only by M. Drouetti and his agents, but by Mr. Salt himself. So determined were they to put a stop to his researches, that on his arrival at Thebes he found the ground on both sides of the Nile marked by the agents of one party or the other. "I verily believe," he says, "if I pointed out one of the sand banks or solid rocks, they would have said they just intended to have broken into it the next day." Perceiving the difficulties of making researches on his own account, without quarrelling with some of the parties, he retired to his tomb, and devoted his time to his drawings and models. His thirst for discovery, however, prompted him to diversify his pursuits by occasional excavations, whoever might reap the benefit of his discoveries.

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Accordingly he dug, between the Memnonium and Medinet Aboo, a place which had been already examined by Mr. Salt and Mr. Drouetti to no purpose. He set his men to work where he imagined the Sekos and Cella must have been, and in two days came to a large statue which proved to be the finest he had yet found. It was a sitting figure of a man, at all points resembling the great colossus of Memnon, nearly ten feet high, and of the most beautiful Egyptian workmanship.

Having made this addition to his stock, Mr. Belzoni re-commenced his drawings, determined to return to his excavations the moment he had an interview with Mr. Salt, who had marked all this ground for himself. He took off many of the figures in basso relievo, an hundred and eighty-two of which he found to be as large as life. The smaller figures he computed at about eight hundred, and five hundred hieroglyphics, which he faithfully copied with their colours. Though he had ceased his researches, he still continued to purchase from the peasants of Gournou whatever he found of greatest value in their possession, by which means he was enabled to make a valuable, though small, collection.

About this time, Mr. Calud, a silversmith, who had been recommended to the Bashaw of Egypt by M. Drouetti, was sent to examine certain mountains on the borders of the Red Sea, which were reported to contain a number of mines. On his return, he happened to reach Sakiet Minor, situated in a valley, a few miles from the mountain of Zabara, which he described as containing eight hundred houses and several temples. In a word, it appeared to him like the ruins of Pompeia. This led the antiquaries of Egypt to mistake it for the ancient Berenice. Mr. Belzoni happening to meet with one of the miners, who had been sent from the mountains to the Nile for provisions, received such information from him relative to Sakiet, as convinced him it could not be the Berenice mentioned by Herodotus and Pliny, and that it did not lie as far south as Berenice is marked by the geographer D'Anville. Determined, however, to judge for himself, he set off, in

company with Mr. Beechey, an English doctor, two Greek servants, the miner from whom he received his information, and two boys. During their passage up the Nile, it rose three feet and a half higher than it did during the former inundation, and spread desolation over the face of the country. Having arrived at the island of Hovassie, he made preparations for crossing the desert, and in a few days reached Sakiet, a miserable village, containing only eighty-seven houses, out of which only one could be considered the habitation of a person of any distinction. Satisfied that this could not be the ancient Berenice, Mr. Belzoni, without halting a moment, continued his course, hoping every moment to come within sight of it; but, after several days' journey, he found himself suddenly on the coasts of the Red Sea, surrounded by "one of those moles of ruins which shew the spot of ancient towns, so often seen in Egypt." From a number of observations, which our limits do not permit us to mention, Mr. Belzoni concluded that these were the ruins of the ancient Berenice. The temple was Egyptian, the first of the kind discovered on the coasts of the Red Sea. Mr. Belzoni and his party, being almost destitute of provisions, returned to Mr. Calud's Sakiet, a village which he thinks was built for the ancient miners, who worked in the adjacent mountains in search of emeralds. Mr. Belzoni, to convince himself whether there was any landing place besides that where he had discovered the ruins, returned again to the Red Sea; and, having satisfied himself on this point, returned again through Sakiet to Gournou, where he arrived after an absence of forty days.

Shortly after his arrival at Gournou, Mr. Banks solicited him to ascend the Nile, as far as the Island of Philoe, to remove the obelisk of which he had already taken possession in the name of the British Consul, who had afterwards ceded it to Mr. Banks. With this, Mr. Belzoni gladly complied, but M. Drouetti, on hearing of the design, sent Mr. Lebulo, one of his agents, to the Aga of Assouan, to persuade him not to suffer Mr. Belzoni to remove the obelisk. Finding the Aga paid no attention to him, knowing that

Mr. Belzoni had long since taken possession of it, he went direct to the Island; and affecting to the simple natives that he could read the hieroglyphics, pretended, that they indicated the obelisk to belong to M. Drouetti's ancestors. By this, and several other means, added to some presents, he nearly frustrated Mr. Belzoni's design of removing the obelisk; but he was not of a character to bend before difficulties, and he succeeded in carrying it to Thebes, where he met with Mrs. Belzoni, who had returned from Jerusalem. From the moment of his arrival, M. Drouetti took every opportunity of coming to an open quarrel with him; but finding he would not be provoked, he employed his two agents, Lebulo and the renegade Rossignan, to assault him publicly at the head of thirty Arabs. —They were soon joined by M. Drouetti himself, but several other Arabs who happened to be passing, stopped to see what was the matter, and took Mr. Belzoni's part. Finding it dangerous to remain any longer in Alexandria, Mr. Belzoni determined to leave Egypt altogether, and having conveyed his collection of antiquities, his sarcophagus, models, drawings, &c. on board, he sailed for Alexandria, where he found letters, on his arrival, from the Consul, and Mr. Bankes, who were then absent. The Consul requested of him to stop in Alexandria, till he had an answer from England, and obtained redress for the manner in which he was treated. In consequence of this delay, Mr. Belzoni purposed making a journey to the Oasis of Ammon. He set off, accordingly, and visited many of those places whose primitive glory is long since set, but which still derive an importance, from the splendour of their ancient fame. Amongst others, we may note the lake Moeris, the town and temple of Haron, the ancient town of Denay, the ancient Bacchus, the ruins of Arsinoe, &c. —With the present state of these places he makes us particularly acquainted, and his opinions, with regard to the relations which they bear to others, mentioned in ancient history, are peculiarly interesting. Having procured a guide through the desert, he pursued his course westward; and, after a journey of two days, came to various tumuli,

which he considers to be the graves of Cambyses' soldiers, who are known to have perished in the desert.

Having passed on, he arrived at the village of Zaboo, where he was indebted to his address, and the experience he had acquired from travelling, for his reception among the natives; who manifested, at first, very great unwillingness to admit him among them. Having, however, succeeded in conciliating their friendship, he made many excursions round the country, in search of antiquities. The natives, however, took care to search him all over, whenever he returned from a cave, imagining he had found a treasure, which they supposed all these caves contained, but which they dared not examine themselves, believing them to be the residence of devils. He had more difficulty, however, in bringing the Sheikh, Cady, and inhabitants of El-Cassar, to admit him into their village, as they could not be persuaded, that any man would have travelled so far in search of old stones; and, consequently, that it must be treasure alone, of which he was in pursuit. He obtained permission, however, to enter, on condition, that he should not write a single word, nor practise any sort of magic, during his residence among them, lest they should fall sick and die. Having agreed to these conditions, he was permitted to pursue his researches. He visited, among other places, the tombs and fountain mentioned by Herodotus in Melpomene, and which he places near the temple of Jupiter Ammon. Having explored every thing of note here, and in the adjacent country, he returned once more to Rosetta, and thence to Alexandria. Having obtained no redress for the assault, committed on his person by Drouetti and his agents, he sailed for his native country, where he passed over to England, as already related. Since his arrival, he has published an account of his travels and discoveries, from which we have collected our materials for the present memoir. Our limits, however, do not permit us to enter into the spirit of the work, or the reasonings of its author; and we have, therefore, confined ourselves chiefly to such matters as related to the active, and not to the speculative part of his life.

ESSAY ON THE GENIUS OF COWLEY, DONNE AND CLEVELAND.

(Continued from page 48.)

THE feelings of nature become, consequently, extinct; their voice is not heard: their impulse is disregarded; and we consider them just and natural only, when they agree with those from whom we think it impious to dissent. This appears to me to be the reason, why all natural feeling is destroyed, while we are travelling from the state of nature, where we have no authority to direct us, to the state of perfect knowledge, where we are enabled to estimate the real value of every authority to which our assent is required. It is only in these two states that we can exercise a perfect freedom of opinion and of language, because, in the one, we know not what restriction means, and, in the other, we despise the restriction to which the tyranny of authority would endeavour to subject us.

These appear to me to be the reasons, why every trace of natural feeling seems to be extinct in the writings of Cowley and his contemporaries.—Perhaps I do not assert more than I could easily prove, when I say, that every line, every idea, every sentiment in Cowley, Donne, Cleveland, &c. can be traced to the philosophy, the metaphysics, or the literature of their predecessors. They never venture to think for themselves, and their highest aim is to present the thoughts of others in a different aspect. They never consult their own feelings: they even address their mistress as if she were totally destitute of all natural feeling,—as if she were an intellectual being, who was not in the least subject to the dominion of the senses; and as if she could only esteem the man, whose love was a mere heterogeneous compound of conceit and wit,—not the man who loved her as a man, and whose love had not the remotest alliance with metaphysical combinations. Who can trace the least spark of natural affection in the following comparison, which Donne makes between himself who travels, and his wife who stays at home, to a pair of compasses?

Our two souls, therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they are two, they are two so,
As stiff, thin compasses are two;
The soul, the fixed foot, makes us show
To move, but doth if the other do.

And though it in the center sit,
Yet, when the other far doth roam,
It leans and hankers after it,
And grows erect as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
Like th' other foot, obliquely run;
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And grows erect as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
Like th' other foot, obliquely run;
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end where I begun.

Dryden very justly observes of Donne, that “he affects the metaphysics, not only in his satires, but in his amorous verses, where nature only should reign, and perplexes the minds of the fair sex with nice speculations of philosophy, when he should engage their hearts, and entertain them with the softness of love.”

Donne has not confined his metaphysical jargon to his poetical productions.—It is equally characteristic of his prose writings. Even in the dedication of his poetical works to Lord Craven, where it might naturally be expected he would have laid aside his conceits and witticisms, he concludes, by representing the collection of his own poems as a pyramid on which his Lordship's statue might rest secure; in which, by the bye, the whole compliment is to himself, and not to his Lordship.—He leaves it doubtful, however, whether it be his Lordship's statue or himself, that is to rest on this pyramid. “Although these poems,” he says, “were formerly written upon several occasions, to several persons, they now unite themselves, and are become one pyramid to set your Lordship's statue upon, where

you (not the statue) may stand, like armed Apollo, the defender of the Muses, encouraging the poets now alive to celebrate your great acts."

Indeed, it is difficult to think well of the national character of the English nobility, at a time when such puerile absurdities were received as compliments. There is great reason to believe, that we owe little to our ancestors for that dignity and true pride of character, of which we justly boast at present; nor would it, perhaps, be wandering far from the truth, to assert, that we are more nearly allied to the French, the Germans, or the Spaniards, of the present day, in point of national character, than we are to our own great grandfathers. We hear no longer of that prostitution of genius which was so common in England, down to the commencement of the eighteenth century. Patrons were at this time addressed as demi-gods. The language of adulation could not be too servile, and, indeed, it is difficult to determine, which is the most offensive and revolting to our nature,—the poet who basely sacrifices at the altar of wealth, or the patron who suffers himself to be exalted almost into the throne of omnipotence,—where he

"Assumes the God,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres."

Happily, these lords of the creation have no existence at present.—English noblemen are too enlightened to think themselves honoured by being elevated above their own species, and endowed with attributes of excellence, which are placed beyond the reach of human attainment. Reason has so far established her dominion amongst us, as to remove the veil which had been woven in the loom of feudal despotism, and interposed between the higher and lower classes of society. This veil prevented them from being mutually acquainted with each other; for the former class not only believed themselves to be of a superior order to the latter, but even the latter themselves became converts to the opinion. In many parts of Ireland, this blind homage to ancestry, arising from a belief that they inherit a sort of superior nature,

prevails at the present day,—a fact which it is so difficult to reconcile to reason, that few can give it credence who have not actually resided among them. The English nobleman, however, has long ceased to believe, that nature has drawn any line of distinction between him and the peasant. He has, indeed, frequently to pity the ignorance of the latter; he finds himself possessed of many endowments which are entirely denied to him; he finds himself removed from him by a vast expanse of mental illumination; but he places none of these differences to the account of nature; and he justly attributes them to the advantages of education and cultivated society;—to the agency of circumstances, and the influence which they exercise over the human mind.

The genius of the literature of every age is considerably influenced by the moral character of the people. Poets and historians are scarcely left any alternative but that of writing what will please, or of not writing at all. They cannot please, however, without accommodating themselves to the political prejudices and national character of the people for whom they write. A nation that respects its own character will produce chaste and moral writers, but where this character is forgotten, where every individual consults only the propensities of his own nature, the genius of morality and patriotic virtue wings her flight to some happier confines, and a swarm of licentious writers, sensual poets, and timeserving historians immediately succeed. The stage, particularly, becomes a theatre of profanation and impiety. This licentiousness seems to have infected the English nation, and, consequently, the English writers, from the middle of the seventeenth to the middle of the eighteenth century, more than any other country in Europe. The prostitution of genius was no where more evident than on the stage; and the writer, who could not accommodate himself to the rage of the times, had no chance of advancing himself in public estimation. If we were to judge of Dryden's character through the medium of his dramatic works, the sensuality of his muse would convey but a faint conception of that diffi-

dence and real modesty which characterized his life. The impressions of virtue, however, were too feeble to resist the strong pleadings of necessity, and he yielded to that licentiousness of manner, and obscenity of description, which could alone crown his dramatic compositions, if not with fame, at least with success. He lived to lament the immorality of his plays, but he did not live to behold the stage reformed, or disposed to reject profligate characters, and indelicate scenes. The English stage, or rather the English nation, has surpassed all other countries for its indelicate comedy. "Accustomed to the indelicacy of our own comedy," says Dr. Blair, "and amused with the wit and humour of it, its immorality too easily escapes our observation. But all foreigners, the French especially, who are accustomed to a better regulated and more decent stage, speak of it with surprise and astonishment." Voltaire, who is, assuredly, none of the most austere moralists, plumes himself not a little upon the superior *bienséance* of the French theatre; and says, "that the language of English comedy is the language of debauchery, not of politeness." M. Moralt, in his letters upon the French and English nation, ascribes the corruption of manners in London to comedy, as its chief cause. "Their comedy," he says, "is like that of no other country; it is the school in which the youth of both sexes familiarize themselves with vice, which is never represented there as vice, but as mere gaiety." "As for comedy," says Diderot, in his observations upon dramatic poetry, "the English have none; they have, in their place, satires full, indeed, of gaiety and force, but without morals, and without taste,—*Sans mœurs et sans goût*." Lord Kames, in his "Elements of Criticism," has censured the indelicacy of English comedy in terms still stronger than Dr. Blair's, concluding his invective against it in these words:—"How odious ought those writers to be, who thus spread infection through their native country, employing the talents which they have received from their Maker most traiterously against himself, by endeavouring to corrupt and dis-

figure his creatures! If the comedies of Congreve did not rack him with remorse, in his last moments, he must have been lost to all sense of virtue." We cannot, however, agree with Lord Kames in laying the entire blame on the writers of comedy. If the taste of the nation at large had not been vitiated, immodest writers would find no encouragement, and, consequently, would not cultivate that species of comedy, which tended neither to increase their wealth, nor their reputation—at least, the greater censure must attach to the nation, for what will not a writer do, who lives by his profession? That excuse, which Churchill pleads in his own behalf, will always be found stronger in defence of writers than any plea which the nation can ever advance in defence of itself.

"What proof might do; what hunger
might effect,
What famish'd nature looking with neglect
On all it once held dear; what fear, at strife
With fainting virtue for the means of life,
Might make this coward flesh, in love
with breath,
Shuddering with pain, and shrinking
back from death,
In treason to my soul descend to bear,
Trusting to fate, I neither know nor care."

We do not, by this, mean to advocate profligate writers: we only mean to say that, culpable as they are, they are still less so than the nation that encourages them. While the stage continued to be the great nursery of voluptuous writers, it was not wonderful, indeed, that those who frequented it, did not escape the contagion which it was so highly calculated to infuse. Of this pleasure it may be truly said,—

Principium dulce est, at finis amoris
amarus,
Læta venit Venus, tristis abire solet.

BUCHANAN.

Ovid himself, the prince of amatory poetry, confesses the danger of the voluptuous muse, though he says, in making this confession, he

brings discredit on his own productions :—

*Eloquar iuventus, tenerosne tange poetas,
Submoveo dotes impius ipse meas.*

Even Shakspeare, who is, at bottom, perhaps the most moral of all writers, is so replete with that indelicacy which was the growth of his own age, and with which he was necessarily obliged to conform in part, that he is too gross for his greatest admirers at present; and, accordingly, we have an edition of his works, in which the obscene passages are expunged. When the mental powers are once vitiated in any of their functions, and become subject to an improper or immoral influence, the contagion becomes, in a manner, universal, and the mind takes a false and distorted view of all its objects. Accordingly, we find that the perversion of moral sentiment which sacrificed truth and modesty to obscenity and licentiousness, banished nature altogether from the literary productions of the time; and servility became the natural consequence of false sentiment and conceit. Cowley, Donne, and Clive-land unite, perhaps, more than all the rest, this prostrate servility of adulation to a total abandonment of nature, whose modesty they left at an immeasurable distance behind them. Donne, not satisfied with transforming the Countess of Bedford into a goddess, endows her with that divinity which is the object of Christian adoration. In one of his epistles, he addresses her in the following unintelligible rant :—

Reason is our soul's left hand, faith
her right;
By these we reach divinity,—that's
you:
Their loves, who have the blessing of
your light,
Grew from their reason; mine from
fair faith grew.

Therefore I study you first in your
saints,
Those friends whom your election glo-
rifies;
Then in your deeds, accesses, and re-
straints,
And what you read, and what yourself
devise.

But soon the reasons why you're loved
by all
Grow infinite, and so pass reason's
reach;
Then back again to implicit faith I fall,
And rest on what the Catholic voice
doth teach.

Donne's "Hymn to God in his Sickness," gives us so clear a portrait of his manner, his total want of nature, and the length to which he carried pun and conceit when he could not avoid them, even in so sacred a subject, that I shall dismiss him with the following quotation from it :—

Since I am coming to that holy room,
Where with the choir of saints for ever
more
I shall be made thy music, as I come
I tune the instrument here at the door,
And what I must do then, think here
before.

Whilst my physicians by their love are
grown
Cosmographers, and I their map, who
lie
Flat on this bed, that by them may be
shewn
That this is my South-west discovery,
Per fretum febris, by these straits to
die,

I joy that in these straits I see my West,
For though those currents yield return
to none,
What shall my West hurt me? As West
and East
In all flat maps (and I am one) are one,
So death doth touch the resurrection.

We think that Paradise and Calvary,
Christ's cross, and Adam's tree, stood
in one place;
Look, Lord, and find both Adams met
in me;
As the first Adam's sweat surrounds my
face,
May the last Adam's blood my soul
embrace.

Were these lines addressed ironi-
cally to some Pagan idol, they might
pass for wit: addressed to the God
of his faith, they are impious in the
highest degree.

Of Clive-land, little remains to be
said, as all our observations on Donne
and Cowley are applicable to him.—
He has not a single poem worthy the
attention of a reader of taste; and it

is doubtful, whether a copy either of his or Donne's poems will be extant at the close of the nineteenth century, if nature, united with a correct and elegant taste, continue to be cultivated and progressively improved. At present, indeed, we have so many schools of poetry, so many heresies in matters of taste, that little can be said with certainty with regard to the future; but if false taste, and arbitrary notions of poetic beauty were once exploded, the works of Donne, Cleveland, and their metaphysical contemporaries, would soon glide into oblivion. Their names, no doubt, will travel down to posterity, while antiquarian research continues to hoard up the useless lumber of ancient times. But if it ever becomes popular to reject whatever is not stamped with the impress of native excellence,—if it ever be deemed wise not to encumber the mind with useless knowledge, and to pervert the taste by the perusal of false models, we have no hesitation in prophesying the fate of their works. The following lines from Cleveland will shew how exactly his genius and manner correspond with those of Donne and Cowley.

To Julia, to expedite her Marriage.

Think but how soon the market fails;
Your sex lives faster than the males;
Now since you bear a date so short,
Live double for't.

How can thy fortress ever stand,
If it be not manned?

The siege so gains upon the place,
Thou'lt find the trenches in thy face.

Pity thyself, then, if not me,
And hold not out, lest, like Osemd
thou be,
Nothing but rubbish at delivery.

To the Memory of Mr. Edward King, who was Drowned in the Irish Seas.

I am no poet, here my pen's the spout
Where the rain water of my eyes run
out,

In pity of that name whose fate we see
Thus copied out in fate's hydrography.
The muses are not mermaids, though
upon

His death the ocean might turn Helicon.
The sea's too rough for verse, who
rhymes upon't,

With Xerxes strives to fetter the Hel-
lespont.

My tears will keep no channel, own no
laws

To guide their streams, but, like the
waves, their cause

Run with disturbance, till they swallow
me,

As a description of his misery.

Perhaps it would be wrong to conclude, that Cleveland felt no real sorrow for the loss of his friend; but if the greatest scribbler of the present day wrote such lines, they would be deemed an impious mockery of the dead. It may be safely asserted, that many poets of our own time, whose works never pass beyond one edition, and who are never more destined to be heard of in the lists of fame, are not merely superior to Donne and Cowley, but possess merit which would become the theme and the admiration of future ages, had they lived at the same time.

M. M. D.

SONNET. BY BUONDELMONTE.

TRANSLATION.

Spesso amor sotto la forma
D'amista ride, e s'asconde:
Poi si mischia e si confonde
Con lo sdegno e col rancore.
In pittura ei si trasforma:
Par trastullo, e par dispetto:
Ma nel suo diverso aspetto
Tempr'egli è l'istesso amor.

Oft will Love his radiant eyes
Conceal in friendship's simple guise:
Disdain or anger oft he wears,
Or melts in pity's soothing tears:
Devotion's name he borrows now;
A joyful face or pettish brow:
But let him take what shape he will,
'Tis Love that hovers round you still!

Ciao.

APHORISMS, OPINIONS AND THOUGHTS ON MORALS.

How often are persons led to detract from the merit of others, by a feeling of competition, of which they are wholly unconscious.—“I can have no envious motive for undervaluing Selina’s accomplishments, because I have no pretensions to accomplishments myself,” says Lavinia: “therefore we come into no competition.”—“As I do not sing, I cannot be envious of Leander’s singing,” cries Sophia, “because we come into no competition.” Certainly they come into no *particular* competition, but there is a *general* one, which answers the same purpose, and excites equal envy: namely, competition for notice. While Selina is displaying her accomplishments, Lavinia obtains no notice. While Leander is singing, Sophia’s powers of conversation are undesired and unvalued, and she is not attended to. To be noticed, if not admired, is the general wish; and none, however insignificant in the eyes of their acquaintances, are sufficiently so in their own as to be satisfied, while a display of the talents of others causes them to be wholly disregarded.

The person who lies, in order to conceal a weak or wicked action is no more sure of effecting the purpose, than the slattern, who ties a clean apron over a dirty petticoat, is of concealing her unfitness—the slightest gust of wind may blow the apron aside; and the slightest cross examination may detect the lie.

The vain man is he, who values himself on the qualities and advantages which he really possesses;—the conceited man values himself on qualities which he has not, and adds poverty of intellect to arrogance of pretension.

Some one has said, and said truly, that a woman can be handsome only one way, but she can be graceful a thousand: and the French expression of “*la grace plus belle encore que la beauté*” (grace still more beautiful than beauty), is a sort of kindred observation to this. But what is grace? Not external conformation certainly;—the finest form may be devoid of it, and the clumsiest

may possess it. One definition of it is, the power of moving with ease and dignity, and with appropriate gesture; and it requires a discriminating mind to teach and to bestow this power—without it, the best made man, or woman, would be no more than the well-made, well-stuffed, and well-coloured clay figure in the room of the artist; whose beauty is powerless, and valueless, till the creative mind of the painter puts its limbs into graceful and appropriate attitudes.

“Before such genius all objections fly, Pritchard’s genteel, and Garrick six feet high,”

says Churchill; but as “genteel” is now become a vulgar term, and fashion is arbitrary over words as well as dress, I would rather read it thus:

“Pritchard is graceful, Garrick six feet high.”

If I were not withheld from lying by my better motives, I should be deterred from it, by its being contemptible, because it is so easy; nay, the very easiest thing in nature; for children and fools excel in it. Children are not conscious of the probable mischievous consequences of the disgrace of a lie, and fools regard them not. Those who are older and wiser, too weak to resist temptation to falsehood, yet too strong not to see the difficulties and dangers which surround it, are apt to betray themselves, even while committing the vice of lying; and by an involuntary blush, a snapping eye-lid, and a downcast eye, do homage to that truth, against which they are rebelling.

Though no one can deny that various evils are mingled with the blessings of existence; still, if we were to take from the catalogue of miseries those, which are merely the result of our own diseased imaginations, and the distorted or mistaken view which we take of circumstances and persons, I am convinced that the list would be astonishingly diminished.

I have often heard the cry of “the church is in danger!” and I always

wonder that it has stood so long :— for what edifice can be considered secure, of which so many of the newest pillars are rotten? While the dunce, the idler, the spendthrift, the profligate, of whom nothing else can be made, is thought good enough for a clergyman; and he is licenced to take care of the souls of others, who has notoriously proved that he cannot take care of his own. Well may the friends of the establishment exclaim that “the church is in danger;” for the traitors are within its walls, and far more formidable than all the conventicles of sectaries, and the orations of demagogues and infidels.

Enviably, indeed, are those who, when the hand of faithlessness, treachery, or death has blighted all their own prospects in this life, can delight to busy themselves in promoting the public or private welfare of their fellow-creatures. Though bankrupts themselves in happiness, by trading on commission for others, they will by that means gain in time a small capital of their own.

I always consider the sceptic, who endeavours to deprive his companions of their religious belief, by his arguments and his eloquence, as influenced by the same motives as the fox in the fable; who having lost his tail, and feeling the misery of the privation, could not bear that his brethren should possess an advantage of which he was deprived; and therefore selfishly endeavoured to persuade them to cut off their brushes in imitation of him.

Men and women of talent, who live in the country, or in a provincial town, are very apt to overrate their own abilities, and to become conceited :—those who are in retirement have no one to compare themselves with, and are, therefore, ignorant of their deficiencies ;—and those who live in a country town have, generally, only pignies to measure with, and naturally enough, therefore, suppose themselves to be giants.

Which is the happiest, or most enviable person—that being who, having just pretensions to fame and universal homage, is in full and undisturbed possession of them; or that being who having possessed them, and feeling their emptiness, has chosen to resign them, and re-

tire from the tumult of the world to the quiet of retirement?

There is nothing which requires so much mental courage, and so much firm principle, as to tell the strict truth, in spite of strong temptation to tell the lies of interest, of pride, and of complaisance; because no fame, no honor await the person who so does; as there is scarcely an individual in society who values spontaneous truth, or indeed any truth :—to tell a little fib, a white lie, is thought even meritorious on some occasions; while a strict adherence to truth on small, as well as on great points, exposes the person who so adheres to be ridiculed, if not despised, by people in general. therefore, he who can act up to his own sense of right, in defiance of ridicule and example, and also, unstimulated by aught but the whisper of conscience, is capable of what I must call the most difficult moral heroism.

A man of moderate talents is always contented with himself—a man of sterling talents, on the contrary, is always discontented, because he continually discovers powers and acquirements beyond what he possesses :—thus is the balance in life kept even—and those who are the best gifted, are not the most happy.

How very easy, and how very common it is to become ridiculous, and a mark for petty detraction, though possessed of great personal qualities, rare talents and superior wit, unless a constant watch is kept over the vanity; and how often does one see superior men or women rendered objects of ridicule by an inferior and contemptible one, who has the power of playing them off, as it is called, and of putting the springs of their vanity, unconsciously, in motion :—when so played upon, they lose their shining and marked superiority of character, and are levelled, for the time, with the most ungifted of their companions—as the toy called the whiz-gig, however rich and handsome it may be from the outward decoration bestowed on it, when it is whirling round under the hand of the player, loses every trace of its external beauty, and looks no better than one made of the most common materials.

THE TEST OF AFFECTION

I AROSE early in the morning, and after taking a good breakfast set out from home:—I was furnished with an oaken cudgel, which I deemed might, towards the latter end of my journey, be useful:—on the end of it was slung a small matter of provision, packed up in a handkerchief, and then hoisted over my left shoulder. A good quantity of rain had fallen in the night; it was, however, fair when I commenced my expedition, and I wished it so to remain: for it was no pleasure to anticipate a wet day, and a journey of thirty miles on foot before me.

The morning was still and beautiful:—it was at the early hour of four—I could not yet distinguish the sun, though I was sensible he had left his ocean-bed, from the beautiful streaks of colouring in the eastern sky. To express the softness, mildness, and calmness of the scenery at that hour, I cannot find adequate words; those only can conceive it who have witnessed the same. I had not proceeded more than two miles before a few drops alarmed me with apprehensions of a soaking shower, soon a heavy black cloud that was slowly sailing over my head; and my fears were soon realized by a very thick descent that followed, on which I betook myself with all speed to a thatched cottage that I saw at some distance for shelter: its humble inhabitants were not yet risen; and the only shelter I could obtain was that, which the eaves of the dark brown thatch afforded:—partially screened, I there watched the progress of the shower, which alternately abated a little, then increased

with redoubled fury, then slackened, until the dense cloud totally diminished; its heavy, dark colour gradually changed to a livelier hue; the drops grew smaller, and fell at wider intervals; and the sun burst forth in all the glorious refulgence of unclouded splendour:—I then pursued my journey. It was now lighter; and the feathered warblers were chanting melodiously among the dripping leaves and branches of the trees; and, flitting from spray to spray, seemed to rejoice at the approach of morning. I now and then met a solitary rustic, just issuing from his cot and hastening to his labour, who interrupted my meditations no longer than while I returned his friendly salutation. For two hours I proceeded on in this manner: when thinking it time for another breakfast, my former being pretty well digested; and my appetite being sharpened by the colder air, I turned into a pot-house hard by the way side. “Keepit by Maggy Donaldson,” noted for selling guid auld Scotch drink, a drap o’ the right sort; a house where there had been many a good splore kicked up by the devotees of the above liquor. On entering, Patty, who had cleaned up the house, and who was now busy at the kirk, left her task, and lowered the tone with which she was singing a song of Burns’s, to attend me; though, while she placed an old three-legged worm-eaten oak table by the side of the settle on which I had seated myself, and furnished it with a foaming jug of nut-brown, I caught the following:

“But warily tent, when ye come to court me,
And come na unless the back-yett be a-jee;
Syne up the back-stile, and let naeboddy see,
And come as ye were na comin to me:
And come as ye were na comin to me.

“O whistle, and I’ll come to you, my lad,
O whistle, and I’ll come to you, my lad;
Tho’ father and mither and a’ should gae mad,
O whistle, and I’ll come to you, my lad.

‘At kirk, or at market whene’er ye meet me,
Gang by me as tho’ that ye car’d na a flie;
But steal me a blink o’ your bonnie black e’e.
Yet look as ye were na lookin at me:
Yet look as ye were na lookin at me.’”

Auld Maggy, who sat by the ingle with a pipe in her mouth, now accosted me with "how far cam ye this mornin, guid man?" When I had satisfied her in this particular, she enquired, "Where I was gaun?" And when I told her I was going to visit old Andrew Gillespie, my uncle, who was supposed to be near death, she broke out, "What! Auld Andrew Gillespie, that dwells at Flinty Knowe, amang the muirs, sure he's na ill! I should amaise greet out bith my e'en if we were to tane him: there is na mair auld far-rant fallow in the kintra than honest auld Andrew Gillespie!—I kent him lang syne, and a' his kith and kin: he ne'er cam to the town but he ca't for a cog o' my nappy, for he was a cantie auld eal; shame to the rogue that would injure him in word or deed; an' I hope the tale ye hae heard is not true, an that ye'll find him hale and weel, and as cantie as ever; but if you are gaun to Andrew Gillespie's the day, ye'll find it a lang step till't; and sic far'. I can see, ye'll hae a wet day o't." I was much pleased with this eulogium on my relative; and I could have stayed with the auld Hostess much longer, very willingly; for I love auld Scotch songs, auld Scotch tales, and auld Scotch drink; the one of which auld Maggy was well noted for singing, the other for telling, and the other for selling;—but it was absolutely necessary I should proceed, which I did, after exhausting the last drops of the precious exhilarating nappy, gathering up the relics of my repast, and wishing my hostess a guid morning.

Refreshed with my rest, I now travelled on with great vigour, until another shower drove me for shelter into a blacksmith's shed;—after conversing awhile with honest Burnewin about the "wee dwarf Davie," or "canny elshie of Muckelstane Muir," who sat for his picture to the author of the *Popular Novels*; and seeing no signs of better weather, I again set forward.

Nothing further occurred on my journey for some time, nor was the scenery such as to tempt me to give a description of it: one reason, however, may be, I was anxious to arrive at my journey's end; and the day was not such as would permit

of a minute examination of many a fine scene my course of travels. I am sensible, displayed. It was lowering dark—the whole atmosphere was loaded with immense watery clouds—the wind was wild and boisterous—and with short intermissions the rain descended in torrents; so that I was soon thoroughly drenched to the skin. I now stopped again for another refreshment, as I was arrived at the last inn before ascending the mountains, through which I had yet a long journey, and not one of the best roads. After leaving the inn, I began to ascend a very steep path, which leads several miles through a wild range of heathy hills, and barren moors; and while on this part of my journey, frequently those lines of Burns forcibly impressed my recollection:

"Admiring nature in her wildest grace,
These northern scenes with weary feet
I trace;
O'er many a winding dale and painful
steep,
Th' abodes of covey'd grouse and timid
sheep."

The scenery before me was majestic and sublime: not from extent of prospect, but the height of the black hills, the depth and closeness of the vallies, the ruggedness, barrenness and desert-like appearance reigning all around;—the whole country was rent and tossed into mountains, sublimed in barrenness; and made more particularly impressive by a thick mist, or rain fog, which sat sullen upon the summit of every hill, and obscured with its misty mantle, much of the heathy declivities:—frequently, however, large portions of it would be detached, and driven rapidly along the mountain-sides, by the furious breeze.

The weather in a short time cleared up, and the sun broke out again in his meridian splendour. Cheered with the aspect of the sky, and the pure mountain-breeze, which had lost a good deal of its chilliness in the warm sunbeams that now burst forth, I quickened my pace, and soon gained the top of the hill: I had a grand and extensive prospect of country before me for many miles. There is certainly nothing that can so powerfully affect the mind with a kind of indescribable sensation, as a view

from a lofty mountain of one's own and native land—there is in it something so thrilling and extatic, while the eye roams over the space stretching to the utmost boundary of the horizon, on which are scattered the thatched mansions of rural innocence; traces the winding river “or burn, stealing under the lang yellow broom;” gladdens at the prospect of a thousand healthy pastures, chequered o’er with flocks and herds; and distinctly notes its own village spire, embower’d cot, and well known meads; while memory hastily recalls the days of careless childhood, its youthful compeers, and the romantic notions and feelings of youthful imagination;—while again the noble landscape, the stupendous barriers, and the vast blue concave of heaven, with all its host of clouds, attract the wondrous gaze, the emotions of the mind acquire an elevation and sublimity, which no other situation can produce; and the soul dwells and expands with the grandeur of its sensations, until it again subsides in disappointment, that it cannot in words give birth to its inexpressible and undurable impressions.

Although in such haste to arrive at the end of my journey, I could not forbear stopping now and then to contemplate the charming prospect, which was not, however, remarkable for fertility or luxuriant clothing, but chiefly for its bold outline, and natural, though rather naked features. The cots of the peasantry were, in general, scattered at a good distance from each other; each defended in some degree from the rude mountain winds by a few trees, which towered high above the humble roof of faded thatch, and was surrounded with the necessary appendages of a barn and a byre. I proceeded on, and soon descended the steepy hill: at the bottom was a small clachan, or hamlet, containing a pot-house, where I devoured the remaining fragments of provision, and set forward again with renewed vigour.

Crossing the narrow stone bridge at the extremity of the village, I entered a deep and romantic glen; on the edge of which, at the distance of four miles, was the humble mansion of my uncle Andrew. The beforementioned stream accompanied

me on my way; sometimes gliding between green banks with an almost imperceptible motion; sometimes rattling along clear, broad and shallow, showing its round smooth pebbles; and sometimes rushing with deafening noise down its deep-worn bed, and toiling its waters to foam among the huge masses of rock, overgrown with moss, which had been severed by some convulsion of nature from the enormous cliffs that protruded from the sides of the valley:—these were high and precipitous, and in most places rocky, with here and there a shrub or stunted tree; and one might now and then discern a few sheep, nibbling the scanty grass among the craggy cliffs above, which as one passed, looked down with an earnest gaze, gave a solitary baa, and then quietly resumed their eating.

The vale wound about in a serpentine direction; and from the various aspects of every turning point, which when at a distance it displayed, much was given for speculation as to the course which it would take among the labyrinth of mountain-bases, where other dells or glens opened from this:—I however gained point after point, until I saw, with mingled sensations of pleasure and pain, the stepping-stones over the brook, and the steep zig-zag path by which I must leave the valley. By taking this path, passing through the little hamlet at the top of the mountain, and descending on the otherside, I came to the level, whence it was but a few fields length of gentle ascent, up to my uncle's; by which I should cut my journey short of a few furlongs. When I arrived at the hamlet, I enquired of a shepherd the nearest way to the Flinty Knowe: “Ye maun gae back the gate ye cam again,” said he; “down the brae, and over the burn, and kep the left han’; and when ye are by th’ meikle stane, gae through the wee yett, and follow the burn till ye get to the mill, and then ye’ll be at the bottom o’ the Flinty Knowe.” “Th ank ye, friend,” replied I; “but I’m nae for gangin’ that gate sae long as I can fin’ a shorter way, ye ken there is a nearer way gif ye wad tell. Come, now, just shew me the road.” “Weel,” answered he, “ye may gang through the stile out o’er

the ground, an by the thorn an then ye'll see, its a thachit house amang the trees, ye canna miss't." "Thank ye," said I, and away I went; in a quarter of an hour I found myself going up the field that led to the house, and a crowd of sensations rushed into my mind.

Many years had elapsed since I had wandered about this very meadow in careless infancy; and the pretty secluded cot to which I was advancing had been my home; I looked around on the hills and dales and could easily recognize them as my old acquaintances. "Ha!" said I, "ye change not your appearance; ye grow not old in the course of time; the feebleness of age cometh not upon you; ye still smile in the brightness of summer, and frown in the lowering winter. For ages ye have reared your towering crests, and given food to the flocks and herds that have chequered your dark surface; ye have given a direction to the murmuring brook that proceeds from you, till it seeks, far distant, the mighty ocean: and while generation after generation hath passed away, ye have preserved unvaried the features ye possessed in ages gone—even now, as in years past, my eyes behold the still sunshine sleeping upon your gentle sloping declivities, interrupted only when the light cloud of spring for a moment casts over them its passing shadow."

My cogitations were suddenly interrupted by the gate at the end of the pasture, which I opened. In another moment I was in the porch of the cottage. I lifted the latch and went in; the house appeared just the same as I had left it ten years ago. The furniture was the same, and each piece occupied the same position. The old clock stood ticking in the corner, as it had done for fourscore years; the oaken settle remained behind the door, and my uncle's antique two-armed chair by the fire-side; but I saw no living creature in the house besides the cat on the hearth-stone, I listened awhile, but could hear nothing.—At this I rather wondered, as of yore the house was seldom, scarcely ever, totally deserted. I then went forward into the spence or country parlour, where I found several

neighbours, cousins, and the servants, all standing in deep silence around the bed of my dying uncle.

On entering, all eyes were turned upon me; I was a stranger to most of them. There were, however, one or two who remembered me—I advanced to the bed-side, and the countenance of my uncle for a moment brightened up at my approach, but soon subsided again into a cold tranquil indifference.

It was plain that death was rapidly approaching. He had been speechless several hours, consequently we could hold no conversation. He however put out his hand, which I grasped with an affection redoubled by the prospect of soon losing him for ever. In my younger days I had lived with him; and he, having no children of his own, was then remarkably fond of me. Subsequently that affection was strengthened between us, and although Providence had cast my lot in another country, yet we had kept up a friendly and affectionate intercourse; some time previous to this indisposition I had again removed to within thirty miles of his residence, which was the place from whence I set out on this sorrowful visit.

My uncle was a man of sound judgment, keen observation, and cheerful, social disposition; joined to a thorough knowledge of mankind—he loved a cheerful glass:—he was kind to his servants and dependants:—and, though rather of frugal and saving disposition, yet he was charitable to his poor neighbours. In his friendships he was rather capricious, but firm in his attachment to the kirk and the government of his country. He was apt to be a little passionate and hasty in his temper; his resentment, however, was seldom of long duration: on the whole, he was well beloved by those among whom he dwelt; and might be pronounced a good neighbour, and an excellent subject. By a long course of industry in his profession he had amassed a pretty good property, the knowledge of which had drawn around him a host of needy relations; chiefly, however, consisting of nephews; who besieged him with flattery and professions, but whose attentions were chiefly drawn forth by their hopes of inher-

riting the old man's property;—how he had willed his property was not known: he was a man of prudence, and seldom blabbed out his private affairs when there was no especial need of such promulgation.

On my arrival I consequently found all the friends about him remarkably attentive, and duteous in their behaviour; though it was very evident that a good deal of their affection was assumed for the occasion. Shortly after my arrival, he fell into a kind of doze, and all left the room, save an attendant or two. Peggy, the servant who had lived with my uncle fourteen or fifteen years, now insisted on my taking some refreshment, and accordingly set meat before me. I was too much agitated to feel any thing like pleasure in my repast, and what I ate was more to please the faithful old domestic, than from any inclination of my own; accordingly, when my slight meal was over, I got up and went to the window in a serious and reflecting mood. The afternoon was far advanced, and the scenery without was wrapped in tranquility. "The sunshine, cloudless, bright, and still,
Slept on the lawn and heathy hill;
And gently stole from leaf and flower
The moisture of the morning shower.
At times the soft and zephyry breeze
Moved the light branches of the trees,
Which, while they shifted to and fro,
Waved as exact their shades below;

Then taking o'er the lawn its course,
The waving grass confessed its force,
And every flow'ret on the mead,
Bent while it passed a trembling head."

I was soon summoned from my station to the parlour, my uncle had somewhat revived, and his speech had returned. He told us death was making rapid advances, and that we might soon expect the moment of his dissolution. He informed me where we should find his will, and gave us some excellent advice on our future conduct.

Some things he requested us to perform which I thought were a little odd:—he wished us to read his will in the room where he was, immediately after he had expired. He desired that he might not be laid out, as it is commonly called, until at least twelve hours after his departure; and that his large two-armed oaken chair might be placed in all order and solemnity at the head of the table every meal, and that it should remain unoccupied till after his funeral. He also wished to be interred in a very deep grave. All these requests we promised faithfully to observe: when after taking an affectionate farewell of each, he quietly resigned himself to his pillow—his breathing became more and more faint—till at last we could perceive it no more.

(*To be continued.*)

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF MISS E. N.—,

Who died in 1822, aged 17.

HERE let a stranger, who well knew thy worth,
Save from devouring time thy spotless name:
A stranger, far removed from rank and birth—
His muse unlettered, and unknown to fame.

Sweet Ellen!—loveliest bud that ever blew,
Or spread its fragrance to the blushing morn;
Affection's child,—to every virtue true,—
Ah! why from hearts that loved so early torn?

Oft shall the hand, that pens this mournful lay,
Cull from each stem fresh flow'rs of earliest bloom
To deck thy urn, long ere the dawn of day,
And shed their dewy tears on Ellen's tomb.

CHOOSING A WIFE; OR, THE BACHELOR'S NOTE-BOOK.

SEVENTEEN.—First love—virgin heart—blushes and bashfulness—too young—in love for the romance of it—not know her own mind—no honour in captivating fifty girls at sixteen—five-and-twenty, character formed—prudent, discreet—too old, chances going by—glad to catch at any—twenty-two, i. e. called nineteen—blue or black eyes indifferent, dark blue preferred—quite pale—no deception, *rouge* hard to detect sometimes—blush better seen—beauty of blush chiefly in the sentiment of it—fine teeth and hair—rarely combined—good ankle—no display of it—not from boarding school—not passionately fond of dancing—singing great recommendation—warm hearted and affectionate, not enthusiastic—fond of the country—thousand or two highly desirable.

Aug. 7.—*Tunbridge Wells*, Smith's Hotel—only two pretty women at table—one called Caroline, quite to my taste—light as a fairy, true symmetry, noble creature sat next to me—Miss Dashwood finest bust I ever saw—beautiful hair—braids and curls different shades—might be natural, helped twice to fish, besides poultry and pastry. Mem! mark that.

Aug. 10.—Miss Dashwood engaged to a silversmith in London—sorry for it—too good for a tradesman's wife; thick ankles, though—cats immoderately.

Aug. 12.—Tickets to the assembly—Caroline and Maria and her mother—Cary best dancer in the room—looked lovely, afraid she had coloured a little—very pettish about the rain—don't like the sly looks she casts at Maria, as if to say, I've caught him—think she's fond of me—some doubts about temper.

Aug. 15.—Joked Cary about marriage—just as I wished, renew it again—don't think she has any fortune.

Aug. 17.—Lucky escape, Caroline a termagant—slapped the chambermaid—talk of the whole house—won't go to the rooms to-night, glad of it—go myself.

Aug. 18.—Nicish girl the first I danced with, Miss Corles—exquisite complexion—red hair—talked too

much—not in the humour for it—disappointed about Caroline—Ladies always before hand in extending their hands in quadrilling—feel rather awkward with Caroline—hope they leave soon—Mrs. Smith says to-morrow.

Aug. 22.—This day Mr. Mrs. and Miss Morrison joined our table—Fanny Morrison quite a Hebe—mouth like a rose-bud—face full of dimples—sufficing plumpness—rather trussed—all smiles and good humour—only laughed when the dog tore her gown—mother ill health—very fractions—Fanny sweetly assiduous—good daughter—good wife—only child—father a coal merchant—rather objectionable—no lack of money.

Aug. 29.—Fanny improves daily—never liked any one so well since Eleanor—to call in London? No—City road—no attempts at looking in—the likeliest I've seen.

London, Sept. 12.—Called at Morrison's—no one at home—very unlucky—house rather dirty—often the case where there's sickness—can't call again well without a pretence—purchase four orders for the play, 1*l.* 8*s.*

Sept. 15.—Coach to Covent-garden Theatre four shillings and sixpence—sixpence too much—very silly of Fanny to say she would rather pay double than dispute it—no mind—no necessity for it—gaped at Julius Caesar, laughed at Blue Beard—not read much—*progidy*—*versatility*—no time to spare—angelic disposition and temper—made me say more than I intended—don't think I committed myself—serious thoughts of proposing—wish she had not miscalled those words—call in City-road to-morrow—going to office.

Sept. 16.—Breakfast cups different patterns—Fanny rather insipid—hair in papers—neck-frill dirty—half engaged to dine on Thursday—Fanny to write—wonder how—sir—dear sir—dear Mr. Price—Miss Morrison's compliments—Tom to sup to-night—consult him.

Sept. 18.—That infernal letter—Tom to see it too—*Mr. Price, Esq.*—confoundned ignorances—could not marry a Venus with a vulgar soul—

all off—say I'm going to Wales—stay uncertain---Poor Fanny! think she cried at parting---may do after all---Mavor's spelling book---quite young still.

Sept. 22.---Saved an old woman from being run over; daughter fainted in my arms---bewitching black eyes---Jewess---Rachel---augh---like to meet with my wife by accident---stage coach---play.

General observations and sentiments---begin to understand the female character---woman devoid of vanity a non-entity---expect flattery like food---few receive it gracefully---manners seldom entirely natural---different in the company of their own sex and ours---generally affect coyness---not always assumed---never could make Eleanor confess she loved me---Middleton says his wife never kissed him till she was his wife---gentle quiet demeanour preferable---vivacity apt to degenerate into levity---better tempers on the whole than we are---distinguished talents of any kind no advantage to a woman unless she makes money by them---rather a wife who wrote Greek than one who studied stock-jobbing---when politicians always opposition---don't think they talk, on the whole, more than men, only longer at a time---great art, knowing when to be silent---not aware of the extent of their influence---don't use it skilfully---every one desirous of being married---never an old maid at five-and-forty from choice---never met with a woman who was at once very pretty

and witty---don't like visiting where number of daughters, downright snapdragons with mothers and aunts---great many pretty portionless misses on hand at present---wonder any man should prefer a widow where money is not in the case---female youth so sweet and engaging---wonder if I could meet with a girl who had never heard of Moore or Byron.

Lime, Dorset, Oct. 2.---Like to know who that lovely creature was that opened her pew for me on Sunday---Miss Leeson.

Oct. 19.---Lucky business brought me down to Lime---very true, "marriages made in heaven"---Miss Leeson perfect divinity---reminds me of Johnson's Fidelity, in attention to her grandfather---manners, person, mind, fortune, disposition, temper, connexions---all I could desire---cannot suppose what fault she has---must have some---surprised she is disengaged---many deserving girls lost in seclusion.

London, May 12.---Married at St. George's, Southwark, to Martha Leeson---happiest day of my life---bride cake flying---visitors calling---one hundred at house-warming---told Tom, all bachelors should be taxed double, who said they ought among other luxuries---impertinent fellow---celibacy to matrimony like barley water to rich burgundy---caudle and crying---christening and compliments---clean fire-side---gout and good dinners---O! rare aunt Dorothy.

ARIETTA

LINES TO LAURA.

THINK not from me thy cause of grief to hide,

For well I know the secret of thy breast:

Love reigns triumphant there in all his pride.

Thy sighs, thy looks betray the tyrant guest.

Nor deem it strange I've read thy tender woe.

Though well conceal'd by womans modest art;

Love's pupils must their master's language know;

And my instructor was—my own fond heart.

AMELIA OPIT

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS IN LONDON AND PARIS.

LETTER II.*

The Marquis de Vermont in London, to Sir Charles Darnley, Bart., at Paris.

You English are such ramblers that, perhaps, of all places home is the last where your friends have any chance of finding you. Deeply, therefore, as I share the disappointment, my dear Darnley, which you have had the kindness to express at our separation, I confess I am more grieved than surprised at your absence. You are very philosophical in discovering, that we may both derive some advantage from the singular coincidence, which sent you by one road to Paris, while I took the other to London. This kind of moralizing, and drawing good from evil, is quite characteristic of your national disposition. I cannot be so reasonable, nor shall I ever cease to regret the loss of your valuable assistance, in viewing this interesting country. But as Fate has deprived me of so able a conductor, I must grope my way in the dark as well as I can; and, after having done so, I shall avail myself of your permission, and submit my remarks to the exaltation and correction of your superior judgment. Nor shall I hesitate when I perceive, in your observations on France, any error which my local knowledge can set right, to point out to you the supposed mistake.

In reading your letter, I could not help smiling at some of your critiques. No one is more liberal than yourself; yet so difficult is it to divest oneself of early prejudices, that even you seem to consider all those incongruities which drew your notice on the road to Paris, as peculiar to the country which you are visiting; forgetting what a modern writer observes, with equal truth and neatness, "that inconsistency is the grand characteristic of man." I do not pretend to assert, that no absurdities can be found in our usages and manners; but in what

region, inhabited by human beings, will no similar imperfections be discovered? In general, I believe, it is true, that in your favoured island more pains are taken to preserve a corresponding propriety in all you do or undertake, than elsewhere; but even in England, do you think there are no inconsistencies?

I have, as yet, only spent one week in this proud Albion, yet I have not done so, without perceiving that, in spite of its freedom, moral rectitude, and diffused knowledge, this country has still its contradictions.

To begin with the Inns, which are generally, and perhaps justly, considered as superior to those on the Continent, and which some travellers have compared to the Palaces of Princes, I confess that, in many respects, they deserve the praises which have been lavished on them. The civility of the landlords, and the almost troublesome attention of the waiters,—the well-carpeted and well-aired rooms, into which the fatigued stranger is conducted on his arrival,—the blazing fire,—the close-drawn curtains,—the handsome and easy sofa,—the side-board covered with glass and plate, and the general cleanliness of all around, are circumstances well calculated to justify such encomiums. Now, notwithstanding these varied conveniences, your most celebrated Inns are deficient in many things, essential to the comfort of a person accustomed to the manners and habits of the Continent.

When after a boisterous though rapid voyage I landed at Dover, (after having been much indisposed on the passage) I took up my quarters in one of the best hotels of that town, I was no less surprised than delighted at the manner in which

* Translated from the original French

I was welcomed to this house of public entertainment. The master of the establishment met me as I left the packet; and, hearing that I intended to be his lodger, insisted on being my guide, and walked before me to his dwelling, promising, at the same time, that he would himself see my luggage conveyed to the Custom-house, and would superintend the examination of its contents.

At the door of the inn I was received by his wife, a smiling and well-dressed young woman, who conducted me into a small but comfortable apartment: and in less than five minutes I found myself quite at home, while half a dozen waiters busied themselves in anticipating my wishes. One stirred the fire, a second drew down the curtains, a third placed on the polished table a pair of wax candles, a fourth lighted them, a fifth brought a newspaper, and a sixth, on my enquiring about dinner, ran for a bill of fare.

"Well," thought I, "this England seems, indeed, a most delightful place, and a simple traveller is better treated here than an Ambassador or reigning Prince in other countries. Nor did I forget to contrast all these civilities with the cold and haughty manner in which you and I were so often received at similar houses in America. When the bill of fare, which was as long as *la carte* at a French *restaurateur's*, was produced, some of my miseries began.—It contained a list of every kind of butcher's meat, every kind of poultry, every kind of fish, and every kind of vegetables; but all these things were to dress, and nothing was ready, though the hour at which I arrived was precisely that at which I know the generality of Englishmen are in the habit of dining. The necessity of waiting, while my meal was preparing, did not very well accord with the ravenous appetite of a man who had not eaten since sun-rise, and who, in the interval, had crossed the Channel: but compelled to do so I requested, without making any selection, that my landlady would have the goodness to order for me whatever could be most expeditiously cooked. No time was lost in executing my orders; but when, on being informed

that the dinner was ready, I begged that the soup might be brought in. I found, to my great disappointment, that that usual, and almost from habit necessary article in a Frenchman's meal, had been omitted. "Then," said I, "let me have what you have substituted." A slice of boiled cod, with a very insipid sauce made of oysters (which I happen particularly to dislike) was followed by a plate of mutton chops, which were so hard and so raw, that I could with difficulty persuade myself to taste them; and the potatoes, which filled another dish, were scarcely more inviting. I requested, therefore, to have some other vegetables, when some greens were placed on the table—but they, too, were underboiled. One of the waiters, perceiving that I did not seem to relish the dinner which he had set before me, said, very civilly, "Sir, would you choose something else?—Perhaps you would prefer a beef-steak, a veal cutlet, or a slice of cold ham?"

"Oh, no:—cannot I have a partridge—some pigeons—a *poulet au ris*—a *fricandeau*—or a *vol-au-vent*?" (mentioning some of the articles which in France are met with in the commonest inns.) His answer convinced me that nothing of the kind was here to be had without several hours previous notice. In despair I called for pastry: when an ill-made apple-tart and some tasteless jelly were brought in;—and when I asked for a desert, a few oranges, a dry biscuit, and a dish of sour apples, were all which I could obtain. In respect to wine I was equally unfortunate: I first tried the port, but it appeared so very strong to my palate, that I seemed to be swallowing liquid flames of fire and ether: I changed it for claret; the beverage thus denominated proved so adulterated, that I could scarcely recognise in its taste the most distant resemblance to my favourite Bordeaux. But to conclude the tale of *mes petits malheurs*, my next demand was for coffee:—after I had waited half an hour, a silver salver was placed before me, containing an elegant vase of the same metal; and by its side a china dish, with a well-buttered muffin, and a cut-glass jug full of the richest cream. All these pre-

parations promised well; but when I began to pour out the coffee from the ornamental pot which held it, I found it so ill-made, and so diluted with water, that it was not without disgust that I swallowed a cup-full.

Little refreshed by my dinner, and exhausted with the fatigues of the day, I expressed, at an early hour, my intention of retiring to rest: as soon as I told the waiter that such was my wish, a pretty and well-dressed young woman, who said she was the chamber-maid, made her appearance; and carrying a wax taper in a silver candlestick, led me through the intricate mazes of an old staircase, which seemed to run from one end of the house to the other, into a low-roofed room, where a small but neat bedstead, with furniture of snowy-white linen, accompanied with every other apparent comfort, seemed to promise that if I had not dined very luxuriously, I should be indemnified by the enjoyment of a good night's repose: think then of my disappointment, when on lying down that, instead of the pile of mattresses to which we are accustomed in France, there was nothing here but a down feather-bed, the heat of which was intolerable; while the sheets had been so highly mangled, that I could not find a resting place. After tossing about for several hours in a state of feverish irritation, I had at last sunk into an uneasy sleep, when I was suddenly roused by the sound of a horn, which announced, as I was informed the next day, the arrival of the London mail-coach. Again I attempted to tranquillize myself; and, after an interval of some time, fell again into an imperfect slumber, when I was a second time disturbed by a still louder noise than that which had at first awakened me: it was occasioned by some late travellers, who finding the gate of the inn closed, which was directly under my windows, were knocking at it, and demanding post-horses.

Such was my first night at an English inn; and such my experience of the comforts, the much vaunted comforts of a country which, in this respect, is said to be superior to all the world.

You will acknowledge that, if before you had been a week in France

you discovered some inconsistencies, before I had passed twenty-four hours in this island, I had sufficient cause to make a similar complaint. My bill, too, for these wretched accommodations amounted to something more than two guineas; for which sum at Paris, after eating the most luxurious dinner at Beauvilliers' or Robèrts', you may sleep at any of the most expensive hotels, in such a bed as a Roman emperor would not have disdained. Nor were the circumstances which I have mentioned peculiar to Dover—wherever I stopped on the road I found similar advantages, and similar disadvantages. At every inn I enjoyed on my arrival the comforts of a good fire, and a wellaired room; and in all of them the charm of extreme cleanliness, and great civility:—but when wishing to satisfy my appetite I called for the bill of fare, I uniformly received a long list of mutton, veal, beef, lamb, poultry, and fish to dress; and I soon learnt that, unless I was disposed to wait three or four hours for the preparation of a dinner, and to treble the already heavy charges of my travelling expenses, that the only real choice was between a tough mutton-chop and a hard beef-steak, between an ill-cooked veal cutlet and a raw leg of roast lamb, and between stale pastry and insipid jelly.

Having thus spoken frankly of the inconveniences which I have experienced, it gives me great pleasure to reverse the picture, and to speak to you of the satisfaction which my journey has already afforded me.

In going from Dover to London. I was delighted with the rapidity of the posting, the beauty of the horses, and the civility of the drivers—the excellence of the roads—the rich variety of the landscapes—the ornamented grounds and elegant villas of the gentry—the white cottages and neat gardens of the peasantry—the picturesque villages—the appearance of comfort so generally displayed in the dresses and dwellings of all orders of the people—and with the first sight of your renowned Thames, flowing majestically between the counties of Kent and Essex; and so crowded with vessels, that I seemed to behold a forest of masts. I was also much surprised at the multitude of travellers, whom

I met in private and public carriages of all descriptions. You are, indeed, a wandering nation, *par excellence*. I am persuaded that, between Dover and London, I saw twice as many persons as will be found at any time in the road between Paris and Geneva; though the latter journey is at least four times longer than the former.

As I approached London, I endeavoured to discover the dome of St. Paul's. It was at last pointed out to me, but it was so enveloped in a cloud of smoke, that with difficulty I perceived its mighty top. In driving over Westminster-bridge, I lamented, that a nearer view of the river was impeded by the lofty parapets; but what I did see excited my admiration. In entering the town, I confess I was disappointed. After traversing a shabby street, formed almost entirely of shops, I perceived, it is true, a handsome opening to the left, the striking feature of which is the Abbey; but its ancient magnificence seems little to accord with the modern garden adjoining it, and still less with the low and jetty buildings which we passed in approaching it. Evening was coming in at the moment of my arrival, and a dense and yellow fog threw a gloom on all around. The convenience, however, of your *trottoirs*, for which it is curious that

we, who do not generally possess the advantage, have invented the only appropriate name, did not escape my notice. On these *trottoirs* crowds of well-dressed pedestrians of both sexes were hastening to their respective avocations, in spite of the unfavourable state of the atmosphere, and of the approaching night.—Nor did I fail to remark the numberless elegant carriages and loaded carts, which impeded our way when we came to Charing-Cross, while the richness and variety of the shops, which were just lighted, dazzled my eyes, and distracted my attention.

But more of all this hereafter. I have, for the present, taken up my quarters at Brunnet's, in Leicester-square; for though I hope, by and by, so to accustom myself to your usages as to feel perfectly at my ease in an English hotel, I think, for the moment, I shall be more satisfied at the house of a countryman, where I shall be able to command all those conveniences which early habit has rendered indispensable. For my next letter, I flatter myself I shall find a more interesting topic than that of soups and waiters, to which this has been necessarily confined. Adieu,

And believe me ever yours,

LE MARQUIS DE VERMONT

SONG.

There's not a look of those dear eyes
That I shall e'er forget!

And, more than all my days, I prize
The day when first we met.

There's not a tone of that soft voice
But I shall ever hear,
Until it shall again rejoice
My fond, attentive ear.

There's not a wish you e'er express'd
But I would fain fulfil;
Nor can this anxious bosom rest
Till I've obey'd your will.

There's not a foe you've ever known,
But has my anger fired;
There's not a friend you've joy'd to own,
But, fondly, I've admired.

If signs like these true love reveal,
You mine distinctly see;
But dare I hope that you can feel
A flame like this for me?

AMELIA OTTE.

FOSCARI.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

MILAN.

An Apartment in the Palace of SFORZA.

Enter SFORZA and CONTARINO.

Contarino. WHY sits that cloud of sadness on your brow ?
My royal Prince, why shrouds its august front
Heart-breaking care, and melancholy gloom ?
Sure, if there ever was a time for mirth,
That time is now, when universal Peace
Spreads high her olive-branch, and Janus' gates
Now clos'd imprison war and tumult's clang.
No more the earth bemoans her slaughter'd sons,
As erst in Pyrrha's time, but harmless sports
The leopard with the kid, and Ocean's goddess,
Imperial Venice, waves her flag to us
As a kind welcoming.

Sforza. Venice, sayst thou ?
Oh, how I hate *that* name ! To me it sounds
As the enchanter's spell, whose circle's bound
Enchains the mighty ; or, as that fell plant,
The Upas-tree, which withers all around,
And poisons vegetation's kindly powers,
Blighting Ambition's buds.

Contarino. But why distract
Your mind with these suggestions ? These well suit
The battle's onset, and the busy field,
Where high the faulchion waves, and the red sword
Is glutted with the slain. But now they come,
Like the arch enemy, to our parents' bow'rs,
To taint the joys of Eden.

Sforza. Think not, friend,
My mind is like the giddy multitude's,
Or that the name of peace is as a charm
To sooth its fiery heat : let others choose
Such maiden softness, and to souls like mine
Be the bright lance for sport, and the loud drum
For music, and the cannon's louder roar ;
The chargers' back for rest.

Contarino. And such, indeed,
Was ever thy soul's bent, my Prince, but I
Came hither on another errand——

Sforza. What is that ?

Contarino. Returning from the palace yesternight,
Musing upon the actions of the day,
Thinking on state affairs, my steps I bent
Past that sequester'd olive-grove, which grows
In yon fair garden, by the side of which
A splashing jets its silvery spray ;
At whose bank
Flowers gush forth, and the dark green-cloth'd moss
Spreads its soft mantle o'er the moisten'd earth ;
There you may note it well. My Lord, there is
A ruin'd turret, o'er whose mouldering sides
The kissing ivy creeps.

Sforza. I know it well :
A calm retreat, but it I've never visited,

Save when vexatious cares have troubled me,
And my perturbed soul has sought for rest.
Proceed, my Contarino.

Contarino. Pausing there,
T' inhale the balmy fragrance of the breeze,
Cool'd by the fountain's waters.—There, methought,
I heard a tender sigh.

Sforza. A sigh, indeed!—
A whisper of the wind!—And was that all?

Contarino. I started back, for in that lonely place,
I know not how, I felt afraid, for I
Have heard that spirits—

Sforza. Pshaw!—And was that all?

Contarino. My Lord, if you'll allow me to proceed—

Sforza. Well, Sir, speak on.

Contarino. A voice, then, broke
On my attentive ear.

Sforza. How—what—who—
Who could have dar'd thus to profane my groves
With their unhallow'd converse?—Whose was the—

Contarino. My Lord, I fear—

Sforza. Speak quickly, Sir, for I—

Contarino. It was the voice of—

Sforza. Whom?

Contarino. The Princess Julia,
In conversation with some stranger, and,
As I perceiv'd, a man.

Sforza. A man!

Contarino. Yes, such, my Liege,
In amorous conference; and kisses sweet
Were interchang'd between.

Sforza. Knew'st thou the man?

Contarino. I did, my Liege: 'twas young Gonzaga,
Now carrying in your court.

Sforza. But art thou sure? I scarce can credit—

Contarino. Believe it, Prince;
I would, indeed, 'twere false!

Sforza. Then curse upon her!
So young, yet so deceitful, I did think
That not a thought could enter in her mind
But I could fathom it. Were he her equal
I could have pardon'd her.

Contarino. He is her equal!

Sforza. How,—do you insult me?

Contarino. No, my Lord:

He is the son of Foscari.

Sforza. Thank ye, heavens!

I thank ye for this opportunity
Of crushing his vile race!—A glorious prospect

Just opens to my mind, of sated vengeance,

And gladden'd ire. Now, in my artful nets

This youth I will entangle, and then dart

Upon him as the tiger seeks his prey.

Julia, I pardon thee!—Thy love-sick folly

Shall lure this rash adventurer to his doom,

For hate is all to me. My daughter,

Dear as she is, is but an atom small,

When measur'd with revenge. Now Foscari

Have at thy hated branch.—But stop my friend;

How art thou certain this young man is such

As thou dost call him?

Contarino. Well I knew his face,

For I was at his father's oft when last
 Commission'd in my embassy to Venice.
 A servant who deserted him, my prince,
 Inform'd me all.—That having heard at home
 Of your fair daughter's beauty and sweet face,
 He straight became enamour'd, and procured
 Her miniature, with which his heated mind
 Daily consoled itself, till ardent passion
 No longer bearing to remain content
 With the mere picture, when at bright Milan
 Was the original, incited him
 To leave his father, and set out, unknown,
 Upon his pilgrimage to the fair saint,
 To whom his heart was pledg'd; and hither came,
 That idol to adore. While his old father,
 Unable to discover where he fled,
 Was left to weep for his lov'd son's return.

Sforza. Didst thou not gather from their stolen talk,
 When they appointed to hold conference
 Again?—

Contarino. I did, my lord, Gonzaga said,
 "You will not fail me, dearest, at this hour
 "To-morrow even—when the myrtle throws
 "It's sweets around, and gondola soft gliding
 "Adown the stream like to a fairy voice,
 "Leaves as it goes a melancholy sound,
 "Gentler by distance—and with dying fall,
 "Diminishing away—when nought is heard
 "But the soft voice of music gently moving
 "Over the surface of the trembling wave,
 "Calling thee to remember love and me."
 "I will not fail thee," said the princess, "then."

Sforza. Ha! is it so? then they shall have, by heaven
 A witness little look'd for, Contarino.
 Mark that thou meet'st me, then, beside the tow'r,
 Embroidered with wild flowers, where unperceiv'd
 We may steal on them and be auditors
 Of their love-converse.—Then will I determine
 How I shall lead this youth to his destruction;
 Be punctual.

Contarino. I will be there, my Lord. [*Exeunt, separatim.*]

SCENE II.—A Street in Milan.

PISANI and VITELLI meeting.

Pisani. Hail to thee, friend! Methinks thy look to-day
 Are not so blithe as heretofore—what news
 From Venus' busy court hath anger'd thee?
 Thy looks, so full of sweet placidity,
 Have grown as ireful as the Gorgon's scower,
 As gloomy as the night.

Vitelli. By heaven's bright face,
 And Julia's too, thou hast not augur'd ill;
 For unaccustom'd as I am to brook
 The scornful airs of beauty, I did feel
 Last night, when at the ball, the flippant princess
 Did leave me for her minion Gonzaga,
 A something worse than torture.

Pisani. (*laughing*). What, Vitelli?
 Poor jealous soul! art thou at last, then, struck?

I thought you boasted yesterday you were
Impregnable to Cupid's shafts, and that
The little urchin ne'er should have the pow'r
To wound thee.—Ha! ha!

Vitelli. Truce to thy sneers

Pisani : what care I for prince or princess ?
But so perceiv'd, so flagrant an affront,
Is ne'er to be forgiv'n—it is pride,
Not Cupid, that has wounded me. For her,
I deem her but a foil to set me off ;
A kind of puppet to my will and pleasure :
And think of her no more

Pisani. I have too

My grounds for slight, which I shall ne'er forget ;
'Twas but the other day she left my talk,
And trapp'd away to where Gonzaga stood ;
When on my knees I woo'd her haughty glance,
And pour'd my studied diction in her ear ;
Such and so great affront I ne'er receiv'd.

Vitelli. But why should we ourselves disquiet thus ?
Let us cast off the galling marks of scorn,
And tear them from our minds, leaving them all
To Cupid's warmer votaries.

Enter GONZAGA and VICENTI

Gonzaga. Good even, Signiors

Pisani. Ha! good Sirs!

How have you borne the labours of the night ?
Are ye at length recruited ?

Vicenti. What, good sir ?

Call ye the sprightly dance, the merry quip,
And Cupid's sports, a labour ? you, in truth,
Must have but craven hearts.

Pisani. Excuse us, sir ;

We are not gallants of the rank that you be,
Ladies monopolists. We are obliged
To come in for the second course, while you,
Love's standard-bearers, ever carry off
The foremost place of glory—but we will not
Disturb your converse by our presence longer.

[*Exit PISANI and VICENTI.*]

Gonzaga. There go two courtiers, true as ever wore
Their ensigns on their brow—two precious fools,
Who love their own dear selves too well to need
The armour that repels the darts of love.

Vicenti. Weak as they are, my lord, they've yet the pow'r
To harm your purposes ; for the fell asp,
Small as it was, could wound the beauteous breast
Lov'd of Mark Anthony.

Gonzaga. I fear them not ;

They are too weak to do me injury.

Vicenti. But they have yet the will—O my dear prince,
Let my entreaties now prevail upon you
To hasten back to Venice, and your father,
Whose aged eyes are almost blind with weeping
For his dear son ; and ere his sorrow kills him,
To light his face with joy.

Gonzaga. My good Vicenti,

Thinkest thou this absence from my home delights me,
But as it suits my love ?—Wer't not for Julia,
My father ne'er should mourn his absent son ;

Nor will that absence be lamented by him,
When the world's paragon, my lovely Julia,
Shall greet his aged sight, and the Realto
Shall sound with admiration's loud acclaim.

Vicenti. But know you not what perils here await you,
Where Sforza, deadly foe to all your race,
Dominion holds, who would no more his daughter
Wed to your arms than would the crocodile
Lodge with the crested snake.

Gonzaga. Peril, however,
Must not be thought of, was the golden fleece
The guerdon of the slumberer? what were beauty,
Did not encircling danger guard its charms?

Vicenti. But tell me, has the beauteous princess yet
Consented to accompany your flight
To Venice, and become your consort there?

Gonzaga. She has not yet, but I have long intended
To move my suit with her to take that step;
And knowing, as she does, that from her father
To seek consent were madness, she will listen,
I have no doubt, unto my fond proposal:
To-night I have appointed for our meeting,
Within the garden of the palace, where
You must wait for me, then we will resolve
What measure to adopt.

[*Exeunt VIC. & FL.*

Gonzaga. Delightful Julia! fairest of thy sex!
And ever most sincere: what other lovers
Gain but by inroads and cold coquetry,
Thou hast at once bestow'd; pure as the snow,
Yet not so comfortless, still ever prompt to grant
What generous nobleness of heart may give;
Yet chaste as Dian's priestess: what can pay
Thy matchless bounty, or suffice to shew
Thy zeal and adoration? be it mine
To strew for ever round thy lovely path
Life's sweetest roses, and defend thy form
From the rude gales that might perchance destroy it
But now to Strozzi's palace, who hath bid me
To his carousal; and from thence I go
With rapture and with transport to my love.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Garden, as before described.—Moonlight.*

Enter SFORZA and CONTARINO.

Sforza. This was the place?

Contarino. It was, my Lord.

Sforza. Here will I wait until they come, as waits
The fierce impatient panther, he lurks
Behind the bush, and marks his prey approaching;
And though with famine furious, still he keeps
His post conceal'd, and reck's not of delay,
So that he gain his destin'd victim's blood,
To glut his ravenous hunger.

Contarino. Why these words,—
Why do you harbour such a vengeful hate
'Gainst Foscari's cursed race?

Sforza. I hate them all—
Venice, and Foscari, all.

Contarino. Why so, my Lord?

Sforza. And dost thou ask, thou ask that foolish question?
 Hath he not overstepp'd me, gain'd my all?
 Did he not, when I woo'd Vittoria, tear
 Her from my arms, and gain her as his bride?
 And in the war when last we were engag'd,
 Did he not tear the laurels from my brow,
 To make a wreath for him? And can, I then,
 Forgive him? Yea, I will have his blood,
 And the blood of his son, dearer than his,
 To glut my stern revenge.

Contarino. And can you purpose
 So shallow a revenge, as to destroy
 Gonzaga in the presence of his mistress?
 He has a friend with him, who will, no doubt,
 Should he be missing, carry straight the news
 Unto the Doge, who, to revenge his fall,
 Will rouse his people, and create a war
 Destructive to you both.

Sforza. No, Contarino.
 That would be compensation small indeed,
 For injuries so great. I will proceed,
 Mole-like, in my revenge, and undermine
 Their boasted happiness. Yes, Sir, my plan
 Is sure: though I go inch by inch, yet, still,
 When once it is accomplish'd, all will fall
 Like the last consummation, when the world
 Shall fall to ashes—crumble into dust.

Contarino. But hie, my Lord,—their footsteps now approach.—
 Let us conceal ourselves. *(They retire.)*

Enter JULIA and ISABELLA.

Julia. How still is all the scene! See, where the moon
 Illumes with paly lustre, the bright sheen
 Of verdant leaf and rosy blossoming,
 Shedding a flood of day. Cynthia, hail!
 Oh, how I love to view thy hazy light!
 Calmness itself is slow: to look at thee,
 And think of deeds of bloodshed, were, methinks
 Impossible: so pure and virgin-fair
 Is thy clear beam.

Isabella. To you, my honour'd Lady.
 Such contemplations may be profitable,
 But I feel nothing but the damp night-air,
 And think of nothing but the midnight ruffian,
 Who lurks to stab the lonesome passenger:
 But heaven protects us. Why delays so long
 The Cavalier Gonzaga?

Julia. Hark! I hear his tread.

GONZAGA *without.*

Gonzaga. Wait, good Vicenti, until I return.—

(Enters.)

Health to thee, my sweet Julia! Never bent
 A Persian to his God with more devotion,
 When he, new-born, ascends the firmament,
 Than I to thee; nor ever did there come
 A Dervise with more sanctity of love
 To Mecca or Medina's holy shrine,
 Than now comes thy Gonzaga

Julia. Arise, my Lord,
 Nor think that my affection glows less warmly:

If it were not that virgin modesty
Did fill, with tyrant pow'r, a maiden's heart
I could say something, too, of panting hope,
And anxious expectation, such as feels
The turtle, when her mate, awhile departing,
Leaves her to wait and weep for his return.

Gonzaga. How can I thank thee! Words to thy desert
Are weak and powerless as a tiny balance,
To weigh the vast and boundless universe.
Oh, for that hour, when holy marriage rites
Shall give a husband's title to my love!
Then let me now entreat thee to assent to
The plan which stern necessity compels:
To join my flight from hence without delay,
And leave a father whose relentless breast
Would cut our loves asunder, for the gay,
The gallant, and the gorgeous halls of Venice.

Julia. I love you much,—I love my honour more!
What!—shall our loves become the common talk,
The theme of conversation? Men will cry,
Where'er I go, "that is the recreant child,
Who left her father for her paramour."

Gonzaga. Dear Julia, say not so; and do not thwart:
A lover's hopes: let Cupid claim his empire,
O'er youthful vows and wishes.

Dearest Love

I have a story for you.—there was once,
Some hundred years ago, as legends tell,
A Prince, who dwelt in Mantua—by chance,
Viewing the works of a skill'd painter, he
Beheld a picture fairer than the host
Of sculptur'd Grecian forms—more beautiful
Than those bright Phidias design'd, or the bold hand
Of great Apelles drew.—Its beauty struck him,
And straight he sought to learn the name and rank
Of the fair maid for whom it was design'd:
And, having learnt them, found she was the child
Of his sire's dearest foe. In the mean garb
Of a poor courtier, then, he sought her court,
And won her love, and—

Julia. And what, *Gonzaga*,—a—
What did he do?

Gonzaga. He fell, my dearest Love,
Fell at her feet, and told her all—but she,
When that she found she had bestow'd her heart,
As she thought, on her enemy, rose up,
And bade him never, on his life, presume
Approach her presence more. The youth, abash'd
Stood like a statue, rooted to the ground,
Fir'd, then, by dire astonishment, he spoke,
Alas, but once!

Then, all his grief rush'd on him like the tide,
The foaming tide: his heart could bear no more
As the swift eagle cleaves the vaulted skies,
He hurried onwards—darted to the brink
Of a steep precipice, down whose rugged side
He frantic cast himself, and headlong fell
Into eternal night!

Julia. Poor soul! He was
Beautiful, no doubt.

Gonzaga. I cannot say, Love.

Julia. But, ah! how cruel was that fair who could
See such a lover perish!

Gonzaga. Do you think so?

Julia. I do, indeed!

Gonzaga. Then, Julia, lo! That man.
That man now stands before you!—I am he!

Julia. Impossible!—

Gonzaga. Yet it is true, by heaven!
I am the son of Foscari.

Julia. You!—Gonzaga—

Gonzaga. Yes, I am he, my Julia! It is he
Whom your stern father hates, as he hates death.
Now, then, pronounce my doom!—Away with me
To Venice, and my father.—But, if not,
This is the last, the last sad night that we
Shall ever meet together!

Julia. Oh, Gonzaga!

Rack me not thus!—I will not yield to you!
’Twere better, far, that we should ever part,
Than wed against a father’s stern decree.

Gonzaga. Farewell, then, Julia!—I have lov’d you well!
Better than ever woman was belov’d
Before by man. Now, beauty, hear my last,
My last request.

When you shall hear of poor Gonzaga’s death,
Refuse not *one* sad tributary tear.
I can no more—one kiss, and then farewell:
Farewell for ever, love— (*Going.*)

Julia. Hold, tempter, hold!

Julia is thine; her tender heart would burst
To see thy wretchedness. All must give way to love
He is a powerful tyrant, who possesses
Direful supremacy o’er all our hearts.

Gonzaga. Thanks, love, ten thousand thanks, for thy kind speech;
I would reward you, if ’twere possible.
Yet how can I reward you: as the last,
The dear proof of love let me beseech you.
When the white mists arising from the ground,
And the first golden beams of Phoebus’ ray
Announce approaching morn, and when the lark
Sings his gay carol to the pale blue sky,
Expect Gonzaga, and a faithful friend,
With two fleet steeds, to bear you hence away
Unto his father’s court.

Julia. I know not what.

Must it be so, Gonzaga?

Gonzaga. It must, indeed—
We have but that resource.

Julia. Ha! how my heart
Thrills in my bosom—this is the first act
Of disobedience that I’ve ever shewn
In word or deed unto the duke, my sire—
But if it must be so, no matter

Gonzaga. Sweet—

By the grey mantle of the morning shrouded.
We’ll quit Milan—Do you consent?

Julia. I do

Gonzaga. Till then auspicious fates attend you.

[*Exit JULIA, ISABELLA, and GONZAGA*

SFORZA and CONTARINO advance.

Sforza. My breast boils out with fury; can it be?
My daughter, like some courtesan, has giv’n

Herself unto the first who woo'd her--are my ears
And all my hopes reduced to this ?

Unworthy strumpet--Now thou art become
As something alien to the line of Sforza.

Contarino. But you will stop this assignation, prince
Will you allow your daughter thus to leave you ?

Sforza. Yes, my good friend, for I have cast her off;
And now to me she's nothing, let her go
Where love and lust persuade her, I will follow
Immediately to Venice, where I'll weave
My nets of fell destruction for the race
To which she's linked herself--and not a scion
Shall of that stem survive to tell the tale
Of my dark, deep, and terrible revenge--
Say not a word--

Contarino. My lord, I am obedient.

[*Exeunt separately.*]

END OF ACT I.

THE RIVALS.

IN Grosvenor-square, not long ago.

I went by invitation,
To a kind of intellectual show,
A rout for conversation.

Shells, fossils, books, the last new piece
Are scatter'd round the room ;
While statues, bearing lamps from Greece,
The classic dome illumine.

Women of genius, men of sense,
Among the guests appear ;
Wit, fancy, learning, eloquence.
Are found concentred here.

Who is that lady ? What a throng
Her every step attend, see !
What buzzing, laughing, what a tongue !
From such a wife defend me !

Of wit refin'd, of talents rare,
So wond'rous clever reckon'd ;
In compliment, the talking fair
Is call'd, De Stael the Second.

And who comes here so full of grace.
With step so fairy light ?
What eyes,—what hair ! Gods, what a face !
Her teeth how pearly white !

Presto !—A host of swains are seen
Obsequious at her side ;
And the heart's homage, mind, and mien,
Now equally divide.

An hour scarce past, lo ! dazzling wit
I see left sad and lone,
And radiant Beauty pouting sit
On a deserted throne.

What fascination's this, what spell
Draws all the crowd out yonder ;
Who is this new, attractive belle ?
I ask in eager wonder.

“ She doesn't seem pretty, young she's not ”—
Our host turns fiercely round,
“ Why, zounds ! sir, don't you know she's got
A hundred thousand pounds ? ”

CELEBS.

THE ROCKY LABYRINTH OF ADERSBACH, IN BOHEMIA.

THE village of Adersbach, in Bohemia, situated in a valley, at the foot of the Giant Mountains, at the extreme confines of Silesia, is celebrated for the extraordinary groups of rock which rise in its environs, and extend, though with frequent interruptions, as far as *Heuscheuer*. The village borders on a most beautiful mead, watered by a small rivulet, which has its source in the midst of this rocky labyrinth. It is bounded on the south by large masses of rock which stand upright, contiguous to each other, and separated only by crevices of different widths. The greater number of them are one hundred feet high or upwards, and present forms which are singularly diversified. Some of them resemble works of art, as columns, walls, towers; some are bounded at the top by irregular curve lines, though their sides are as perpendicular as if they had been cut by a level. Others are bent in all directions, and their craggy summits, which hang in the air, threaten to descend every moment from their perilous abode. Some of them stand upon an immense base, and diminish as they rise, while others retain the same uniform dimensions from their bases to their summits. The bases of many of them are rounded by the action of the waters. The most remarkable of these rocks is that commonly called the inverted sugar loaf, an appellation which sufficiently designates its singular form; and many isolated pillars which, though only a few feet in diameter at the base, elevate themselves amid their compeers, like a range of chimnies.

The moment we enter this labyrinth, we perceive on all sides groups of rock, which surprize us the more, because we are not in a situation to examine their height and extent. They encircle a beautiful mead, which may be considered the vestibule of the labyrinth.

An old honest forester generally serves as guide to those, whose curiosity leads them to explore this romantic labyrinth. They follow a path which is covered, in many places, with sand and rubbish formed from fragments of the rock. This

path, which is sometimes twenty feet wide, and sometimes not more than two, continues its course through innumerable windings between the perpendicular groups, and those masses which, like walls, enclose them on the right and left. A person is frequently obliged to crawl across the intervals, above which the rocks lean one against the other. The imagination of the old conductor has discovered in the most irregular masses resemblances to a palace, a church, a monastery, a pulpit, and an infinity of other objects. By this happy discovery, he hopes to render them more worthy the observation of the curious.

In this labyrinth, a person is obliged to go continually zigzag, one time he walks on the naked sand, at another on the moss and flowery turf: at one time he passes under low saplings, at another, he pursues the course of little rivulets, whose smooth and limpid waters follow the multiplied sinuosities of their course. These little streams are, in many places, provided with little bridges, or crossed by planks, for the convenience of those who explore this little mysterious world. After journeying about a league and a half, the traveller arrives at a place, extremely cool and agreeable, ornamented with saplings, hung with all sorts of mosses and plants, and closed up, on all sides, by tremendous rocks. The loud murmuring of a rivulet, which precipitates from a sort of basin, adds an inexpressible charm to the delights of this solitude. Underneath two lofty saplings, near a fountain as cool and transparent as imagination can conceive, stands a table, a bench, and some seats formed out of the rock. This place is frequently rendered the scene of festive happiness; and is frequently greeted by morning visitants who come to breakfast there. The repast is rendered delicious by the agreeable coolness of the place, which invigorates the animal faculties in a surprising manner.

From this resting-place there is an ascent by a narrow opening. The way is difficult, as it leads over heaps of sand, produced by the wrecks continually falling from the rocks,

and which are as friable as the ashes near the crater of a volcano, for at every step the traveller loses his feet, and sinks in the uncertain sand. But when he arrives at the top, he is more than recompensed by the sight of a cascade which precipitates from the summit of the rocks. The water falls, in its first descent, from a height of twenty feet, on a rock which impedes its perpendicular course, glides afterwards down a gentle descent, and completes its course by flinging itself into the lower basin. Near this stream the rocks have formed a dark and lofty vault, which presents a most majestic and terrible aspect.

It is a work of many days to traverse all the different paths which cross this labyrinth, but next to the natural beauties which we have already described, is an ancient castle in ruins, situated in the midst of those masses of rock, and which, in all probability, served as an asylum for robbers. The guide, before he takes leave of his company, generally fires a pistol near the narrow opening by which it is entered. The sound, which is reverberated and increased by the distant echoes, resembles the rumbling sound of thunder.

The learned are generally agreed as to the origin of the singular forms of these rocks. They imagine that the whole space which they cover was formerly a mountain of sand, and that a violent irruption of water, forcing a passage through the parts which were less compact, carried them away, and left, consequently, deep spaces between the solid masses. Such is the general opinion, but it is still doubtful whether the effect has proceeded from a sudden irruption, and whether it may not be more naturally traced to that slow but unremitting action of nature, which metamorphoses every thing after a certain lapse of time, though its immediate agency excites no attention.

The mountain known by the name of Heuscheuer, or Heuschaar, forming the southern extremity of this chain, is in Silesia, in the county of Glatz, about two miles and a half north-east of the town of this name, and a mile and

half to the north of the little town of Reinerz. In approaching the mountain in this direction, a most delightful meadow opens at its feet. It is difficult to reach it on this side, though considerable efforts were made in 1763, to facilitate the access. The traveller passes constantly over ledges of rocks which are detached and laid one over another, in all directions. Some of them are as large as houses, others equal churches in magnitude, nor can imagination give its creations a greater diversity of form than these rocks present. The greater part of the rocks are naked, but at a considerable height we meet a space which has been called the garden, and which contains trees and plants of various kinds. The rocks lift themselves all around, piled one over another. On the summit of Tafelstein, which is one of the most elevated, there is a most interesting and romantic prospect.

The rock on which it is fixed is cut perpendicular, like a wall at a depth of many hundred feet, and extends through various windings along the frontiers of Bohemia. A balustrade has been erected there, in consequence of its being honoured with a visit by the Prince of Prussia. This balustrade leads to the very extremity of the rock, where the spectator may contemplate with security the delightful prospect which opens before him, in all directions. Under his feet he beholds the lofty mountains extending south and west, and presenting summits which are sometimes rounded, and sometimes terminated in a point. The extensive prospect carries the eye of the spectator over the distant Braunau, Nachod, and a great number of other places in Bohemia, immortalized by the annals of the thirty, and of the seven years' war. The traveller has some difficulty however, in believing that he has Bohemia actually before him, for at this immense height the mountains, which separate the towns, castles, villages, and convents, disappear from the sight, so that he imagines he perceives nothing but a level and extensive plain.

ANALYSIS OF THE TRAVELS OF M. AMEDEE JAUBERT, IN ARMENIA AND PERSIA, IN 1805 AND 1806.

By M. JOMARD, Member of the National Institute of France.

THE author of this work is that intrepid traveller who has undertaken a journey to Kirgias for the purpose of importing the Cachemire goat into France. He was previously known for several excursions into Turkey and Persia, and for the part he took in the memorable expedition to Egypt.

There has appeared during the last twenty years a multitude of accounts relative to Persia and the surrounding countries; and the authors are in general worthy of public esteem and gratitude for the care they have taken in observing and describing these different countries.

M. Jaubert had an advantage over most of them by which he has profited: the diplomatic office he held gave him access to every person of consideration; and it is only by the help of powerful men, that a European can break through the restraints, which in the East must prevent him from studying, and observing deeply, places, men, and things. The ability to converse with the natives in their own language is also another very important advantage, which M. Jaubert possessed; and he was thereby enabled to collect a thousand anecdotes which must otherwise have escaped him. This advantage is not less precious to the traveller than the sextant and the compass.

The principal object of M. Jaubert's travels was to ascertain at the court of Persia, if it were true that the king desired the assistance of the French government against his enemies. Several motives rendered secrecy and diligence necessary, and he went from Paris to Constantinople in thirty-five days. Selim, who at that time filled the Turkish throne, recollected the traveller, who had executed a commission for him; and, in spite of Russian influence, our author obtained firmans which enabled him to travel over the Turkish provinces. An Armenian who had brought the letter of the king of Persia joined him, as well as a Tartar of the Grand Signior, and a French servant. They embarked

for Trebizond, whence they departed directly for Erze-Roum. There M. Jaubert was recognized by a certain Ahmed Agha, intendant governor of the custom-house, who six years before had received many civilities from the French army in Egypt, after having been stripped of every thing by the Arabs; fortunately it was our author, then secretary to the interpreter, who had transmitted to him the papers of the French general. The gratitude of Ahmed procured M. Jaubert, on his return, the means of entering the Persian territory.

Erze-Roum, the principal city of Armenia, has seventy thousand inhabitants, and is situated a short distance from the sources of the Araxes. The country, though deprived of trees, is extremely fertile; but it is exposed to the incursions of the Kourdes, a wandering people resembling in their manners the Arabian shepherds. The borders of the Araxes and the Euphrates are laid waste by the Kourdes, as those of the Nile are by the Bedouins. To avoid Bayazid our traveller, who had prudently adopted the Armenian costume, directed his course towards Mount Ararat, and arrived towards night at a large village named Arzab; where the Kiahia forbade him to proceed, in the name of Mahmoud, Pacha of Bayazid. He was surrounded by seven soldiers armed with pistols and poignards, and desired to explain the purport of his journey. "I am an Armenian," replied he, "and I am going to Erivan to perform a pilgrimage to the convent of the three churches." The chief of the troop, who had acted by the secret orders of Mahmoud, made the travellers prisoners. M. Jaubert took advantage of a favourable opportunity, and secreted the papers and presents of which he was the bearer. An hour before day-break he was taken to Bayazid. The Pacha, a deceitful and cruel man, pretended to set him at liberty, and retained the Tartar and Armenian as prisoners. This latter, being put to the torture, confessed the object

of the journey, and was soon after strangled. Our traveller, obliged in his turn to make some confessions, was reassured by the insinuating manners of Mahmoud; who declared his zeal for the court of Persia, promised him help and protection, and even gave him an escort to accompany him to the place of his destination. "I hold thee," said he, "in my hands as a flower that I wish to keep from every breath of wind," and he added some perfidious words, whose covert meaning M. Jaubert could not understand. He refused the usual presents, and in order to procure a list of those persons whom our traveller intended to take with him, he carried his dissimulation so far, as to declare himself responsible for their safety. After all these demonstrations, human prudence could not foresee the Pacha's design.

Our traveller then departed under an escort of Kourdes, accompanied by the Tartar and two servants, but deprived of the assistance of his Armenian guide. The escort soon increased; every moment fresh soldiers arrived. At length they cross the river which runs at the foot of Mount Ararat, and serves as a frontier to the Turkish possessions; they land, and while M. Jaubert was congratulating himself on his arrival in the Persian territory, he was suddenly surrounded by the Kourdes; one seized him in the middle of his body, another tied his arms, and a third disarmed him. They blind-folded him, turned his face towards the ground, and bound in the same manner his servants and the Tartar. They then carried them all into a solitary valley. Some hours after, M. Jaubert and his attendants were conducted to a lonely castle, where Mahmoud expected them—he pretended to have received from Constantinople an order to seize the person of the traveller, but protested that no attempt should be made on his life. He afterwards caused him to be thrown into a frightful cave, thirty feet under ground, with his three companions. This cavern, five feet wide, and sixteen long, had neither bed, table, nor chair; and upon the ground lay the dead body of a **Bey**, recently assassinated by order of the Pacha.

In the morning a feeble light pe-

netrated to the pit. The jailor raised the trap-door, and by help of a cord let down some ounces of bread and sour milk for the use of the prisoners; such was their only support during a captivity of four months. The air of the prison was suffocating and infectious; and every day they expected would be their last. To all M. Jaubert's misfortunes were added the complaints and reproaches of his fellow-sufferers, and while his time passed heavily in this cruel anxiety, several of the Kourdes, who had taken them, came to him from the Pacha; who, not understanding the papers which he had found in the boxes, and being ignorant of the use of the arms, the spectacles, and other objects of curiosity, wished to have them explained. After having satisfied the enquiries of these wretches, M. Jaubert was sent back to his dungeon. A relation of the governor of the castle and the governor himself, who took pity on the prisoners, came sometimes to console them, and brought them news: but the Pacha had vowed their destruction. Three months expired in this manner, their clothes were all in rags, sleep had forsaken their eyes, and their situation was desperate. The Pacha, to avoid the reproaches of the Porte, or the vengeance of Persia, propagated false reports; but he still hesitated to make an end of his victims. Such was their horrible situation, when all at once the plague broke out at Bagazid. It had not appeared for twenty-four years. The Kourdes fell victims to it, and Mahmoud was attacked; in his delirium he condemned the strangers to death, but he himself died before his rage was satisfied.

His son Ahmed succeeded him, and also condemned the prisoners to death, but as he knew the governor was averse to it, he found a pretext to get rid of him: all was over with these unfortunate men. In his turn Ahmed was struck with the contagion. Terror and superstition induced him to revoke his sanguinary orders; two hours after which he died, and his uncle Ibrahim was acknowledged by the Kourdes.—Through the care of the governor's relation a letter from M. Jaubert, written to the court of Persia,

arrived at its destination. The governor of Erivan had sent for him to Bayazid, and the Chah of Persia menaced the town with the whole weight of his vengeance if they did not restore him to liberty. Ibrahim being frightened consults the Porte, and in the mean time takes the prisoners from their cavern, and confines them in a stable. The answer of the Port soon arrives from Constantinople, and the Pacha, for once faithful to the orders of the Grand Signior, sent M. Jaubert to the camp of Youssuf Pacha, who was then advancing towards Armenia at the head of an army. Thus was M. Jaubert miraculously saved from an apparently inevitable death.

The country inhabited by the Kourdes is one of the most interesting the author passed through; it belongs, unequally, to the Turkish and Persian empires. Its extent is, in length, from Mount Ararat at thirty-nine degrees and a half north latitude, to the Kamerin chain of mountains at thirty-four degrees; and in width from Mount Ormiah to the Tigris. On the north is the ancient Colchis, on the east Media, and on the south Chaldea.

Kourdistan produces numerous herds of goats, sheep, and oxen, which constitute its chief wealth; and the management of bees is attended to. The Kourdes are remarkable for their tall stature, fair complexion, and fine features. Their bodies are covered by large cloaks of black goat-skin, and their heads with hats made of red cloth, ornamented with acorns. These wandering people are good soldiers; from military exercises they go to pastoral occupations, and their leisure hours are beguiled with vocal music, for which they have a decided taste. It is true, that the singer they most admire is the one who sings loudest. In other respects, they are distinguished for the same virtues and vices as the Arabs of the desert; the custom of robbing, the love of independence, and great hospitality. In reading the account of the manners of these tribes, I fancied myself in the tent of a Bedouin. The Kourde cannot marry without the consent of his parents, whatever may be his rank or age; paternal authority is to him inviolable. The author adds,

(a reflection worthy of notice), that the traveller amongst the Kourdes ought to fear in proportion to the extent of their hospitality. "*You are welcome*," says the Kourde, whose hut the traveller passes; "*the stranger is a present from God: let him want nothing: misfortune is sacred*." This very man, when traversing the mountains or deserts, is a ferocious robber, who strips his guest without mercy. The secret, which distinguishes the Kourde robber, is, to know how to flatter and deceive him whose wealth they covet.

On the 19th of February, 1806, Mr. Jaubert left Bagazid to go to the Turkish army, and he met with mountains at the defile of Kussel-day that were covered with snow, whose brilliancy caused a painful ophthalmia in all who did not wear a black veil, and neglected to stop up their nostrils. The hurricanes were also very dangerous. The *ten thousand* Greeks under Zenophon met with the same difficulties at this passage. Youssuf Pacha knew the author personally, having seen him in Egypt after his fatal loss at the battle of Heliopolis. He gave M. Jaubert a very distinguished reception, in consequence of having just received news of the great victory gained by the French at Austerlitz. He promised to send him safe to his destination, and, at the same time, cautioned him against the politeness and agreeable manners of the Persians, who, although so much thought of in Europe, are deficient in frankness and sincerity. The author, while he was waiting to hear from the Ottoman Porte, visited the Christian churches in this part of Armenia. At length his orders arrived, and he quitted the camp of the Osmanlis on the first of April, with an escort of twenty men; on the third day he reached Erz-Ing-hian, the ancient Satala, upon the Euphrates near one of the chains of Taurus. From thence he arrived five days after at Erze-Roum. Avoiding the road to Bagazid, he directed his course north, towards Khenes, Melez-ghird and Van, which gives its name to a little inland sea. A little way from the second of these towns is the high mountain, called Seiban-dagh, from whose summit the eye commands a circumference of fifty leagues: the Yezidis, a Kourde

tribe, terrible to travellers, inhabit the foot of the mountain; they worship the evil spirit, and consider robbery and murder lawful. In a defile near the lake of Van, the caravan met a troop, who, in consideration of a present, suffered it to pass without molestation. The lake of Van is ninety leagues round; its trade is very brisk, and the fishing considerable: eminences covered with trees surround it on all sides; the climate is mild, and the land fertile, and the town is surrounded by delicious gardens. The Pacha received the author with great distinction; gave him an escort; and by one of those revolutions so very frequent among the Turks, he perished three days after, being assassinated by a rival. From Van, M. Jaubert directed his course towards Cotourah, the last village in Turkey: he soon came in sight of Khoi, where the aspect of the country suddenly changes:—politeness of manner, health of the inhabitants, richness and variety of cultivation, elegance of language, every thing announces the Persian territory.

Khoi is a fortified town containing twenty-five thousand inhabitants. The governor endeavoured by innumerable civilities, to make our traveller forget the horrid treatment he had met with from the Kourdes. At his first stage from Khoi, the author was not a little surprised to find lodgings and food prepared for him; but his astonishment was still greater to find himself received, at the entrance of a little village, with compliments in verse, rather flattering and high-flown it is true, but couched in great purity of language.

After crossing a short desert, he arrived at Merend, the ancient Morunda, where opium and coriineal are found. The distance from this place to Tauris is reckoned eighteen leagues. The rivers he crossed in his route emptied themselves into the lake of Ormiah, another inland sea that derives its name from a town, celebrated as the birth-place of Zoroaster. Tauris has been shaken by earthquakes; and if Chardin were to revisit it, he would no longer know it. The waters of the lake are bituminous, so that no fish can live in it. From time immemorial, the country has been torn by volcanic eruptions.

The old name Atropatene, as well as the modern one, Aderbidjan, signifies *land of fire*; and the author thinks that the mountains already mentioned, Ararat, Seiban and Kusseh-Dag have formerly emitted fire. The whole country is full of sulphuric mineral waters, and sulphur is plentiful: naphtha or petroleum is found there, and the inhabitants make use of it for lights. According to our author, Tauris is not the ancient Ecbatana, but the Gaza of the Medes; it is now the second city of Persia, and is surrounded by towers; with a population amounting to fifty thousand. Aderbidjan was governed by the Prince Abbas-Mirza, son of the Chah: when the author arrived in this province, Feth-Aly-Kan, a well-informed and agreeable man, who had accompanied Mr. Malcolm in his first voyage to Persia, was then lieutenant of the Begler-beg: he lodged M. Jaubert in his magnificent palace, a delicious residence, breathing voluptuousness and effeminacy: his conversation constantly turned either on the discoveries of the Europeans in the sciences, the great success at that time of the French nation, or upon the wisdom and glory of the reigning King, Feth-Aly-Chah.

From Tauris our traveller, instead of going on towards Tehéran, travelled eastward, through Seidabad, Serab and Ardebil, in order to visit the camp of Abbas Mirza, not far from the Caspian Sea: in this country the houses are built below the soil, like several parts of Armenia and Georgia, where the inhabitants lodge underground. Ardebil is the mart for all the caravans travelling from Tiflis to Tehéran and Ispahan: at this place, M. Jaubert, who had resumed his European dress, became the object of general and disagreeable curiosity. On his arrival at the camp of the young Persian Prince, he was treated with the greatest distinction. Abbas-Mirza had recently gained some advantage over the Russians; but the renown of the victories of the French armies excited his admiration, and he wished to have a faithful account of them: he also wished to inform himself of every thing remarkable that had taken place amongst the ancients as well as moderns; the events of the French

expedition to Egypt, the bravery of the Mamelukes, the life of the ferocious Djezzar, &c. On this occasion our traveller related his mission in 1804, to the Pacha of Acre, in the suite of General Sebastiani, and the singular conversations of this sanguinary man. Abbas Mirza departed in order to take the field, and our author left for Khalkhal, and afterwards for Zinghian and Sultanieh, in Persian Irac: this last town, lately flourishing and full of inhabitants, is now an immense mass of ruins, the effect of civil wars: beyond it is the fertile valley of Abher, which follows the desert of Cazbin: this country produces excellent wine and pistachios. Our author witnessed at Cazbin a brilliant fete, in honor of the birth of three princes of the blood-royal. music, poetry, illuminations, flowers, dancing, and the most delicious perfumes embellished a splendid repast, where the wine of Schiraz was profusely drank, in defiance of the law of Mahomet.

From Cazbin he travelled in three days to Teheran, the capital of Persia, escorted by a numerous and magnificent cavalry that Feth-Aly-Chah the king had sent him. The Adjutant-General Romieux, although he left France on the same mission after M. Jaubert, arrived before him at Teheran, by the way of Bagdad, but he died so one knew how, before the arrival of M. Jaubert. After the accustomed visits to the Vizier and the ministers, our traveller obtained his first audience of the Sovereign. We must refer our readers to the original for the curious account of his reception: when he made his first obeisance, he was kept so far off, that he could scarcely see the throne of Feth-Aly-Chah. The master of the ceremonies having announced him to the king, he replied "You are welcome;" after which a Visier conducted him to the hall of audience, the magnificence of which is beyond expression; millions of diamonds, rubies, emeralds and sapphires glittered on all sides: the King, covered with the finest diamonds, had three of his sons with him. After reading the credentials, the audience lasted an hour: Feth Aly-Chah felt pleasure in conversing with an European without the assistance of an interpreter. The pa-

lace-gardens are not like those of the Turks, planted without either order or taste, nor are they like those of Egypt, entirely deprived of turf; there are serpentine walks, with basins of marble *jets d'eau*, &c. carpets of rich verdure, and a great variety of flowers.

Amongst the trees are the plantain, willow, poplar, &c., which surround the mysterious pavillion, where the Chah goes every day. The account of this voluptuous place, where the most beautiful women in Asia aspire to the favor of their sovereign, must be read in the original: the miniatures of all those, who have succeeded in pleasing him, ornament one of the rooms, and their number is very considerable. The library contains some precious manuscripts, among which our author saw a poem of Feth-Aly-Chah's own composition. Teheran has been the capital of the empire since the year 1794, which was in the reign of Mahomet Kan. The fortifications are inferior—the population inconsiderable—and the air unhealthy.

This was the time of the annual military review, and the King was desirous of taking M. Jaubert with him; but a violent fever, caused by the unhealthiness of Teheran, detained him with Aly-Chah-Abbas. The King's chief physician, Mirza-Chefi, received orders to take every care of him; and his own life would be endangered if he did not restore his patient to health: this doctor ordered him, amongst other medicines, stewed rice, raw cucumbers, and green fruit: another physician of the royal harem advised him to pray to the prophet Ali. Happily he escaped both these orders, and got well in spite of cucumbers and rice. The King's physician was afraid at first that M. Jaubert would share the fate of M. Romieux, who, after having escaped assassination from the Arabs in the desert of Orfa, and received an excellent reception from the King, suddenly died, with his travelling companion; or that of M. Outrey, vice-consul of Bagdad, and brother-in-law to the author, who had also been attacked with violent and dangerous illness: the complaints of our traveller, however, had a different origin, and soon yielded to the care of his friends.

At last arrived at the camp of Sultaniéh, he assisted for forty days at the hunting parties of Feth-Aly-Chah, and at the reviews of troops, employing himself during the time with the purport of his mission: he at length obtained his audience of leave, and received magnificent presents: the King assured him that he much wished to be in amity with the French nation; and promised to receive with politeness all Frenchmen, who should be induced to visit Persia through curiosity or business. On the 14th of July, M. Jaubert set out with a numerous escort, accompanied by M. Dupré, son of the French consul at Trebizond, who came to Teheran, to bring the news of the peace of Presbourg; Mirza-Chefi still attending him, had to answer with his head for the safety of the traveller. His route was nearly the same as that by which he came, by Tauris, the lake of Ormiah, and Khoi: at this last place he parted from the royal physician; for whose safety he provided for in his turn, by giving him a certificate of his good health.

Thence the travellers went to Van. In this place is the convent of the seven churches, inhabited by Armenian monks, less rigid in their diet than the monks of La Trappe. They then passed an arm of the Euphrates, near Touzla, which they crossed with the help of leather bottles; and lastly, the Araxes, which is in the same mountains as the Tigris and the Euphrates. Arrived at Erzeroum, the Persian escort quitted M. Jaubert, who took the road to Djennés, which he considered the same place as Gymnias, known by the retreat of the *ten thousand* (rather than Kenes, as Mr. Macdonald Kinneir thought) then he reached Tchiftlik, the silver mines of Gümach-Khaneh, and the fine country of Trebizond, the end of M. Jaubert's voyage in Asia Minor. At this place he embarked directly for Constantinople. Bad weather forced the travellers to stay at several places on the southern borders of the Black Sea, as Thermeh, the ancient Thermiscia, the fabled country of the Amazons, Samsoun or Amisus, and Sinope; which gave him an opportunity of observing the soil, climate, and produce. The author was desirous of going by land to Sinope,

but was prevented by a bloody battle being fought on the same day between the Turks and the inhabitants of Djanik, a country of the Mosinœques and Chalybes. The bridge was broken, and the streets of Bafrar were full of the dead and wounded. He returned to the coast, whence the ship had sailed, but fortunately a Greek vessel took him on board, and landed him at Sinope. This ancient capital of the kingdom of Pontus, the country of Diogenes the Cynic, and Mithridates, is so well known, that we shall pass slightly over the traveller's description of it. He found there M. Fourcade, the French consul, a man distinguished for various acquirements, and whose premature death is still remembered with regret by the scholar, the geographer, and the antiquary. From Sinope he went by land to Ineboli, and embarked for the celebrated town of Amastrah, where still exist the remains of a temple of Neptune, and the valley of Bartin, anciently Parthenius, which, though almost unknown or neglected, is a most fertile and picturesque country.

M. Jaubert next arrived at Heraclæa, an inhospitable country, and dangerous to Europeans, of which he presents his readers with an interesting account from the pen of M. Allier de Hauteroche. He found at this place a forty-gun frigate, which in two days carried him to Tarapia, a town on the Bosphorus, where the French ambassador, General Sebastiani, was waiting for him; in the General's society he soon forgot his privations, his fatigues, and his misfortunes.

Here the narrative of M. Jaubert closes: it is full of simplicity and truth; and his descriptions are replete with energy and grace.

We will conclude by pointing out to the reader some very remarkable passages upon the manners, religion, usages, and actual state of civilization in this part of Armenia and Persia. Amongst others there are, the twelfth chapter upon the Armenians, the fourteenth upon the abominable superstitions of the Yézidis; the seventeenth and thirty-ninth upon the manners of the Persians, and the degree of confidence to be placed in their politeness, with a parallel

between them and the Turks. The portraits of Feth-Aly-Chah, his sons and his ministers, are drawn with a masterly hand. It would be well also to read in the twenty-seventh chapter the history of the reigning King, and in chapters thirty to thirty-four, and thirty-eight are observations upon the population, commerce, wealth, and military state of the Persian empire, as well as on orien-

tal manners in general. In short, this narrative, although contained in one volume, is not less useful than the larger works on Persia already published, and is worthy of a distinguished place in the best libraries.

Besides a map, which is very well engraved, the work contains seven lithographic engravings, well executed, amongst which are the portraits of Abbas-Mirza and Asker-Kan.

EXTRACT FROM THE SUICIDES—AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

For she was calm, but pale with constant thought;
And if her eye had lost its sprightly shine,
There was a sweetness in its every glance:
A pensive quiet that was lovelier.
Her tone was altered, gentler, broken, low,
Like the soft cadence of Eolian harp,
When Zephyr sweeps it with his lightest wing.
She waned—she withered,—the dark worm of thought
Had given her to consumption for a prey.
He watched, caressed and cheered her—all was vain;—
Death was triumphant.—One pale summer eve,
While yet he sat and watched the golden clouds,
As one by one they changed to sober grey,
A feebleness came o'er her wasted frame;
Her voice changed to a whisper faint and low;—
Her spirit's call was come—and she prepared—
Oh! she expired without a sigh, or groan,
As peaceful as an infant when it sinks
To dreamless slumber on its mother's lap,—
She, smiling like an angel through her tears,
With languid pressure held his trembling hand,
Breathed forth a prayer for him—and praying—died.—

How solemn is the threshold death has trod!
And sacred is the chamber where the clay
Yet warm with life has breathed its latest sigh:—
There fancy pictures to the pensive mind
The immortal soul just bursting into life,
Casting a parting look upon the clod
That was its frail and feeble partner here.
Or hovering nigh with fond tenacity,
Thoughts fixed above aspiring to the skies,
Affections o'er its consort wavering,
Like the burnt taper's half-expiring flame,
That rises and returns, and rises still,
Reluctant to resign the noisome wick,
That in life's brighter moments fed its blaze:—
And thus the spirit lingers o'er its dust;
Unfelt, but feeling—stealing, though unseen.—
Oh! whither is thy chainless spirit fled?
What realm doth it inhabit? Doth it waste
The drowsy hours in dull oblivion's shade,
Ceasing at once to suffer and to be?
Or from some higher, purer, happier sphere,
Look calmly down on this terrestrial scene?
As when from yonder orient sky the sun
Smiles on the infant day.

J. R. W.

LINES TO —.

'Tis well—exult in thy morning hour;
 'Twere pity to cloud that beamy brow,
 Or blight ere it blossom the beautiful flower
 Of promising hope; but smile not thou
 In the pride of thy heart, and thy reckless thought,
 At the ruin thy ruthless hand hath wrought.

Oh! smile not, tho' haply the hand of spring
 Have scattered thy path with its fairest flowers;
 And, Time as he flits on his noiseless wing,
 Have swept not a leaf from thy chosen bowers;
 And ever thy finger be lightly flung
 O'er the lute, to pleasure wildly strung.

Alas! full oft when leaves are greenest,
 And skies are cloudless, and hope is high;
 And ocean's laughing waves are sheenist,
 The rage of the storm is gathering nigh:
 While Philomel, fondly forsaking her nest,
 With her wild note is hailing the star of the west.

But why should thy young heart dream of sorrow?
 The goblet of gladness is mingled for thee:
 Smile on—may the pleasures of every morrow
 Look bright in their prospect, nor fade ere they flee;
 And then may their retrospect render them dear,
 As a voice we remember we once lov'd to hear.

On the streamlet of life, while the beams are playing,
 Rejoice in the pride of thy beauty and youth;
 Rejoice in the freshness of fancy arraying
 The visions of Hope in the garments of Truth:
 Rejoice in the rays that are softly shed
 O'er the past, like the beauty that haunts the dead.

Like the halo, that loves o'er the graves to hover
 Of the wise and the brave that are past away;
 Like the tints of the west when the day is over,
 Or the hues of the woods that are gone to decay;
 Or the ivy that ever delights to cling
 To the tower whose strength is mouldering.

Oh! how blest are they, for whom memory treasures
 The records of hours they would not forget;
 Whose innocent hearts, in recalling the pleasures
 That are vanish'd for ever, have nought to regret:
 No sorrow to shadow the scenes that are past,
 Or only to think they have fled so fast.

Such boon be thine—when thy youth is over,
 Though pleasure at length begins to pall;
 Though haply no longer thy heart discover
 The delight that it found in the festival;
 But given thee still in thy bower alone,
 To rejoice in recalling the days that are gone.

ADOLESCENS.

LONDON REVIEW;

OR,
NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS,

Foreign and Domestic.

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QUID SIT PULCRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.  
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FOREIGN.

De Fontibus et Auctoritate vitarum parvularum Plutarchi Commentationes quatuor; Auctore Herren.—Four Commentaries on the Sources whence Plutarch derived his parallel Lives of eminent Men. By Herren. Gottingen.

The author of the present learned enquiry, the disciple and friend of Heyne, is placed by the Germans among the most illustrious of their writers. He has devoted ten years of toil and application in tracing the sources from which Plutarch derived his information; and the result of his researches forms the subject of the work before us. It must be confessed, that the task was of a most arduous nature, and that the writer who engaged on it, whatever might be his talents, was frequently placed under the necessity of substituting conjecture for certainty. Plutarch does not always inform us who the authors were to whom he was indebted; and even if he had done so, we, who are so far removed from the scene, cannot easily ascertain what degree of credit is due to their authority; and it is doubtful whether Plutarch himself was not frequently placed in a similar situation. He was obliged, like all other historians, to rest many of his sentiments on the authority of tradition alone; and whatever means he might have possessed of appreciating the value of the traditions of his own time, we certainly can pretend to none. The advantages which literature derives, therefore, from such laborious enquiries, appear to us of a very uncertain character, and rather specious than real; for even where certainty is attained, we have not *data* sufficient to convince us that it is certainty. We regret that Germany should devote her intellectual might to such unprofitable speculations. But the character of a people always determines the character

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of their writers; and where objects of curiosity are preferred to objects of knowledge, genius must decline from the path which nature points out, and yield to the ascendancy of fashion and the predominance of circumstances. On the whole, it may be said, that Plutarch was a much better judge of the authenticity of the writers, from whom he drew his information, than we can be; and therefore, if we will not trust in him until we know the value of his authority, we must always remain sceptics. Those, however, who are enamoured of this species of writing, will find the researches of Mr. Herren well worthy of their attention. They cannot but admire the spirit of investigation that characterizes his enquiries: but when they close the work they must confess, that they have more cause to admire the ingenuity of the writer than to congratulate themselves on the accession, which they have made to their stock of knowledge. Herren has done, perhaps, what could be done:

Si pergamena dextra potuissent, hac defensa videbo;

but the subject was unmanageable; for all that the most laborious and diligent antiquary will ever be able to effect, cannot reach farther than to shew the probable degree of credit, that ought to attach to each particular biography.

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Dziła dramatyczne Boguslawskiego:—The Dramatic works of Boguslawski. 15 vols. [with plates and portraits. Warsaw.

This is one of the best literary enterprises ever undertaken in Poland. The author is chiefly known for the services he has rendered his native country. He was formerly a director of the national theatre, and may be considered its founder, an honour to which these works justly entitle him.

T

Their principal merit consists in the originality and judgment with which he has delineated the human character. Many of these dramas are translated from the Italian, French, English, and German, the last of which possess a very particular merit from the fidelity with which they are translated. Each is preceded by a biographical notice of its original author, a review of the piece itself, and a critical dissertation on his other works. The first volume contains the history of the foundation and progress of the Polish theatre, concluding with a biographical notice of one or other of the principal actors either dead or retired from the stage.

The author has neglected nothing to render this edition of his works worthy of public interest. The type is extremely beautiful, and the impression taken off with the greatest care, a circumstance the more remarkable, as the art of printing has been a long time neglected in Poland. The merit of this improvement is entirely due to M. Glucksberg, who, assisted by a corrector of the press from Firmin Didot, at Paris, has succeeded almost in equaling the beauty of execution which distinguishes the works of that celebrated printer.

Algæ Aquaticæ — The Aquatic Herbs found on the Coasts of Jever and Eastern Friesland, collected and dried by O. H. B. Jurgens, 21 pages, folio, containing 100 dried sea weeds.

M. Jurgens merits the gratitude of every lover of botany, particularly of those who live far from the sea, as he offers them, at a small expense, the means of supplying an important desideratum in almost all our herbals. In forming the collection of so great a quantity of plants, he had more than one difficulty to surmount, particularly in preparing them for preservation. They are dried with extreme care, and placed between two blank leaves, accompanied with a Latin description of their physical virtues. The weakest of these weeds are pasted on a detached leaf of paper, and the most tender on a leaf of Muscovy glass.

Symbolik und Mythologik :—The Symbols and Mythology of Ancient States, particularly the Greeks. By Frederick Creutzer. 11 vols. second edition. Leipsick.

M. Creutzer, justly celebrated for his

lectures at the university of Heidelberg, has created a new era in the study of mythology. It is no longer an incoherent series of ingenious fables, but a complete system of useful fictions, entirely founded on agricultural notions, or moral precepts. It is philosophy divesting itself of its metaphysical abstractions, and assuming a sensible appearance through the intervention of images, sometimes speaking a language intelligible even to the vulgar, but always preserving its native majesty. In developing this novel science, the discovery of which belongs exclusively to M. Creutzer, his lectures excited the enthusiasm and astonishment of his numerous auditors. The first edition of this work obtained for its ingenious author considerable celebrity; and a second being called for, it has been given with so many improvements, that it may be justly called a new work. The author has diligently availed himself of all that has recently been published in England and France, and has ventured no assertion that is not founded in fact. His authorities are always authors of the greatest respectability, from whose labours he has formed a pandect, hitherto a desideratum in the sciences.

Tentamen de Archita Tarentini vitâ et operibus, &c.—An Essay on the Life and Writings of Archita, of Tarentum. By Joseph Navarro, of Naples.

When we reflect how seldom diplomatists withdraw themselves from the splendid frivolities of courts to serious contemplation, and how small a portion of their time is devoted even to the science of politics, a science with which, of all others, they should be best acquainted, the work before us may be considered *unique* in its kind. Its author, who was attached to the Neapolitan embassy of the court of Copenhagen, resisting the seductions of courtly pleasures, performed not only what his public situation required, but has treated in this work a public thesis in such a manner as to obtain the degree of professor of philosophy in the Danish university. His example may serve to convince us, that the bustle and toil, inseparable from the duties of a public situation, cannot stifle that energy of mind which seeks to signalize itself in pursuits foreign to our immediate avocations; pursuits which have other objects than that of disturbing the happiness of mankind.

Memoria premiada por la Junta Suprema de Caridad.—Memoir of the Treatment of the Poor at their own Habitations. By J. A. Piquer. 1 vol. 8vo. Madrid.

This memoir obtained the prize, offered by the Supremo Committee of the Charitable Institutions of Madrid, for the best work on this subject. The author, who is physician to the Royal Family, has dedicated his work to the sovereign Congress of the Cortes. Besides the Memoir, it contains a Review of eleven other memoirs, presented to the Committee for the prize, with a Reply to the Objections, published by J. V. C. in 1819. Doctor Piquer maintains, that poor patients are much better treated at their own houses, or in any private house, than in hospitals however well directed and administered, a fact which he proves, not only by the authority of writers, but by the practise which was commenced at Madrid, January 1, 1811, and followed in many other cities of Spain.

Della Letteratura Italiana —Of Italian Literature during the latter part of the Eighteenth Century. By Camillo Ugolini. 2 vols. 12mo. Brescia, 1821.

The author of this work, a young writer of a distinguished family in Brescia, is a zealous advocate of useful studies, independent thoughts, and sound logic. The two volumes already published contain the lives of nineteen Italian writers of the eighteenth century, with a critical examination of their works. It is expected that the work will extend to several other volumes, and it promises a great variety of intelligence, as the author does not strictly confine himself to the matter which his title announces. He first makes us acquainted with the sentiments of his authors, and the views which they have taken of the subjects on which they wrote, and then examines the subject himself. His investigation is always acute, and his thoughts generally original, not caring much whether they are sanctioned by the authority, or quadrate with the opinions of other writers. His manner, indeed, is peculiarly his own. After briefly relating the life of his author, he passes immediately to a critical review of his works, in which he distinguishes such of his opinions as can be traced only to himself, from those which are either

designed or accidental imitations of others. He also points out the subsequent improvements, which the arts and sciences derived from the original views and suggestions, and the controversies to which they gave rise, and concludes every article with the character of the author whose life it contains.

Notizie intorno alle opere, &c.—An Account of the Works of Gaudenzio Ferrari. By Gaudenzio Bordiga, 4to. Milan, 1821.

Ferrari holds the first rank after Leonardo da Vinci in the Lombard school of painting, and yet from the ignorance or hatred of Vassari, the historian of painters, the merits of Ferrari are unknown to those who derive their knowledge of the Ultramontane painters from books. Lanzi knows not whether to attribute this to Vassari's hatred, or his little acquaintance with Ferrari's merits, but the latter supposition appears to us the more probable; for though Vassari cannot always be depended upon, his errors may, in general, be traced to unmerited praise, rather than to unmerited censure. Though himself a painter of inconsiderable merit, he seems to have been at least superior to that jealousy which characterizes the minds of inferior artists; and he takes every opportunity of extolling his own countrymen, particularly his contemporaries. It is possible, however, though we have no authority for supposing it, that some private pique might exist between him and Ferrari. Whatever be the cause, the merits of this celebrated painter, who was at once the friend and fellow-labourer of Raphael, are unknown; except to those who have other sources of information than books, and therefore we look upon the present work, in which his memory is recovered from unmerited oblivion, to be one of the most useful accessions which Italy has made to her modern literature for many years.

Storia Universale dell' Indostan, &c.—Universal History of Hindostan, from the Year 1500 before the Christian era, to the Year 1819, compiled by Leopoldo Sebastian, with a Topographical Map. 8vo. 1822.

The author divides this work into four parts. In the first he determines the position of Hindostan, the origin of its inhabitants, its religion, its sciences,

and particularly its astronomy, with the arts and physical qualities of the country. In the second, he traces the history of Hindostan from the expedition of Sesostria to that of the Portuguese. The third contains the conquests which have been successively made from the year 1000, by Mahmud Gazni, Geugis-Chan, Tamerlane, Nadir-Shah, &c. In the fourth he describes all the military and political events of this country, from the year 1747 to 1818. The author informs us, that he was ten years in Turkey, five in Persia, and as many in India, and yet he never speaks from his own observations. The language alone can properly be called his own; the matter would seem to have been communicated to him by another. To form a just estimation of the spirit which characterizes the present work, it is sufficient to read the last chapter, in which he labours to justify the conduct of the European conquerors in this part of the world. He is decidedly hostile to the religious toleration of the Indians.

Viaggio al lago di Como, &c.—Travels to the Lake of Como. By Davide Bertolotti, &c. Como, 1821.

The writer of the present work has differed from all former travellers to this noted lake, by giving his descriptions a dramatic form. In the character of an old soldier, he traverses the various scenes which he has made the subject of his observations; and entertains his readers with the conversations, which are supposed to have taken place between himself and various persons, whom he encountered in his perambulations. Whatever the scenes inspire are happily mingled with his descriptions, and he joins to ancient whatever is remarkable in modern history. To increase the interest of his work, he intersperses it with poetical quotations, which are, perhaps, too abundantly disseminated. Among many interesting episodes, we may particularly point out that which relates the loves and adventures of Vincenzo and Rosalie, chap. x. p. 164. The work concludes with some general observations on the civil and natural state of Como and its lake.

Elementi di Poesia, &c.—Principles of Poetry for the use of Schools. Compiled by Giovanni Gherardinini. Milan.

It is unnecessary to offer any opinion on the importance of this subject. The

title indeed is simple, and the volume is small, but the subject is analyzed and explained in the spirit of true philosophy. The author endeavours to shew, that whatever is excellent in the romantic, or modern school of poetry, was already known and practised by the classics, and that all beyond this is licentiousness and delirium. In the tenth and eleventh chapters he points out particularly the inconveniences of the modern school, and shews that it has as yet met with no success in Italy.

Porsie, &c.—Poems of the Marquis Giuseppe Antinori. Pisa, 1821.

The Marquis of Giuseppe is author of a translation of the Idyls of Gæner. The present poems rank high among the lyrics which are now flourishing on the Italian Parnassus, they are remarkable for the vivacity of their images, and for the beauty of their style.

De l'Economie Publique et Rurale des Perses et des Pheniciens, &c.—Of the Public and Rural Economy of the Persians and Phenicians. By L. Reynier. 1 vol. 8vo. Paris.

This is the second volume of the important work undertaken by Reynier a few years ago. The people, of whose political and rural economy it treats, are esteemed the most ancient in the world. The author, however, does not strictly confine himself to them, but extends his inquiries to the various nations which, under different names, have flourished in the countries comprehended between the Lufhrates and the Indus, and between the Caspian Sea and the Persian Gulph. After perusing the work with the most critical attention, we think the learned author has surmounted almost all the difficulties which he had to oppose. As an able critic he has travelled through the night of time, and traversed an extensive circuit, over which the reader accompanies him with increasing interest and pleasure.

The work is divided into three parts. In the first the author takes a rapid view of the antiquities of Asia anterior to historic times, from which it appears that astronomic science had made considerable progress in that country; and that an enlightened period, of which history has preserved no recollection, preceded that state of ignorance in which we find almost all the Asiatic nations at present. In the second part,

the author confines himself to the Persians. He inquires into their political organization, religious institutions, finances, commerce, industry, and agriculture. In the third part he treats of the Phenicians, their origin, political existence, agriculture, and useful arts.

The extensive empire, to which Zoroaster gave laws, has been successively the theatre on which the Assyrians, the Medes, the Persians, and the Parthians, have displayed their prowess. This succession of revolutions which has always been more or less disastrous, those changes of grandeur and of calamity, those catastrophes which have been equally experienced by dynasties, languages, laws, and customs, manifest the dismemberment of a great federal constitution, of which the different nations of which it was composed exhibit, in their turn, ancient pretensions to universal dominion; and, at the same time, the impossibility of tracing the origin of either; of reconciling their respective histories; and of becoming acquainted with their particular institutions. The reign of Cyrus was that of military discipline; that of Alexander the era of diversity of interests and opinions among the numerous provinces of the Persian empire. Without manifesting much admiration of the hero of the *Cyropædia*, without magnifying the exploits of this audacious warrior, who trampled on the most sacred institutions of his country; who, instead of a representative government, which is the only safeguard of liberty and of laws, established the despotism of an individual, the right of conquest, and the enjoyment of all places of emolument and power. Reyner represents him such as he really was, and strips him of that imposing crown which the adulation of servile writers placed on his head, thereby confirming the legitimacy of conquest and usurpation. This part of the work is particularly worthy the attention of those who devote themselves to the science of politics.

It is painful to see that so learned and critical a writer should have so completely lost himself in treating of religion. He implicitly adopts the absurd doctrine of astrology as laid down in the writings of *Dupuis*. He quotes the authority of Strabo, who assures us that the disciples of Zoroaster adored the sun; but in no part of the works of this great reformer of the Persian religion do we find any mention of the worship of the stars. On the contrary, he speaks throughout of the worship of one God, Lord of all things, whose

power and beneficence had been proclaimed long before him by *Heomo*, the legislator of ancient Asia. The primitive religion of the Persians was purely theocratic, or, if they admitted two sorts of spirits, the *Ehoromez-dao*, or good spirits, and the *Ahriman*, or evil spirits; they regarded them rather as intermediate agents between the Deity and man, than as all-powerful beings.

With regard to the system of finance, it has experienced many changes, and has been always determined by the political vicissitudes of states. Under the despotic government of the Assyrians, all the tribes were successively reduced to the same level, after being devoured by extortions of every description. Under the military domination of the Medes, the Satraps, who never moderated their expenses, exhausted the entire of the public revenue, and the property of those who were unfortunately subjected to their dominion. Under the Persians, the government being originally military, whence it naturally passed to despotism, passive obedience became the basis of discipline; and the primitive vices of the administration were preserved, or more properly legalized. The treasures of the Persian kings became useless heaps in their hands, which circulation would have converted into productive wealth. Their stagnation rendered them useless to the nation, and fatal to Xerxes, to Darius, and to his successors.

As to agriculture, it was held sacred; and the laws protected the labours of the husbandman, and the produce of his labour, even in time of war. Xenophon erroneously attributes this protection to the laws of Cyrus. It was the same many ages before him. In fact, the great fertility of Persia, that abundance and variety of its produce, which was so much admired by the Greeks, whose exiguous territory presented no similar advantages; in a word, the flourishing state of the first of arts became a part of the most ancient institutions of Asia. Agriculture and the multiplication of the species were particularly encouraged by the first legislators of Persia. The same precept is recommended in the *Zend-Avesta*, which must have been written upwards of two thousand years ago. This lesson, which was handed down from the remotest times, was preserved in all the vicissitudes of the state, and so strongly implanted in the minds of the Persians, that even now, after all the changes which husbandry has under-

gone, agricultural wealth, the care manifested in sowing proper grain, of opening water canals, and forming water basins in mountainous districts, the draining of moist soils, &c. are still regarded as acts of piety, and as the most useful of all occupations.

The care of cattle and the importance of their extensive increase were, next to agriculture, among the precepts most strongly recommended by the Persian worship. No country can boast of such fine horned cattle as that of the Aspians. The oxen were exclusively reserved for agricultural labour: the horse was only used by the warrior and the nobleman. They possessed great quantities of sheep, and the richness of their fleeces was singularly remarkable. The goat was in great estimation among them. The breed was the same which is now known by the name of the *goat of Angora*. They reared a great variety of poultry, especially cocks and hens. To have a cock in every house was an indispensable religious duty.

Europe has borrowed largely from Persian agriculture. We are indebted to it for many of our grains: the unbearded barley of Cappadocia, rice, the grape which is cultivated at present in the Ionian islands under the name of currants, &c. Many trees, as the citron, the bactrian pistachio, the jujube, &c.

A remarkable law among the Persians forbids the augmentation of imposts under pretext of the improvements, which had been effected by abundant cultivation: another restricted statesmen themselves from using any commodities, that belonged not to the agriculture and industry of the country.

We have little to say of the third part of the work. The Phenicians, who erected the walls of Tyre and Sidon, were not an aboriginal people, but a family of merchants whose sole object was to enrich themselves, and to form colonies wherever commercial relations held forth promises of interested speculations. Their laws were of the most horrid character. Their worship required that their altars should be stained with human blood: their priests and magistrates were inexorable. The poor were oppressed by a despotic aristocracy, and were destined to the most cruel slavery. The people having no agriculture led a pastoral life. Commerce heaped up gold, and when it became surfeited with it, it slumbered in the arms of despotism without transmitting other recollec-

tions than those of hatred and revolting luxury. An important discovery is generally attributed to the Phenicians, namely, the fabrication of glass; but Reynier proves that there is no foundation for this opinion, since they took the process by which it is formed from the Ethiopians, among whom it was known from the remotest times; and also, because even the Egyptians had brought it to perfection before the arrival of the Phenician colonies on the coasts of the Mediterranean.

On the whole, there is great credit due to the learned writer of the work before us for having compiled a political and moral history on the most ancient of nations, which may be strictly considered unique in its kind. It merits the encouragement of all lovers of science, and the gratitude of every man who is called to share in the administration of his country. The experience of the past should serve as lessons for the future.

Œuvres Choies de Mirabeau —
Select Works of Mirabeau, 5 vols.
8vo. Paris, 1821.

The character and political influence of Mirabeau, as well as his oratorical talents, has been the subject of much commentary and discussion. All his writings were not of a nature proper to form part of the present collection; some, because they were offensive to morality and manners,—some, because they relate to fugitive circumstances, which have ceased to be interesting, and others, because they were too voluminous, as his “History of the Russian Monarchy,” forming 7 vols. 8vo. with an Atlas.

“L’Essai sur le Despotisme” is the first work avowed by Mirabeau. He was but twenty-five years of age when he composed it, in the prisons of the *Chateau d’If*. The style of this work is formed after the models left by the celebrated French rhetoricians of the last century, as Volney, Diderot, Raynal, and Thomas. It is a union of oratory, erudition, and philosophy.—The taste of the present day, however, required a severer logic, a more correct taste, and more profound erudition. Besides, Mirabeau frequently wanders from his subject, and indulges in too much passion, faults which he himself subsequently acknowledged, in lamenting that he had mutilated so fine a subject.

His “Considerations on the Order

of Cincinnatus" contain facts and reasonings relative to hereditary and personal nobility, which are laid down in the clearest manner. The truths which he maintains, and which were almost universally admitted at the commencement of the French Revolution, and triumphed over personal interests, are at present greatly obscured over a considerable portion of Europe. America avoided the rock which Mirabeau pointed out to her. The military spirit, a spirit which is essentially aristocratic, exalted by the late French government, gave additional force to a prejudice, which the habits of a Representative government must progressively weaken.

His Essay on "the Liberty of the Press," is little more than a translation of Milton's "*Areopagitica*, or Speech for the Liberty of the Press;" and his "Rules observed by the House of Commons, in debating and voting," are a literal translation from the English, with some notes.

His work on the "*Lettres de Cachet*," and "State Prisons," is not, like his work on despotism, a mere brilliant declamation. The subject is treated in the most perfect manner. His reasonings are entirely deduced from principles of eternal justice, and supported by the historical monuments and special archives of French legislation. Destined to be served with eighteen *Lettres de Cachets*, he wrote this work in the Dungeon of Vincennes, where he was sent by the fourth of these arbitrary orders. It is said, that being deprived of paper, he wrote on the margin of books, which they permitted him to procure; and that, in parting from Vincennes, he carried this singular manuscript along with him, concealed in his clothes.

His "Secret History of the Cabinet of Berlin" was never intended to be made public. It was published, however, shortly after it was written, which caused a great scandal. A bookseller requested the manuscript several times of Mirabeau, but though almost reduced to distress he refused the most tempting offers which the bookseller could make him. In his absence, however, the *scrutaire*, in which he deposited his correspondence, was forced open. The bookseller posted off to Alençon, to the printer Malassis, and the "Secret History" was sent to press. It was pretended, that the proofs were corrected by Mirabeau himself; but M. Louis Dubois, who saw these proofs, affirms that the corrections do not appear to be in the hand-writing of Mirabeau, with which he was perfectly

acquainted. The affirmation, however, appears to us rather unsatisfactory; for if M. Dubois was perfectly acquainted with Mirabeau's hand, he must perfectly know, whether it be his hand or not; and, therefore, the word *appear* implies a doubt, which we cannot reconcile with such perfect knowledge. The "Secret History" was torn and burned by the common executioner. The "Secret History of the Cabinet of Berlin," is even at this day a work of great curiosity, and, of all Mirabeau's productions, promises most profit and delight.

This collection contains several other pamphlets: his treatise on "Stock-jobbing," on "the Civil and Political State of the Jews," on "Cagliostro and Lavater," and "Advice to the Hessians, and other German people, who are sold by their princes to the English government," "to the Batavians on the Stadholdership," with various pieces on the Revolution of Holland in 1787, &c. All these are productions that maintain their original reputation, and deserve being generally known. It is scarcely necessary to notice his "Letters to Sophia," which form a collection of three volumes, because their reputation and character are generally known; nor, indeed, would it be easy to point out all the merits which have procured them such unexampled success. We will only add, that the late M. Cadet Gassicourt has prefixed a private life of Mirabeau to the "Letters to Sophia." The anecdotes, and remarkable particularities which it contains, render it an extremely interesting production.

Lettres Sur la Vallachie, &c.—

Letters on Walachia, or Observations on this Province and its Inhabitants, written from 1815 to 1821, with an Account of the Events which have lately taken place in that country. By F. Recordon. 1 vol. 12mo. Paris, 1821.

The scene of the present war between the Turks and Greeks has long remained unnoticed and unknown; and if the latter should now emerge from obscurity, we can attribute it only to the ravages of war. Had the Greek continued passively to endure the bondage of Turkish despotism, had he still repelled the inspiring and tumultuous glow of patriotic emotion, and lingered in the silent obscurity of inglorious ease; had he refused to listen to the

call of honour and the voice of freedom, and had completely banished from his memory the recollections of happier days, and the thunders of him who

Wielded at will the fierce democracy,
Shook the arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne,

this unhappy country, once the seat of genius and of valour, would still continue a blank in the civilized world, unnoticed by historians, unvisited by travellers, and unheard of by strangers. Whatever be the issue of the present contest, it will at least put the world in mind that such a nation exists; and if the Greeks prove unsuccessful, they can repel the charges so often brought against them of being deaf to the call of liberty and of national glory. They will convince surrounding nations, that they dared to die in defence of both.

Walachia and Moldavia claim more particular notice than the other provinces, as being the chief seat of war, the terrors of which are increased by the dark spirit of Turkish fanaticism. The present work contains very interesting accounts of Walachia, and of the manners and customs of its inhabitants, the writer having resided in the country for several years.

L'Amour de la Patrie.—The Love of Country, a Poem, crowned by the Academy of Amiens, at the Meeting of August, 1821. By P. C. de Baugy, 8vo. Paris, 1821.

This is one of the most beautiful Poems which has lately issued from the French press. The sentiments are poetic, and the versification elegant. After having sung in a strain of impassioned enthusiasm that love of country, which was the soul of great and important events among the Ancients, the author comes down to the civil wars, in which France, forgetting her internal broils, opposed innumerable legions to the nations that sought to deprive her of her liberty. Nothing can be more affecting, than the picture which the poet gives of the Exile, flying his natal country, to mourn her destiny and his own in foreign climes. The scene, in which he represents him beholding, in a dream, his paternal roof, and imagining himself receiving once more the caresses and attentions of his family, is highly poetic; and the Academy of Amiens may boast of crowning

a poem, which would be worthy the suffrages of the first literary society in France.

Promenade des Tuileries.—A Walk in the Tuilleries, 8vo.

This is an historical and critical account of the monuments belonging to the garden of the Tuilleries. The various descriptions given of these monuments, in former works, have been mingled with many erroneous and unauthenticated relations, all of which are noticed and exploded by the compiler of the present account. It contains, also, a description of the Louvre, and other monuments. It is embellished with plates, and a *fac simile* of the hand-writing of Henry IV. and His Royal Highness the Duke of Berry. It is, in every respect, the best account of the garden of the Tuilleries extant, and it should be in the possession of every Englishman who visits the French Capital.

Epître aux Grecs, &c.—A Letter to the Greeks, with Notes on the Situation and Resources of Modern Greece. By X. Boniface de Saintine. 8vo. Paris, 1821.

This little epistle, if it have not reached the sublime, at least breathes a true poetic spirit; and, what is still more valuable, an unadulterated mind. The notes which accompany it are fraught with sentiments of the most enlightened patriotism.

Voyage Aux Colonies Orientales, &c.—A Voyage to the Oriental Colonies; or, Letters written from the Isles of France and Bourbon during the Years 1817-18-19, and 20. By Augustus Billiard, 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 485.

This work, properly speaking, is but a voyage to the Isle of Bourbon, filled with curious details, relative to agriculture, commerce, manners, the history of the colony, its judicial and administrative institutions, and its political relations. It contains, moreover, a number of useful views, relative to the advantages which France might derive from Madagascar, or the Isle of France, in case of retrocession.

ENGLISH PUBLICATIONS.

Napoleon in Exile; or, A Voice from St. Helena. By Barry O'Meara, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 1653. 11. 8s. London, 1822.

THE work before us possesses, in a very eminent degree, two qualifications, seldom found in the same production,—that of being both entertaining, and replete with important information.—Mr O'Meara has enjoyed a good fortune, which seldom falls to the lot of any man, an opportunity of producing a highly interesting and useful work, without the necessity of intellectual pre-eminence, or any other requisite than the moral qualification of accuracy. We do not mean by this remark to detract from Mr. O'Meara's literary character, for he has shewn judgment and good sense, in not being induced by vanity to interpolate any original composition in a work, which can be valuable only in proportion to its being a simple narration of facts, and a faithful portraiture of him whom he professes to describe under such extraordinary circumstances. As to the accuracy of the work, it appears to us, that we have no reason to doubt upon the subject. Memoirs and pseudo biography must, of necessity, receive some tinge from the passions and interests of him who composes the work, and "Napoleon in Exile," perhaps, suffers some little from this common lot of our nature; but the book is so exclusively narrative, and confined to facts without comment or observations, that it appears to us, that it is less exposed to the imputation of colouring, than any work of the sort we have ever read. The author, in the form of a journal, tells us only what he sees and hears: and his statements relate to public documents, or concern so many persons of all ranks and nations, that it is impossible he can misrepresent any point without the certainty of detection; and this, we apprehend, is the best warranty of truth which we could possibly have in any case. The air of candour, which pervades the fascinating *Confessions of Rousseau*, is unequalled in literature, and stamps truth on the work with irresistible force.—The internal evidence of veracity in the book before us, if not equally conclusive, is, at least, as conclusive as the nature of the work admits of; and is, unquestionably, equal to the internal

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evidence of truth displayed by any of the memoirs which have gained the credence of society.

A great French author has told us, that no man is a hero in the eyes of his Valet de Chambre; but it would appear, from this *exposé* of Napoleon's private hours, that a man can be something much better than a hero in the eyes of his valet—in throwing off the hero, he can become an affectionate and amiable individual. It has always surprised us, to hear of the power which Buonaparte had of attaching those around him to his person. Whether this is one of the mighty effects of genius, or whether it is the result of genius, of good nature, and amiable manners combined, we know not; but it is certain, that even those who entered his presence with the most rooted prejudices, glided from hatred into admiration, and, finally, into love. It is almost impossible to conceive, that a man who can lead armies to perish by violence, or by the seasons, and, as soon as they are swept from the face of the earth, renew them for a similar purpose, can have a single compunctious visiting of humanity in his bosom. But so inconsistent an animal is man, that we find the hero, who, without emotion, orders thousands of human beings to slaughter, merely to gratify his ambition, can yet, out of the field of battle, be one of the most merciful and amiable disposition. Considering circumstances, Buonaparte appears to us to have committed less of private wrong and individual cruelty than any usurper. It would seem, that his disposition did not qualify him for gaining a throne by creating anarchy or revolution. Cromwell may be said to have waded through slaughter to a throne, whilst Buonaparte gained a crown by stopping slaughter, and re-establishing social order. After his defeat at Waterloo, a man, reckless of human life, would have made every desperate effort to retain his crown, and have made the scaffold subservient to his purpose; but no act of individual sacrifice stained this trying era of his life. Frederic the Great carried the ferocity of his disposition from the field to the closet; he was always a tiger; whilst Buonaparte individually appears to have been merciful and kind in the extreme. Judging of him by abstract principles of virtue, we must pronounce him, in common with all usurpers and heroes, an object most detestable; but

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estimating him by the standard of many coloured life, and by a comparison with the Alexanders, the Cæsars, and the Frederics, he must at once excite both admiration and esteem. It is, however, necessary for human happiness to hold all such characters up to execration, to rob military ambition of its lustre, and to pay our homage to the more peaceful virtues. Buonaparte's ambition was, therefore, not only destructive of the general peace of mankind, but peculiarly injurious to this country; and whatever may be our admiration of his genius, or our love of his virtues, as it was impossible to restrain his ambition as a potentate, it was the duty of every Englishman to promote his dethronement; and being dethroned, to prevent the possibility of his again disturbing the peace of Europe. This is the view we ought to take of this extraordinary character, and to withhold our admiration of his genius, to feel any thing like personal hostility to his memory, or to hesitate to acknowledge his prodigious merit and shining virtues, is totally beneath the dignity of our national character. Heinous as the crimes of rebellion and usurpation may be, we cannot bring Napoleon under censure for either.—The Revolution had begun long before he had either rank or influence; his assuming supremacy was the means of stopping its dreadful consequences, and had he been disposed to perform his duty, of restoring the legitimate prince, the state of the public mind rendered it impossible. His treason appears to have been not against his Sovereign, but against the cause of liberty, and the natural rights of mankind. Had he, after the battle of Austerlitz, confined France within the extensive but natural limits of the Pyrenees, the Alps, and the Rhine; and devoted his mighty genius to the arts of peace, and to establishing a free Representative Government, he would have been infinitely the greatest and the best character that ever existed.—At present, the historian can bestow only the praise of unlimited greatness.

The work being in the form of a Journal, the matter it contains is without classification, but it may be divided into two parts; the first, relating to the events on board of the men of war, and at St. Helena, with the treatment inflicted upon the prisoner; and the second, comprising those remarkable conversations, in which Napoleon uttered his opinions upon persons and events. The future historian will unquestionably draw much of his materials from Mr. O'Meara's

work; and it is in all respects extremely interesting and important.

Halidon Hill, a Dramatic Sketch.

By Sir Walter Scott, Bart. 8vo. pp. 109. 6s. London, 1822.

The subject of the present dramatic sketch is taken from Scottish history, and related in Pinkerton's *History of Scotland*, vol. I. p. 71. The Scottish troops are encamped on the northern side of the eminence of Halidon. The English troops appear advancing in the valley beneath. Swinton, the chief character in the piece, advises the Scottish regent and his leaders to descend from the hill and meet the English in close combat on the plain, to avoid being exposed to their arrows, knowing that while they fought at a distance they might assure themselves of victory without receiving a wound. The regent rejects this counsel, though at the same time he can adopt no decided measures from the disunion that exists among his own chiefs, each of whom seeks to lead the van, and none of whom will submit to the dishonour of conducting the rear. Swinton, who only commanded "sixty spears," determines to sell his life dearly to the enemy, and descends the hill, accompanied by Gordon, whom he dubs a knight, notwithstanding the deadly feuds that existed between their families. The entire band is cut off, the regent having refused to send them any assistance, and himself and his stubborn chiefs fall afterwards an easy prey to the distant bows of the English archers.

It must be observed that this engagement took place at Homildon, but the author transfers the scene to Halidon Hill, where an engagement had afterwards taken place between the same parties, under circumstances nearly similar. "Who would again venture," says he, "to introduce upon the (same) scene the celebrated Hotspur, who commanded the English at the former battle?"

We must say, it was wise in our experienced author, not to make his *Dramatis Personæ* appear on the same scene with those of Shakspeare. The distance between them is immeasurable, and indeed a comparison between them would be absurd. They are, it is true, the same species of being; but they resemble each other in those qualities which depend not on species, as the cat resembles the lion. Like them

they have hands, eyes, and tongues ; but their hands do not seem to have been formed for action ; their eyes have neither the fire of the warrior, nor the all-surveying glance of the experienced leader ; and their tongues, so far as they are indexes of their minds, only prove them to be (as it were) characters without a character. What Hotspur is, no man can tell from his discourse. He appears rather a philosopher than a soldier, and yet he is neither. When King Edward tells him that the Scots had already seen his back, he replies,

" Ay ; but the mass which now lies weltering
On yon hill side, like a leviathan
That's stranded on the shallows, then had soul
in't,
Order and discipline, and power of action. .
Now 'tis a headless corpse, which only shews
By wild convulsions that some life remains in't."

Are these the sentiments of a warrior ? or would not a soldier blush to have it thought, much less to acknowledge, that his only hopes of victory depended on the impotence or cowardice of his enemy. Indeed King Edward and his commanders seem to be unacquainted with heroic sentiments of any kind, and with regard to personal bravery they have none of it. They are distant spectators of the combat, and talk not of the exploits which they have performed themselves, but of what their "peasant" soldiery are performing in their presence. The victory it is true is given to the English, but it is not the victory of the lion over the tyger ; it is not the victory of rival bravery or patriotic enthusiasm. It is a victory without honour, and appears to be acquired by the same mechanical process, which is exercised in constructing a waggon or a cart. The English advance in a solid body, and shoot their arrows at the enemy without seeming to know for what purpose they shoot them. They act like machines, and can therefore claim no honour from the victory which they obtain. Indeed it would appear not only from the present sketch, but from the spirit which presides over all Sir Walter Scott's writings, that he considers Englishmen no way studious about the means by which they obtain success, provided they obtain it. The true spirit of chivalry, that spirit which looks not to consequences, but obeys every impulse and every call which is consecrated by the name of honour and of heroism, is a spirit which he confines to his countrymen alone ; and as he seems to believe Englishmen destitute of it, he thinks he sufficiently gratifies their national vanity by repre-

senting them always on the successful side, though he never makes their success the result of great and exalted emotions. The reader, who is attentive to the genius of his writings, will find this one of their most prominent and characteristic features. It is true he has often to describe English bravery, but with him the bravery of an Englishman is made to arise from physical, that of a Scotchman from mental influences ; and we must say he has shewn very great art, in endeavouring to conceal and to preserve, at the same time, this characteristic distinction throughout all his works. The Scottish army is here routed, but their defeat is ascribed rather to an excess, than to a want of bravery. They quarrel with each other for precedence, and the English, taking advantage of their disunion, obtain an easy victory.

Halidon Hill has neither incident, character, variety, nor dramatic effect. From the principal character, Sir Allan Swinton, a knight of giant mould, and long experienced in deeds of arms, we are led to expect much ; but throughout the piece there is not one single exploit related of him, either by himself or others. Whatever he does in the field is transacted behind the scene, and the imagination is left to form the best picture of it which its fertility of conception can pourtray. Gordon indeed tells us that Swinton smote Selby, and Swinton informs us that Gordon slew stout Do Grey, but the particulars of the combat are not described ; and all dramatic as well as all poetic interest must arise, not from general descriptions, but from particular images and representations. The time and place that ought to be allotted to them here is, with other ill-timed circumstances, occupied in an idle *conversation* which took place between Swinton and Gordon, after the first onset. The moment of leisure which was then permitted them would naturally have been employed in relating what they had done, and devising what was next to be done ; but instead of this, Gordon, after informing Swinton of his wife's name, (why the communication was made in a whisper we are really stupid enough not to perceive, nor is the mystery afterwards unravelled, a new mode perhaps of creating interest,) descants on her musical powers, vocal as well as instrumental, though he was at the very moment surrounded by an overwhelming army who bore down every thing before them. Was there ever an instance of a commander descanting at such a perilous moment on his wife's

qualifications? but what is unnatural in real life, is equally so in description. We could forgive it, however, if it arose from, or mingled with, apprehensions for his own or her personal safety. But of this not a word; so that his praise is evidently out of place, and ought to have given way to reflections of a very different nature. The great physical powers, and long-trying bravery of Swinton, the youthful ardour and ambitious longings after military fame of Gordon, contrasted with the stubborn and haughty spirit of Edward, and the wild heroism and reckless impetuosity of Hotspur, afforded a subject which required a more powerful dramatic genius, and a more vigorous and lively colouring than can be traced in the faint and fading characters and descriptions of the piece before us. Swinton is the only character of whom we can form any thing like a fixed notion. Gordon has no decided character; and as for Percy, we could scarcely recognize in him the shadow of Shakspeare's Hotspur. All the other *Dramatis Personæ* were merely used for the purpose of putting the machine in motion and putting an end to the battle. And as for dramatic effect few readers (a Caledonian only excepted) will feel any interest in the perusal of this sketch from beginning to end. Indeed we should not wonder if many fling the pamphlet from them, when they recollect that for a trifling performance of one hundred and nine pages, loosely printed, they have thrown away six good shillings of British money, for which they could purchase the entire of Pope's poetical works, or, we presume, Campbell's Pleasures of Hope. Apropos, by the by, it would seem that popular authors feel their literary kibes so closely pressed by their less fortunate followers, that the best and only way left them to keep the petty tribe at a more humble distance, is to lay a double price on all their works. We would suppose that three shillings would be an extraordinary price for the work before us, had it come from one of our less presuming dramatists, even though it possessed a double portion of the merit of Halidon Hill, backed as it is by the renowned name of Sir Walter Scott, Bart. If ever Sir Walter attempt any thing of this kind again; and we sincerely hope, for the *sake of the* reputation he has already acquired, and the esteem we bear him for the many, many hours of amusement and literary recreation his other works have already afforded us, that he will

not; but should he, we beg to recommend him to choose ground and characters of his own, where he will not be afraid to clash with the genius of a Shakspeare. He need not be indebted to others for characters, incidents, or powers of description.—He has a power within himself which requires not the accession of extrinsic aid. We repeat it again, Sir Walter Scott deserves a severer chastisement for the defects of this performance than we are willing to bestow. We cannot, however, help expressing our regret that he did not suffer it to fall into that *nameless* situation for which he at first intended it, namely, "for the purpose of contributing to a miscellany projected by a much esteemed friend." If he had, he would, we will not hesitate to assert, have served his friend more than he has served his own literary reputation.

If we are satisfied that Sir Walter Scott is the author of the Scottish Novels, it will be very easy to account for his failure in his present performance. There he had the long space of three volumes to bring his characters to maturity, to give them all a decided feature, to enliven his plot with incidents and scenery, and to exercise, at his own will and leisure, his great descriptive powers—here he was confined to less space than he was accustomed to, and not recollecting his limits, or if recollecting, not possessing the true concentrating powers, so necessary to write a good drama, his characters were as yet in embryo, when he found himself approaching the limits of his drama, and without incidents or variety he was obliged to bring it to a conclusion. In a novel many circumstances, peculiar to a man's character, may be introduced which cannot at all be admitted into a drama; where, for want of room and for the sake of life, energy, and effect, nothing should be seen of any character but the very essence of that peculiarity which distinguishes him from another.

A Critical and Analytical Dissertation on the Names of Persons. By J. H. Brady. London, 1822.

There are few persons, however common it may be to deny the imputation, who have not some little portion of the Shandean character about them with regard to names. Surnames indeed are placed by various circumstances almost beyond our countrol; but in the choice of Christian names,

no little attention is paid to the respective claims on our regard, of a certain number of names from which we intend to make a selection. Moses, for example, may be the name of a rich uncle, and there may be a probability of reaping some advantage from paying him the compliment. Why then do we hesitate?

What's in a name? He, whom we christen Charles,
By any meaner name would thrive as well.

Yet is it unquestionably true, that we feel instinctively as much reluctance in fixing on an infant a name, whose sound is offensive to our ears or is associated in our minds with any thing paltry or ridiculous, as if we had really been appealed to by Mr. Shandy himself, with all the force of his *argumentum ad hominem*.

We seem to feel the importance of the privilege which we possess of designating an individual, and to prize it as a precious relic of that sovereign power which our ancestor, Adam, exercised over the whole creation. Nor is the value of this privilege a little enhanced by the hereditary nature of our surnames. Our baptismal authority is all which remains to us, and it behoves us to use it with solemnity and discretion. As philosophers, we must acknowledge that this anxiety about a name is a weakness; and in our serious moods, we should treat the whole affair with perfect *non-chalance*. Yet must we not deny, that we should scarcely have been able at all times to subdue our vexation, if it had been our lot to answer to so disagreeable a name as Nicodemus; or that we should have felt some portion of the embarrassment of Mr. H. in the face, it in soliciting a young lady to change her name (Belford or Beauchamp perhaps) for oursakes, we had no better to offer her than Hogsflesh. We have indeed, known instances of persons taking the liberty of altering their surnames, by a variation in their orthography, or by dropping, or cutting off an offensive consonant, or even a whole syllable; and we could amuse our readers with a pleasant tale of mishaps which befel a friend of ours, in consequence of such a transmutation of his personal identity. But we suppress our own good things that we may make room for a few words on those of Mr. Brady. This gentleman is the author of a new translation of "Guzman D'Alfarache," which we reviewed in our number for April, 1811. He has collected, in the present little dissertation, several very useful scraps of information, and thrown

out some very ingenious suggestions on the subject of names; and to persons who are at all curious in these matters, and come within the description given above, we heartily recommend the publication. The subject is treated with a very appropriate degree of sprightliness; and those, if there should be any, who do not edify by the perusal, will assuredly laugh. We do not know that we can give the reader a better idea of the book than is conveyed by its motto, which we can assure the reader is no delusion.

In hoc est hoc
Et quæ est hoc
With gravity to graver folks.

An Itinerary of Provence and the Rhone, in 1819. By John Hughes, A.M. 8vo. pp 293. 12s. London, 1822.

This work is written in the style of a scholar and a gentleman.—The execution it evinces ability, but which is surpassed by the practical usefulness of its plan. The author does not display that parade of antiquarian or historical research, or the affectation or superabundance of sensibility at the beauties of nature, with which books of this sort are, in general, so nauseously replete. In short, there is none of the art of book-making in this volume, but all is either useful or agreeable. The reader is carried from Paris to Toulon and Nice, through Rochepor, Avignon, and Nismes; and every thing worthy of his attention at the various places is succinctly pointed out with taste and judgment. The author's descriptions, particularly of the Alps and blue waters of the rapid Rhone, reflecting the lovely scenery of its banks, with the groups of white cattle, are enough to make those lamest who are doomed to stay at home—whilst those, who are about to travel in this direction, will find the present volume a useful companion; and travellers for pleasure, who are indifferent to the route they may take, may be induced to follow Mr. Hughes's steps, not only from the many advantages of the journey, but because this work will enable them to avoid imposition and inconvenience; and will, also, enable them, without further research or trouble, to direct their attention to whatever is deserving of notice, or calculated to afford them amusement and delight. There are numerous etchings in the book, some of which appear to us remarkably spirited and happy.

Select Passages from the Bible; arranged under distinct heads, for the use of Schools and Families. By Alexander Adam. 12mo. pp. 500. 4s. 6d.

This is one of those works for which an author can claim no higher merit than taste in the selection, and judgment in the arrangement; but which, notwithstanding, are of more real use to society than many of those imperishable monuments of genius which have secured the applause and commanded the admiration of mankind. What dazzles is not always what improves: what surprises is not that, with which we love to hold commerce in our softer and more retired moments. The great business of life is to become wise and virtuous. Wisdom provides for our happiness in this life,—virtue in the next. The great advantage which the Bible possesses, over all other works, is, that it enables us to attain these two great objects. Those who imagine that the Bible has no reference to our terrestrial happiness, and that its aim is solely to lift us to the contemplation of that felicity which awaits us hereafter, are greatly deceived. Whoever is guided by the moral and social precepts, which it inculcates, must be happy here as well as hereafter. With respect to those who maintain, that with regard to future happiness, we have no certainty; we have only to reply that, abstracted from the authority of the Bible, we have no certainty of the contrary; and, therefore, the Bible stands upon the same grounds as if the argument had never been advanced. It must, however, be confessed, that the Bible is not only too voluminous for children, but that it contains many things of which they might safely remain ignorant, until they attain a more advanced age. The perusal of the Bible by children is also productive of many other inconveniences, which, we think, are best described in the language of the compiler of the present work.—“It cannot be introduced into a class with advantage, until it can be read pretty fluently; and owing to the difficulty experienced by the learner, in pronouncing the proper names, it is, generally, among the last books read at school. This is the more to be regretted, as, at this advanced period of their instruction, children are chiefly engaged in prosecuting the subsequent branches of education, and, consequently, can afford but a small portion of their time in school to be employed in reading.”

To remedy these inconveniences is the object of the present compilation. The author commences with the first chapter in Genesis, and selects from it, and from every chapter in succession, what is not only best adapted to the capacities of youth, but also what is sufficient to make them acquainted with the principal historical events related in the Old Testament, omitting, however, “all historical and genealogical registers.” The extracts succeed each other, with few exceptions, in the same order in which they stand in the Scripture, so that the work may be considered the Scriptures in miniature. The exceptions, to which we allude, are met with in the Psalms and the Books of the Prophets, “for the purpose of including,” as the compiler observes in his preface, “as many as possible of the texts most endearingly interesting to Christians, from their affinity to the precepts of the Gospel, and from their prophetic allusion to the future blessedness of the righteous.” To accomplish this view, the passages have been taken from the several books and so arranged, as to produce an unbroken relation or connexion of sentiment. Any further comments on the nature of the work would be superfluous. The author has not interfered with the text, and, consequently, our estimation of this work must be proportionate to our estimation of that from which it is selected.

The Conversational Preceptor in French and English, consisting of useful Phrases, arranged under distinct heads, on a new and more simple plan than any hitherto attempted. By J. L. Mabire, to which are added amusing Dialogues, by B. M. Leblanc, pocket size, 6s. 6d. Half-bound.

There have been such various plans devised for teaching the French Language, that we are puzzled to know which deserves the preference. Those, who have time and patience to pursue a regular grammatical course of instruction, will infallibly attain a competent knowledge of it, so far as respects reading, writing, and translation; but there are thousands, who merely want a selection of phrases on ordinary topics of general interest, to enable them to ask a few questions, and to answer them. The great advantages of the present work may be described in a few words. The phrases

and sentences are judiciously chosen, and carefully arranged under distinct heads: for the facility of reference, an ample table of contents has been very properly annexed. The parts of sentences, which are to be filled up according to the wishes or wants of the parties, leave ample scope for the ingenuity of those who may stand in need of such helps to composition. The dialogues at the end of the volume, are well written and amusing.

Memoirs of the Life and Trial of James Mackcoull. 8vo. 8s. 6d.

The title of this work seems to us not altogether to accord with the work itself: the book would have been more appropriately named "Memoirs of James Mackcoull, with a long, spun-out, and technical report of his Trial, &c." To those, whose minds are not of the discriminative class, but who are fond of coarse and strong stimuli; to those, in short, who pore with delight over the Newgate Calendar, or who read with breathless expectation the adventures of Sixteen String Jack, these memoirs of James Mackcoull will afford considerable entertainment. We should perhaps have said, might have been made to afford; for at present they are so injudiciously spun out as to bar every thing like entertainment from their perusal by the lovers of adventure; and to check their inspection by those, who might wish to resort to the work for example or materials in the science or history of the human mind. There is a most noble art, which was unknown to the ancients as well as to the people of the middle ages—It had its rise, we believe, about the latter end of the last century, and has since reached a height beyond which we imagine it can never soar.—Our readers may perhaps by this time guess that we allude to the noble art of book-making, an art which the volume before us seems to have carried to the *ne plus ultra* of perfection. Here we have the adventures and trial of a highway-man, not of so extraordinary a character but that every metropolis of Europe can, unfortunately, produce about his equal; and when we see the life of such a man spun out to two hundred and eighty-one thickly-printed octavo pages, with an appendix of about forty pages of type, equally condensed, we really, as reviewers, tremble for the fate of literature, and anticipate with terror the bulk, to which some future biographers may carry the memoirs of

highway-men of after ages—Really, if the life of every petty marauder is to be honoured with a thick octavo volume, we suppose that a due ratio would give to our military heroes a fearful number of ponderous quartos, and an elaborate life of Wellington or Napoleon would monopolize the entire shop of a modern publisher. To be serious, these memoirs are so spun out as to defeat every object which the memoirs of such a character can answer. We believe, that in the book-trade, as in every other trade, honesty is the best policy.—Now, there is enough in the life of such a man as Mackcoull to make an interesting duodecimo, of about one hundred and fifty, or, at the utmost, two hundred pages; and in the volume before us, the *lengthy* report of Mackcoull's trial, with the spun-out *pros* and *cons*, upon a question, whether the wretch was the perpetrator of a murder which took place at Edinburgh, render the book dull and tedious in the extreme.—Mackcoull is the son of a respectable pocket-book maker of London; but, the mother being a profligate character, the children are badly brought up, and, finally, Mrs. Mackcoull with all her family, assume the various branches of the trade of robbery. The son, James, goes through the common adventures of a pickpocket and swindler, and exhibits all the opposite traits of cunning, caution, imprudence, generosity, selfishness, and profusion, cowardice, intrepidity, and ferocity which appear to be inherent in those, who exhibit a natural *penchant* to the course of life of which we are writing. Finally, this James Mackcoull associates with the notorious Huffy White and others, and robs the Glasgow bank of £20,000. He contrives, by the most selfish villainy, to cheat his partners in guilt of part of their booty, and to escape the vengeance of the laws. He afterwards has the impudence to buy up bills of the bank with the very notes of which he had robbed the establishment, and those bills being detained by the officers of the bank, he assumes the character of respectability, and brings actions for the recovery of these bills, ingeniously forging a story as well as a correspondence to support his case. This plot leads to his own condemnation, and he dies in the jail of Edinburgh. Such is the outline of a life which the writer has contrived to spin through a thick octavo volume—forgetting the saying of a great author, that "a great book is a great evil."

Poetical Essays. By A. J. Mason, 12mo. pp. 111. 8s. London, 1822.

Mr. Mason informs us, that these poems were the amusement of his leisure hours, and were not intended for the press, but were published in obedience to the wishes of his friends.—All this, we have no doubt, is true, but it is very trite, and the world has long ago passed its unalterable verdict upon apologies of this sort.—The public has nothing to do with the compliments, which pass between an author and his friends. If the work be of merit, the advice to publish appears to the public impertinent; if it be the reverse, no advice can gain the book the approbation of the world, or shield the author from the charge of indiscretion. An author should do well to remember, that Dr. Johnson, in his prologue to *Irene*, boldly avowed, that

He scorn'd the mean address,—the suppliant strain;
With merit needless, and without it, vain.

Mr. Mason, we have no doubt, has talents, but it not more sensible, we are, at least, more sincere than his friends, when we advise him to direct the powers of his mind to other subjects than poetry.

Moral Gallantry, with other Essays, by Sir G. Mackenzie, Advocate to King Charles II. and King James VII. Duodecimo, pp. 158. 5s. London.

We believe that the republic of Letters very much resembles all other republics in two grand particulars, that of being very capricious, and that of being always upon extremes. During the whole of last century, none of our early authors, except Shakspeare and Ben Johnson, could receive scarcely a plaudit from our countrymen. None were deserving of praise or even of attention but the writers of the reign of Queen Ann, that golden and Augustan age, as it was called, of English Literature. Now the tide sets another way, the reign of Elizabeth was the classic era of English letters, and we are to be told that Pope was not even a poet—that Swift was but a paltry satirist—Prior a mere versifier—and Addison nothing but the prince of the host of gentlemen, who write with ease. Every puny whipster now

throws a spear at Dr. Johnson, the Leviathan of his age. Reflecting upon all these vicissitudes of taste and extravagant fluctuations of opinion, we are by no means disposed to form our judgment upon any classification of our authors, or to consider them at all in groups, but on the contrary, to view them as links of one continuous chain, commencing with rare Ben Jonson and his fraternity, connected with the writers of Queen Ann by the intermediate links of Waller, Otway, Cowley, Milton, and Dryden. Prior, Bacon, and Chaucer are separated from the great current of our literature, by a strong chain of darkness and ignorance, but from the reign of Elizabeth to the present day, there has been one continuous tide of genius and eminent ability. Without diminishing that veneration for the literati of Queen Ann's period, in which we were reared, we are alive to the richer and more natural beauties of our earlier writers, and we are glad when we see reprints of any of their works, convinced that the greatest acquisition will be made to the intellectual enjoyments of our countrymen, whenever they are made familiarly acquainted with our earlier writers, whom they are now taught to praise, but of whom, from the scarcity of their works, they are really ignorant. Sir George Mackenzie wrote in the reign of Charles II. and his successor James, when our literature had imbibed something of a tinge from the manners and morals of the continent, but living in Scotland, so far removed from the contagion, the writings of Mackenzie preserve the homely style and sterling merit of the age which had passed away.—The work now before us contains excellent reflections, and moral truths often illustrated by metaphors so natural and free from the strained invention and artful polish of mere modern literature, as to form a strong effect upon the reader from their novelty, as well as from their intrinsic beauty. The style is homely without being coarse; it is a homeliness characteristic of the age, and is in itself a considerable beauty. We are glad to see the *Moral Gallantry* thus repeated, and we wish that the success of the publication, or at all events, some motive may induce literary persons to give the present age the means of really being acquainted with the earlier writers of our country.—The contemporaries of Sir George Mackenzie, or rather his predecessors,

FINE ARTS.

ACHILLES.

A Statue erected in Hyde Park to the Duke of Wellington, &c.

THE temporary palisado which surrounded the noble statue, recently erected in Hyde Park, having* been, in the course of the last month, removed, and the whole thrown open to public view; we think it may gratify our readers, and especially such of them as have not the opportunity of seeing this stupendous and admirable work of art, if we present them with a brief description of it, and add a few remarks connected with the subject.

The statue is placed* on a gently rising mound in the Park, about a hundred and fifty yards from the Piccadilly-gate, at the fork produced by the separation of the road, branching off towards the Serpentine river from that leading to Grosvenor and Cumberland-gates. The body fronts Knightsbridge; but the head is directed, over the left shoulder, towards Apsley-house, the residence of the Duke of Wellington. The actual height of the statue exceeds eighteen feet; but as there is some inclination in the trunk, and still more in the lower extremities, it is probable, that if the figure were quite erect, it would not fall far short of twenty feet. It is placed upon a basement and plinth of Dartmoor grey granite, surmounted by a simple pedestal of beautiful red granite from Peterhead, near Aberdeen; and the whole, including the mound, which is to be guarded by a strong *chevaux de frise*, is about thirty-six feet above the level of the line of road. On the pedestal is the following inscription, in bronze letters:—

"To Arthur, Duke of Wellington, and his Brave Companions in Arms, this Statue of Achilles, cast from Cannon taken in the Battles of Salamanca, Vittoria, Toulouse, and Waterloo, is inscribed by their Country-Women."

Upon the base is the following inscription:—

"Placed on this Spot on the 18th day of June, 1822, by command of His Majesty George IV."

The material, of which this magnificent statue is composed, is not, however, exclusively the metal of cannon, which is too brittle to be used alone for that purpose. To twelve four-and-twenty pounders it was found necessary to add about a third of metal, of a more pliant and fusible kind; and the weight of the whole is supposed to be about thirty-three or thirty-four tons. It was cast under the active superintendence of Mr. WESTMACOTT, who has manifested the most consummate skill, in the way in which he has accomplished the undertaking; the arduous nature of which may be easily conceived, from the fact, that it is above sixteen hundred years, namely, in the time of SEVERUS, since a cast of similar colossal size has been produced. As the attempt to cast it in a mass would have been attended with considerable risk, Mr. Westmacott cast the trunk and the extremities separately; in doing which, he was enabled to restore those parts of the surface of the original, which had been corroded by time. By an ingenious and novel mode of subsequently uniting the various parts of the cast by fusion, the danger of future disjunction has been avoided; and the whole possesses an appearance of high finish which is surprising, and entirely unprecedented in a work of such magnitude.

Of the original, in marble, of which this bronze statue is a copy, the history is very obscure. It is, evidently, a production of remote antiquity, and is generally, though

* The victors in the Olympic Games on their return to their native towns, were admitted through a passage made in the walls, and not through the gates:—It is a singular coincidence, that to admit this Statue, erected to the honor of the Duke of Wellington, into Hyde Park, it became necessary to make a breach in the wall, the usual entrances being found too narrow. Ed.

fancifully, attributed to PHIDIAS.—Together with another statue of similar dimensions, ascribed to PRAXITELLES, it was found in one of the ruined saloons on the Quirinal Hill at Rome, having, as it is supposed, been formerly conveyed thither from Alexandria, by CONSTANTINE the GREAT, for the purpose of embellishing his baths. During the pontificate of Pius the Fifth, these statues were erected in front of the Papal Palace, and the hill on which they were so erected has since been known by the name of Monte Cavallo, as two antique horses, which were discovered near the statues, were placed so as to groupe with them, although the propriety of the union has always been disputed, and is now very generally denied. By some, the particular figure in question has been imagined to represent CASTOR,—a conjecture which appears to have little foundation. Others, with more probability, believe it to have been meant for a personification of ACHILLES. But, whoever may have been the sculptor, or the individual whom it was his intention to commemorate, the statue itself has been invariably considered, by the ablest judges, to be one of the most admirable and magnificent works of art that the genius of man ever produced.

We recommend those, who wish to see this striking and splendid ornament of the Metropolis to the greatest advantage, to go to the Park about ten or eleven o'clock, on a morning of alternate gloom and sunshine. The best position for the spectator, or that from which the figure "composes" best (as the artists call it) is on the pathway, which is known by the name of "the Wellington Walk," a few yards to the north of the railing, which terminates the shrubbery of Apsley-House. In that situation, and at the time of day, and under the circumstances we have described, the effect is inconceivably grand. The figure is not fore-shortened by too near an approach, nor is its apparent magnitude diminished by its being seen at too great a distance; and the strong south-east light, pouring occasionally and partially into its deep anatomical markings, exhibits them in powerful relief, (a property in which bronze, in consequence of the tone of its surface, is

in general rather deficient) while the cloudy back-ground prevents the contour from appearing too harsh and cutting against the sky.

The attitude of the figure is that of defence. The feet are firmly planted at the distance from each other which is calculated to impart the greatest stability to the body; and the vigorous muscles of the legs and thighs seem capable of resisting every effort to displace them. The head is turning fiercely round, with an inimitable expression of haughty defiance, arising from the consciousness of unequalled power. The up-raised left arm, protected by a shield, (which shield was introduced by Mr. Westmacott, in our opinion materially to the benefit of the composition,) is evidently ready to sustain unflinchingly the assault of the most formidable opponent; while the right hand (in which, we presume, it is intended to place the short Greek sword,) appears prepared, instantly and irresistibly, to avenge injury or insult. In the proportions of the trunk, there is a happy mixture of strength and energy: of the Farnese Hercules, and the Gladiator, "a thousand hearts" seem "swelling in that breast." But the pre-eminent quality which the statue possesses, and which, like Aaron's rod, swallows up all the rest; a quality which immediately arrests the imagination, and long withholds the judgment from entering into any minute investigation; a quality which is only to be felt, and can, by no effort of language, be adequately described; a quality which, impressed as it is on all the productions of the great Creator, is rarely, indeed, to be found in the humble works of man, is—*SUBLIMITY*.

Unhappily, there are many persons wholly incapable of appreciating this quality, whether in nature or in art; and who seek, by the miserable gratification which they experience in the abuse of excellence, to compensate themselves for their conscious want of taste and feeling. Achilles, when living, had his Thersites, whom, however, he ultimately demolished; and this, his stern representative, is beset by a herd of cold and captious critics, for whom, we trust, a fate is reserved as ignominious as that which even-

tually befel their worthy predecessor and model. It is painful to see a large portion of the public press, whose duty it is, and whose pleasure it ought to be, to foster the liberal arts, join in this vulgar and unpatriotic attack. Some of the censures, thus extensively, and, therefore, injuriously circulated, evidently proceed from sheer ignorance; others, probably, emanate from party motives; but, we fear, that too much of the Gothic disposition, which has been manifested on this occasion, is solely attributable to that love of sneering depreciation which is the pervading evil and curse of society, which seems as infectious and malignant as the small pox, and against which, no moral Jenner has yet been able to devise the means of security by any process of mental vaccination.

And what is the *gravamen* of the accusation against this noble, and in England unrivalled, statue? That it is indecent. Indecent! If there is a single feeling less excited than any other in the mind of every one who contemplates it, unless indeed that mind be morbidly prone to seek in the most innocent spectacle or occurrence the gratification of a filthy disposition, it is indecency. The severe character of the figure (not to mention other considerations on which it would be really "indecent" to dwell,) abundantly repels the charge. To those indeed, as we have already observed, who are grossly inclined, purity itself may be tortured into the stimulus of a depraved appetite. The licentious Sterne contrived to raise a lewd image simply by the description of *Uncle Toby*, or *Old Shandy* (we forget which), fixing his eyes on a chink in the wainscot of the room in which he was sitting. But are the large majority of the public, and especially of the fairer portion of the public, who are utterly and proudly free from the taint by which those who

are capable of promulgating the criticisms to which we have alluded, must unquestionably be polluted, to be cheated out of the high delight arising to a cultivated understanding from the contemplation of a sublime work of art like the *ACHILLES*, by the apprehension that at the very moment when their thoughts are elevated and refined, and carried beyond the limits of the corporeal world, they may be suspected by dull and ribald spirits of being solely intent on pampering the most gross and disgusting sensuality? We hope not; we believe not; we are sure not. We trust that they will retort upon the sneerers in the emphatic words of the motto of one of our most illustrious orders:—

"HONÍ SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE."

Every man who has any love for the fine arts; every man who is qualified to form a just conception of their importance to society, must rejoice at the erection of this magnificent work in so commanding a situation in the Metropolis, as a great national benefit. How extensive that benefit will be remains to be seen. It is absolutely the first attempt, that has been made in this country, to imbue the general mind with a knowledge of the principles of high art. We trust that it will soon be followed by other efforts of a similar nature. If once the public feel what is excellent, and if to that feeling they should add a conviction of the true glory that would ensue from a successful rivalry with ancient art, we anticipate with confidence that the genius of the country would soon be found fully competent to answer every demand that could be made upon it, and that the perpetuation of the fame of some future "*WELLINGTON*," and "*HIS BRAVE COMPANIONS IN ARMS*," might with safety and pride be committed to the chisel of a *BRITISH PHIDIAS*.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

"VELUTI IN SPECULUM."

KING'S THEATRE.

THIS theatre closed for the season on Saturday the 10th inst. with the scientific and beautiful opera of *Moze in Egitto*. It is said that the season just terminated has not been so productive as that of the preceding year; the first of Mr. Ebers's management—if this be the fact, we not only regret it, but it really occasions us much surprize; for the Opera has seldom been able to boast of so many excellent singers, or of a more judicious and liberal conduct on the part of its manager. The opera of *Moze in Egitto* can hardly be said to have taken with the public on its being first brought out in London;—but the whole strength of the company was latterly poured into this charming work; and the characters were so admirably sustained, particularly on the last night of its representation, that all its beauties are now appreciated by the English lovers of harmony. Those who saw the curtain fall for the last time of the sea-

son, must, we are convinced, have left the house with reluctance, and cast a longing, lingering look behind, regretting that they should be made to forego so captivating an amusement, even for the sake of the "pomp of woods and garniture of fields." When the Opera season commences, members of the fashionable world generally expect some little change in the company—some new importation of talent, on which they may exhibit their skill, and display their ingenuity, by criticisms and colloquial dissertations:—we hope that the manager will make little change at the expense of his present company—we trust, at least, we shall not lose Madame Ronzi de Begnis, nor Zucchelli; if to these we could have the addition of Ambrogetti and Catalani, we should perhaps possess the finest Opera in Europe; certainly finer than any thing we have seen in this country since the days of Mrs. Billington.

HAY-MARKET THEATRE.

Our last report of this theatre was replete with novelties; but neither Thalia nor Melpomene has been parturient, at least at this house, since our last number went to press: there has been nothing new; and we are glad of this, as it has enabled the managers to treat the public with repeated representations of Cibber's dramatic satire, *The Hypocrite*; Goldsmith's legitimate comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*; and Mr. Colman's, we will not say comedy, but excellent five act farce of *The Heir at Law*. To these rich regalings have been added the enjoyment of a *debutante* of "surpassing merit"—a Miss Paton, known to the frequenters of concerts, has made her appearance on the boards, in the character of *Susanna*, in Beaumarchais' opera of *Figaro*. She was received with decided applause—exhibiting much more of talents as an actress, than usually falls to the lot

of singers; and her sweet flexible voice won the audience to applaud, "to the very echo which shall applaud again." It has been said that the moral tone of an English audience would not admit of a faithful translation of Beaumarchais' *Figaro*—if this be true, we must be allowed to reply, that no translation into English ought to have been attempted. Certainly our version of *Figaro* is "weary, stale, flat and unprofitable," when compared to the original. Mrs. Garrick divested the character of the *Countess* of all its intrigue and vacillation of propensities; whilst Liston's want of voice made him so completely the murderer of Mozart's fine melodies, that even his excellent acting could not win us to approbation; and the *tout en semble* of the opera was heavy and unattractive. But it is really a pleasure to call to mind; and to expatiate upon the performance of the *Heir at Law*. If it

be too much to pronounce it impossible that this play could ever have been, or ever can be better got up than it is at present, we must be permitted to avow, that remembering the pleasure it afforded us, the very thoughts of the possibility of its being better performed, excites impatience and displeasure. Terry's *Pangloss* was above all praise—Mrs. Pearce's vulgar assumption of rank and consequence as the new made *Lady Duherley*, was admirable—Mrs. Barker threw the expression of artless manners, and natural feelings into the character of *Cecily Homespun*; whilst Oxberry's affectionate temper and rustic honesty as *Zekiel Homespun*, would have rivalled the best performances of Emery. But Liston and Jones—Liston's vulgarity as the new made lord—his old chandler's habits—his self-enjoyment—his satisfied laugh—his thorough sensual drollery, form a piece of acting which we cannot conceive can ever be surpassed:—Jones's rapid transitions of feeling and of purpose, according to his change of rank, were given with exquisite skill: his half-restrained impatience to get rid of his old rustic companion, *Homespun*, was given with great effect; but the awkwardness of divulging to *Homespun* that *Cecily* was no longer a fit match for him—the writhings of his face and body as he at last brought out the hint that the marriage ceremony might be dispensed with, were proofs of histrionic talent which would do honor to any stage.—The comedy of *She Stoops to Conquer*, has been got up with almost equal talent. Liston's *Tony Lumpkin* is unique—his acting was so excellent, that we could not even regret that he is rather too old to look the boy under age. The manner in which he snatches the letter out of the lady's hand, and expresses his mixture of astonishment, impatience, and reproach, at her holding the defeat of his drinking club to be a trivial matter, was a real touch of nature, which brought its full measure of applause from the audience. Mr. Terry was at home as *Mr. Hardcastle*, whilst Mrs.

Chatterley, as *Miss Hardcastle*, was fascination itself. We wish the club companions of *Tony* had been a little better dressed—an excise-man may surely have clean linen and a good coat, and yet look vulgar enough for *Tony's* friend. These plays lose much by their change of manners and circumstances incidental to the improvement of society. In Goldsmith's day, the highway-man scene was reckoned one of admirable humour, but the apprehension of highway robbery in travelling, is now a thing so out of date, that an author might as well make the plot of a tragedy turn upon a £20,000 prize in the lottery, as to introduce such an incident as highway robbery in a regular comedy. We have been led so far by our feelings on these two plays, that we have hardly space to say what is necessary on the revival of the play of the *Hypocrite*. This piece is rather a paraphrase than a translation of Moliere's *Tartuffe*. In Dr. Johnson's day, the *Hypocrite* was in great vogue, and as it was then considered little else than a party piece—an auxiliary to the establishment against the increasing sects of those dreaded leviathans, Wesley and Whitfield. But the sentiments of society have latterly so much changed upon this subject, that the play ought to be modified to meet the habits and manners of the present age. It is said that Terry, the substitute for Dowton, in the character of *Cantwell*, is too dirty and coarse to win upon a person of rank like *Lady Lambert*; but we must recollect that it is this very coarseness that shews the high degree of religious infatuation in her ladyship, who is taken with even poor *Maw-worm*. In the same manner, when the gluttony of the *Tartuffe* is related to his patron it only draws from him a piteous "*Le pauvre homme*," in short, no excess of vulgarity or of sensuality is too gross for infatuation of this sort. The *Hypocrite* is an amusing play—Mr. Liston is, we think, much better than Mathews as *Maw-worm*, if he is not so natural, he is infinitely more droll and amusing.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

That almost prodigy, Miss Clara Fisher, on whose merits we ex-
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tiated in our last Number, has concluded her engagement at this

Theatre. She took her leave in the character of *Panglos*; and however astonishing may be the performance of such a character by a female child, we can hardly approve of any attempt so extravagant. We must take leave of Miss Fisher until her re-appearance, by giving our opinion, that if her histrionic merit "grows with her growth, and strengthens with her strength," she will be one of the first actresses in Europe.—A new Melo-drama has been brought out at this Theatre, under the name of *Gordon the Gypsy*.—The story has all the qualities adapting it to a Melo-drama, and of which the dramatist has judiciously availed himself. The piece has good music, good scenery, and abounds in those incidents and situations, which rouse the feelings, and make the heart palpitate with fear and alarm for the fate of the hero, and the manner in which he may extricate himself from his dilemmas, and escape the "moving accidents by flood and field." *Gordon* is the son of a Scotch laird, owner of Drummond Keep, an inaccessible fortress on a rock, hanging over a lake.—*Gordon's* father is murdered by his friend *Cameron*, who possesses himself of the Keep, in which he resides, with his only niece. His son having been obliged to fly the country, as one of the Jacobite rebels, *Gordon* has become the leader of a band of gypsies, and, discovering the mode of ingress into Drummond Keep, he is resolved to effect his entrance, to personate *Cameron's* long-lost son—to espouse the niece, to whom he is attached—and then to wreak his vengeance on *Cameron*, for the murder of his father. He succeeds in gaining admission into the Keep, and in imposing himself upon *Cameron* as his son; but being pursued by the King's troops, he is obliged to precipitate his plans, and, in the act of plunging old *Cameron* into the lake, he is shot by the soldiery, who were in pursuit of him. This is the outline of the story, which may be seen in the tales of Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. Mr. Cooke performed the part of *Gordon*, and looked terrific.—His fine figure and vigorous action remarkably adapt him to such characters; his waving the burning bush to call his gang to his assistance, on

the night when he discovers the entrance into the Keep, is characteristic and awful in the extreme.—Wilkinson, as a sort of *Boniface*—the toper landlord of the Blue Sheep's Head, was irresistibly comic. His contest with *Mr. Iron*, *Gordon's* rude lieutenant, was ludicrous enough—but our praise extends only to Mr. Wilkinson,—not to his character, which is one of the most pointless we ever witnessed. The piece, on the whole, was deserving of approbation, and it was favourably received by the public.—The long-promised five-act play, from *Gil Blas*, was brought out on Thursday the 15th. This is an attempt to dramatise the whole novel of *Gil Blas*, and to represent the hero, from his leaving his uncle, the little fat licentiate, *Gil Perez*, to his decline of life, at 52, and upwards,—the ratios of age being as 17, 25, and 52. Souls of Corneille and Longinus, what a liberty with the unities! Shakespear's King John is regularity and condensation, compared to such a chronological drama.—Miss Kelly was the *Gil Blas* of 17—Pearman was the *Signor Gil Blas* of 25; and, finally, Mr. Bartley was the *Gil Blas* of 52. This novelty alone, of successively personating one character by a female and two males, might lead us to pronounce *a priori*, that the piece would be either very good or very bad. It has, certainly, proved a very flexible piece; for on the second night of representation, it was reduced by one hour and a half. The first and second Acts carry *Gil Blas* through the supper at Penalz, with the tall, long-sworded bulley, whose very look frightens the poor lad into paying the bill.—Then we have his capture by the robbers—the cave of the robbers in the wood, and his escape with *Donna Mercia*. This ends the first two Acts, and may be said to end the play of *Gil Blas*,—for the three succeeding Acts not only have nothing to do with the story, but all identity of character is lost, and the remainder of the play is absolutely worthless. *Gil Blas* of 52 is no more the *Gil Blas* of 17 or 25, grown older, than he is in the *Gil Blas* of 52, given to us in the novel, or than he is Hamlet Prince of Denmark. But it would be use-

less to go further into the history of this outrageous, non-descript drama. The first two Acts are faithful to the novel, and highly amusing:—the remainder is poor indeed.—The scenery, however, is beautiful in the extreme; and the view of the illu-

minated Palace in the scene of the Forest is alone worth going to see. The music and singing is generally good; and one or two of the melodies deserve the highest praises.—The third Act ends with a *quartet* of great beauty.

PARLIAMENTARY REGISTER,

AND FOREIGN POLITICAL DIGEST.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

MONDAY, JULY 22.—The royal assent was given by commission to the Marriage Act Amendment Bill and to several other Bills.—The Marquis of Lansdown expressed his wish that his Majesty's ministers would continue their efforts to induce the governments of Europe to acknowledge some general principles, which might form the basis of measures calculated effectually to suppress that iniquitous traffic, termed the slave trade. As an address to this effect had been recently presented to the Throne by the House of Commons, the noble Marquis would confine himself to merely expressing these views upon the subject.—The Prison Laws Bill was ordered to be read this day three months, the Lord Chancellor expressing his determination to bring in a Bill next session of similar provisions, except the penalties. The Bill was then read *pro forma*.

FRIDAY, JULY 26.—Lord Redesdale presented a petition from the Rev. George Bugg, complaining of his having been dismissed successively from three curacies, and left destitute with a wife and four children, by the bishops of Winchester and Lincoln, under 36 Geo. 3. cap. 83. sect. 6, and 57 Geo. 3. cap. 99. sect. 47. No cause had been assigned for this dismissal, and no complaint had been made against the petitioner's moral, religious, or canonical conduct. The petition prayed the repeal of the aforesaid sections of the Acts.—Ordered to lie on the table.

MONDAY, JULY 29.—On the third reading of the Irish Constable's Bill Lord Holland reprobated the Orange processions on the 12th July to commemorate the victory of the Boyne.—Lord Liverpool expressed his strong disapprobation of such processions, and declared that ministers were taking steps to put a stop to such proceedings. On the third reading of the Alien Bill, Lord Holland, in an impressive and eloquent speech, declared the Bill to be a violation of the immutable principles of justice; uncalled for by the circumstances of the times; and indelibly disgraceful to the character of this country. His Lordship stated that great abuses were committed under this Act, and amongst other cases he instanced that of Las Casas, whose papers had been seized in a most unjustifiable manner. Adverting to Buonaparte, his Lordship spoke of the highest individuals in Europe, who had pronounced Napoleon to be the greatest character of modern history, in which sentiment he fully agreed; and he thought the treatment of the ex-emperor by this country calculated to throw disgrace on the national character, and to render infamous to posterity, the name of those, who had been instrumental in such measures against a great but fallen enemy.—Lord Bathurst defended the Alien Bill, when it was read a third time, and passed by a majority of sixteen.

FRIDAY, AUG. 3.—The Lord Chancellor brought in a Bill to amend

the Bankrupt Laws, but owing to the lateness of the sessions the Bill was read *pro forma* and ordered to be printed. By this Bill a person is allowed to declare himself a bankrupt by filing a declaration of bankruptcy.

MONDAY, AUG. 5.—Lord Holland presented a petition from Mr. Robert Gourlay, complaining of injuries he had suffered from the government of Canada, the constituted authorities of which province had banished him by a summary jurisdiction.

TUESDAY, AUG. 6.—Parliament was prorogued this day by the king in person. All the passages leading to the House were crowded at an early hour, and the arrangements made for the admission of persons to the Painted Chamber and other situations in the House, had the effect of preventing any confusion. At about twelve o'clock the doors were opened, and all the places allotted to the public were immediately occupied. The body of the House presented, as usual, a display of brilliancy and fashion.

His Majesty, immediately on his arrival, took his seat on the throne, when the Commons were forthwith summoned to attend, and on the arrival of the Speaker and members of the House of Commons, the Speaker proceeded to read an address to his Majesty, in which he took a review of the proceedings of the Session.

When the Speaker had concluded, his Majesty delivered the following speech:—

“ My Lords and Gentlemen,—I cannot release you from your attendance in Parliament, without assuring you how sensible I am of the attention you have paid to the many important objects which have been brought before you in the course of this long and laborious session. I continue to receive from Foreign Powers the strongest assurances of their friendly disposi-

tion towards this country; and I have the satisfaction of believing that the differences which had unfortunately arisen between the Court of St. Petersburg and the Ottoman Porte are in such a train of adjustment as to afford a fair prospect that the peace of Europe will not be disturbed.

“ Gentlemen of the House of Commons,—I thank you for the supplies which you have granted me for the service of the present year, and for the wisdom you have manifested, in availing yourselves of the first opportunity to reduce the interest of a part of the national debt, without the least infringement of parliamentary faith. It is most gratifying to me that you should have been enabled, in consequence of this and of other measures, to relieve my people from some of their burdens.

“ My Lords and Gentlemen,—The distress which has for some months past pervaded a considerable portion of Ireland, arising principally from the failure of that crop on which the great body of the population depends for their subsistence, has deeply affected me. The measures which you have adopted for the relief of the sufferers meet with my warmest approbation; and seconded as they have been by the spontaneous and generous efforts of my people, they have most materially contributed to alleviate the pressure of this severe calamity. I have the satisfaction of knowing that these exertions have been justly appreciated in Ireland; and I entertain a sincere belief that the benevolence and sympathy so conspicuously manifested upon the present occasion, will essentially promote the object which I have ever had at heart, that of cementing the connection which subsists between every part of the empire and of uniting in brotherly love and affection all classes and descriptions of my subjects.”

Then the Lord Chancellor, by his Majesty's command, said—

“ My Lords and Gentlemen,—It is his Majesty's royal will and pleasure, that this Parliament be prorogued to Tuesday, the 8th day of October next, to be then here holden; and this Parliament is accordingly prorogued to Tuesday, the 8th day of October next.”

After which the Speaker, with the Members of the Commons who accompanied him on his entrance, retired from the bar. As soon as they had withdrawn, his Majesty rose, and attended by his numerous suite, returned to Carlton House. His Majesty seemed in good health and spirits, and went through the ceremony of the day with his accustomed dignity.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

MONDAY, JULY 22.—Mr. Goulburn proposed a vote of 10,000*l.* for building churches in Ireland.—Mr. Hume objected to the vote whilst such immense sums were consumed by the Irish church establishment from a population refusing all religious communion with them. The vote was carried by a majority of nine.—The following grants were then voted for the Irish government,

16,154*l.* for the Board of Works, 17,500*l.* for printing and stationery, 22,000*l.* for expenses of criminal prosecutions, 1500*l.* for apprehending public offenders, 20,000*l.* for civil contingencies, 20,000*l.* for army extraordinaries, 28,000*l.* for watch and police expenses, 200,000*l.* for meeting the distresses in Ireland, and numerous minor items of the Irish establishment were voted by

the House.—The following sums were then voted for the expenses of the English establishment : 310,000*l.* for the out-pensioners of Greenwich Hospital. 30,000*l.* for courts of justice in Westminster Hall. 12,500*l.* to liquidate the claims of her late Majesty's creditors. 4,500*l.* to the commissioners of inquiry into the revenue of Ireland. And 12,784*l.* to two American Loyalists.

TUESDAY, JULY 23.—Mr. Canning presented a petition from Liverpool, complaining of the losses sustained by trade in consequence of the depredations committed by pirates under the South American Flag.—Lord Londonderry replied, that the government had had communication with the Spanish ministry for the purpose of suppressing the evil.—Mr. Lennard moved for the correspondence which had taken place between Mr. Zea, the Columbian deputy, and our ambassador at Paris, as well as with our government at home.—Lord Londonderry replied, that an acquiescence with the motion would be interfering with the prerogative of the Crown and the responsibility of ministers : and on a division the motion was lost by a majority of thirty-five.—In a Committee of Supply Mr. Smith observed, that in the English Post Office, producing a revenue of 1,300,000*l.* there had been in the course of a number of years only twenty-one defaulters, their defalcation being 9,500*l.* whilst in the Irish Post Office, yielding only 55,000*l.* there had been 275 defaulters, occasioning a loss to the public of 19,000*l.*

WEDNESDAY, JULY 24.—In a Committee of Ways and Means 16,500,000*l.* were voted to be raised by Exchequer Bills for the service of the year—and in a Committee of Supply various sums were voted.

THURSDAY, JULY 25.—Mr. Hume moved several resolutions expressive of his disapprobation of our financial system, and went into long details to shew that by our financial mismanagement the country had unnecessarily increased its debt. The motion was opposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and finally negatived.—Mr. Wilberforce moved an address to the King, expressing the approbation of the House that slave labour had been

prohibited at the Cape, and recommending that the Hottentot population should by education and religious instruction be rendered available to our colonists. Address carried.—Mr. Wilmot moved an address to the King, praying that a commission might be issued under the great seal to inquire into the state of the Cape, the Mauritius, Ceylon, and the Leeward Islands. The debate on the motion was adjourned.

FRIDAY, JULY 26.—Mr. Vansittart brought in his Superannuation Bill, for compelling clerks in government offices to establish a fund, to provide for themselves when superannuated. The bill was strongly opposed by Mr. Canning and by Mr. Calcraft, who quoted passages from the letters of Lord Sidmouth to the King, declaring the bill to be contrary to every principle of common honesty and good faith.—The bill was finally carried.

MONDAY, JULY 29.—The Superannuation Bill was again read, having undergone several amendments.—The report of the Committee on the Claims of the Calcutta Bankers, was brought up.—The Smuggling Prevention Bill was passed.

TUESDAY, JULY 30.—A Petition from the Merchants of London was presented, complaining of the depredations committed on their trade by the South American Privateers.—Sir George Cockburn stated, that these vessels bore a national character and flag, and it was difficult to treat them as pirates.—Mr. Bright observed, that the vessels were, to all intents and purposes, piratical ; and the United States of America did not hesitate to treat them as such.—Petition ordered to be printed.—Mr. Wilmot brought in a Bill to unite the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 31.—On the third reading of the Appropriation Bill, Dr. Lushington complained of the inadequate provision that had been made for the late Queen. She had arrived in this country without plate, house, or equipage, and these, he contended, ought not to be deducted from her Majesty's allowance of £35,000. per annum.—Mr. Hume supported the same argument, and was replied to by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.—Mr. Van-

sittart moved, that the House do adjourn to Monday, August 5, when Mr. H. G. Bennet said, that he was happy to observe, that although the House had, in preceding Sessions, never attended to the wishes of the people, they had, this year, evidently been influenced considerably by the sentiments of the country. They had lessened the expenditure, and diminished the taxes, but not, he contended, to a degree sufficient; and he hoped next Session to see the work of reduction pursued much further. He congratulated the House on their having diminished the influence of the Crown, by their votes, in the case of the Postmaster-General and the junior Lords of the Admiralty; and proceeded to complain of the fact, exposed by a return made to parliament, of seventy members annually receiving between them £130,000. of the public money and which seventy members were, on all occasions, the supporters of Government. The hon. member then adverted to the very large number, and to the respectability of those, who had this Session voted for Parliamentary Reform.—Mr. Hume followed on the same side, but com-

plained, that the Government had reduced the taxes, but had not reduced their expenditure. He hoped, before the next Session, to hear, that the expenditure had been reduced by £7,000,000.

MONDAY, AUG. 5.—General Gascoyne presented a petition, signed by all the respectable merchants of Liverpool, complaining of the Government, in not recognising the Independence of South America. He stated, that the Columbian States had refused to admit the vessels of countries which would not acknowledge the Independence of their Republics.—The General presented a similar petition from the Clothiers of Leeds.—Mr. Lushington maintained, that the Government had acted with every regard to the dignity and interests of the nation.

TUESDAY, AUG. 6.—About two o'clock, the Speaker, and the Members present, proceeded to the House of Lords, and returning, after an absence of twenty minutes, the Speaker read a copy of the Speech of his Majesty, in proroguing the Parliament—(for which see the Lords.)—The members then separated.

COLONIAL.

THE resolution of Government to allow the importation of East India sugars at a duty, which will bring them to about an equal price with the produce of our West India Colonies, must have the effect of convincing the West India proprietors of the great advantages of cultivation by free labourers, over the employment of slaves. We are sorry to state, that the news of the last month afford us a lamentable proof that, in spite of all the efforts of this country, and in spite of the sums we have paid to Foreign Governments, they still allow of the Slave Trade in a frightful degree. The boats of the *Iphigenia* and *Myrmidon* have attacked and captured a squadron of seven sail of Slave Traders, containing one thousand, eight hundred, and seventy-

six slaves; of these two hundred died of disease after their capture; and five hundred were drowned by the upsetting of a Schooner, in a squall: so that only one thousand, two hundred of these unfortunate victims were restored to their country by the humane and gallant exertions of our officers and seamen.—The Government have appointed a Commission of Inquiry into the state of all our insular East India and West India Colonies, including the Cape of Good Hope, and as the state of manners and morals in these colonies requires amendment, this measure of Government is highly praiseworthy. Colonial produce continues much depressed in the markets, and colonial property is at as dreadfully a low ebb.

FOREIGN.

The attempt at Counter revolution, by the royal guards at Madrid, has been so easily suppressed, as to convince all persons that the sense of the great body of the Spanish peo-

ple is in favour of the rational liberty imparted to them by the constitution. Bands of serviles and fanatics still infest the mountainous provinces, committing every horrid

excess in favour of what they term loyalty and religion—one of these bands of rebels has been defeated by the Militia, near Tich, in Catalonia, with the loss of six hundred men. Some thirty priests found among them were executed by martial law. The failure of the revolution at Madrid is likely to be of great use to the cause of the *Liberales*. The former ministry are dismissed. The insurgent guards have been sent one hundred miles from the capital; the Duke of Infantado, and the Marquis de las Amarillas have been banished, and a ministry of enlightened principles has been established under Lopes Banos. The Spanish budget exhibits the finances in a most favourable state. The sales of sequestered property have produced 80 per cent above the estimate, and the estimate made the sequestrations two thirds more than sufficient to discharge the national debt of about £50,000,000 sterling.

The continental papers complain of the spirit of liberty pervading the lower classes, and of its having developed itself even in the Russian armies on the Turkish frontier. If the governments of the continent do not guide this spirit to moderate and rational results, the effects may be dreadful; and we may have revolutions as terrific as that of France. It is observed that fires of an alarming nature are continually breaking out all over Germany. The French budget represents their finances as highly prosperous. A court is sitting at Colmar, to try General Berton and his associates in his wild and undigested attempt at revolution.—The Cordon Sainaire is still kept up on the Spanish Frontier. The debates in the Chamber of Deputies are very stormy, but the ultra-ministry command large majorities on all occasions. The Congress is about to open near Vienna, to which the Sovereigns are repairing.

The cause of the Greeks appears beyond the expectations of the most sanguine friends of liberty:—all the ancient Peloponnesus, with the Isthmus, Attica, Boeotia, Locris, Phocis, Doris, Aetolia, and Acarnania, with a part of Thessaly and Epirus, are

in possession of the Greeks; in short from the southern Cape Matapan, the Tenarinn promontorium of the ancients, to the river Vardar, (the ancient Axios) including all Greece except Macedonia, is now rescued from the Turks, who hold only a few strong forts and fortresses in the mountainous districts of Epirus. The forfeited possessions of the Turks are so large, that the Greeks pay their soldiers in land at the rate of one acre per month each man. The Greek fleet, by means of fire ships, has destroyed a part of the Turkish navy at Scio. The Turkish Admiral, who committed such dreadful atrocities on the Sciotas, was blown up in his ship of one hundred and thirty guns. Three ships were sunk, and seven frigates stranded.—Sixteen ships from Constantinople have been captured by the Greeks, who have now the undisputed superiority of the Archipelago, and the Ionian seas.

The Portuguese Government with a liberality and good sense highly to their credit, have acknowledged the independence of Columbia. Bolivar has defeated the Royalists in a great pitched battle, whilst Paéz has captured from them the fort of Mirador de Solano, commanding their only remaining possession of Porto Cabello. The Congress of the Brazils have met, and have placed the Prince on the throne as Emperor of the Brazils, which is tantamount to declaring a thorough independence of the mother country. Mr. Zea, the Minister from the Columbian Republic to the European Governments, has been favourably received by the first commercial and political characters of England. The following countries of South America may now be considered to all intents and purposes, as free and independent common-wealths:

	Square leagues.	Inhabitants.
Columbia ..	130,000 ..	3,000,000
Pera	31,000 ..	1,300,000
Chili	35,000 ..	900,000
Buenos Ayres	144,000 ..	1,200,000
Mexico	145,000 ..	7,000,000
Total	485,000*	13,100,000

* Four hundred and eighty-five thousand square leagues contain 4,365,000 square miles, and are equal to 2,793,600,000 English acres; and this extent of territory is exclusive of the immense provinces of the Brazils, and of Amazonia and Patagonia.

The influence which the liberation of so prodigious a tract of country, and of so large and increasing a population, will have upon the affairs of Europe is incalculable. Hurbide, who has made himself sovereign of Mexico, is not likely to meet with acquiescence in his usurpation, on the part of the Republicans.—Our exports to Columbia alone have doubled since the year 1817.

The Commissioners, appointed under the Treaty of Ghent to survey

and agree upon a boundary line between the territories of the United States and the American Colonies of Great Britain, have terminated their labours, and, after a four days' conference, have amicably agreed upon a line of Demarcation.

At Bombay a weekly newspaper, in the Bengalee language, has been published; and a fine teak built eighty-gun ship has been launched from the Dock-yard, at Calcutta.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

AMERICA.

Domestic Telegraph—This is a very superior invention to bells, though they are not without their use. It is intended to convey orders to servants, which they can instantly execute, without the usual loss of time in going to receive a verbal command. Mr. Pearson, the inventor, a resident at Boston, conceived the possibility of surmounting the difficulties, that walls and distance opposed to his success, and of preventing the necessity of speech. The master is obeyed as promptly and as punctually as possible, and the servant, certain of understanding his orders, need not fear the effects of want of memory. Mr. Pearson's telegraph consists of two dials, divided in the same manner, each of the needles is subject to the same movement at the same time, and over the same space. The communication of the movement, from one needle to the other, was the only difficulty in this mechanical problem; this obstacle has been ingeniously surmounted. One of the dials is placed in the master's room, and can be made an elegant decoration; the other in any situation most convenient to servants. Every one of the divisions, which can be multiplied at pleasure, represents an order by an understood sign or figure; the master points the needle of his dial to the sign or command he wishes to be obeyed, and that instant the signal is repeated on the dial fixed up for the servants' use. This telegraph is easily constructed and of very trifling expense.

CHINA.

The new Emperor has deferred giving any decision on several ques-

tions which were submitted to him, relative to the state of Christianity, and of its introduction into his dominions. He has, however, expressly forbidden the admission of Christian Missionaries. It is, nevertheless, to be hoped, that these orders will not be more rigorously put in force than under the late Emperor. We have also reason to believe, that they will not extend to the religious who reside at the astronomical college of Peking, as they do not endeavour to make proselytes, and merely afford spiritual assistance to the Christians residing in the capital.

ASIA MINOR.

The city of Cydonia, which has been surprised and destroyed by the Turks, possessed some excellent establishments of public utility, particularly a college and a rich library. The barbarians set fire to the entire city, so that stones and bones are now the only monuments of its late grandeur.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

Captain Kotzebue, in his voyage of Discovery, has precisely ascertained the elevation of the gigantic mountains of the Sandwich isles, which had so often excited the admiration and astonishment of navigators. They are as follows.

Island of Owyhee.

Merino Roa—toises	2482,4
Merino Kaah — do.	2180,1
Merino Worrai do.	1689,1

Iste of Mooree.

The highest summit—toises 1669,1

EGYPT.

Mahomet-Ali-Pacha, desirous of promoting the progress of civilization throughout the provinces subject to

his dominion, has ordered an establishment to be founded in Egypt, on the plan of the French Lyceums. At the head of this interesting establishment, he has placed Noureddin Effendi, a Mussulman, who, from having received an European education, is peculiarly qualified for the appointment. The efforts of the viceroy to promote the arts and sciences, cannot be too highly praised; and there is reason to believe that the counsels of the French Consul general, M. Drouctti, the labours of the French engineer, M. Pascal Coste, who is charged with the direction of the canal of Mahmoudieh, will form a new epoch in the history of the regeneration of the land of the Pharaohs. To those ingenious Frenchmen will be added, M. Basili Fakr, a learned Arabian translator of many French works of Voltaire, Rollin, Fenelon, Beccaria, Volney, &c. He is now completing a translation of the history of Alexander the Great. Hadgi Othman, a learned and philosophic Mussulman, who is now at Paris, by order of his master, to acquire a knowledge of the French literature and science, is also to be of the number to whom the revival of learning in Egypt is to be intrusted.

RUSSIA.

It appears, from a statistical map of Russia lately published, that the population of this vast empire, of which the superficies is 298,950 square miles, is increased to 10,067,000 inhabitants; that the number of public buildings and manufactories is about 3,724; that the capital employed by merchants in commerce is 319,600,000 roubles, and that the amount of the Poll Tax and the taxes on beverage is 169,350,000 roubles.

The Emperor of Russia desirous that criminals, who, repenting of their transgressions, reform their lives either early or late, may be able to enter into society, (even in case of transportation for life into the province of Siberia,) and also with a view to remove the temptation, to which they are exposed, of returning to their evil courses, in consequence of the brand which it has been usual to fix upon them, and which always exposes them to public disgrace, has abolished for ever the custom of branding.

M. de Struve, Russian Counsellor of State in Hamburgh, has engaged such as have made the history of Russia their particular study, to send him information on the following subject, which is elucidated neither by historians nor by the voluminous collec-

tion of Muratori. The Russian Chronicles, from the year 1130, and 1134, speak of a Posadnic, of Novogorod, whom they name Petrillo, and who seems to have possessed a high reputation. From his name, however, it would appear, that he was not a Russian, and that he was, in all probability, an Italian. On the other hand the Constitution, or Statutes of Novogorod, and their relation with this Prince, seem to oppose this conjecture. M. de Struve has caused this question to be inserted in the literary Journals of Germany.

Shortly will be published, at St. Petersburg, a German translation of a work, written in the Mogul language, entitled, *The History of the Moguls*. By Ssanany Tsatsau, Chungtaidschi.—This translation will be accompanied by an Introduction and Notes, by Isaac Jacob Schmidt.

POLAND.

In consequence of the proposition from the Government of Poland being approved by the Emperor, Mr. Sebastian Ciampi is appointed the active Correspondent in Italy, by the Committee of Public Instruction and Worship. He is to collect all the information than can be found in the records of Rome, or any other town in Italy, relating to the civil or ecclesiastical history of Poland. Mr. Ciampi retains his Canonship of Warsaw, and his title of Professor of the University in that town. He will usually reside at Florence.

GERMANY.

A new philological Journal, entitled, *Miscellanea maximè parte critica*, will shortly be published at Hildesheim; its contributors are some of the most distinguished men in Germany. Messrs. Seebode, Herman, Passon, Poppo, Osan, Ahlewardt, Raden, Bardili, Schleusner, &c. are of the number. Four numbers, each consisting of twelve leaves, will be published annually. This collection will be enriched with unpublished notes by Saumaise, Clericus, Reinesius, and with various readings from ancient manuscripts. The price of the Journal is about 17s. 6d. per annum.

The celebrated geographer, Maunert, professor at Landshut, has recently published the second part of the second division of his *Geography of the Greeks and Romans*. It contains every information relative to Brittany. This second edition is a completely original work; a deep research and study of the ancients has led the learned German to real and important discoveries. Even in its present unfinished

state, his work is invaluable as a study of antiquity.

The Emperor has offered one thousand ducats in gold to the author of the best work on the construction of windmills, whether he be a native or a foreigner.

M. Emmanuel Steudel, of Esslingen, in the territory of Wurtemberg, invented last year portable grates, by which food may be dressed much more conveniently and agreeably than in the usual manner. It saves half the time, and two-thirds of the fuel generally employed. There is a particular description given of it in No. 190 of the *Universal Indicator of Southern Germany*, which our brief limits will not permit us to extract.

An important work on the monuments of ancient Germans and Romans is on the eve of publication, by Cotta, a bookseller at Stuttgart. The execution of it was entrusted to Doctor Dorow, a learned antiquary, and Aulic Counsellor, at Bonn, by the Russian government. The same author has already published *A Collection of German and Roman Antiquities*; but the two works have nothing in common. The Prince of Hardenberg, chancellor of Prussia, established a particular administration, for the purpose of preserving the German and Roman antiquities found in the different countries that lie along the Rhine, and also of re-uniting, classing, and giving descriptions of them. Doctor Dorow is president of this institution, and the present work is the first-fruit of the situation which he holds. It will form a folio volume of about one hundred pages, with thirty-five drawings, engraved or lithographed. The first division, comprising the ancient German monuments of Westphalia, will contain among others, a drawing of the celebrated mass of stones, known by the name of *Eostrarupes*, or *rupes Picturum*, in the country of Lippe-Deimold. These isolated and gigantic rocks served the ancient Germans in their religious worship. They are apparently the altars on which Tacitus says that the tribunes and Roman generals were sacrificed after the battle of Arminius. Vestiges of sacrifice are still found around these monuments. When the inhabitants of this country became converted to the Christian religion in subsequent times, their devotion prompted them to efface the recollection of paganism by a colossal in bas relief, cut into this very rock, and representing the descent of the cross. It is perhaps the most ancient work of

the kind that exists in Germany. Its composition is not less extraordinary than its execution. Another remarkable monument is the *Teutobourg*, or *Teutobourg*, an entrenchment in whose stone ramparts no trace of mortar can be discovered. It was here that Quintilius Varus suffered his famous defeat. Each drawing will be accompanied with a brief description, entirely founded upon facts. The second division of this work will comprehend Roman monuments. It will contain, in the first place, pieces of architecture which have been recovered from the subterranean ruins turned up in 1818, by the Count de Solms-Laubach, in the environs of Bonn. The drawings are executed under the direction of the architect Hundeshagen; secondly, figures of bronze, engraved stones, vases of different kinds, and the different coins and medals which have been recovered at the same time; thirdly, other ancient remains, found also in the environs of Bonn. The price of the work, which will be succeeded by other volumes, is eight florins, or about 15s.

NETHERLANDS.

M. Van Geel, to whom we are indebted for the statue of *Cirilis*, has just finished that of the Colossal Lion, which is to be placed on the heights of Waterloo. It is *M. Vander Straeten*, who is now rebuilding the palace of the States general at Brussels, to whom the public is indebted for the conception and design of this monument.

The art of *Lithography* is progressively improving in the hands of *M. Jobard*, who has just published his fifth number of the *Voyage pittoresque dans les pays bas*.

ITALY.

The Typographical Society of Classical Italian Authors have resolved to publish all the classical literature of the eighteenth century, of which fifty-two volumes, in octavo, have already appeared. In this interesting collection are inserted, the Treatise of *Dominico Guglielmini*, *Della Natura Del Fiumi*, together with the Notes of *Eustachio Manfredi*; the best Comedies of *Goldoni*; a Selection from the works of *Gaspazo Gozzi*; the works of *Cesare Beccaria*; and the Annals of Italy, by *Muratori*. Though the title of classic is too liberally bestowed on some of these authors, the choice of the works is so generally good, that it must ensure the success of the collection.

By the munificence of the Pope, the triumphal Arch of Titus at Rome will be soon restored to its ancient splendour. The labors of the workmen employed on the Coliseum proceed rapidly, and it is expected, that this ancient monument will soon appear in its pristine state. An Egyptian obelisk, covered with hieroglyphics, which formerly belonged to the Circus of Aurelian, and which was given to Pope Gangraelli by a Princess of the House of Barberini, will be placed in the Square of the Two Apostles.

A Collection of Classic Greek Authors, with a Latin Version, and Commentaries, is now in the press, at Turin. The Collection of Latin Classic Authors, published by the same editors, had already obtained an assured success, when a rival enterprise was undertaken in France, under the direction of M. Le-maire, a distinguished scholar. This circumstance, however, so far from abating, has only added to their zeal, and their efforts have been such as might be expected from their profound erudition. The new collection, on which they are now engaged, will comprehend the principal Greek writers, in verse and prose, as Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, Polybius, Diodorus Siculus, Plutarch, &c.; Demosthenes, Socrates, Eschines, Lysias, &c.; Homer, Anacreon, Pindar, Eschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, &c. The text and notes will be according to the edition of *Deux Ponts*, and those of Leipsic and Strasbourg, published under the direction of the celebrated Reitz, Schweighæuser, Reiske, &c. A specimen of four pages, which the editors have added to their prospectus, gives an assurance, that they will render it more perfect than the original editions, and that the collection will be, at the same time, a monument of typographic art. The *Collection of Greek Classics* will form about twenty-four volumes, in royal 8vo. on vellum paper. The price is fixed as follows:—for each volume

under twenty-five sheets, or four hundred pages, 8 francs; from twenty-five to thirty sheets, 10 francs; from thirty to thirty-eight sheets, 12 francs, and every volume above this, 15 francs.—The portraits of authors, and such other engravings as may be inserted in each volume, to be paid for separately, at a moderate price.—Subscriptions are received at Turin, by the Widow Pomba; at Paris, by Chassericaux; and at the Central Office of the *Revue Encyclopedique*, where the prospectus is placed for inspection.

The *Anthologie* of Horeme announces, that a new edition of the work of the Abbé Andres, on the *Origin, Progress, and present State of every Species of Literature*, is publishing at Pistoja.—The imperfection of this work, which is frequently vague, and, sometimes, even incorrect and partial in many respects, is generally felt and acknowledged.—The present editors promise, that these defects will be corrected, and that the present edition will contain whatever the sciences and *Belles Lettres* have produced worthy of notice, since the first publication of the work. The observations made on the subject by the editors of the *Anthologie*, as it regards the history of Italian literature, are highly judicious. They insist on the merit of the history of Ginguené, which aims at making us acquainted with the works, rather than with the lives of their authors. It is in their writings alone, that we can discover the facts and ideas which the historian should quote, as well through gratitude as to do justice to their merits. Dr. Brewster, an English physician, having lately examined the works of Benvenuto Cellini, a celebrated goldsmith of the sixteenth century, attributes to him the merit of an original observation on the phosphorescence of the *Spath-fluor*. This remark is the more honourable to Dr. Brewster, as it has escaped the Italians themselves.

GREAT BRITAIN.

There is now exhibiting at Messrs. Payne and Sons, Silversmiths, Union-street, Bath, a beautiful Silver Vase, of exquisite workmanship, and of the value of upwards of one hundred guineas, intended as a present from the inhabitants of Frome, Somerset, to their late Curate, the Rev. S. H. Cassan, now Curate of Merc, Wilts.

The following Inscription is elegantly engraved:—

“To the Rev. STEPHEN HYDE CAS-

SAN, A. M. the undaunted champion of the doctrines and privileges of the Established Church, and late Curate of Frome, Somerset, this piece of plate is presented by a considerable number of his Parishioners, as an affectionate tribute of their personal regard, and as a lasting memorial of their unfeigned respect for his public talents, and his private worth, 1822.”

Mr. I. Harrison Curtis, will commence his next course of Lectures, on the

Anatomy, Physiology, and Diseases of the Ear, and on the Medical Treatment of the Deaf and Dumb, early in October.

We are requested by "The Committee for the distressed Irish," to publish the following circular.

Dr O'Shaughnessy's Letter to his Clergy.

"Dear Sir,

"You will mention from your Altar, on Sunday next, that Dr. O'Shaughnessy, R. C. Bishop of Killaloe, requests that the Pastors of the distressed districts of the said Diocese should, at their respective Chapels, excite their flocks to unite with the Clergy in expressing their heartfelt and everlasting gratitude, for the unexampled, necessary, and timely relief, administered to them, through the paternal influence of our beloved Sovereign, by the kind generosity of the government, and by the numerous donations of our Benefactors in Ireland; but above all, by our truly charitable Protestant Benefactors and Fellow-subjects in England.

"This work of mercy originated with our generous and compassionate friends in England, by whose zeal and pious immense sums poured in on the London Tavern Committee of Management, by whose anxiety for our relief, all possible means were adopted—Charity Sermons, Benets of Balls and Theatres—and having tried all other measures, collections from door to door were resorted to, with considerable success.

"In the history of the world is there to be found an instance of such benevolent feelings as is now manifested—and by whom—by the illustrious English Protestants, in favour of the destitute Roman Catholics of Ireland.

"As the apprehension of famine must soon be done away, by the prospect of an abundant harvest, this same great nation is turning its thoughts towards a supply of night and day covering, for men, women, and children, of our half-naked peasantry.

"Heavenly God! can those wretched poor people ever forget such kindness—[Here let the congregation kneel down.]—Therefore, with our heart and voice, let us offer our fervent prayer to the throne of the Eternal God, humbly and earnestly beseeching him, that every spiritual and temporal happiness and prosperity may be the reward of this unheard of munificence, in favour of the destitute population of this unfortunate country."

"August 3, 1822."

Mr. Elmes's Memoirs of the Life and Works of Sir Christopher Wren, are in great forwardness, and will be published early in the ensuing winter.

Mr. Daniel Mackintosh has made considerable progress in the second edition, revised and enlarged, of the History of Scotland, from the Invasion of the Romans till the Union with England; with a Supplementary Sketch of the Rebellions in 1715, and 1745:—together with Remarks, illustrative of the National Institutions of the Scots, the Progress of Education, and Literature, Agriculture, Manufactures, and Commerce, in one large volume. 12s.

Mr. Brodie has made considerable progress in a bound edition (with the addition of some new Cases) of Pathological Observations on Diseases of the Joints, in 8vo. illustrated with plates.

Mr. Charles Mills, author of the History of the Crusades, &c. &c. is preparing for publication, the History of Rome, from the earliest period to the termination of the Empire, in 10 vols. 8vo.

Mr. Aston Key, Assistant-Surgeon of Guy's Hospital, is preparing for publication a new Edition of Sir Ashley Cooper's work upon Hernia, with Notes, &c., illustrated with plates.

IN THE PRESS.

Speedily will be published, in 1 vol. 8vo. Illustrated by coloured plates, A Treatise on Diamond and Coloured Stones, including their History, Natural and Commercial, with an Explanation, exposing the appearance of false gems: to which is added the Method of cutting and polishing Diamonds, and directions for proportioning coloured Stones, so as to appear to the best advantage. By J. Mawe, Mineralogist; a new edition, improved.

A Treatise on Conchology, in which the Linnaean System is adhered to, and the species that differ in form, &c. are put into Divisions.

A new volume of the Bombay Transactions, illustrated by numerous Plates, is in the press.

Speedily will be published, in 2 vols. 8vo. Views of Ireland, Moral, Political, and Religious. By John O'Driscot, Esq.

Shortly will be published, Travels through the Holy Land and Egypt. By William Rae Wilson, Esq. of Kelvinkbank, North Britain, in 1 vol. 8vo. illustrated with engravings.

A Concise System of Mensuration; containing Algebra, Practical Geometry, Trigonometry, the Mensuration of Surfaces and Solids, Land-Surveying, Gauging, &c. with proper Tables, adapted to the Use of Schools. By Alexander Ingram, Mathematician, Leith. 1 vol. 12mo. with wood cuts, &c.

Speedily will be published, in 8vo. No. I. of Anatomical and Physiological Commentaries. By Herbert Mayo, Surgeon and Lecturer in Anatomy.

Mr. Overton, of Chelsea, has in the press an entire new View of the Apocalyptic Numbers; shewing the 666 years of the Babylonian beast followed by his forty-two months' power, reach from the third of Cyrus to the final desolation in Judea, A. D. 136, which Daniel's vision extended to; then after a thousand years appeared in Rome against the Waldenses, &c. whose souls rest with Christ the present thousand; after which Infidel Gog in the last effort will perish with the beast for ever, and the endless sabbath of rest begin.

A System of General Anatomy. By W. Wallace, M.R. I. A. Lecturer on Anatomy and Surgery, &c. is in the press, and will include all that is valuable in the "Anatomic Generale" of Bichat, and in the additions to the same work, together with such facts as have been ascertained in this country, &c.

Translation of Legendre's Elements of Geometry.—A translation of this classical and popular work on Geometry, which has gone through so many editions in France, is now in the press, and will be published in a short time. The work is edited by Dr. Brewster, and under the sanction of M. Le Chevalier Legendre, who has communicated several important additions to the editor. As all the diagrams are en-

graven on wood, so as to accompany the propositions, this edition will possess a very great superiority over the original work, where they are given in copperplates at the end of the book.

Speedily will be published, a new and enlarged edition of *A Defence of the Doctrine and Worship of the Church of England*, in a Series of Letters, addressed to the Rev. John Lingard. By the Rev. N. J. Hollingsworth, M. A. Also, by the same author, 1. *A Defence of the Education of the Rising Generation in the Doctrines and Worship of the Established Church*, a Sermon: price 2s. 2. *A Defence of the Society of the Sons of the Clergy, and of Divine Revelation, &c.* in a series of letters.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

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Athaliah; a Tragedy, in five Acts.—Founded upon 2 Kings, 11: and 2 Chr. 23. Translated from the French of J. Racine, with Notes. By J. C. Knight. 12mo. pp. 95.

TALES.

Traditional Tales of the English and Scotch Peasantry. By Allen Cunningham, 2 vols. 12s.

TOPOGRAPHY.

Messrs. Lysons's Magna Britannia, containing Devonshire; the sixth volume, in two Parts.

TOURS.

Switzerland; or, a Journal of a Tour and Residence in that Country, in the years 1817, 1818, and 1819. By L. Simond, 2 vols. 8vo. 24s.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The accounts we daily receive from all parts of the country, assure us of a most abundant harvest; and the following information may be considered as a fair epitome of the intelligence we have received since the publication of our last number.

CHESHIRE.—We find complaints respecting the quantity of the oat, bar-

ley, and bean crops, but their quality is stated to be good; beans are the most deficient. It is confidently anticipated, that the average crop of wheat, barley, and oats, will prove much superior to that of the former harvest.

CORNWALL.—The wheat crop is much beyond an average, and the quality of the grain is excellent. The

barley and oat crops are much below an average.

DEVON.—The harvest is got in, and the farmer avers that for a number of years past the ears of corn have not been so productive as in the present. Notwithstanding the rain, the crops have been well housed; and very little damage has been sustained by the continued showers which so frequently prevailed. The wheat crops are universally good. Beans and oats will give a very defective produce, and barley partially so on light grounds. Turnips have every where planted well, and there is not the least appearance of the fly.

HANTS.—The barley crop, though good in some places, is not generally so as the wheat; the number of ricks of that grain is far greater than ever before known.

MIDLAND COUNTIES.—These Counties appear to have suffered some injury from the rains, which did not fall, in the most northern, until the sickle was about to be put in motion. Some fields of wheat were laid, but not sufficient to affect, in any material degree, the average crop, which is on all sides declared to be excellent.

NORTHERN COUNTIES.—Nothing can be more gratifying than the accounts from these Counties. It is too often the case in this division of the kingdom, that the summer lasts only long enough to bring the corn to full growth, and then deserts it, subjecting the agriculturist to a dreadful loss at the very moment he anticipated a full remuneration for his past labours. That is happily not the case in the present season, for the northern farmers are now reaping a noble crop of wheat, and there is every probability of their closing their labours as prosperously as they have hitherto carried them on.

SOMERSETSHIRE.—The wheat has been stacked or brought home. The injury done by the partial rains is not material to the wheat. The lent grain has improved, but the oats and barley will prove short.

SUSSEX.—The weather has been highly favourable to the harvest, which enabled the farmers generally to get up the whole of their wheat in very prime condition; and so much so that in many instances it was taken from the field to the barn floors for immediate threshing—a finer crop never was known.

SCOTLAND.—Scotland appears to be doubly fortunate this year; it is honoured with the presence of the Sovereign, and has every reason to expect an abundant harvest. The potatoes have a most beautiful appearance. The crops in Argyleshire never looked better, but they are, at least, fourteen days later than those around Glasgow. In the Highlands the crops generally promise well, and on the western coast they are excellent.

IRELAND.—The accounts are various, speculative, and consequently fluctuating. But from there being new grain in all their markets, and that in large quantities, we are convinced that the harvest is unusually early; and we have a strong proof of its abundance in the content and plenty its produce has already spread in those counties where it is the most forward.

FRUITS.—We never recollect a more plentiful or more early year for fruits in general than this has been. The wall fruits are extremely fine, and are to be had in all counties, and in all markets, in great plenty. Apples will be very abundant, and are unusually large, probably owing to the profuse rain with which our orchards have been fertilized. The quantity of cider expected to be made will be considerable.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, August 23.)

COTTON.—There is little variation in the Cotton market; the purchases, from the 16th to the 22d inst. inclusive, exceed 1200 packages, viz—730 Bengal, 5½d. a 6d. in bond—70 Surat, 6½d. a 6¾d. ditto—22 Upland, 8¾d. ditto—350 Pernambuco, 10d. a 11d. ditto—63 Para, 8½d. a 8½d. ditto—60 Demerara, 10½d. a 11d. duty paid.

SUGAR.—The demand for Musco-

vades has been very steady, and though no general advance in the prices can be stated, yet the market is more firm, and the Sugars from 52s. a 57s. have realized higher rates.

In Refined goods there is no alteration; the quantity at market is quite inconsiderable, and the few buyers have difficulty in finding the small parcels which have been wanted during the

week; there is, however, no improvement in prices.—Molasses have been steady. 26s. 6d. *a* 27s.

There have been considerable enquiries after Foreign Sugar by private contract, particularly for yellow Havannah, but no sales to any extent are yet reported. By public sale on Wednesday, 760 bags Bengal Sugars sold at full prices; ordinary white, 30s. 6d. *a* 31s. 6d.; middling, 32s. 6d. *a* 33s.

COFFEE.—The market on Tuesday and Wednesday last was very heavy, and a slight depression in the prices was submitted to: the demand has again revived, and a considerable sale went off with spirit, nearly realising the prices of last week for Jamaica Coffee; the Demerara and Berbice sold freely, at prices 2s. *a* 3s. per cwt. higher.

This forenoon, 142 casks 7 bags Jamaica and Berbice Coffee went off with considerable briskness at very full prices; middling Berbice, in extensive parcels, 128s. and 130.

CORN.—There was very little demand for Wheat this forenoon; the prime samples fully supported Monday's prices; all other descriptions were unsaleable even at a further reduction, which the holders were willing to accept to facilitate sales, but there were few transactions reported.—Fine Barley was in some request, at an advance of 1s.—Oats were 1s. lower, and met a dull sale at the reduction.—In Beans, Peas, and other articles, there was no alteration.

FRUIT. There is no variation this week.

HOPS.—The accounts from the hop districts are more favourable, the duty is now estimated at 140,000l. to 145,000l.

TALLOW.—The demand for Tallow has lately been steady, the prices without any alteration; yellow Candle Tallow is to-day 37s. *a* 37s. 6d. The letters from St. Petersburg state a fall in the Exchange, 97.

RUM, BRANDY, and HOLLANDS.—There are more enquiries after Rum, but the revived demand has not yet been followed by any extensive purchases, the prices remain nominally the same as last.—Brandy is offered on rather lower terms without facilitating sales. A public sale advertised has tended greatly to damp the market.—Geneva is held for a further advance.

OILS.—The market remains in the same nominal state which we have lately reported; there are no accounts respecting the fishery. Greenland Oil is held at the advanced quotations, but there are no sales.

IMPROVED STATE OF TRADE.—The accounts which we have received from various parts of England are highly gratifying, as they respect almost every branch of British Manufacturing Industry. In hardware, in cottons, in woollens, &c. the trade is as brisk as has been remembered for a great number of years, and wages have obtained a corresponding increase.—The hardware trade in Staffordshire and Warwickshire is very brisk, and numerous heavy foreign orders have been received.

LIST OF PATENTS

To Marc Isambard Brunel, of Chelsea, Middlesex, engineer; for certain improvements on steam-engines. Dated June 26, 1822.

To Thomas Gauntlett, of Bath, Somersetshire, surgeon's instrument maker; for certain improvements on vapour-baths, by which the heat is better regulated, and the baths rendered more portable. Dated June 26, 1822.

To William Brunton, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, engineer; for certain improvements on fire-grates, and the means of introducing coal thereon. Dated June 26, 1822.

Louis Barnard Rabant, of Skinner-street, Snow-hill, London, gentleman, for an improved apparatus for the preparation of coffee or tea. Dated June 26, 1822.

To Thomas Postans, of Charles-street, St. James's, gentleman, and William Jenkes, of Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, ironmonger; for an improvement on cooking apparatus. Dated June 26, 1822.

To George Smart, of Pedlar's Acre, Lambeth, Surry, civil engineer; for an improvement in the manufacture of chains, which he denominates mathematical chains. Dated July 4, 1822.

To Joseph Smith, of Sheffield, Yorkshire, book-keeper; for an improvement of or in the steam-engine boiler. Dated July 4, 1822.

John Bold, of West-street, Wilson-street, Long-lane, Bermondsey, printer; for certain improvements in printing. Dated July 4, 1822.

LIST OF BANKRUPTS,

FROM SATURDAY, JULY 20, TO SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1822:

WITH THE ATTORIES' NAMES.

Extracted from the London Gazette.

N.B. All the Meetings are at the *Court of Commissioners, Basinghall-street*, unless otherwise expressed. The Attornies' Names are between Parenthesis.

BANKRUPTS.

- Adams, J. Spalding, Lincolnshire, miller, Aug. 3, 10 and 31. (Fisher and Co. Holborn-st. Gray's-inn)
- Altrey, W. Cloak-lane, Dowgate-hill, ware-houseman, August 10, 17, and Sept. 11, (Jones, Brunswick-square)
- Als, J. Westhrie, Sussex, farmer, Aug. 10, 12, and Sept. 7, New-arr. Brighthelmstone. (Gwynne, Lewes, Sussex)
- Armstrong, J. G. Princess-st. Hatcliffe-highway, coal-merchant, July 21, Aug. 6, and 31. (Clutton and Co. High-st. Borough)
- Atkins, R. N. Portsea, grocer, Aug. 26, Sept. 4, and 21, Mitre-tavern, Portsea. (Collett and Co. Chancery-lane; and Low, Portsea)
- Atwood, T. Striding Minnis, Kent, dealer and Chapman, August 6, 13, and Sept. 14 (Scudamore King's-bench-walk, Temple)
- Ayres, G. of Wakeneld, victualler, Aug. 26, 27, and Sept. 21, Sessions-house, Wakeneld, (Lake, Cateaton-street)
- Barley, J. Canwick, Lincolnshire, maltster, July 21, 25, and Aug. 31, Saracen's-head-inn, Lincoln. (Stran, Lincoln's-inn-fields; and Moore, Lincoln)
- Baker, J. Crutched Friars, wine-merchant, Aug. 9, 10, and Sept. 3. (Pearce and Co. St. Swithin's-lane)
- Battle, R. Helston Cornwall, grocer, Aug. 22, Sept. 1, and 21, Angel-inn Helston. (Pollett, Tee, &c; and Rogers, Helston)
- Barnes, A. Gravesend, hardwareman, Aug. 20, 21, and Sept. 28. (Wootton, Tokenhouse-yard)
- Bennett, J. jun. Cluckmoor, Dorsetshire, coal-merchant, Aug. 10, 20, & Sept. 7. (Wright, Hart-street, Bloomsbury; and Mr. Green, Poole)
- Breland, B. Liverpool, merchant, Aug. 19, 20, and Sept. 3, George-inn, Dale-st. Liverpool (Chester, Staple-inn, and Huide, Liverpool)
- Bonnie, T. Wyke Regis, Dorsetshire, printer, Aug. 1, 2, and 31, Guildhall, Weymouth. (Alexander, Carey-street; and Henning, Weymouth)
- Capon, J. B. Bishop's Hall, Somersetshire, wool-stapler, July 29, 30, & Sept. 3, Castle-inn, Taunton. (Heelis, Staple-inn, Holborn; and Ivie, Taunton)
- Clarke, H. and Grundy, F. Liverpool, merchants, Aug. 17, 19, and Sept. 10, George-inn, Liverpool. (Lace and Co. Liverpool; and Taylor and Co. King's Bench-walk, Temple)
- Cowell, J. jun. Torquay, Devonshire, wine-merchant, Aug. 19, 20, and Sept. 17, Hotel, Torquay, Devonshire. (Hunt, Essex-st. Temple; and Cossarat, Torquay)
- Cornforth, J. Whitby, Yorkshire, plumber and glazier August 20, 21, and Sept. 17, Angel, Whitby, Yorkshire (Wardell, jun. Whitby; and Grace, Bichin-lane, Lombard-st.)
- Craftree, J. Thome's-lane, Wakeneld, victualler, August 20, 27, and Sept. 21, Sessions-house, Wakeneld. (Lake, Cateaton-street; and Beaver, Wakeneld)
- Davies, J. Whitechapel High-street, baker, Aug. 10, 17, and Sept. 7. (Baddley, Le-man-street, Goodman's-fields)
- Denholme, A. Cheltenham, dealer in slates, Sept. 3, 4, and 28, George Hotel, Cheltenham (King and Co. Castle-street, Holborn; and Packwood, Cheltenham)
- Edmunds, T. Costell Bugged, Cardiganshire, tanner, July 29, 30, and Sept. 3, Six-bells-inn, Peter-street, Carnarthen. (Clarke, and Co. Chancery-lane; Lampter & Bull, Aylesbury)
- Eveleigh, T. Devonshire-street, Bloomsbury, linen-draper, August 17, 24, and Sept. 21. Arden, Child's-inn
- Fearnley, C. Crutched Friars, wine-merchant, August 6, 10, and Sept. 3. (Pearce and Co. St. Swithin's-lane)
- Fearcock, J. Bishop Wearmouth, Durham, ship-broker, Aug. 16, Sept. 12, and 24, Bridge-inn, Bishop Wearmouth. (Blakiston, Symond's-inn; and Reen, Sunderland)
- Foulkes, J. Chester, grocer, Sept. 6, 7, and 29, George-inn, Liverpool. (Lace and Co. Liverpool; and Taylor and Co. King's-bench-walk, Temple)
- Fulford, W. Lad-lane, warehouseman, July 27, Aug. 6, and 31. (Stevens and Co. Little St. Thomas Apostle)
- Gillert, J. and Taylor, H. Bristol, commission-merchants, Aug. 26, 27, and Sept. 21, Bristol (Evans, Hatton-garden, and Habersfield, Bristol)
- Greg, J. and Storr, H. Charlotte-street, Rathbone-place, linen-draper's, Aug. 17, 24, and Sept. 21. (Jones, Size-lane)
- Harvard, F. Hereford, wine-merchant, Sept. 6, 7, and 24, Black-swan, Hereford. (Woodhouse, Leomanster; and Darke and Co. Red-lion-square)
- Hardwige, J. of Wellington, Somersetshire, draper, Aug. 11, 31, and Sept. 24, Bush-tavern, Bristol. (Daniel, Bristol; and Pearson, Pump-court, Temple)
- Hallam, J. T. Netherton, Crophorne, Worcester-shire, farmer, Aug. 5, 6, and Sept. 10, Castle-inn, Coventry. (Woodward and Co. Tokenhouse-yard; & Mullis, Coventry)
- Hellyer, J. Hayling, North, Hampshire, farmer, Aug. 7, 8, and Sept. 7, Mitre-tavern, Old Rope-walk, Portsea. (Johnson, Portsea; and Cousins, Old Broad-street)
- Hewer, W. Llanelan, Monmouthshire, farmer, Aug. 15, 16, and Sept. 10, Angel-inn, Abergavenny. (Glabh, Abergavenny; and Gregory, Clement's-inn)
- Hendy, W. Breage, Cornwall, farmer, Aug. 29, 30, and Sept. 24, Angel-inn Helston, (Pollett, Inner Temple; and Rogers, Helston)
- Hodgson, J. G. Piazza Coffee-house, Covent-garden, wine-merchant, Aug. 9, 10, and Sept. 11, Anory and Co. Throgmorton-st.
- Hulse, J. Shirland, Derbyshire, cotton-spinner, Aug. 19, 31, and Sept. 21, Albion-hotel, Piccadilly, Manchester. (Hampson, Manchester, and Ellis, Chancery-lane)
- James, J. Wood-street, Cheap-side, tea-dealer, July 30, Aug. 24, and Sept. 7. (Spence and Co. Farnival's-inn, Holborn)
- Jones, R. P. Abergavenny, linen draper, Aug. 6, 7, and 31, White-lion-inn, Broad street, Bristol. (Clarke, Bristol; and Jenkins and Co. New-inn)

Joseph, M. Liverpool, woollen-draper, Aug. 17, 19, and Sept. 17, George-inn, Liverpool. (Phillips, Liverpool; and Adlington & Co. Bedford-row

Jones, W. Bristol, victualler, Aug. 14, 15, and Sept. 17, Commercial-rooms, Corn-street, Bristol. (Clarke and Co. Chaucery-lane; and Smith, Bristol

King, W. Fencham, Southampton, coach-builder Sept. 9, 13, & 28, Red-lion-inn, Fareham. (Holme and Co. New-inn; and Paddan, Fareham

Langdale, T. Cloughton, Yorkshire, dealer, Aug. 6, 7, and Sept. 7, Talbot-inn, Scarborough. (Benson, Scarborough; and Kenavey and Co. King-street, Cheapside

Lewis, W. Cardiff, Glamorganshire, linen-draper, Aug. 26, 27, and Sept. 21, Commercial-rooms, Bristol. (Poole & Co. Bristol; & Saunders, Bristol

Mason, J. B. Cambridge, cook, Aug. 23, 24, and Sept. 29, Red-lion-inn, Cambridge. (Harris, Cambridge; and Coe, Hatton-garden

Marshall, W. Hessele, Kingston-upon-Hull, miller, Aug. 19, 20, and Sept. 17, George-inn, Kingston-upon-Hull (Rushworth, Hull; and Highmoor, Scott's-yard, Bush-lane, Cannon-street

Mortimer, J. sen. Cleckheaton, Yorkshire, merchant, Aug. 5, 6, at Court-house, Leeds, & Sept. 10, George-inn, Huddersfield. (Morton and Co. Gray's-inn square; and Norris, Haliifax

Peyton, W. G. Upper Thames-street, merchant, Aug. 3, 8, and 31. (Druce and Co. Billiter-square

Price, J. Ryall, Ripple, Worcestershire, dealer, Aug. 7, 8, and Sept. 7, Red Lion-inn, Newport. (Hicks, Gray's-inn-square; and Glover, Tong, Shropshire

Pulman, M. and Pulman, J. Guisborough, common-brewers, Sept. 4, 5, and 21, Cock-inn, Guisborough. (Hivine, Guisborough; and Plumpton, Temple

Rivers, W. and Clowes, J. Shelton, Staffordshire, manufacturers of earthenware, Aug. 9, 10, and Sept. 7, Albion-inn, Hanley, Stoke-upon-Trent. (Andersen & Co. Hanley; and Pugh, Langbourn-chambers, Fenchurch-street

Richards, M. Hythe, Southampton, ship-builder Aug. 31, Sept. 10, and 24, Goldhall, Southampton. (Barney, Southampton; and Ree, Temple-chambers, Fleet-street

Roberts, W. Oxford-st. hower, Aug. 17, 24, and Sept. 17. (Reynald and Co. Austin-huats

Robinson, F. Aston, Birmingham, dealer, Aug. 13, 14, and Sept. 10, Swan-inn, Birmingham. (Duckett and Co. Birmingham; and Jennings and Co. Elm-court, Temple

Robinson, G. late of London-road, Surrey, coal-

dealer, Aug. 3, 10, and Sept. 7. (Bethohne and Co. Staple-inn, Holborn

Shannon, W. Whitehaven, draper, Aug. 7, 8, and Sept. 3, Black-lion-inn, Whitehaven. (Hodgson, Whitehaven; and Falcon, Elm-court, Temple

Stevenson, J. Boston, Lincenshire, grocer, July 29, 30, and Sept. 3, Peacock-inn, Boston. (Hopkins Boston; and Stocker and Co. New Boswell-court, Carey-street

Strickland, J. Steeple Morden, Cambridgeshire, common brewer, Aug. 20, 21, Hardwicke Arms-inn, Arrington and Sept. 21, Red Lion-inn, Cambridge. (Burfoot, King's Bench-walk, Temple; and Reedham, Knightholm, Huntmadon-shire

Stodart, J. and Sudart, F. Carlisle, cotton manufacturers, Aug. 13, 14, and Sept. 17, Bush-inn Carlisle, Atkinson, Carlisle and Young & Co. Charlottetown, Mansion-house

Thorp, J. sen. Cheadle, Cheshire, calico-printer, Aug. 2, 3, and 31, Star-inn, Manchester. (Atkinson, Manchester, and Mackinson, Temple

Thorp, J. jun. Cheadle, Cheshire, calico-printer, Sept. 14, 16, and 28, Palace-inn, Manchester. (Adlington and Co. Bedford row, and Birns, Manchester

Tomlinson, W. jun. Nantwich, Cheshire, money-scrivener, Aug. 6, 7, and Sept. 7, Lamb-inn, Nantwich. (Sandys and Co. Crane-court, Fleet-street; and Broadhurst, Nantwich

Tucker, B. jun. Bristol, carpenter, Aug. 28, 29, and Sept. 21, Commercial-rooms, Corn-street Bristol. (Wynd and Co. Lincoln's-inn-fields; and Heaven, Bristol

Walker, W. Bolton, Lancashire, shopkeeper Aug. 19, 20 and Sept. 17, Bridgewater-arms, Manchester. (Hurd & Co. Temple and Buckley, Manchester

Wedgberrow, T. Huddleton, Worcestershire grocer Aug. 23, 24 and Sept. 7, Unicorn-inn, Worcester. (Williams & Co. Lincoln-inn; and Currier, Droitwich

Whatley, G. L. Cheltenham, money-scrivener, July 30, Aug. 3, Sept. 7. (Clutton and Co. High-street, Southwark. and Whatley Rendelme Cirencester

Whittingham, R. George street, Pyranstone square, victualler, Aug. 6, 17, and Sept. 14. (Freeman and Co. Coleman-street

Willson, J. Ely, Cambridgeshire, miller, Aug. 28, 29, and Sept. 17, Lamb-inn, Ely. (Pickering and Co. Staple-inn; and Evans & Co. Ely

Wortley, V. Henry-street, Hauppstead-road, grocer, Aug. 17, 24, and Sept. 17. (Caudale and Co. Gray's-inn

Young, J. G. Shiplake, Oxfordshire, merchant July 27, Aug. 3, and 31. (Crossley, King's Arms yard, Coleman-street

DIVIDENDS,

FROM SATURDAY, JULY 20, TO SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1822.

Adams, J. Stamford, August 24

Burgess, D. and Lord M. Rochdale, Aug. 19

Burns, J. and Birns, J. jun. Looe, Aug. 20

Blyth, G. W. and F. Birmingham, Aug. 20 & 27

Baverstock, J. H. Alton, Hants, August 28

Brown, J. London, August 20 & 24

Bruce, A. Brown, J. & Scott, G. London, Aug. 24

Berry, C. Caversham, Oxfordshire, Aug. 28

Brickwood, J. and Co. Lombard-st. Aug. 27

Baillister, W. Litchfield, August 31

Birks, S. W. Thorne, Yorkshire, Aug. 16

Beane, B. Hickling, Norfolk, Aug. 11

Buchanan, D. Smith, S. M. and Ashley, F. Liverpool, August 13

Barber, W. and B. It. Cheapside, Aug. 21

Bellamy, A. W. Stamford, September 16

Carpenter, J. and Carpenter, J. P. Somersetshire, August 30

Carpenter, J. P. & Webber, J. Somersetshire, August 27

Clarke, J. Liverpool, August 17

Coates, H. Bradfield, Essex, August 22 & 30

Cooke, H. and Prince, D. Coleman-st. Aug. 24

Clarke, J. Wakefield, August 20

Coupland, C. jun. Leeds, Coupland R. Hunslet, Leeds, Coupland, F. Hunslet, and Coupland, E. Salford, August 13

Crumble, G. and Carr, J. York, August 26

Culver, W. Bloomshut, August 27

Campbell, D. Harper, B. and Bailie, A. of the Old Jewry, August 27

Cable, W. Aldeburgh, Suffolk, August 29

Crosland, S. Liverpool, August 14

Coryan, M. Paget, T. B. & Matthews, E. Chipping Norton, September 10

Day, H. Maidstone, July 30

Dicken, J. Shrewsbury, August 26 & 27
 Dickens, T. Liverpool, September 7
 Dubois, J. F. and J. Alderman's Walk, July 27
 Enderot, J. E. Exeter, August 21
 Eaves, J. Fardon, Northampton, August 22
 Edwards, J. Vine-st, Spitalfields, August 27
 Elliott, T. and Haslock, S. Northamp. Aug. 27
 Esbe, F. and Schmeckel, A. Bury-st. Sept. 17
 Evans, J. Sheerness, September 7
 Fles, L. M. Bury-st. St. Mary-Axe, Aug. 24
 Fox, E. L. jun. Idol-la Tower-st. Nov. 12
 Farmer, E. Haldax, August 31
 Gadsby, G. Leicester-shire, Aug. 20
 Goodall, W. & Turner, J. Gailick hill, Aug. 27
 Grove, P. Cardiff, September 6
 Gray, C. Oxford-st. August 31
 Gregson, B. Spindle-toile, September 6
 Hay, H. and Turner, F. A. Newcastle-st. Strand, August 17
 Hill, J. Dover, August 19
 Hoild, S. Lacton-bone, Essex, August 27
 Heshington, J. jun. York, September 6
 Huxley, R. Ripon, September 10
 Housman, Bridge-st. Blackfriars, Aug. 10
 Hassell, J. Richard-st. Islington, July 27
 Hardis, G. and Cowing, J. Bedford-st. Covent-garden, July 30
 Jones, T. Ware, Herts, August 10
 Johnson, T. jun. Wakefield, September 9
 Kershaw, S. Oldham, August 19
 Knight, J. Habbas, August 21
 Knight, J. Mile-end-road, August 27
 Kay, E. Sheffield, September 4
 King, W. Birmingham, August 27
 Kirkland, J. & Badenoch, J. Coventry, Aug. 31
 Lowes, R. Hexham, Sept. 3
 Lea, W. & Lea, J. F. Paternoster-row, Aug. 10
 Lander, J. Birmingham, Aug. 27
 Laveley, J. Bolton, Aug. 20
 Lippard, J. Deptford, Aug. 24
 Maddock, R. & Tweed, J. Rosemary-la. Aug. 17
 Morris, W. Bolton, Aug. 20
 McCall, Kingston, Jamaica, Aug. 23

Mather, E. Oxford, Aug. 27
 Marsh, J. Gracechurch-st. Aug. 27
 Marsden, P. Sheffield, Sept. 3
 Maxwood, R. jun. Wakefield, Aug. 14
 Moore, J. Somerset-shire, Aug. 19
 Moore, T. Herts, Sept. 16
 Nathiss, J. sen. Thornton, Yorksh. Aug. 23
 Oliva, T. C. Liverpool, Sept. 10
 Palmer, W. Norfolk, Aug. 20
 Parsons, J. Whitechapel, Aug. 6
 Penley, J. jun. Gloucestershire, Aug. 21
 Portales, A. P. and A. G. Bread-st. Aug. 20
 Prieure, A. & Shelley, T. Manchester, Aug. 22
 Parsons, R. sen. Parsons, R. jun. and Parsons, T. Walscombe, September 20
 Player, J. B. and Keen, J. Bristol, Aug. 16
 Riley, J. Leicester, Aug. 30
 Rodd, C. W. Worcester, Sept. 17
 Rudd, C. Lawlat, Lancashire, October 5
 Staddon, P. Chester, Aug. 25
 Spence, I. Providence row. Hackney-rd. Aug. 20
 Snelgrove, R. Sussex, Aug. 20
 Simons, S. Hiltopon, Wilt., Aug. 21
 Sharp, G. sen. Sharp, G. jun. and Sharp, W. Threadneedle-st. Aug. 10
 Smethurst, J. sen. and Hindle, R. Torkington, Cheshire, Aug. 17
 Troughton, B. Coventry, July 30 [Aug. 24
 Troughton, B. sen. and Troughton, J. Wood-st. [Aug. 27
 Tinner, T. Stock-exchange, Aug. 27
 Trafford, T. Oxford-shire, Sept. 10 [20
 Whye, W. Southampton-w. Bloomsbury, Aug.
 Wharton, R. and H. Little Crosby, Lanc. Aug. 20
 Windatt, T. Bridgetown, Berry Pomperoy, Devonshire, August 26
 Walker, F. Ripon, Yorkshire, August 31
 Ward, J. Beech, Staffordshire, Sept. 7
 Walters, J. Studham, Herts. Aug. 31
 Wmrate, J. Rathwick Somerset, Oct. 23
 Webb, G. Cornhill, Aug. 10
 Whitehead, G. jun. and Clarke, G. Basinghall-street, November 23

INSOLVENCY REGISTER.

Notice of opposition to the discharge of any prisoner must be entered in the book at the office, 33, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, three clear days, exclusive of Sunday, before the day of hearing. The schedules are filed and may be inspected every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, between the hours of ten and four, up to the last day for entering opposition.

LONDON.

Petitions to be heard at Westminster, 5th September, at nine.

All-horn, James Edward, of Broad-sanctuary Westminster, schoolmaster.
 Bloore, John, of the Waterman's Arms, Dogrand Boat-yard, Teoley-street, of Little Bell-alley, and of Swan-alley, Coleman-street, of Great Bell-alley, of Goswell-street-road, of Westminster-buildings, Aldersgate-st. of Shoe-lane, of Adde-st. last of Hanover-co. Grubb-st. sheriff's-office's assistant
 Bridger, James, of Tilford, Surrey, labourer
 Crossland, John Michael, of 10 Thavies-inn, of Great St. Helens, last of 27, Lower John-st. Commercial-road, clerk in the exchequer-office.
 Dalton, Thomas, of 2, New-st. Dockhead, carman, and coal and potatoe dealer.
 Dupuis, Louis Francois, of Webb's-lane, Hammesmith last of Dean-st. Soho, wax-chandler and bleacher
 Eveashed, Charles, of Great Mary-le bone-st. butcher, last of East-st. Mary-le-bone, livery-stable-keeper
 Gotch, John, of King-land-green, Hackney, last of James st. Islington, builder
 Griffin, Thomas, of Marlborough, Wilshire,

viatualler and common-carrier, of Barnes, Surrey, grocer, last of Old Brentford, dealer in butter, eggs, poultry, &c.
 Hopkins, Daniel, of 64, Old Nichol-st. Bethnal-green, house-hair-manufacturer
 Jackson, Thomas, Bass, of Southampton-buildings, of Upper North-place, Gray's-Inn-lane, last of Middle New-st. Fetter-lane, attorney's clerk
 Lark, Mary, of the Mutton Cove-mn, Plymouth-dock, viatualler
 Lewis, Isaac, of Upton, Bilton, Gloucestershire, farmer and butcher
 Malings, Samuel, of Horseleydown-lane, last of Lasson-grove, schoolmaster
 Matthewson, James, of Oxford, bookseller, last of the Southwark Arms, Borough-road, viatualler
 Molloy, Charles Lecke, of Brooke's-market, of Exmouth-street, Spa-fields, last of Cross-st. Hatton-garden, painter and glazier
 Monday, William, Sheerness, grocer
 Neave, Thomas, of London-st. Dockhead, last of Gravel-lane, Lambeth, carman
 Price, Joseph, of 10, Gloucester-st. last of 3, Greens-buildings, Lambeth, carman and chandler-shop-keeper
 Ray, Thomas, of Shipston-upon-Stour, Worcestershire, saddler and book-keeper

Squires, John Newby, of Walton-on-the-Hill, near Liverpool, surgeon and apothecary, last house-surgeon in the dispensary at Windsor

6th September, at nine.

Berg, Wernest, of Tunk-ct. Tunk-st. Mile-end New-town, of Little Cartel-st. Doctors'-commons, last of Henage-st. Whitechapel, sugar-refiner
Brown, Robert, of Guildford, Surry, tallow-chandler, &c.
Bysh, John, of Paternoster-row, bookseller, &c.
Cooper, Joseph, of Manby, Lincolnshire, of the Bell and Crown, and 36, Brooke-st. Holborn, late of Smithfield, dealer in cattle
Edmonds, Joseph, of Northover, Somersetshire, miller and shopkeeper, last of 233, Hoxton Old-town, Middlesex, baker
Fawson, Thomas, of 10, Great Piazza, Covent garden, hotel-keeper, last of Hart-st. Covent-garden
Francis, Peter Clement, of Old Broad-st. of Upper Baker st. of Cottage-grove, Camberwell, of Orchard st. Hackney, of Blackheath, of Bayswater, of 3, Rowland-row, Stepney-gn. of 15, Arnold-pl. Watworth, last of Watney-st. Commercial road, commission-broker
Gaslin, John, of Devonshire-st. Queen-sq. of Union-st. Southwark, last of Prospect-pl. Surry, gentleman
Jones, Robert, of Newport, Monmouthshire, wine-merchant and common-brewer
Keating, Thomas, of Bristol, wholesale provision-merchant, &c.
Lamb, William Davis, of Worcester, surgeon, last of Serle's coffee-house, Cary-st
Partridge, Thomas, of Bloxwich, Staffordshire, awl-blade-maker
Ravis, Daniel Harris, of Crooked-lane, accountant, of Walworth, and of Union-st. Hackney-road, victualler, of Somerset-pl. Whitechapel, last of Charles-st. Kent-road, paper-hanger
Richardson, Alexander, of Camberwell, of Richardson-st. Bermondsey, last of 12, King-st. Soho, cordwainer
Smith, Henry Burdon Todd, of Low Hewarth, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, gentleman, of West Bolden, near Sunderland, surgeon and apothecary, last of Princes-sq. Ratcliffe-highway, gentleman
Taylor, George, of Goudhurst, Kent, farmer
Vawser, David Cowherd, of Upwell, near Wisbeach, Cambridge, farmer
West, Thomas, of Barkins-side, Essex, farmer
Williams, William, of Amen-corner, Paternoster-row, bookseller, last of Hatfield-st. Blackfriars-road, gentleman
Willis Sarah, of Baldwin-st. City-rd. last of Watelloo-st. St. Luke's, fancy-trimming-maker.

COUNTRY.

Dragon-inn, Montgomery, 5th Sept. at ten.

Mansfield, Richard, of Gartmill, Berrew, Montgomeryshire, farmer

Guildhall, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 4th Sept. at eleven.

Ameers, Richard, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, last of Gateshead, victualler and shoemaker
Downie, Alexander, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, joiner
Geddes, John, of Jarrow, Durham, cordwainer
Harrison, William, of the Ouseburn, Byker, Northumberland, miller, victualler, &c.

Old, Humphry, of Bowes, Yorkshire, of Sunderland, last of Hetton-le-Hole, Durham, grocer

Red Lion, Northop, Flintshire, 3d Sept. at ten.

Adams, Edward, of Gwernafield, Mold, Flintshire, miller.

Townhall, Scarborough, 6th Sept. at ten.

Belt, John, of Scalby, Yorkshire, innkeeper.

Wakefield, Yorkshire, 6th September, at ten.

Aldam, Thomas, of Sheffield, butcher
Brown, Joseph, of Sheffield, watchmaker
Drew, William, of Pontefract, Yorkshire, turner and brazer
Furniss, Joseph, of Sheffield, butcher
Hammetton, Thomas, of Barnsley, Yorkshire, wire-worker
Leach, Henry, of Colne, Lancashire, cotton-manufacturer, last of Gisburn, Yorkshire, carrier
Mount, William, of Sheffield, cordwainer
Place, Alexander, of Halifax, book-keeper
Pryor, George, of Sheffield, grinder
Smithson, Miles, of Chapel Allerton, near Leeds, maltster and farmer
Willans, George, of Almondbury, near Huddersfield, clothier.

County Courts, Durham, 7th Sept. at eleven.

Domville John, of Hurworth, Durham, inn-keeper and farmer
Jackson, William, of Sunderland, butcher and ship-owner
Wright, Edward, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, grocer, last of Bedlington, Durham, coal-owner.

Shirehall, Ipswich, 7th September, at twelve,

Lanckester, James, of Ipswich, yeoman
Wright, John, of Ipswich, of 152, Drury-lane, and 23, Hyde-st. Bloomsbury-sq. London, jeweller, &c.

Northampton, 7th September, at ten.

Coleman, John, of Burton-Latimer, Northamptonshire, blacksmith.

Shirehouse, Norwich, 7th September, at ten.

Doe, William, of Forncett St. Peter, of Moulton, publican, of Fundenhill, last of Forncett St. Peter, all in Norfolk, farmer.

Warwick, 9th September, at ten.

Clark, William, of Birmingham, rule-maker
Creswell, James Astley, of Birmingham, cabinet-maker
Darby, Edward, of Hales Owen, Salop, nail-factor
Freeth, William, of Birmingham, coal-dealer
Lane, John, of Birmingham, coal-dealer
Limes, John, of Birmingham, pastry-cook
Page, Joseph, of Birmingham, caster
Smith, William, of Birmingham, steel-toy-maker
Walters, Thomas, of Birmingham, plater and shop-keeper
Ward, John, of Deritend, Birmingham, nail and hinge-maker.

REMARKABLE INCIDENTS IN THE MONTH.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

Hodgson, Henry, esq. Bengal Civil Service, to Pemberton, Miss E. M. County Donegal, at Malras
 Chanteau, Louis Adolphe de, Military Superintendent, to

Croft, Miss E. F. daughter of Sir Richard C. at Lille, France
 Mesurier, Edward Lee, Esq. of Genoa, to Wright, Miss, A. A. Spring-gardens, London, at Genoa.

DEATHS ABROAD.

Long, Mr. E. L. Purser, Royal-navy
 Custance, Mrs. (Captain) at Jamaica
 Mitchell, J. F. esq. Gloucester-place, Portman-square, at Lyons
 Bowen, Charles, esq. of Cavendish-square, at Pernambuco

Rosser, Mr. H. B. of Skinner-street, London, at Paris
 Jefferys, Miss Anne, at Guernsey
 Sumners, Lieut. James, 33d Regt. at Jamaica 37

METROPOLITAN OCCURRENCES.

King's Departure for Scotland.—His Majesty's arrival at Greenwich Hospital was announced by the firing of a gun, and the Royal Standard was immediately hoisted at the top of the Governor's house. When his Majesty came out of the Hospital and appeared at the landing place, he gracefully bowed to his subjects, immediately descended to the Royal barge, and was rowed alongside the Royal George; the bands of music on board the State barges playing *God save the King*. On his Majesty's arrival on board the Royal Yacht, he was received with three cheers and the Royal Standard hoisted. The *Comet* steam vessel took the Royal Yacht in tow, and proceeded down the river, accompanied by the Lord Mayor in the city state barge, and the Merchant Tailors' and Goldsmiths' Companies in their barges, which were followed by an immense number of vessels and boats. Pleasure boats without number, and every steam vessel on the River, seemed to be in a state of active requisition. The *Hero* steam boat had a company on board that, in point of number, exceeded any thing ever witnessed. The *Swiftsure*, *Venus*, *Eagle*, and *Comet*, steam boats, were occupied with very large companies. The venerable Earl St. Vincent, as senior Admiral of the Red, was in attendance at Greenwich at a very early hour. The spectacle of the embarkation was altogether a brilliant one. The fineness of the weather, the river covered with vessels of all kinds, gaily decorated and filled with well-dressed people, the concourse of spectators that filled every place where a view of the scene could be obtained, the costumes of the Greenwich pensioners, the soldiers and marines assembled on duty, presented a lively picture to the eye.

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The Isle of Dogs, usually so deserted and so sombre, displayed a moving mass of animation. The acclamations were loud and reiterated when the King appeared. A great number of Noblemen's and Gentlemen's cutters had made a rendezvous at Greenwich, equipped for sea. Of these fast-sailing boats it was supposed that a fleet of at least a hundred sail attended the Royal squadron.

The preparations for the contraction and other judicious alterations before the curtain of Drury-lane Theatre are commenced; to complete which, the erection of the scaffolding is estimated at an expense of at least £500.

At the late sale of the property of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, very little was actually sold, and the amount of the two days' sale of what was sold and bought in is about 140,095l

On Thursday last, being the anniversary of the opening of the Regent's Canal, a numerous party of the Directors, Proprietors, and their Friends, inspected the Canal from Limehouse to the City-road Basin, where they afterwards dined at the Macclesfield Arms. The party were much gratified with the progress making in the formation of new works establishing on various parts along the banks of the Canal, and with the increasing activity of business throughout its whole line.

Absentees.—It will scarcely be credited by those who have no means of knowing the circumstance, that there are from 100,000 to 150,000 English and Irish people of property living in different parts of the Continent. Whole towns are absolutely peopled by them. In Paris, the Duke of Hamilton, with the Earls of Stair and Fife, at an expense to themselves, or, rather to their country, of 100,000l. per annum, lead

the fashion to about 20,000 English persons, of a mixed character, at Versailles. Mr Robert Williams, the Member for Carnarvonshire, with his numerous and amiable family, and several titled persons, have, for some years, taken up their residence in the neighbourhood of Geneva. There are 1,500 English families with the Duke of Leeds at the head, the Marchioness of Bute, and many distinguished nobles of both sexes, at Rome. Lord Montford has lived some time near Bordeaux, surrounded by about 2,000, one half of whom are small fundholders, and one half Irish of 300*l* to 400*l*. per annum,

when they can get their rents paid. At Tours there is a select corps of about 4,000, who pride themselves upon their family connexions in the United Kingdom. At Boulogne there are 6,000 English, 4,000 of whom are entitled to some compassion, being half-pay officers, who cannot live without wine. Prince Leopold very naturally expends his 50,000*l* a year in Germany. At Brussels the English and Irish congregate, and there is scarcely a town or village in France, the Netherlands, Switzerland, and Italy, in which they are not to be found.

BIRTHS IN AND NEAR THE METROPOLIS

SONS.

Mrs Baring, Berkeley square
 Mrs Stillingfleet How Castle, Herts
 Mrs Sutton, Kellum nr Newark upon Trent
 Mrs Rowlatt, Crissing, Essex
 Mrs H. Connaught terrace, Edgware road
 Mrs Gutton Lodge, South Lambeth
 Mrs Hurst Temple place
 Mrs Cross, Tottenham
 Mrs Parkinson Hoxton square
 Mrs Venables Queenhithe
 Mrs John Miles, Hamstead

Mrs Brendon Pughbourn Berks
 Mrs A Atholby Hewittree Devon
 Mrs Parker Slane terrace
 Mrs Portal Littlefolk house Hart
 Mrs Cator Beckenham place Kent
 Mrs Dr Lushington
 Mrs Edward W. Francis Sergeant's inn
 Mrs G. Backs Gloucester place
 Mrs R. W. Williams Guildford & Rushmore
 Mrs Robinson, Aigle street

DAUGHTERS.

The Countess of Jersey Berkeley square
 The Countess of Portsmouth Ladbrough
 Lady H. Diskine Swithland Rectory, Leicester
 Lady Isabella Smith Berkeley place Cheltenham
 Lady of Capt S. Jackson R.N.
 Mrs Meredith South Lambeth
 Mrs Crookshank Harpur street
 Mrs Alexander Nicholson Sidmouth Devon
 Lady of Lt Gen Sir J. Wood Brighton
 Mrs Robt Winter Clapham common
 Lady of Sir Ulysses Bugh, M.P. York street
 St James's square
 Mrs. Biggs Lincoln's inn fields
 Mrs. Diction Boyton York street St James's sq
 Mrs Mooney, Hanover street Hanover sq

Mrs Proctor Lowes
 Mrs W. M. Bradley Russell square
 Mrs Trevor Victoria CHINESE GARDENS
 Mrs Cocks Farnham Surrey
 Mrs Barber Bellinrow
 Mr. Lettice Cuthberts
 Mrs J. G. Kitt Iwer Lodge
 Mrs Winter Clapham common
 Mrs Biggs Lincoln's inn fields
 Mrs G. Gordon, Denmark hill Surrey
 Mrs R. W. Gray
 Lady Copley George's street Hanover sq
 Mrs Bryton St James's square
 Mrs Major's links, Wimpole street

MARRIAGES IN AND NEAR THE METROPOLIS

Arnold Rev J. W. esq Northampton to
 Howard, Lady Mary
 Baker Miss S. Andover to
 Cox Miss A. Russell to Russell sq
 Baines Capt 71st Light Infantry to
 Porter Miss C. Rockliffe house, Devon
 Barker, R. esq Tavistock street Bedford sq to
 White, Miss Burton Crescent
 Beeman, Mr Isaac, Borough, to
 Biddle, Miss Ann, Clapham rise Surrey
 Beauchamp P. R. J. esq Telford house, Soho to
 Westbrook, Miss Eliza Chapel street Grosvenor sq
 Bramall, T. esq Farnworth Castle to
 Cooper Miss of Brompton
 Browne Peter Esq M.P. to
 Puget, Miss C. H. Herts
 Bright, Dr Richard, Bloomsbury sq to
 Babbington, Miss Martha, Aldermanbury
 Cartwright, W. esq Captain 10th Hussars, to
 Jones Miss Mary Ann
 Carter, H. W. esq M.D. to
 Plumtree, Miss L. Claypole Kent
 Capes John, esq Walworth to
 Jones, Miss of Lambeth
 Chamberlayne, S. B. esq Rye, Essex, to
 Waller, Mrs. E. Rye, Sussex

Clark G. esq St. James's place Islington to
 Spicer, Miss B. South
 Coverdale J. esq Grosvenor inn to
 Clarke Miss S. Bedford row
 Cool R. esq R. A. to
 Waddilove Miss S. Elizabeth
 Cook, C. esq Lower Kennington green to
 Hunter, Miss A. S. Margate
 Crow T. C. esq Seven Oaks Kent to
 Hodwell Miss Laura H. Horn
 Cumberbatch T. C. esq of Barbadoes to
 Ashe Miss M. G. H. Bath
 Deion C. esq Lower Brompton street to
 Long Miss M. B. Hampton lodge, Surrey
 Douglas Sn John Roxburghshire, to
 Scott Miss H. C. Bedford same county
 Eaton S. esq Ketton Hall Rutlandshire to
 Waldie Miss C. A. Hendersaye Park Roxbo.
 Elkins L. esq Guildford Surrey, to
 Davis Miss F. Judd place East, New id
 Fyfe J. esq Stratham, to
 Swanson, Miss E. M. Kennington
 Gidding, R. esq M.D. to
 Blaw, Miss S. F. Warwick street Pall Mall
 Grimani, C. R. esq Lee, Kent to
 Finch, Miss S. White, of that place

Haythorne, Rev. J. to
 Poore, Miss A. G. Rushall, Wilts
 Horbury, T. esq. St. Swithin's-lane, to
 Grimani, Miss, Lee, Kent
 Hustler, T. esq. Acklam Hall, Yorkshire to
 Wells, Miss E. F. E. of Demarara, West Ind.
 Isaac, G. F. esq. Ashwick-house, Gloucester to
 Fromow, Miss Elizabeth, Isle of Wight
 Jaffray, W. esq. Montague-st. to
 Kelly, relief of the late Col Kelly
 Lloyd, Rev. Charles D. D. to
 Stapleton, Miss M. H. Thorpe Lee, Surry
 Long, Henry Esq. Hampton Lodge, Surry, to
 Walpole, Lady Catherine
 Mackenzie, W. esq. 3d Dragoons, to
 Anderson, Miss Justina
 Milner, J. esq. Canterbury, to
 Buckhurst, Miss Sarah
 Pasquar, E. J. esq. London, to
 Betham, Mrs. late of Negapatam, East-Ind.
 Payne, C. G. esq. Middle Temple, to
 Salisbury, Miss M.
 Penn, Mr. R. Creesingham, Norfolk, to
 Hughes, Miss C. Morden Ash, Essex
 Pennant, David, esq. to
 Chm. hill, Lady Caroline Spencer
 Robinson, Mr. J. A. to
 Hardy, Miss M. A. Bignell, Enfield
 Rogers, F. N. esq. Hamecombe-house, Wilts, to
 Yea, Miss J. E. Taunton

Rowson, Mr. John, Acre-lane, Clapham, to
 Neck, Miss Harriet. Reading
 Sandys, H. C. esq. Captain Bengal estab. to
 Spotteswoode, Mrs. at Caen
 Savage, T. esq. Midsomer, Norton, to
 Palmer, Miss E. A. Finsbury-house, Soms.
 Shawe, D. D. S. P. esq. to
 Egan, Miss M. Usage-house, Herts
 Simpson, Rev. T. W. Thurnscoe, Yorksh. to
 Welsh, Miss Mary, Harley-st
 Smart, Rev. N. Trewitt-house, Northum. to
 Groombridge, Miss M. S. Blackheath
 Somerset, Lord Granville, to
 Smith, the Hon. Emily
 Travers, J. esq. Highbury Grove, to
 Taylor, Miss Mary, Finsbury-esq.
 Twopeny, Edward, esq. Rochester, to
 Smith, Miss E. Cancer, Kent
 Upton, Mr. Thos. Cheapside, to
 Dawson, Miss E. Kennington Common
 Welsh, Henry, Esq. Bionday Common, to
 Thornton, Miss A. Springfield Grove, Sussex
 Wharton, Rev. T. St. John's Wood, to
 Rose, Miss C. M. Crookham, Newbury
 Welland, F. esq. Hon. E. I. Com. Service, to
 Corfield, Miss S. Wilton House, Taunton
 Witherby, Mr. R. St. John's Coll. Camb. to
 Hale, Miss E. Petworth, Sussex.

DEATHS IN AND NEAR THE METROPOLIS.

Alcock J. esq. Rochampton—Allison, Mrs. J. Atwood st. Strand—Atwood, A. esq. Worcester-shire

Bazel, Miss Sarah, C. Portland-pl.—Brown, Miss Anne Lubbock, St. James's-pl.—Beardmore, Miss John, Bolton-st. Piccadilly—Butler, Mr. William, Hackney, 74—Blair, the Lady of Lieut. nant-Gen. Sir Hubert—Burgess, Mrs. C. Bristol—Bondillon, Mr. Great Russell-st. Covent Garden—Bumey, William, esq. Coventry, 56—Boulton, Mrs. S. Northampton-sq.—Brookshott, Mr. H. Deputy Marshall King's Bench Prison—Bayley, Rev. E. S. Hampton Grove—Bruckwood, J. esq. Croydon, 79—Brown, Miss A. L. St. James's-place.

Chamberlaine, Mr. Surgeon, Aylesbury-st.—Curtis, Mrs. S. Hackney—Coombe, Rev. T. D. D. Hertford-st—Corbyn, Mrs. Hannah, Holborn—Chaplin, Mrs. Bishop, Stothford—Cuthill, H. esq. Blackburn, Lancashire—Chulow, Wm. esq. Camden-st, 66—Crosbie, relief of the late Wm. esq. Liverpool—Clark, John, esq. Barnsley, Yorkshire.

Dunkald, Mr. S. Beer-lane, Tower-st. 33—Dixon, Mr. James, Strand—Deane, Mr. Wm. Canonbury, 70—Dominicus, Mrs. Lucy, Court Lodge, East Farleigh—Dent, C. E. esq. Herts.
 Eades, George, esq. Grove Crescent, Camberwell—Earle, Thomas esq. Liverpool—Edgell, Mrs. Hippie, Beckington, Somerset—Ellison, J. M. London, 41.

Falkland, Viscountess, Vauxhall—Freeman, Joseph, esq. Birmingham—Fisher, Mrs. Yar-mouth, Norfolk—Fox, Mrs. Lane, Abraham-park, Yorkshire.

Gantskell, Mrs. Henry, New Kent-rd—Godfrey, Rev. Phillip, Hertfordshire—Galsford, T. esq. Westbury, Wilts, 81—Grubb, Mr. Phillip, Cornhill, 65—Gunterpoth, Miss Hampton-court—Gray, W. esq. Doncaster—Grimshaw, J. esq. Manchester, 84.

Hugford, Miss Sarah, Montague-street, Portman-square—Henshaw, W. esq. Bexley, Kent, 100—Harris, Mrs. C. Hackney—Hesley, C. esq. Laveuder hill, Surry, 51—Hale, Mr. Samuel, Sidmouth—Harris, Miss M. A. Kentish-town, 22—Hoy, Mrs. Hannah, Midenbury-house, Hants—Harby, Rich. esq. Alford Lane, 61—Hutchin-

son, Mr. C. Cavendish-sq.—Hitchings, H. E. esq. Oxford, 41—Hoare, H. V. esq. Mitcham-grove.
 Jeyes, Mr. Richard, Upper Thames-street—Jones, R. esq. Helston, Cornwall.

Kent, Mrs. Frances, Highbury—Kidman, Mrs. B. Margate—Kelt, Dr. Cambridge.
 Londonderry, Marquis of, North Cray—Lockley, G. F. esq. Half-moon-st.—Lee, John, esq. M. D. Bath—Littlehale, Rev. R. Lopham, Norfolk—Leighton, E. esq. Cheltenham.

Moore, Mrs. Stephen, Sloane-street—Mayo, Rev. James, Wiltshire, 66—Mules, Rev. J. H. Humster—Metcalfe, Sir T. J. bart. Fenn-hill, Berkshire 33—Morrell, Charles, esq. Salop.

Nisbet, Wm. H. esq. Balhays—Nash, Miss Elizabeth, Farrington, Berkshire.

Oldfield, Thomas H. B. esq. 67—Osborn, Mrs. Tavistock-place, 60.

Pegge, Christopher, esq. M. D. Oxford, 85—Penherton, Dr. Fredville, Kent—Provost, Mrs. Tibbury, Wilts—Page, Wm. esq. Gosport.

Richards, John, esq. Brick-lane, Spitalfields, 42—Reynolds, Mr. A. H. Clapton-square.

St. John, Andrews, Lieutenant William, R.N.—Southby, Mrs. Charles, Walworth—Slaughter, Mrs. Edward, Edmonton—Scribner, Mrs. H. Clapham, 51—Swanton, relief of the late Admiral—Smith, Mrs. Wm. Fulwood Lodge, Lancashire—Stuart, Wm. esq. Cheltenham—Stevens, Miss A. B. youngest daughter of Rear Admiral.

Townsend, Rev. E. Bray, Berkshire—Tattershall, Rev. Thomas, Ledham, Yorkshire, 26—Thomas, Mr. H. Tewkesbury, 24—Thompson, P. esq. Northam, Herts, 75—Townsend, Anne, youngest daughter of Lord John.

Van der Nunberg, George, Stamford, Baron Northamptonshire, 72.

William, John, esq. Hatton-garden, 77—Wadmore, Mr. James, Cadogan-place, 93—Williamson, Mr. J. G. Wandsworth, 45—Worth, widow of the late Mr. James, Trump-street, 63—Weatherby, Mr. G. Oxenden-street—Wyatt, R. esq. Courtweek-house, Sussex, 66—Whately, William, esq. Birmingham, 60—Warriner, G. esq. Oxfordshire—Wilson, Francis, esq. Worcester-shire—Winter, T. B. esq. Herts—Wright, Lady A. M. daughter of the Earl of Coventry.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

BERKSHIRE.

A labourer's wife, who was reaping in a field with her husband, near Reading, was suddenly taken ill, went home, and was shortly afterwards delivered of four boys, all still born.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

John H. Hall, Esq. L.L.B. has been admitted into the Fellowship at Trinity Hall, vacated by the marriage of G. Bankes, Esq. M.P.

DERBYSHIRE.

A meeting of the Ladies in the town and neighbourhood of Derby was lately held at the Town-hall, for the purpose of forwarding the benevolent plan of providing cloathing for the suffering Irish.

DEVONSHIRE.

Upwards of seventy Barristers attended the late Devon Assizes. There was produced in Court, and handed about as a great curiosity, the brief, the only brief, that Devonshire ever afforded to the great William Pitt, who once, at least, travelled that circuit. His notes on its margin, and the signature at his feet, attracted much notice. The green cloth which then covered the Court table, and on which he inscribed his name, is also preserved there, as an interesting relic.

DORSETSHIRE.

At Dorchester Assizes, there were but five briefs produced altogether—not one for each dozen of the Barristers in attendance.

DURHAM.

The Editor of the Durham Chronicle has been found guilty of a libel against the Clergy, residing in and near the City of Durham, and the Suburbs thereof, but has been acquitted of the charge of having published a libel on the whole establishment of the Church.

ESSEX.

At the Annual Hop Meeting, held at Castle Heddington, little business has been done. One parcel only of the new crop, of half a ton, was disposed of at 74s. 6d. Several other lots offered were bought in at 90s. — The Rev. P. Strachan, Rector of Mile End, near Colchester, has reduced his tithes in some instances from eight to three shillings per acre.

HAMPSHIRE.

Sir George T. Staunton, Bart, of Leigh Park, has returned, at his last audit day, 25 per cent. to his tenants. — At Alresford fair there were nearly 50,000 sheep and lambs penned. — Buyers were numerous, and all the

lambs were sold at an advance of full 3s. a head.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

At Ledbury fair, fat cattle were in considerable demand, and sold at advanced prices. Sheep experienced an advance, and were in great request. Horses of the best description brought high prices; inferior animals were in little demand. — At Knighton fair, the shew of cattle and sheep was not so large as usual; both met with a ready sale, at advanced prices.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

During the three years, in which Mr. M'Adam's plan has been adopted by the trustees of the Wade's Mill Turnpike, they have not only been enabled to pay off £1000. of the debt, but have reduced the tolls to the annual amount of more than £100.

HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

Vicecount Mandeville, son of the Duke of Manchester, is appointed Deputy Governor of this county.

KENT.

Wantage Wool Fair presented a large supply of that article, chiefly down; before the close of the evening the fair was completely cleared, there having been sold upwards of 500 tods of wool. The following prices were obtained. Leicester, 26s. to 28s. per tod; Down, 30s. to 32s., while a few samples of Down, crossed with Merino, fetched 36s. per tod. — Plainstow-Lodge, near Bromley, the residence and property of the Hon. Hugh Lindsay, comprising one hundred and twenty-six acres of freehold land, and a splendid mansion, built by the late Mr. Thelluson, for his own residence, at an expense of £40,000. has been lately sold for £17,800. — In the six months from January to June, 1822, 37,371 bundles of paper, manufactured in Maidstone and its immediate neighbourhood, have been sent from Maidstone down the Medway. Besides this, a considerable quantity has been sent by land in every direction.

LANCASHIRE.

On the 31st ult. Liverpool experienced a very serious storm of hail, and, what is much more extraordinary at this season of the year, a considerable quantity of snow fell immediately afterwards. In a short time, the surrounding country presented the appearance of the depth of winter. — We learn, that a small establishment for the manufacture of silk goods has been formed at Blackburn.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

The Rev. S. L. Noble has been promoted to the rectory of Frowlesworth.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

The Rev. George Mason, of Cuckney, returned his tenants, at Bransby, 20 per cent. at his late rent day.—Earl Fortescue, in order to enable his Lincolnshire tenantry to meet the present times, has returned to his Tattershall tenants 40, and to his Billingboro' tenants 35 per cent.—There is now living at East Kirby, in this county, a man aged seventy-eight years, who has had but one wife; he is father, grandfather, and great grandfather to seventy-eight children.—It is understood that there never was so much business doing in the wool as at this time. Lincolnshire is full of Yorkshire agents seeking to make purchases. The price has in consequence advanced.—The Rev. J. H. Monk has been promoted to the cathedral church of Peterborough and living of Fiskerton.

MONMOUTHSHIRE.

At Usk monthly market a very fine milking cow was sold for 45s. which, a few years ago, would have fetched 11l. Fine fat cows, worth, ten years ago, 24l. and 25l. were sold for 7l. and 8l. Fat pigs, 12 to 14 lb. per quarter, fit for Bristol porkers, were sold for 8s each. Sheep were offered equally low, but found no buyers.

NORFOLK.

A piece of land near the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital, has been lately sold by auction at the enormous rate of 1724l. 16s. 8d. per acre.—The Rev. John Cubitt, M.A. has been instituted to the rectory of Overstrand, and the Rev. John Neville White has been licensed to the perpetual curacy of Great Plumstead.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

Sir John H. Thorold, Bart. has lately made the liberal reduction of 20 per cent. on the rents due at Lady Day, with an actual reduction of 25 per cent. upon their future payments.—The Rev. John Miller, M.A. fellow of Worcester college, Oxford, has been presented to the rectory of Benefield.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

At the monthly meeting of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Newcastle, it was agreed to purchase the celebrated Wycliff Museum, late in the possession of George Allen, Esq.—A whale of the spermaceti kind has been lately driven on shore at Cresswell, and killed by the inhabitants of that place. The following are the dimensions of it;—Length from nose to tail was sixty-one feet; the

girth in the thickest part, thirty-seven feet six inches. The upper jaw projects five feet beyond the under one; in the latter there are two rows of ivory teeth, twenty-three in each row. It is expected to be very productive.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

At Newark last fair, there was a small shew of cattle, which met with a ready sale, at an advanced price.—A very fatal bowel complaint at this time prevails at Nottingham.

SHROPSHIRE.

The celebrated George Bidder (the calculating boy, well known in Shrewsbury) is about to visit Exeter. He leaves Edinburgh, having completed his education to the satisfaction of his patrons. On his return to Edinburgh he will take his place in the Exchequer Chambers as a clerk of the first accountant.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

At Shepton Mallet fair there has been a larger supply of cattle than has been known for many years past, which sold at advanced prices.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

A treading mill is erecting in Stafford county gaol, and will employ about thirty men. If this discipline becomes general as is expected, it will prove highly beneficial not only to the morals, but to the reformation of such abandoned persons as might have expected to spend their days in a prison in ease and idleness.

SUFFOLK.

There is now growing in the garden of the Marquis of Hertford, at Sudbourn Hall, a cucumber, of the snake kind, which measures six feet nine inches in length.

SUSSEX.

The treading mill recently erected at Lewes house of correction, is daily effecting a diminution of crime, particularly of vagrancy, in this county.—The Rev. J. Young has been preferred to the vicarage of Heathfield.

WARWICKSHIRE.

The Rev. S. W. Perkins, A.M. of Wadham college, Oxford, has been inducted to the rectory of Stockton. The Rev. Wm. R. Bedford, A.M. of the university of Oxford, has been lately inducted to the rectory of Sutton Coldfield.—The Right Hon. the Earl of Aylesbury has been appointed deputy lieutenant of this county by the Earl of Warwick, the new lord lieutenant.—Lord Bagot has ordered all arrears of rent to be struck off his steward's books.

WILTSHIRE.

The number of sheep and lambs

penned at Britford fair amounted to 38,000, which were all sold. Ewes from 10s. to 20s. per head; two-teeth wethers from 12s. to 16s.; four-teeth ditto from 16s. to 28s.; lambs from 8s. to 16s. The prices in general 4s. a head lower than last year, and at least 50 per cent. less than three years ago. A large shew of horses, bullocks, cows and calves at this fair met with a dull sale.

YORKSHIRE.

A very singular and interesting circumstance took place lately, at a village near the city of York. A young cuckoo, just able to fly from one tree to another; two swallows were observed to attend it, alternately, in rapid succession, and to bring each time some food to the eccentric stranger; and it was astonishing to observe, that this curious bird of passage was always ready to receive, with open mouth, whatever the assiduity of its foster parents had enabled them to procure for it; as if, though not birds of a feather, they were birds of a country, and intended to return to their *winter quarters* together.

—The Kirkdale Cave. — Professors Buckland and Sedgwick, Sir Humphrey Davy, and many other scientific men, have lately been examining the Kirkdale Cave, and the animal remains that are collected in the neighbourhood.

WALES.

In the year 1664, on the 5th of December, a boat on the Menai crossing that strait, with eighty-one passengers, was upset, and only one passenger, named Hugh Williams, was saved. On the same day, in the year 1785, was upset another boat, containing about sixty persons, and every soul perished, with the exception of one, whose name also was Hugh Williams; and on the 5th of August, 1820, a third boat met the same disaster, but the passengers of this were no more than twenty-five, and, singular to relate, the whole perished, with the exception of one, whose name was Hugh Williams.

SCOTLAND.

His Majesty's stay in Edinburgh, will not, it is said, exceed a fortnight. He will hold a grand drawing-room and levee, as in Dublin, and receive and give one grand public dinner. —The Royal suite is not so numerous as in Ireland; but it principally consists of the same personages. His Majesty intends to continue his aquatic excursion after his departure, but for what length of time is not yet determined.

A meeting on account of the Greeks has taken place at Edinburgh, when it was resolved, "That a subscription be immediately opened for the relief of those Sciots who survive the massacre, and of such other Greeks as may be placed in similar circumstances;" and a considerable sum was immediately subscribed.

National Monument.—The Bill for the erection of this object has received the Royal assent. It is to be a *fac simile* of the Pantheon of Athens, with a place of worship for 3,000 persons, including his Majesty's forces stationed in and about Edinburgh. The City of Edinburgh have granted a site on the Calton-hill for this edifice, and his Majesty, who is the patron of the undertaking, is to lay the foundation stone during his present visit to Edinburgh.

IRELAND.

By the Galway Papers we perceive, that the Commissioners, who have been appointed by the London Committee, have arrived in Ireland. We are sincerely rejoiced at their arrival. They will not only be eye-witnesses of the distress of which they have heard so much, but they will investigate the appropriation of the funds which have been voted by the London Committee. A recommendation of the London Committee to the benevolent people of England to bestow old clothes, and other articles of wearing apparel, on the poor of this country has been attended to, in a manner corresponding with the noble and charitable character of the country. Places to receive articles of clothing are already selected, and numberless deposits have been made. We find that the charity children in several establishments are engaged in this benevolent work; and it appears that even the female convicts in Newgate are employed in converting the materials with which they have been supplied into articles of clothing for the poor women of Ireland. We verily believe that, in the History of the world, there will not be found a parallel instance of a charitable feeling so extensive, so minute, so munificent, and so long continued as that manifested by England at this moment to the people of Ireland. The last vote, taken by Mr. Goulbourn, of £200,000 added to those which have been already voted, will, we are satisfied, remove those apprehensions which were entertained regarding the consequences of the existing famine.

VARIATIONS OF BAROMETER, THERMOMETER, &c. AT NINE O'CLOCK, A. M.

By T. BLUNT, Mathematical Instrument Maker to his Majesty, No. 22, CORNHILL.

1822	Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Obscr.	1822	Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Obscr.	1822	Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Obscr.
July 26	29.62	65	S. W.	Shwy.	Aug. 6	29.85	65	N.	Fair	Aug 17	30.06	65	S.	Fair
27	29.56	61	S. W.	Ditto	7	29.84	67	N. W.	Ditto	18	30.10	65	S. W.	Ditto
28	29.61	67	W.	Ditto	8	29.93	66	S.	Ditto	19	30.10	65	E.	Ditto
29	29.64	70	S. W.	Ditto	9	29.90	69	N. W.	Ditto	20	30.07	68	S. W.	Ditto
30	29.62	68	S. W.	Ditto	10	29.87	66	W.	Shwy.	21	29.94	71	S. W.	Ditto
31	29.61	65	W.	Ditto	11	29.91	61	N.	Ditto	22	29.82	70	W.	Ditto
Aug. 1	29.74	63	S. W.	Ditto	12	29.85	60	N. W.	Fair	23	29.87	68	N. W.	Ditto
2	29.72	62	W.	Ditto	13	29.83	64	W.	Shwy.	24	29.80	60	S. W.	Ditto
3	29.67	58	N.	Fair	14	29.83	63	S. W.	Fair					
4	29.85	61	N.	Ditto	15	29.81	64	W.	Ditto					
5	29.82	62	N. E.	Ditto	16	29.97	66	W.	Ditto					

PRICE OF SHARES IN CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, MINES, &c.

August 25, 1822.

	Price	Per Share.	Div. per Ann.		Price	Per Share.	Div. per Ann.
	£.	£ s.	£ s. d.		£.	£ s.	£ s. d.
<i>Canals.</i>				<i>Bridges.</i>			
Ashton and Oldham	100	100	4	Southwark	100	23	—
Barnesley	160	195	10	Ditto, New	50	70	7½ pr. ct.
Birmingham (divided)	25	580	24	Ditto, Loan	—	—	5
Bolton and Bury	250	95	5	Vauxhall	100	20	—
Braceknoek and Abergar.	150	80	4	Waterloo	100	5	—
Calisle	50	—	—	<i>Water-works.</i>			
Chesterfield	10	120	8	Chelsea	—	—	—
Coventry	10	1070	44 3	East London	100	97	2
Cromford	100	270	14	Grand Junction	50	58	2 10
Croydon	100	2 10	—	Kent	100	35	1 10
Derby	100	140	6	London Bridge	—	50	2 10
Dudley	100	63	3	South London	100	30	—
Ellesmere and Chester	133	63	3	West Middlesex	—	55	2 5
Evesham	100	1000	58	York Buildings	100	21	—
Firth and Clyde	100	470	20	<i>Insurance.</i>			
Grand Junction	100	244	10	Albion	500	50	2 10
Grand Surrey	100	54	3	Atlas	50	5	6
Grand Union	100	20	—	Bath	—	575	40
Grand Western	100	3	—	Birmingham Fire	1000	300	2½
Gutham	150	145	8	British	250	50	3
Hatfield and Gloucester	100	—	—	County	100	40	2 10
Lancaster	100	27	1	Eagle	50	2 13 6	—
Leeds and Liverpool	100	365	12	European	20	20	1
Leicester	—	300	14	Globe	100	135	6
Leicester & Northampton	100	70	—	Guardian	100	10	—
Loughborough	—	3500	170	Hope	50	4 5	6
Melton Mowbray	100	221	11	Imperial Fire	500	96	4 10
Monmouthshire	100	160	8	Ditto, Life	50	11	9 6
Montgomeryshire	100	70	2 10	Kent Fire	50	55	—
North	—	410	25	London Fire	25	28	1 4
Nottingham	150	200	12	London Ship	25	20	1
Oxford	100	730	32	Provident	100	14	18
Portsmouth and Arundel	50	40	—	Rock	20	1 18	2
Regent's	—	37 10	—	Royal Exchange	—	265	10
Rochdale	100	56	2	Sun Fire	—	—	8 10
Shrewsbury	125	170	9 10	Sun Life	100	23 10	10
Shropshire	125	125	7	Union	200	40	1 8
Somerset Coal	50	107 10	7	<i>Gas Lights.</i>			
Ditto, Lock Fund	—	74	4	Gas Light and Coke (Chart			
Staffordsh. & Worcestershire	140	700	40	Company	50	71	4
Stourbridge	145	200	9	Ditto, New Shares	50	65	3 12
Stratford-on-Avon	—	17	—	City Gas Light Company	100	114	5 12
Stroudwater	—	405	22	Ditto, New	100	60	2 16
Swansea	100	185	10	South London	100	130	7 10
Tavistock	90	90	—	Imperial	50	6 15	—
Thames and Medway	—	20	—	<i>Literary Institutions.</i>			
Thames and Severn, New	—	23	—	London	75gs	28	—
Trent & Mersey	200	1900	75	Russel	25gs	11	—
Warwick and Birmingham	100	230	11	Surrey	30gs	5	—
Warwick and Napton	100	210	10	<i>Miscellaneous.</i>			
Worcester & Birmingham	—	26 10	1	Auction Mart	50	22	1 5
<i>Docks.</i>				British Copper Company	100	52	2 10
London	100	1104	4 10	Golden Lane Brewery	80	9	—
West India	100	183	10	Ditto	50	5	—
East India	100	159	8	London Com. Sale Rooms	150	15	1
Commercial	100	87	3 10	Carnatic Stock, 1st class	—	92	4
East Country	100	31	—	Ditto, 2d ditto	—	79	3

Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No. 9, Change-Alley, Cornhill.

PRICES OF STOCKS, COURSE OF EXCHANGE, &c.

GOVERNMENT FUNDS.		AUG. 21.	IRISH FUNDS.	AUG. 16.
BANK STOCK , div. 10 per cent.	251 $\frac{3}{4}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$..	Bank Stock	250 $\frac{1}{2}$	
3 per Cent. Reduced Annuities	81 $\frac{1}{2}$ a	Govt. Debents. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per ct.	92 $\frac{1}{2}$	
3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent. Consols Annuities	92 $\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{3}{4}$	Do. Stock 3 $\frac{1}{2}$	91 $\frac{1}{2}$	
4 per Cent. Consols Annuities	99 $\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{3}{4}$	Govt. Debents. 4		
Long Annuities, expire 5th Jan. 1860	20 15-16ths ..	Do. Stock 4		
South Sea Old Ann. div. 3 per cent.		Paving Debents. 4		
3 per Cent. Consols Annuities	80 $\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{3}{4}$	Govt. Debents. 5	105	
4 per Cent. Ditto, New	99 $\frac{1}{2}$ a $\frac{3}{4}$	Do. Stock 5		
5 per Cent. Navy Annuities		Gd. Canal Loan 6 per ct.		
India Stock, div. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent.		Ditto ditto 4		
South Sea Stock, div. 3 $\frac{1}{2}$	91	Pipe Wat. Debts. 5		
South S. New Anns. div. 3 per cent.		Do. do. do. 6		
3 per Cent. Annuities, 1751		City Debents. 5		
Imperial 3 per Cent. Annuities	80 $\frac{1}{2}$ a	Grand Canal Stock		
4 per Cent. India Bonds	66 a 68 pm.	Royal Canal Stock		
Exchequer Bills, £1000. 2d. per day	6 a 7 pm.	Exchange on London	8 $\frac{1}{2}$	
Ditto £500.	6 a 9 pm.			
Ditto small	6 a 9 pm.			
Bank for Account, 29th Aug. 1822		BUILLION. PER OZ.		
India for Opening, 29th Aug.		AUG. 20. £. s. d.		
Consols for Opening, 28th Aug.	80 $\frac{3}{4}$ a $\frac{1}{2}$	Portugal Gold, in Coin .. 0 0 0		
3 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent. Consols	92 $\frac{3}{4}$	Foreign Gold, in Bars .. 3 17 6		
3 per per Cent. Reduced		New Doubloons	3 13 9	
Imperial	80 $\frac{1}{2}$	New Dollars	0 4 9	
		Silver, in Bars, Standard 0 4 11 $\frac{1}{2}$		

AMERICAN FUNDS.		FRENCH FUNDS.	
London, Aug. 20.	N. York, July 19.	London, Aug. 20.	
Bank Shares 22	102 $\frac{1}{2}$ $\frac{3}{4}$	5 p. Ct. An. with div. due March 21, and September 21	93f. 75c. 93f. ex.
7 per Cent. 96	103 $\frac{1}{2}$ 4	Bank Shares, div. 31 Dec. and 30 June	25f. 40c.
3 pr. Cts. of 1812. 92 $\frac{1}{2}$ 9. } div. from Jan 1821	103	Reconnois. of Liquidation divid. due Mar. 21; & Sep. 21	
.... 1813 92 $\frac{1}{2}$ 9. }	106 $\frac{1}{2}$ 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ } div. from Mar 1820	Exchange on London, 3 months ..	
.... 1814 92 $\frac{1}{2}$ 9. }	72 4 }	Ditto 1 ditto	
.... 1815 92 $\frac{1}{2}$ 9			
3 per Cent. 68 $\frac{1}{2}$			
5 per Cent. 95 $\frac{1}{2}$			
5 per Cent. 97			
Exchange on London, 10 pm.			

PRUSSIAN STOCK.
London, Aug. 20, 1822.
 5 per Cent. Bonds, large 89
 Small ——— Div. due 31st March,
 and 30th Sept.

RUSSIAN STOCK.
London, Aug. 20, 1822.
 6 per Cent. Inscriptions, 82. — Ex-
 change 11 $\frac{1}{2}$ p. Ro.—Div. due 30th
 June, and 31st Dec.—Metallic 5 per
 Cents. 80 ex. d.—Exchange 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ p.
 Ro.—Div. due 28th Feb. & 31st Aug.

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.				Tues. Aug. 20.
Amsterdam.....C. F.....	12	7	Barcelona.....	36
Ditto at Sight.....	12	4	Seville.....	36
Rotterdam.....	12	8	Gibraltar.....	30½
Antwerp.....	12	5	Leghorn.....	47½
Hamburg.....	37	9	Genoa.....	43½
Altona.....	37	10	Venice Italian liv.....	27 50
Paris, 3 days Sight.....	25	55	Malta.....	45
Ditto.....	25	85	Naples.....	39½
Bordeaux.....	25	85	Palermo.....	per oz. 117d
Frankfort on the Main.....	157		Lisbon.....	52½
Vienna effec. 2 M. flo.	10	20	Oporto.....	52½
Trieste, ditto.....	10	20	Rio Janeiro.....	47
Madrid.....	36½		Bahia.....	50
Cadiz.....	36½		Dublin.....	9½
Bilboa.....	36½		Cork.....	9½

EXCHEQUER BILLS.
 All Exchequer Bills dated prior to Oct. 1821, have been Advertised to be Paid Off.



John Martin
after the original

THE

EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

SEPTEMBER, 1822 :

WITH A PORTRAIT OF JOHN MARTIN, ESQ., HISTORICAL PAINTER
TO HIS SERENE HIGHNESS THE PRINCE LEOPOLD.

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LONDON :

Published for the Proprietors,
BY LUPTON RELFE, 13, CORNHILL,
And Sold by all the Booksellers.

[TWO SHILLINGS.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have inserted in the present Number an Article that may require some apology; it is entitled,—*A Vocabulary of Proper Names and Words, relating to the French Revolution*.—Besides its general utility, it will be particularly useful to the Readers of our Magazine in future, as we shall insert every Month a Memoir of some distinguished Foreigner, similar to that of *DENON* in our present Number; and as the lives of almost all the celebrated Men of the present day have been more or less affected by the French Revolution, many Names and Words may occur in these Memoirs, which may be unintelligible to the younger part of our Readers without this assistance.

The following Articles have been received:—

Locked in; or, Dramatic Horrors.

On Spectres or Apparitions.

Letters from W—T. B —J. H. L. S.

Observations on Pulpit Eloquence, and Sketches of Popular Preachers shall be commenced in our next Number.

AZAR is requested to inform us where we may address a private letter to him —one of apology and thanks.

THE
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,
AND
LONDON REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER 1822.

MEMOIR
OF
JOHN MARTIN, Esq.

*Historical Painter to his Serene Highness the Prince Leopold, and her late
Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte, of Saxe Cobourg,*

WITH A

PORTRAIT TAKEN FROM LIFE EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK.

THE history of Literature, Arts and Sciences is replete with the misfortunes of men of genius; and we can discover but few men, who have done honour to the human species, whose shining abilities have been fostered by the benevolence of power, or rewarded by the still more legitimate patronage of an enlightened public. The age of Pericles, the celebrated reign of Augustus, and the times of Cosmo and Lorenzo de Medici are, perhaps, the only periods in the annals of the world, during which the page of history has been brightened by the rays of protected genius. Persecutions have almost invariably followed and obscured the dawn of genius, and its possession has more frequently been a curse than a blessing to its possessor. New lights, shed on the dark hemisphere of ignorance, have generally been immediately darkened and destroyed by jealous power, or persecuting superstition. We may lament over the sad fate that has awaited the sons of genius, but the circumstances are more calculated to awake sympathy than create surprise. In proportion as the public mind increases in knowledge, so will encrease the patronage of the arts among the powerful and the rich; who are ever ambitious to signalize themselves by the acquisition of qualities, that render them conspicuous in the eyes of the world. A demand for the productions of genius will

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always provide an adequate reward; and the best market, that can be sought for, exists directly or indirectly in the mental cultivation of all classes, which must be inevitably followed by an admiration of the highest powers of intellect and by refined taste. To this enviable state England, at the present time, seems making a rapid approximation. The encreasing knowledge of the lower orders necessarily commands a more refined and extensive intelligence among the higher classes of society; and it is nothing but strict justice to assert that in no period of the history of this country were the arts so generally patronised, or so successfully cultivated. This observation particularly applies to sculpture and painting, and the subject of the present memoir is a living instance of the fact. On him the patronage of the powerful and the rich is beaming, while the public in general encourage him with their eagerness to view his exhibitions, and the justice of this united patronage, due to transcendent talents, will be confirmed and eulogized by posterity.

Mr. Martin was born at Haydonbridge, an obscure town in Northumberland, on the 19th of July, 1789; although born in a place that presents no opportunities for the development of talent, this son of genius rose from the obscurity in which he was nurtured, by the native powers of his mind, assisted by undeviat-

ing perseverance, and an exercise of the moral virtues. At a very early age, his mind was directed to the art of painting from seeing some efforts of drawing executed by his brother, who had practised that art, in a minor degree, at some other place: these efforts he instantly surpassed, and the generous and sanguine praise of his brother fanned the latent flame of his nascent genius, which has since risen into meridian splendour. When he was about the age of fourteen his father removed to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and this circumstance, perhaps, decided his destiny. Even the signs suspended before the inns were objects of admiration to his untutored mind, and afforded him rude materials on which he exercised his incipient powers. Although at this time particularly partial to boyish active sports, he would frequently forsake them in order to compare the signs with each other, and continually traversed the town from one end to the other for that purpose. His friends were at first decidedly averse to his following the arts in any shape as a profession: but at last were prevailed upon to comply with his decided inclination, and with laudable care selected herald painting, as a branch of the art which would at all events be lucrative; with this provident design he was apprenticed to a coach-painter in Newcastle; but, in consequence of some disagreement, he did not serve the full time of his apprenticeship. At this critical period of his life, Mr. Martin found a friend in Mr. Muss, (father of the celebrated enamel painter of that name now in London) by whom he was kindly noticed and faithfully instructed: and to whom he owes obligations, which he unceasingly acknowledges with all the gratitude and respect, that can be felt by a man capable of the most honourable and lasting attachments. About the age of seventeen Mr. Martin ventured up to town, buoyed up by all those vast hopes, that animate an aspiring mind conscious of extraordinary powers. He could no longer bear to be a burthen on his parents; and with the slenderest pecuniary means, at this early age, he entered on the arena of life, confidently relying on his talents, assisted by propriety of

conduct and invincible perseverance. He left Newcastle with a strong recommendation from his earliest friend Mr. Muss, to his son, who was already established in London as an enamel painter, and with a portrait of his master and a view, as specimens of his abilities. Under Mr. Muss, junr. he soon distinguished himself, but secretly sighed for eminence in the highest walk of the pictorial art, historical painting. He was scarcely twenty years of age before he ventured on matrimony, and although this proceeding increased his difficulties, it animated his exertions, and after spending the day upon a tea cup or a vase, he employed his evenings in some romantic designs, generally made in Sepia, in the working of which he has excelled every artist of his time. At this period he made many beautiful drawings which were very much admired, particularly by the late Earl of Warwick, and the late Princess Charlotte; however, these testimonies rather delighted than satisfied his aspiring ambition, and his ardent mind panted for the premium at that time annually given at the British gallery, for the best historical painting. His first essays, like all attempts at original style, met with few admirers; the defects of a young artists are but too palpable to the most common observer; and it requires penetration and judgment to discover latent excellences, and the bursting irregular energies of rising genius.

The first picture that attracted any considerable praise, *SADAK IN SEARCH OF THE WATERS OF OBIVION*, was purchased by Wm. Mannig, Esq, the Bank Director.

The second was, *ADAM AND EVE IN PARADISE*, purchased by ——— Spong, Esq. of Kent.

The third was, *JOSHUA*, first exhibited at the Royal Academy, and the year after at the British gallery, where it obtained the premium.

The fourth was, the *DESTRUCTION OF BABYLON*, exhibited at the British gallery. The purchase of this picture, by H. P. Hope, Esq. for four hundred guineas, was made in the most liberal manner, and with the politest attention.

The fifth picture, *BELSHAZZAR'S FEAST*, exhibited at the British Gal-

lery, raised the subject of this memoir to the highest pitch of celebrity; and we are sorry to be obliged to say, that the purchase of this excellent production was attended by circumstances of the most disgraceful nature, which prevented it from becoming the property of the Duke of Buckingham. It was exhibited afterwards to the public, and more than 50,000 persons paid for admission to see it, although it had been previously exhibited at the British Gallery.

The sixth and last picture, painted by this eminent artist, was the *DESTRUCTION OF HERCULANEUM*. This is, at present, Mr. Martin's *chef d'œuvre*, and is sufficient to hand his name down to the latest posterity: it was painted for his Grace the Duke of Buckingham, for the sum of 800 guineas, and was exhibited together with Belshazzar's Feast, &c. at Mr. Bullock's Museum. While this picture was in progress, the artist was three times offered the sum of one thousand guineas.

We cannot conclude this memoir without mentioning the names of some admirers and encouragers of

the arts, who have honoured Mr. Martin with their liberal patronage. The late Earl of Warwick, her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte, Lord Ennismore, the Duke of Buckingham, Thomas Wilson, Esq. Wm. Manning, Esq. and John Belisario, Esq. who has proved himself not only a liberal patron but a kind friend.

Mr. Martin is engraving his *JOSHUA* and his *BELSHAZZAR*, from the original design in the possession of Thomas Wilson, Esq. and is further employed on a work of perhaps much greater sublimity and difficulty of execution, than he has hitherto painted—the subject is *SARDANAPALUS, OR THE FALL OF NINEVEH*.

We must here conclude this memoir, with wishing the subject of it a long, healthy, and prosperous life; in order that he may still further add to our elegant enjoyments, and the honour of his country. Let those who would profit by his example and arrive at his envied distinction, imitate his industry, his temperance, his activity, and his perseverance.

TO THE MOON.

In thy fair visage, Moon of Night!
 So purely, mildly, sweetly gleaming,
 With soft and palely-glancing light,
 The effigy of God is beaming.
 When 'neath the weight of sorrow pining,
 Thou castest comfort, rest on me;
 And e'en illum'st, whilst brightly shining,
 The dark robe of futurity.
 When joy's mild shout around me rings,
 To watch thee is my fondest duty;
 When pleasure to my heart-pulse clings,
 Thou snil'st on me in silent beauty.
 My spirit in thy blest light strayeth
 Towards the high Eternal's throne,
 And thro' its heaven-wrought organs playeth
 The music of the seraph's tone.
 O! then, the calm which wraps the air,
 My heart from thy soft beam can borrow
 And offers up to God its pray'r,
 In smiles and tears, in joy and sorrow.
 The storm, too, oft times blows awhile,
 And darkness o'er our path-way lieth,
 But suddenly, thou deign'st to smile,
 The clouds are gone, the tempest dieth.
 O! when in ev'ning's stillness musing
 On thee, with wishes undefin'd,
 I feel sublimer thoughts diffusing
 Their holy influence o'er my mind.

AZAR.

APHORISMS, OPINIONS AND THOUGHTS ON MORALS.

'As the meanest scrap of gauze, of bead, or of tinsel, looks beautiful and costly through the mirror of the kaleidoscope, so does the most common and dreary scene acquire attraction and value, when beheld through the beautifying medium of gratified affection, and in the society of those whom we tenderly love.

Whatever merits we possess, I fear that it is always better for us not to allow ourselves to be seen too often, and too long, as we all grow tired of concealing our defects; and consequently, the more we are known, the less we are esteemed.

If we took as much trouble to conquer as to disguise our faults, we should get rid of them very soon.

It is always a mark of true superiority, to be able and willing to talk on trifles with those who can converse of nothing else—it is the surest way of pleasing also;—for most persons charm less by displaying their own talents, than by calling forth the powers, or kindly throwing a veil over the deficiencies of others.

"Thou shalt not put a stumbling block before the blind, but shalt fear thy God." Lev. xix. 14.—I could write pages on this text—as nothing is more common than, in a figurative sense, to "put a stumbling block before the blind;" that is, to put temptation to fall, in the way of those who are, we well know, little able to withstand it: as for instance, to urge the man, who has a propensity to drink, to fill his glass, is putting a stumbling block in the way of the blind, and is disobeying the commandment to fear God; for whatever crimes or immoralities that man may commit, while under the influence of the wine which you have thus led him to drink, you have made yourself responsible in the eyes of a just Judge.—I must indulge myself with inserting here the following short but instructive tale:—A dervise, walking in his little garden, looked up, and lo! a genius stood before him—"I am commissioned," said he, "to inform you, O! dervise, that you are destined to commit one of three great faults—murder, adultery, or drunkenness; but you are allowed

to choose your offence." The dervise instantly chose to be guilty of drunkenness, as the least fault of the three—the consequence was, that while intoxicated, he committed the other two.

"In the adversity of our best friends," says Rochefoucauld, in his two hundred and forty-first maxim, "we often find something which does not displease us." This is true, I believe; but whatever there is offensive in the sentiment may be explained away, thus:—We all love to render services to those who are dear to us; and it is only in their afflictions that our friends require our aid. A somewhat similar excuse for his own maxim, which has often been severely censured, is contained in his next—the two hundred and forty-second. "We easily console ourselves for the disgrace of our friends, when they serve to prove our tenderness for them."

In maxim 267, Rochefoucauld says, that "the pleasure of love is loving, and that one is happier through the passion one feels, than that which one inspires. I think this is only true; where the affections are stronger than the vanity, and that is a rare case; where the self-love is stronger than the affections, delight results not from feeling, but from inspiring passion. How ashamed should we often be, were we resolutely to unveil to ourselves the true motives of our actions!—For instance—we praise the beauty, or the talents of such an one, and with an ardour that appears most generous and exemplary; but search our motive, and it will often be found, to be the wish of mortifying some one who listens to us, or a desire of appearing candid and liberal in the eyes of the company. The poet *Thyrsis* is notorious for never praising any one, except when he fancies he mortifies the person to whom he speaks by doing so, as his envy is far greater than his talents. "I met *Thyrsis* to-day," said a wit, of his acquaintance, "and I told him, that I could not read ten lines of C's. poetry—asked me to dinner directly."

"When *Bifrons* smiles in my face,

and hopes I am very well," said Levihaues, of a very treacherous acquaintance, "I know that he means 'go to h—ll.'"

"Love," says the Italian proverb, "is like a hole in a black stocking—it is discovered instantly." "If (says Rochefoucauld) there be a love, pure and exempt from any mixture of other passions, it is that which is concealed at the bottom of the heart, and of which we are ignorant ourselves." This might be true, were it not (in my opinion) impossible for any such love to exist. I cannot believe that a passion, which, if it exists at all, is always the governing motive of one's actions, and the ruler of all one's feelings, can remain long undiscovered by the person whose heart has conceived it, though it may be hidden from the knowledge of every one else. There are many persons who never like or dislike any one, but from the mean instigation of gratified or offended self-love; and one becomes, in turn, a fiend or an angel in their eyes, only as one has fed or mortified their vanity. I am convinced, that vanity is not only a universal feeling, but that it is oftener a deep-seated and all-pervading passion than we are any of us aware of.

That person is very far from being pure, who is apt to see impurity in the most indifferent actions.—When I see women given to suspect other women of unchastity, I am apt to believe, that they know the secret weakness of their own hearts, and are con-

scious, that so tempted, they should have erred themselves.—The truly virtuous woman is not only pure herself, but is slow to give credit to the impurity of others.

Familiarity and intimacy have the same effect on the light in which some characters appear to us, when viewed at a distance, which sunshine has on those towers and buildings which we beheld and venerated, when seen by the pale moon-light. Sun-shine divests them of the awfulness and grandeur which moon-light had bestowed, and the supposed greatness and beauty of a character often disappear on a nearer approach to, and on a further knowledge of it.—I scarcely know a better lesson than is contained in the following proverb:—"It is difficult for an empty purse to stand upright."

Jealousy and Love are twins; but it is lamentable to think, that when Love, the pleasing twin, dies, Jealousy, the unpleasing one, usually survives, and is as vigorous as ever.—The cause is, that Jealousy had the strongest and most attentive nurse—namely, Self-love; and Self-love shrinks with aversion from the mortification of being forsaken.

How affecting are a man's tears! Those of women are as common as dew-drops, which are the production of every evening, and every night; therefore, but little regarded.—But the tears of men are like the rare and costly drops of Attar of roses, and every drop is precious, in proportion to its rarity.

DESCRIPTION OF ATTUSH KUDDA, OR THE TEMPLES OF FIRE OF THE GUEBRES.

FORMED FROM BURNING FOUNTAINS OF NAPHTA.

THE ancient sect of the Guebres, different from all other worshippers of fire, derived its opinions from Zoroaster. The Guebres were of Persian origin, but after having met with great persecution, many of them quitted the kingdom and formed an asylum at Bombay and other establishments on the Malabar coast. Those who remained in Persia are more miserable than their emigrated

brethren, through the oppression and exaction of the government they are reduced to the most abject state of degradation.

The Persian Guebres principally inhabit the banks of the Caspian Sea, and the towns of Ispahan, Yerd, and Kerman. Their great temple of fire called *Attush Kudla*, *Atashgah*, or *Atechgah*, is in the neighbourhood of Badku, which, before it was con-

quered by the Saracens, was visited by thousands of pilgrims. The town of Badku, one of the largest and finest ports on the Caspian Sea, is situated in the Peninsula of Abscharon, lat. $42^{\circ} 22'$ north. The land round the town is impregnated with naphta. The inhabitants of Badku have no other combustible nor any other light than what they obtain from this substance. The black petroleum, made into little round pieces mixed with sand, serve them instead of combustible. Three of these pieces are sufficient to heat an oven hot enough to bake bread, but the bread has a disagreeable taste and smell. This substance supplies the place of lamps and fire to the lower class of people; and serves also to cover flat roofs of houses and keeps out the rain.

About ten miles north-east of the town, there are still to be seen the ancient temples that the Guebres built. The spiritual retreat where the devout adore their God, under the image of fire, is a place of about 60 feet, surrounded by a little wall and contains a great many places for lodging. In each of these is a little volcano of sulphurous fire, coming out of the earth, through a furnace, in the form of an Indian altar. This fire serves for the purpose of cooking as well as religious worship. Shutting up the furnace extinguishes the flame. The flame is of a pale colour, without smoke, and emits a sulphurous smell. The Guebres have a wan complexion, and are oppressed with a consumptive cough. The earth in this enclosure is full of subterraneous fire, which is emitted from artificial channels, but which cannot be lighted without the assistance of another flame.

Besides these fires in the apartments of the Guebres, another large fire, issuing from a rock in an open place, burns continually. Several of these volcanos may be seen inside the wall, and resemble lime kilns. The space, which contains this volcanic fire, is about one mile in circumference. All the country round Badku appears sometimes enveloped in flames, and as if the fire descended on great masses of mountains with incredible quickness.

This fire does not burn, and if any one were in the middle of it he would not feel heat. All the earth, for two miles round this large fire, has the singular property of being inflamed by a hot coal, when it is only put in two or three inches deep, but it does not communicate the fire to the adjoining earth. If a hole is made in the ground with a shovel and a torch applied to it, a great fire soon appears. If a hollow stick or only a roll of paper is put into the ground two inches, and if some one blows through it on a lighted coal placed at the other end, a light flame will issue, which will burn neither the stick nor the paper. This method is employed by the inhabitants to illuminate houses which are not paved, and by means of these hollow sticks, whence the fire comes out, they boil their water in their coffee-pots, and even cook several kinds of food.

To extinguish the flame it is only necessary to stop up the orifice. The ground that has the most pebbles, emits the most brilliant and active flame. The smell of the naphta spreads very far, but custom makes it less disagreeable. The inhabitants even employ this fire to calcine lime. The stones are placed one upon another in an open place, and in less than three days they are perfectly calcined. Sulphur is found where there are fountains of naphta. In bad weather, when the sky is covered with thick clouds, the fountains emit a great deal of fire, and the naphta, which often takes fire spontaneously on the surface of the earth, flows burning into the sea, to an incredible distance.

When the sky is serene and the weather fine, the depth of the fountain does not exceed three feet. The purest and whitest naphta is found in the peninsula of Apscharon. It is more fluid and volatile than any other kind, but it is obtained in very small quantities. The Russians drink it as a stomachic, but it does not intoxicate them. Taken inwardly it is thought to be useful in the cure of several diseases, to which the Persians and Russians are more peculiarly subject.

OBSERVATIONS ON LYING.

WHAT constitutes lying? I answer, the intention to deceive. If this be a correct definition, there must be passive as well as active lying; and those who withhold the truth, or do not tell all the truth, are guilty of lying as well as those who utter a direct falsehood. Lies are many, and various in their nature and in their tendency, and may be arranged under their different names thus:

Lies of vanity—Lies of fear—Lies of benevolence—Lies of flattery—Lies of first-rate malignity—Lies of second-rate malignity—Lies of interest—Lies of convenience—Lies of mere wantonness; of a depraved love of lying, and contempt for truth: there are others, perhaps, but I believe that this list contains those which are of the most importance. There are also practical lies, that is, lies acted, not spoken, but of those I shall treat hereafter. I will give a slight illustration of each sort of lie in its turn, (lies for the sake of lying excepted; these I should find it a difficult matter to define.)

Suppose, to give myself consequence, I were to say I was actually acquainted with certain great and distinguished persons, whom I had merely met in Society, and were also to mention being at Ch—y-House, or the Marchioness of —'s assembly on such a night, without adding that I was there, not as an invited guest, but only because a benefit concert was held at these houses, for which I had tickets*. These would both be lies of vanity, but one would be an active, and one a passive lie. In the first I should assert a direct falsehood—in the second I should only withhold part of the truth, but both would be lies, because my intention in both was to deceive. There is another of the lies of vanity, which, as it is one of the most common, I shall particularly mention; namely, the violation of truth which persons indulge in relative to their age—an error very generally committed by the unmarried of both

sexes. This is a lie which persons not only think themselves privileged to tell, but one which does not expose the utterer to severe animadversion, because all mankind have such a dislike to be thought old, that the wish to be considered younger than the truth warrants meets with complacent sympathy, even when it shews itself in a notorious falsehood, and that years are annihilated at the impulse of vanity. Yet if vanity be a despicable passion, this its darling lie is despicable also.

Lies of fear are confined chiefly, I trust, to weak and uneducated men and women, and to children—but of this I am far from certain. The motive to them is, most commonly, the wish to avoid punishment and anger, and sometimes the desire of not giving offence, or of forfeiting favour. For instance, a child or a servant breaks a glass, and denies having done it, to avoid punishment or anger—acquaintances forget to execute a commission intrusted to them, and either say it is executed when it is not, or make some false excuse for an omission which was the result of forgetfulness only. No persons are guilty of so many of these lies in a year as negligent correspondents, since excuses for not writing sooner are usually so many lies—and are lies of fear—fear of having forfeited favour by too long a silence. The lie of fear often proceeds from want of resolution to say no, when yes is more agreeable to the feelings of the questioner. "Is not my new gown pretty? Is not my new hat becoming? Is not my coat of a good colour?" There are few persons who have courage to say no, though, in their opinion, no was truth, and yes would be falsehood—nor, again, to questions such as this—"Is not my picture too old for me? Is not my last work my best? Is not my daughter handsome? Is not my son a fine youth?" Fear of displeasing prompts an affirmative answer, and perhaps this lie is one

* This passive lie is a very frequent one indeed in certain circles in London; and many ladies and gentlemen purchase tickets for benefits, held at certain great houses, merely that they may be able to say, "I was at lady such a one's on such a night!!!"

of the least displeasing because it may proceed, for the most part, from a kind aversion to wound the feelings of the interrogator.

The lie of benevolence is still more decidedly kind in its nature. Benevolent persons withhold disagreeable truths, or speak agreeable falsehoods from a wish of giving pleasure. If you say that you are looking ill, they say you are looking well. If you express a fear that you are becoming too corpulent, they declare you are only just as fat as you ought to be. If you desire them to guess your age, they always guess you some years younger than you are. If you are hoarse in singing, and painfully conscious of it, they assure you, you never sang better in your life; and all this not from the mean desire to flatter you, and the malignant one of making you ridiculous by trying to impose on your credulity, but from the really benevolent desire of making you pleased with yourself. There also are lies of benevolence which medical men tell a dying patient, and the friends and relatives on such occasions, unless the patient and the persons interested are religious characters, and on principle desire to know the truth. It is, however, my firm conviction, that in no one instance, not even on these affecting occasions is the real truth to be violated or withheld—but I know that in this opinion I am in a very small minority, which, however, as the gospel of truth is more spread, and more understood, will, I doubt not, become in time the opinion of the majority—for how can a convinced, serious, and consistent Christian defend lying, that is, deception, on any occasion; for is it not forbidden to do evil that good may come? and is not deception evil?

Lies of flattery are still more common, but never can, for one moment, be otherwise than unprincipled and disgusting. They are told, no doubt, merely to gain an ascendancy, and to conciliate good will. But the flatterer is often far from succeeding in his despicable attempt. His intended dupe frequently sees through his art, and he excites indignation, where he meant to gain regard; especially if the flattery be administered before other observers, for then the

objects of excessive flattery, if they know ought of human nature, must know that few persons hear with complacency compliments bestowed on another; and they feel assured, not only that the praise bestowed by the one person will provoke silence, if not uttered undervaluing of their pretensions, in others; but that they shall be accused, however wrongfully, of confiding in, and enjoying the gross incense offered to them.

I hope that I do not over-rate the goodness of human nature in asserting that lies of first-rate malignity, that is, lies designed to destroy the reputation of a man or woman, are less frequent than those which I have already enumerated—but it does not appear to me that such lies are, comparatively, rare. Slander is not rare, but inaccuracy, carelessness, want of attention, and an imperfect memory, are often the causes of a tale of unjust slander, and not an intention to deceive, and lie with a view to injure.

There are men indeed who destroy the reputation of women by boasting of favours from them, which they never received; but these lies belong, I think, to the lies of vanity, and vanity in this case does not so much mean malevolence to injure another, as to exalt itself. There is also another reason why lies of first-rate malignity are not more decidedly frequent, namely, that the arm of the law defends reputations, and can punish the slanderer—but against lies of second-rate malignity, the law holds out no defence, and I know no tribunal of power sufficient to awe those who indulge in it, and protect their victims from their attacks. A spirit of detraction is, I doubt not, more widely diffused than any other in society; and it generates satire, ridicule, quizzing, and lies of second-rate malignity, as certainly as a wet season does snails—and, like the snails, they leave a pernicious slime behind them, which disfigures and destroys whatever they prey upon.

The lies to which I allude are, tempting persons to do what they are incapable of doing well, by dint of flattery, and merely from the mean, malicious wish of leading them to expose themselves, in order that the flatterer may enjoy a hearty

laugh at their expense. Persuading a man to drink more than his head can bear, by assurances that the wine is not strong, and that he has not drank as much as he thinks he has, in order to make him intoxicated, is a lie of second-rate malignity. Complimenting either a man or woman on the qualities which they do not possess, in hopes of imposing on their credulity; praising a lady's work or dress to her face, and then, as soon as she is no longer present, abusing not only both her dress and work, or person, but laughing at her weakness in believing the praise sincere, is one of those lies of second rate malignity, which cannot be exceeded in base and petty treachery.

Lies of interest are very various, and more excusable and less offensive than many others. The pale and ragged beggar who, to add to the effect of his or her ill look, tells of the large family which does not exist, has a strong motive to deceive in the penury which does exist—and the tradesman, who tells you he cannot afford to come down to your price because he gave almost as much for the goods you are cheapening, is only labouring diligently in his calling, and telling a falsehood which custom authorizes, and which you may believe or not as you choose. It is not from persons like these that the worst, or most disgusting marks of falsehood are found. It is when habitual and petty lying profanes the lips of those, whom independence preserves from the temptation to violate the truth, and whom education and religion ought to have taught to value it.

Lies of convenience are next in my list, and are super-eminent in extent and frequency. The order to your servant to say, "Not at home," is a lie of convenience; and one which custom authorizes, and which even some moralists defend, because, say they, it deceives no one. But this I deny—it is often meant to deceive—but were it not so, and were it understood amongst equals as a simple and legitimate excuse, it still is very objectionable, because it must have a pernicious effect on the minds of our servants, who cannot be supposed parties to this implied compact among their superiors, and must therefore understand the order *à la*

lettre, and that order is, "Go and tell a lie for my convenience." How then, I ask, in the name of justice and common sense, can I, after giving such an order, resent any lie which a servant may think proper to tell me for his convenience, or his pleasure, or his interest? But amongst the most frequent lies of convenience are those, which are told relative to engagements which they who make them are averse to keep. "Head-aches," "bad colds," "unexpected visitors from the country." All these in their turn are used as lies of convenience, and gratify indolence or caprice at the expense of integrity. How often have I pitied the wives and children of professional men for the number of lies, which they are obliged to tell in the course of the year!—"Dr. — is very sorry, but he was sent for to a patient just as he was coming"—"Papa's compliments, and he is very sorry, but he was forced to attend a commission of bankruptcy, but will certainly come, if he can, bye and bye," when the chances are, that the physician is enjoying himself over his book and his fire, and the lawyer also—congratulating themselves on having escaped that terrible bore, a party, at the expense of teaching their wife and daughter, or son, to tell what they call a white lie! I would ask those fathers, I would ask mothers who make their children the bearers of similar excuses, whether they could conscientiously resent any breach of veracity committed by their children in matters of more importance. *Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*, and I believe that habitual, permitted, and encouraged lying in little and unimportant things, leads undoubtedly to want of truth and principle in greater and serious matters. The barrier, the restrictive principle once thrown down, no one can presume to say where the inroads and the destruction will end; and however exaggerated, however ridiculously rigid my ideas and opinions may appear, I must repeat, it is my firm conviction, that on no occasion whatever is truth to be violated or withheld.

I come now to lies of wantonness, &c. There are some persons who, I am certain, lie from a love of lying—lie to shew their contempt of truth,

and for those scrupulous men or women of their acquaintance who look on it with reverence, and endeavour to act up to their principles. I know more than one person of this description, and I have listened with horror and disgust to lies apparently uttered without a motive—but, as all actions must have motives, I was forced to search for their's, and I could only find them in a depraved fondness for uttering and inventing falsehood. Not that these persons confine their lies to this sort of lying—on the contrary, it is to the having exhausted the strongly-motived and more natural sorts of lying, that I attribute these comparatively unnatural and weakly-motived indulgences in falsehood. For such as these, there is no more hope of amendment than there is of cure for the profligate who has exhausted life of its pleasure, and his constitution of its energy. Such persons must go despised and (terrible state of human degradation!) untrusted, unbelieving in, to their grave!

I shall now treat of practical lies, not uttered, but acted, and dress will furnish me with most of my illustrations of this sort of falsehood.

It has been said, that the great art of dress is to conceal defects, and heighten beauties; therefore, as concealment is deception, this great art of dress is founded on *falsehood*.—But if the false hair be so worn that no one can fancy it natural; if the cheek be so highly rouged that its bloom cannot be mistaken for nature; or if the person who thus conceals defects, and heightens beauties, openly avows the deceptions practised, then is the material falsehood of the practice in a measure annihilated, and, consequently, its immorality; but, if the cheek be so artfully tinted that its hue is mistaken for natural colour; if the false hair be so judiciously woven and even, that it passes for natural hair; if the crooked person or a meagre form be so cunningly assisted by dress, that the uneven shoulder disappears, and that becoming fulness takes place of unbecoming thinness of figure, while the man or woman, so assisted by art, hopes and expects that these charms will be attributed to nature alone; then the aids of

dress partake of the nature of other lying, and become vicious in the eyes of the moralist, as well as of the religionist. I have said, the man or woman so assisted by art; and I trust, that in accusing the stronger, as well as the weaker sex, of having recourse to art in personal decoration, I have only been strictly just.

While men hide their baldness by gluing a piece of false hair to the top of their heads; while they pad their coats, in order to give their shoulders and chests the breadth which nature has denied them; while their boots are so constructed, that they add an inch or more to their height, and then, as is not unfrequently the case, a false calf gives muscular beauty to a shapeless leg, can the just observer, on human life and manners, do otherwise than include the wiser sex in the list, which tells of those who indulge in the permitted artifices and mysteries of the toilet?

But still greater have been and are, daily I doubt not, the excursions, even of distinguished men, into the sacred mysteries of art, in personal admiration; for I have seen the cheek of a distinguished poet, glowing with the tint of art, and his grey eyebrow frowning with youthful black; and who is there that, during the last twenty or thirty years, has perambulated Bond-street, or joined the drive in Hyde Park, without seeing certain notorious men of fashion glowing in immortal bloom, and rivalling in tint the dashing belle beside them.

I shall now give another sort of practical lie.—The medical man, who desires his servant to call him out of church, or out of a party, in order to give him the appearance of the great business which he has not, is guilty not of uttering, but acting a falsehood; and the author also, who makes his publisher put second and third editions before a work, of which, perhaps, not even the first edition is sold.

But the most false of practical lies is that acted by men, who know themselves to be in the gulph of bankruptcy, but, either from wishing to put off the evil day, or from the visionary hope, that a sort of miracle will be worked to save them, launch out into new expenses and

encreased splendour of living, in order to obtain further credit, and induce their rich acquaintance to entrust their money to them.

Perhaps this last instance of practical lying may, like the others, be classed under the head of Lies of vanity; but though it is the most unprincipled, most selfish, and most destructive of all such lies, it is not the most contemptible. With one other practical lie of vanity, I shall close my list of lies for the present.

Who has not seen an elderly man or woman, forbidden by the dread of appearing old to use spectacles, hold an object near, at a distance, and in various directions, in order to obtain that correct view which the defect in the sight denies, and then give an opinion of its beauty or ugliness, its merit, or demerit, without having the slightest real idea on the subject. But this lie is at once an uttered and an acted lie;—and thus concludes my list.

I often indulge in Utopian reveries, and one is, that of a Society formed of persons resolved, through all temptations, never to violate the truth—but I must own, that the members capable of forming such a Society, or perhaps of enjoying it, are not of my acquaintance, and, I believe, are not known to any one else; for I know not a human being whom good motives, if not bad ones, do not sometimes lead to violate, or withhold the truth, and who does not believe that some sort of mental reservation is always to be permitted.

If I search for such persons amongst my most seriously religious friends, even there my search too often fails; and potent as religion is in purifying the heart, and in rectifying all erroneous ideas of morals; swift and sure, too, as it is in its power of teaching sacrifices, and to endure privations, how is this inconsistency to be accounted for? I can only account for it thus: that those deeply religious convictions, which tend the most surely and powerfully to regulate the conduct in little as well as great things,

are most commonly learnt in the middle, or decline of life; and that erroneous habits, both of thought and conduct, are, then, become so powerful, that even the best grounded piety finds it difficult to subdue, or change them. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that lying is so general a vice, and is, probably, the most general. A confessor once told a friend of mine, that it was the one most frequently confessed to him. It is, then, to the next and rising generation alone, that we can look for that strictness of moral conduct, of which the sacredness of truth, on all occasions, shall be made the great corner-stone; and habits of truth inculcated, as most precious and acceptable in the sight of God, and most universally beneficial to man; and earnestly, most earnestly do I conjure all those, who have the care of youth, to consider this important subject seriously, and incessantly.—For myself, I can only say, that I could not be easy in mind, were I to confine my exertions on this subject to the present defective and crude observations. Till I cease to exist, or till my faculties are impaired, it must ever be to me one of the most interesting of enquiries. In the meanwhile, I shall think that I have not lived in vain, if what I now give to the world should call the attention of more powerful thinkers, and better writers than myself, to a serious investigation of the meanness and the mischief of every denomination of lying, or of lies.

Of the mischievous nature, and of the impolicy of lying, and of the certain benefits to be derived from speaking the truth, I shall treat in a future communication on this subject. I also hope to shew, that truth may be strictly adhered to, without its being at all necessary to wound the feelings of any one, or to violate the dictates of benevolence.—I shall, likewise, mention such authors, and refer to such books, as treat on sincerity, and of the advantages of a strict adherence to truth.

PHILO-VERITAS.

THE TEST OF AFFECTION.

(Concluded from page 119)

During the foregoing transactions, my mind was in a state I cannot well describe: my thoughts were all confusion, while, at the same time, I struggled to be calm and composed.

Poignant as were my feelings, I gazed on my dying relative with a sort of apathy of grief; and, at the moment when nature was yielding up the contest, I could not shed a tear; in a short time, all quitted the apartment, and I was left alone. The branches of the huge elm trees, with their thickening foliage partially screening the window, made the scene, under such circumstances, awfully gloomy and tranquil. I took several turns about the room; and, with a soft step, I approached the bed, gazed a moment, turned away, and then going up to the window, strove to divert my thoughts, by looking at the surrounding landscape.

Twilight was descending, and the sober hues of evening gradually enveloped the lofty hills—no sound struck my ear except the faint and continuous murmur of the brook, which branched down the valley at the bottom of the flinty slope—the shout, softened by distance, of the peasant, committing his steeds to the pasture—and now and then, the solitary barking of a shepherd's dog among echoing dales, attendant on his master folding the charge for the night.

I had not stood at the easement many minutes, when my cousins, all talking in a rude, noisy, and indecorous manner, came into the room with the will, which, it seems, they had departed in search of, the moment the testator had expired.—I was a good deal shocked at the frivolity they manifested, and could not help reproving them, though in a mild and gentle manner, for the little respect they paid to the memory of the deceased.—“Why, ye ken,” said one, “he tauld us to read the will an’ aist as soon as he died.” “Aye,” cried another, “and sae, in conformity wi’ his command, we went straight up the stairs, and rummaged o’er his auld kist, till we found it.” “Mind ye ain concerns,

gude man, and we’ll mind our s’,” rejoined a third, rather gruffly, so that my well-meant admonitions had no better effect than to cause me to be more disliked by the party; for I could perceive, before this, that they looked upon me in the light of an unwelcome intruder.

The will was now read, to which all paid the greatest attention; a mute anxiety and deep interest sat upon every countenance;—their aspects were, however, instantly changed into those of intense disappointment and vexation, on hearing that my uncle had made a stranger, whom none of us knew, the heir of all his property, real and personal. For my own part, this circumstance did not affect me in the least; I had not had any expectation of inheriting the smallest portion, therefore, could not feel disappointed on the occasion. But with the others it was different; they had clung to him like so many leeches, or like the ivy to an old ruin; and with about as much affection as the two before-mentioned things have for the objects to which they so closely adhere. A most appalling and disgusting scene now took place among the disappointed legacy-hunters.—they abused the old man in the most shocking terms; they taxed him with injustice and villainy, and even proceeded to call down imprecations upon his lifeless corse.—I shuddered at the conduct of the unprincipled villains; I trembled at the impiety of men, who could, at a time the most solemn and impressive to a human being, act in a manner sufficient to call down upon them immediate and divine vengeance.—I was chilled with horror; I almost expected every moment to see the lifeless corpse of my uncle start from the bed on which it lay, to take vengeance on the audacious wretches.—Once, indeed, I actually thought I saw his lips quiver with rage, his eyebrows knit together, and all the muscles of his countenance contract into a dreadful frown.—I shuddered at the sight, and withdrew my gaze.

At length, they went into the kitchen, and left me, once more,

alone in the chamber of death.—I went to the bed-side, and the scene I had just witnessed operated so upon my feelings, that I burst into tears, and uttered aloud my lamentations over my lifeless relative. When this ebullition had somewhat subsided, I began to reflect a little where I was, and a sort of timidity came creeping over me. There is an undefinable apprehension which we feel while we are in company with the dead. We imagine, in spite of the efforts of reason, that the departed spirit is hovering near its former tenement: at least, it is the case with myself. It now being quite dark, and having these feelings to a strong degree, it is no wonder that I rather preferred the company of the wretches in the kitchen, than remain alone where I was.

I accordingly proceeded thither, where I found them all carousing round a large table; on which was placed the fragments of the dinner, and plenty of liquor. I reminded them of our promise, to place my uncle's old two-armed chair at the head of the table, as he had requested which they had neglected to do, and which they now strenuously opposed me in doing.—I was, however, resolutely determined to have it done, and at length succeeded. I then retired to the fire-side, where I sat without taking any part in the conversation, or in any thing that passed during the whole evening. I shall pass over the several succeeding hours, the whole of which they sat drinking, till they were all, in a greater or less degree, intoxicated, and generally brawling, wrangling, and swearing, in a loud and boisterous manner. The night became stormy as it advanced; the wind rose, and, at intervals, moaned, sighed, and whistled shrilly without, roared in the wide chimney, and, as it furiously bent the trees, in which the house was embosomed, made a sound similar to the dashing of waves on the shore of the ocean.—The rain fell in torrents, and the large drops pattered against the window with a ceaseless and melancholy cadence.

It was now getting nigh the “witching time o’ night,” and I saw no signs of the revellers quitting the

table; on the contrary, they grew more loud and boisterous. In obedience to their imperious commands, yet, evidently, with the greatest reluctance, Peggy had kept replenishing the exhausted vessels with more liquor, and their demands increased in proportion to the reluctance with which they were satisfied. At length, however, on receiving an intimation from me that I would interpose, she absolutely refused to draw any more liquor for them, telling them they had had plenty, and that it was time to retire to bed. The scene that ensued was such, as it is impossible for me to describe.—Maddened and inflamed with rage at being thus refused, the wretches began to throw the furniture up and down the house, break the glasses and jugs, and to abuse the servant, from whom they attempted to wrest the key of the cellar, yelling out, at the same time, the most horrid oaths and imprecations.

The table was shortly overset, and the lights put out in the scuffle; in a few moments, we should, in all probability, have had blood shed, as I felt myself roused to a such of fury, and was advancing, were it not for the heavy loaded fire-arms, the resistance of the servant, who was loudly shrieking for help. Just then the old clock struck twelve, the candles and the bell had not ceased to vibrate when we heard three heavy knocks, as if given by a mallet, upon the wall which separated the kitchen from the parlour, where my uncle lay.

There appeared to be something supernatural in this. The whole house seemed to shake to its very foundation.—A deep silence ensued.—I stood still; the wretches instantly became sober.—We all gazed earnestly and wildly at the place from whence the noise proceeded.—Scarcely had we recovered from the shock, when we were again thunder-struck with a noise in the parlour; it was unlike any sound that I had ever heard before; it seemed as if all the furniture of the room was violently crashed together, mingled with the noise of fire-arms; shrieks and exclamations burst from all.

The windows shook, and every door of the habitation gave a mo-

mentary jar.—I trembled with awe; I felt every hair of my head bristling upwards; my knees smote against each other; a deadly paleness sat upon every countenance, and all eyes were fixed in an intense gaze on the door, at the upper part of the kitchen, which lead to the staircase, buttery, and parlour; when, to complete the horror of the scene, the door burst wide open, dashed against the wall, and in-gliding, at slow pace, came a dreadful apparition.—Its countenance was that of death: it seemed to have been long the inhabitant of that dark and narrow house,—the grave; the worms had revelled upon its eyes, and left nothing but the orbless sockets.—The rest of the skeleton was enveloped in a long and white sheet.

This horrid spectre advanced into the middle of the room.—I involuntarily shrunk back—the heavy weapon dropped from my hand, and rang loudly upon the stone floor; and, overcome with terror, I sunk into a chair. A cold sweat burst from my forehead, and I had well nigh fainted; on its first appearance, the others had tumbled one over the other in the greatest horror and confusion, and now lay as if dead, in all directions.

The spectre gazed wildly around for a moment, at the clock, at the fire, and then turned its eyeless sockets upon each individual, motioning, at the same time, with its long arm, and pointing to the outer door, seemingly directing to an outlet for escape, and wishing for their exit. They were not long in obeying this intimation, but severally crawled away upon their hands and knees with all the speed they could possibly make, none of them daring to stand upright. The spectre all the while was standing in the middle of the floor, eyeing, or rather appearing to eye them, through the void sockets where eyes had once glistered, as they retreated, one by one, in the greatest fear and trepidation. When Peggy and I offered to decamp along with the rest, the spectre motioned us to remain where we were, and we durst not, for our lives, disobey. When the last of the crew was making his exit, and had crawled nearly to the door, the spectre, who had hitherto stood motionless, except

waving its arms, and slowly turning its eyeless countenance upon the wretches as they crept successively out of the door, bounded with the rapidity of lightning after the terrified wretch. But swift as the flights of spirits are, in this case that of the mortal was swifter; the fellow gave a thrilling scream, made a convulsive spring, his heels struck violently against the lintel of the door in his course, and he vanished from my sight, and the spectre after him.—“Gude defend us!” said Peggy.—For my part, much as I was frightened, I could scarcely forbear laughing outright at the last incident, so comic and farcical.

Half a minute had not elapsed when I heard a step, and, in another instant (I still kept my eyes upon the door) in came the very form of my uncle, muttering,—“Villains! Rascals! Hypocrites!”

He fastened the door after him, and shut out his nephews, and the spectre then came towards the fire; at this, I was more amazed than ever. He, however, gave me to understand, that he was alive, and well; and that all I had seen transacted in the afternoon and evening was nothing, but a stratagem he had made use of to try the sincerity of his relations; and if he found them, as he conjectured, false in their professions, to get rid of them.—The scheme answered nobly, and, it must be confessed, the stratagem was well planned, and exceedingly well executed.

I could not, at first, believe what I saw, nor conceive but that all was the illusion of a dream. In a little time, however, I recovered my recollection; and, on a further development of the plot, I could enter into all its parts, and reconcile almost every thing to my entire satisfaction.

My uncle concluded his relation with assuring me, that, excepting a good legacy for his faithful servant, Peggy, I should inherit all that he possessed, as ~~some little~~ acknowledgement for ~~the~~ ~~fright~~ he had caused me; and, as for the wretches he had expelled from his house in so singular a manner, they should never more cross the threshold of his door. We all three now sat down to a little supper, of which my uncle

stood in great need, and after taking a cheerful glass, retired to bed.

Notwithstanding the fatigue of my journey and sitting up so late, my sleep was far from being sound and refreshing: I was disturbed with fearful dreams the whole night. Sometimes I was among groups of ruffians, fighting and mangling each other — then I was haunted with horrid spectres (such as I had seen the night before), which grasped at me, and I but just escaped their clutches. Headless men and monsters of various horrid forms flitted in endless variety before my fancy; and I frequently started awake in dreadful agonies.

At length the cocks began to crow, the clouds of the eastern sky to break asunder, and the morning to dawn: — when it was tolerably light I started up, resolved upon a stroll over the meadows. Before going, I, however, went into the parlour, where I found every thing in the utmost confusion; chairs, tables, walking-sticks, and logs of wood lay all over the floor, and every thing upset, or in a wrong position. I then proceeded to the outer door, which I opened, but started back in horror, on perceiving a human skull lying on a sheet at my right hand, just outside the door.

Recovering from my fright, I went and gathered it up. — I could not restrain my laughter, when I discovered it to be nothing more than a mask, representing a death's head. It seems, while we were all wrangling, the night before, my uncle had stepped out of bed, dressed himself, piled all the furniture logs of wood and timber he could, in the apartment in a heap, crowning the pyramid with a dozen or more walking-sticks, which had lain time out of mind on the top of an old cupboard. Then he had gone up stairs, and put on the horrid mask, brought down a pistol, and enveloped himself, from his feet to his chin, in a clean white sheet. After alarming us just as the clock struck the awful hour of twelve, by striking three heavy blows against the wall with a huge lod of wood, he contrived to tumble down the whole mass of furniture at once, fired his pistol at the

same moment, and then burst in upon us in the manner before described; and I really think, that had old Nick himself been there, he would have yelled with dismay. I attributed the flapping of the doors up stairs, and the jarring of those below, to nothing but a boisterous gust of wind, that happened to blow just at the critical moment; and in the repercussion of the air, when the pistol was fired, I accounted for the shaking of the windows. — The whimsical orders and requests of my uncle were absolutely necessary to the design. By having his will read in the room where he was, he heard our undisguised sentiments; and his next request saved him from the alternative of either being laid with a slight covering, near to some chilling window, or of developing the plot before a proper time. The other requests were, I suppose, made for the sake of consistency, and to make it impossible that we could suspect any thing. I now went out.

As I was crossing the yard, I discovered several drops of blood upon a stone, which I could no way account for, but by supposing some of my good cousins had received, in their hasty retreat, a severe fall; and, a little further, I discovered a pair of shoes. — A receptacle for the filth of the byre, in another part of the yard, bore evident marks of some one having had therein a severe struggle.

Indeed, the adventures of the flying heroes had been various and woeful; one of them, he at whom the spectre made such a sudden bound, as I afterwards ascertained, actually ran seven miles without stopping; and, with his shrieks, supposing the grim monster close at his heels, almost raised the whole country. I now proceeded onwards, over the fields, listening to the warbling lark, “springing blythely up to greet the purpling east.” The air was fresh and pure, and, in the beauties of nature, I awhile forgot the events of the preceding evening. With hasty steps I roved over the faintly-recollected scenes, where I had, in childhood, spent some of my happiest hours, until, weary with my ramble, I returned to breakfast.

CINNA.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS IN LONDON AND PARIS.

LETTER III.

Sir Charles Darnly, to the Marquis de Vermont.

Paris.

My dear de Vermont,

Having now completed my first *quinzième Angloise à Paris*,* I proceed to give you an account of what I have seen and heard, with all the deliberate wisdom of an experienced traveller. I really have been whirled about with such rapidity from one kind of amusement to another, and have been offered pleasure in such a diversity of forms, that I feel quite bewildered, and know not how to arrange my thoughts, and still less how to communicate them.

I have, of course, visited the galleries of the Louvre—been presented to your good king—dined with our ambassador—lounged in the gardens of the Thuilleries—eaten ice at the coffee-house on the Boulevard—had my pocket picked in the Palais Royal—admired Mademoiselle Mais at the Theatre François—seen the grand ballet at the Opera House—drank punch at the *Café des mille Colannes*, and ogled the pretty and bedizened bar-maid—sporting my cabriolet in the Bois de Boulogne—dined at Roberts'—attended the sittings of the Corps Legislatif, and the gambling table of the too celebrated Salon; and, after losing some hundred pounds at the latter, have been consoled with an invitation to dine with M. Le Marquis de L—, on Thursday next, who does the honors of a weekly banquet, the expenses of which are paid by your virtuous government, in order to support an establishment so calculated to improve the morals of the people. All these scenes are so well known to our countrymen, that were I writing even to an Englishman, I should think it superfluous to describe them: it would be ridiculous to make the attempt in addressing

myself to a native, who has so long been the *arbitrator elegantiarum* of the French capital; I shall content myself, therefore, with one remark,—that wherever I go, I am astonished at the prevalence of gravity and silence, where I expected nothing but gaiety and noise. In viewing the remaining treasures of the town, I meet crowds of Parisian amateurs, contemplating these master-pieces of art with all the solemnity of professional critics; and without giving vent, by a single expression, to the admiration which these objects necessarily excite. At your theatrical performances of all sorts, no matter what the exhibition may be, whether it consist of the deepest tragedy or the liveliest comedy, or farce, pantomime or sentimental drama, not a word escapes the lips of the giddiest or most ignorant of the audience; and every body seems to listen with equal attention to the declamation of Talma, the nonsense of Punch, or the wit of Moliere. At your public libraries and subscription reading rooms, the same decorum is observed; and no person's studies are disturbed by the harangues of chattering politicians, such as you will find in every similar establishment of the English metropolis: and though, to be sure, there is no lack of conversation among your pedestrians in the gardens of the Palais Royal, and the Thuilleries, silence again prevails at your gaming tables; where, when the most excruciating feelings are depicted in the countenance of an unsuccessful speculator, if a *bête*, or a *diable* is sometimes heard in a low whisper, it is soon checked; and the lips of the ill-fated loser, however convulsed with agony, are not allowed to express the sentiments by which they are tortured.

Even at your balls the performers

* Alluding to a novel so called; in which the follies of an Englishman, committed during a fortnight's stay at Paris, are ridiculed.

are too much occupied in recollecting the figures of the dance, and the company in examining their steps, to admit of much communication. It is difficult for the enamoured *cavalier* to find an opportunity of conveying a few words of admiration to his lovely partner, and scarcely a sound is heard in the festive hall, save and except the notes of the music, and the eternally repeated mandates of the ballè-master, while he vociferates, "*Chassez à la droite, chassez à la gauche. La chaîne Anglaise,*" &c. &c. At your *restaurants* also I remark, to use the expression of one of your writers, "*que c'est une affaire bien sérieuse que le dîner,*" and I daily see twenty or thirty persons deeply occupied in the discharge of this important duty, scattered about at detached tables, and swallowing their meat in impenetrable silence. On these occasions too, I observe, that though the voracious appetite of John Bull is the favourite theme of your satirists, and affords the subject of many a caricature now exhibited at his expense in your print-shops, I begin to suspect, from the examples constantly presented to my notice, that my friend John is by no means a greater feeder than his criticizing neighbour.

When I have no engagement, I usually dine at *Beauvillier's*, in the *Rue de Richelieu*, and while I take my solitary repast, I derive no little amusement in observing those who are seated near me. Among these I have frequently remarked a gentleman whom, from his black cravat, large whiskers, and enormous cocked hat, I take for an officer, and from the ribband which he wears, for one of distinction. The individual in question usually takes his station at a table adjoining mine, so that I am necessarily the witness of all his proceedings. After carefully fixing his napkin in the button-hole of his coat, he commences the labours of the day, by swallowing an ample supply of raw oysters, (the eating of which is, I find, considered here as great provocative of appetite.) With his oysters he consumes at least a pound of bread, and washes down the whole with a glass of Dantzic brandy. He then calls for "*La Carte,*" and, after having exa-

mined its long contents with due deliberation, he gives his written orders on a slip of paper to the waiter to prevent the possibility of a mistake. While these orders are executing he seems to experience no trifling degree of impatience, at least I conclude so, from the eager look with which his eyes are directed almost every minute to the elegant clock on the chimney-piece, besides several similar appeals to his watch. At length a basin of rich soup is placed before him, and by its side a bottle of champagne *de la première qualité*, in a silver ice-pail. Having first taken his soup, and then three or four glasses of his favourite beverage, he commands the attendance of the *garçon*, who soon appears with the first *entrée*. The following dishes then succeed each other in proper order:—a large slice of *Bouilli à la sauce piquante*—two *cotelettes à la minute* — *un fricandeau de veau aux épinards*—a roasted fowl, stuffed with truffles—various vegetables of different hues and kinds—a *rot-avevent*—an omelette—an apricot tart, a *soufflé*, and a plate of pine-apple jelly. This abstemious dinner is followed by a dessert of equal moderation, consisting of *fromage de gruyère*, grapes, pears, apples, comfits, chestnuts, dried cherries, *brioche*s, cakes, and preserves. Nor are these various articles brought forward only to be tasted. My gallant neighbour is careful not to lose any part of the good things set before him. After eating the principal contents of each dish, he secures the remainder, by dipping a piece of bread in the sauce or juice, which bread, when properly saturated, is swallowed in its turn. The intervals, which occur between the appearance of the different *entrées*, are filled up with copious draughts of the sparkling champagne, and when all the eatables are at last consumed, and the bottle exhausted to the last drop, he asks for a *café*, or coffee, which is sweetened by at least six lumps of refined sugar, and followed by a glass of the richest *liqueur*. He then demands *la carte payante*,—settles his account, gives a few *sous* to *le garçon*, detaches his napkin, resumes his fierce cocked hat, bows *en passant* with becoming gallantry to the pretty bar-maid, and marches out of the

room, apparently well satisfied with the manner in which he has thus discharged one of the most agreeable parts of his daily avocations.

This is a simple and unexaggerated account, not only of the mode in which this person usually dines, but of the luxury and indulgence with which I constantly see several others of your countrymen take a similar meal.

Now, without pretending to deny that we have many persons in London equally fond of good eating, I must take the liberty of saying, that you will find it difficult to meet with an example of similar selfish gratification—something of sociability enters into the calculations of our most decided Epicureans—and I should suspect that even a certain alderman (whose jollity is proverbial) would not relish his tureen of turtle, or his haunch of venison, if not shared

and enlivened by the company of some brother *bon vivant*.

Go into our most fashionable coffee houses, and you will see that our young men of rank and fashion, when they dine alone, are not only satisfied with much simpler fare than that which your Parisians of a corresponding class require, but also that the quantity of food commonly consumed by the former is infinitely less.

As I have yet seen but little of private society, I shall reserve my observations on that head till I have had better opportunities of examining your manners. In the mean time I hope often to hear from you, and depend on your imitating my example, in speaking freely of all which draws your attention.

Adieu, and be assured

Of my constant regard,

C. DARNLEY.

LETTER IV.

The Marquis de Vermont, to Sir Charles Darnley.

London.

MY DEAR DARNLEY,

Before my arrival in this land of freedom, I imagined that here at least, in private as well as in public life, every man would be at liberty to follow his own inclinations as long as he infringed on no positive law. It never occurred to me, therefore, that on such unimportant topics as dress and the division of time, a stranger would be called upon to alter any of his usual habits.

I have, however, already discovered, that while John Bull claims the privilege of making himself ridiculous in his own way abroad, he allows no similar indulgence to the foreigner in England.

At Paris we are so accustomed to the whims and eccentricities of your countrymen, that a member of the four-in-hand club drives his team (as he pleases to call his mail coach and fiery greys) along the *Boulevard*, or the *Plaine St. Honoré*, without exciting any more attention than such an equipage would draw in Bond-street or Hyde-park—and one of your *exquisites*, or modern *petits maitres*, accoutred in all the effeminate absurdities of the prevailing fashion, is not more stared at in the Theatre *Feydeau* than he would be at Covent Garden or Drury Lane play-houses.

I find there is no reciprocity on these subjects, on which, on the contrary, the most tyrannical uniformity is exacted in London.

While paying a visit half an hour earlier than that, which *almighty ton* has marked as appropriate to such duties, is a crime seldom pardoned—wearing a hat an inch too wide in the brim—a waistcoat too short, or a coat too long, subjects the unfortunate and unconscious foreigner to a suspicion of vulgarity quite sufficient to banish him from the most elegant circles of this gay metropolis.

I have therefore begun my career by completely new modelling my *costume*, and for that purpose have put myself in the hands of the most celebrated professors. My hair has been cut by Blake, and my coat by Allen, my waistcoat and pantaloons come from the hands of other *artists* of equal celebrity, each devoted to the peculiar line of his *profession*.—Lock is my hatter, and Hoby my shoe-maker, and as I am assured (to adopt the words of an elegant modern satirist) that

“All is unprofitable, flat,
And stale, without a smart cravat,
Muslined enough to hold its starch,
The last key-stone of fashion’s arch.”

A kind English friend has taught me,

"By dint of hand and eye,
How to obtain a *perfect tie*."

Indeed I am so metamorphosed, that you would scarcely recognize me.—I can now pass unquizzed through a crowd of *dandies*; and I had even, a few days since, the glory of over-hearing one of the most renowned of these heroes express his approbation of the brilliant polish which my boots displayed.

In respect to hours, I was at first guilty of some most ante-diluvian mistakes, by knocking at the doors of those, to whom I had letters of introduction, at a part of the day when the only persons expected were the milkman, the baker, or the butcher. After having had my patience exhausted in waiting at several houses for admission, I found it was uniformly denied me, while many a yawning footman, as he answered my enquiries from the area, said his master would not be visible for at least four hours. I have therefore found it necessary on this point also to conform to your usages. Being, however, habitually an early riser, it was essential to my comfort that the mornings should not be thrown away, and I have found a delightful resource in devoting that portion of my time to the sights of London. In this manner I have already been enabled to visit St. Paul's, the Tower, Westminster Abbey, and the British Museum, without interfering with my other pursuits. By this arrangement (for which I have, as a precedent, the high authority of the imperial Alexander) I vary and multiply my enjoyments, and take care never to appear in the purlicues of *haut ton*, till, to use the phrase of one of your most celebrated *élegantes*, "the day is properly aired." Indeed it appears to me that the British capital is inhabited by two distinct classes of people, one of whom might take for its emblem the bee, and the other the drone. If at nine o'clock I go into *your courts* of law, I find the learned judges of the land attended by a numerous and respectable bar, and by juries, witnesses, and attorneys in the full exercise of their important functions. If I extend my walk to the city, I read in the

anxious countenances and rapid paces of all I meet, the activity of men of business; while carriages and waggons of every description, loaded with merchandize, shew, that in this division of the town the value of time is properly appreciated; and if at the dawn of day I take an aquatic excursion on your beautiful Thames, I find it already enlivened by the animating sight of innumerable vessels in full sail, carrying the fruits of your industry to the most distant corners of the earth, or bringing home the wealth of the world. I often smile, and enjoy a moment of self-approbation, when, after an interesting survey of this kind, which has busily filled up six or seven hours, I direct my steps to Bond-street, and find the fashionable morning just beginning.

It seems, that in the western part of London "*il ne fait pas jour*," as we say in France, till about three o'clock of the natural afternoon; and though from thence till seven or eight o'clock constitutes the whole period between breakfast and dinner, yet even that short interval is too long for the tedium of idleness. What vigilant ingenuity has been exercised in devising new methods of destroying time and resisting *ennui*. Yet what languor and apathy mark the features of the most celebrated votaries of pleasure. What sauntering indifference is displayed in the steps of the well-dressed pedestrians, who, at the accustomed moment, commence their daily pilgrimage from the top of Bond-street to the end of Pall Mall. Some stop at the fruit-shops, and, careless of consequences, run up a bill for early strawberries, forced peaches, and pine-apple ices, which becomes not unfrequently the cause of their ending their days within the walls of the King's Bench prison. Some empty their purses in bidding for useless haubles at the splendid auction rooms of Philips and Christie. Some are attracted by the grotesque prints exhibited at the windows of the caricature sellers, and while staring at them pay dearly for their amusement in losing their money and watches, which become the prey of surrounding pickpockets. Some are persuaded to try their fortune at the gaming tables or billiard rooms,

and among the vast crowd of loungers, scarcely any can resist the varied temptations which shops of every possible kind hold out to the vanity or the wants of the passers by.

The ladies who occupy the splendid equipages which so thickly fill the same streets, at the same time, seem to be not much better amused than the humble loiterers on foot; and not less anxious than they to have recourse to every possible stimulus which novelty offers, no matter at what expense, to dissipate the gloom of unoccupied folly.

At the panoramas, bazaars', milliners', perfumers', and above all, at the jewellers' shops, what strings of these carriages are seen, and how beautiful, yet how lifeless, do the women appear whom they contain. Hither they come, not to purchase necessities or even ornaments wanted for any particular occasion, but in the vain hope, by lavishing money, to get rid of the load of *ennui*.

Indeed, I am told, this favourite recreation, which your ladies call shopping, is often the cause of serious injury to the fortunes of their husbands. And a gentleman, who resides here, tells me that he was under the necessity of laying down his carriage, because he ascertained, by dire experience, that while his wife possessed an equipage, she could not resist the inclination of shewing it in Bond-street; and when there, she daily wasted such sums in the acquisition of trinkets and other costly play-things, as at the end of the year amounted to a much larger total than his whole income afforded.

I am conscious, however, that as a Frenchman, I am not very patriotic in criticizing this habit of your English belles, for I am told that French China, French gowns, French pocket handkerchiefs, French *bijoux*, and above all, French *rouge*, are the articles which form the principal allurements.

From five till seven o'clock a migration takes place, and I see the same well-dressed crowds assembled in Hyde Park. Here I again admire the charms of the women, the beauty of the horses, and the neat assortment of the numerous carriages—but while I confess that it is impossible for wealth and magnificence to make a prouder display, I must be

permitted to remark, that I observe but few "merry faces," that every body seems to come hither "to see and to be seen," and that in performing a task enjoined by vanity and fashion, pleasure is rarely enjoyed.

Nor can I dismiss this part of my subject without expressing my surprise that, with the whole range of so fine a park at their command, the frequenters of this favourite promenade confine themselves to the limited and ill-chosen space between Piccadilly and Cumberland gates, where they are subject not only to the smoke of the adjoining houses, but also to the annoyance of city fogs, whenever an easterly wind prevails; and, in writing to an old inhabitant of London, I need not remind him how often that occurs.

For such inconveniencies, however, I suppose they think themselves indemnified, by being drawn into a smaller circle, for I observe, that crowds form so material an ingredient in an Englishman's ideas of enjoyment, that every opportunity is taken of collecting them. Nothing on this occasion has surprised me more, than to see ladies, as well as gentlemen, piloting their way on horseback between the close-drawn ranks of carriages which parade up and down.—Is it not strange that your wives and daughters should thus at once expose themselves to considerable risk, and make an exhibition so very inconsistent with that delicacy, which is generally believed to form one of the most amiable characteristics of Englishwomen? I am told, indeed, that the fashion is a new one, and that it is only within these few years, that female equestrians of character have made their appearance in this cavalcade. If so, let us hope, that it is only one of those accidental whims, in which the most faultless of the sex will occasionally indulge; and that, after this season, the belles of Britain will disdain to enter the lists with coachmen and barouche-drivers.

Having presumed in this letter to censure freely, where I though censure deserved, I shall not conclude it without performing a more agreeable task, in telling you, that take it for all in all, I am delighted with London. The pleasing contrasts (as I have already had occasion to ob-

serve) presented in the two distinct characters and different habits of the commercial and idle parts of the population of this great city, afford a vast and amusing variety of objects.

Indeed, I have so many present, that my only difficulty consists in selecting between things equally interesting.—In my early excursions, I hesitate between a walk to Kensington-Gardens, which, though deserted, are delightful in fine weather, or a visit of curiosity to the Wet-Docks, the British Museum, the Courts of Law, or the Exhibition at Somerset-House. When the protracted morning of fashion begins, I find it no less difficult to determine, whether I will join the gay promenaders in St. James's-street—

spend two or three hours in examining the numberless treasures of some of your many interesting shops—or avail myself of that liberality, which has opened the splendid Picture Galleries of Lords Grosvenor and Stafford, and others, to the inspection of the public; and when evening approaches, I am again puzzled, (thanks to your friendly recommendations) between a number of invitations to dinner, balls, and other assemblies, all of which it is impossible to accept.—Of them I shall say nothing at present, my letter being already too long; but shall reserve my remarks on private society till my next. Adieu, then,

And believe me ever your's,
LE MARQUIS DE VERMONT.

TO CLARA.

My Clara! when each summer flow'r
Is blooming in its pride again,
I'll fly to thee, and one sweet hour
Shall pay me for an age of pain.
One gentle word—one dear caress—
One look or smile will then suffice
To welcome, from the wilderness,
A wand'rer into Paradise.
Tho' here, when friends around I see,
My heart its sorrow smother's;
'Twould rather weep its tears with thee,
Than joy in smiles with others.

For when my life's fair prospect seem'd
A cheerless solitude—a blight—
Thine eye upon its darkness beam'd,
And sunn'd it into life and light.
And as a lone, but lovely flow'r,
Which, when all other flow'rs depart,
Still bloometh in its ruin'd bow'r,
Thou bloomest in my lonely heart.
And shall I, then, the rose forget,
Which seem'd in hope's wreath braided;
And, like a spirit, lingers yet,
When all the rest have faded?

Oh, no! the heart, which is the seat
Of love like mine, can never rove:
Its fragile pulse may cease to beat,
But never—never cease to love!
For love is past the earth's controul,
Unshackled as the ocean wave;
It is eternal as the soul,
And lives and blooms beyond the grave.
It is a link of pleasure's chain,
A never-ending token,
Whose lustre and whose strength remain,
When all, save that, are broken.

THE DEATH OF AN ATHEIST.

LADY SELDON was weeping, and the violent efforts, she used to restrain her grief, only rendered it the more hysterical—her husband was dying—but she wept not that the friend of her youth was departing from her—that he who soothed her in sickness and in sorrow, and who brightened her hour of gaiety, was leaving her to waste her lone hours in widowhood. No—all these recollections were lost in the overwhelming grief, that their separation would be eternal. She could have borne his death without an apparent pang—her sense of duty had, through life, so governed her feelings, that they appeared almost extinct—but they were the more concentrated from the restraint—and now that she had suffered them to overcome her, they mocked her endeavours to stifle them. Yet, for worlds, she would not have suffered her children to witness her weakness; and, at length, her exhausted frame, worn with contending emotions, found relief in slumber. It would have been curious to an observer of nature, to have compared the agitated sleep of Lady Seldon, her convulsive start that threatened every instant to awaken her, with the placid and gentle repose of her lord, the unconscious cause of her sufferings.

Lord Seldon was an atheist—he was dying—his physicians doubted if he could live throughout the ensuing week; and his lady, who had been brought up in the strictest tenets of the Christian religion, feared he would die an unbeliever. Was there any hope she could now effect that, which for the space of eighteen years had been the aim and business of her life? Daily had she urged the topic, and was always answered by her husband with exquisite good humour. She felt the delusive hope, that the morrow would prove more propitious than to-day. Once, and once only, when she urged him beyond his strength, having exhausted all her eloquence in favour of Christianity, and finding him still regardless, she could no longer restrain her anger, but with clasped hands and raised eyes,

she exclaimed aloud,—“Behold, Oh Lord, the worm that dares deny thy existence and authority!”—then, bending her eyes on her husband with a look of desperation, she continued,—“And I had fixed my heart on a confirmed atheist—a man on whom the breath of heaven should not wander.” Lord Seldon was now evidently displeased.—“Emily,” said he, “when I see that religion, whose merits you are always asserting, cannot even teach you to command your temper, you will not blame my humility, when, I fear, its salutary effects might be equally lost upon myself.”—He then hastily left the room, and his Countess internally vowed never more to name religion in his presence.—Lady Seldon, however, descanted daily, nay hourly, on its merits to her two children; and she never failed to set forth, in glowing colours, the horrors of atheism, and the certain fate that awaited it:—perhaps an undefined hope, that she might reach the father’s heart through the medium of his children, mingled itself with her exertions; but surely she was mistaken in the means she took to obtain this end.

Her children, George and Laura, well remembered, that their Sunday pastimes had always been disturbed and prevented by their mother, but they vainly tasked their memories for the recollection of a single unkind word from their father. A falsehood, a theft however trivial, an unkindness to each other, he would not easily have pardoned; but they were amiable, kind-tempered children, and had never so offended to deserve his reproof. Lady Seldon, on the contrary, had often found them remiss in their religious duties; and though, at first, in early youth, their little inattentions were easily pardoned, yet now they were of an age to understand their duties, and to fulfil them; they found her harsh and unrelenting. Her temper was not naturally bad, but her religious feelings had received a wound from the continued infidelity of her husband, that could not be healed; and this gave added asperity to her opinions, and severity towards her

children. It was, therefore, in vain she assured them, Atheists were the worst of human beings; that they were condemned to condign and eternal punishment. They well knew their father's opinions, and would not believe one they loved so well could be denied a resting-place in heaven.—It was, perhaps, unfortunate for her purpose, that Lord Seldon's life had been exemplary; he had fulfilled every duty, public and private. He was so rich in intellectual knowledge, that he could afford to pay its tribute wherever he found it; his temper and disposition, naturally good, had been so well regulated, that he cast a sunshine over all with whom he associated; her endeavours, therefore, to inspire her children with horror of their father's opinions were unavailing, and they had this bad effect; they led them to make invidious comparisons, disadvantageous both to herself and to her religious tenets; they began to doubt the truth of what their mother told them, and to doubt, they say, is to be lost. Had Lady Seldon, instead of dwelling on the inflexible justice, shewed the unlimited mercy of her God, she had conquered.—Christianity would have acquired new beauty in their eyes, from its clemency in pardoning even those who denied its power and authority. She disclaimed, however, to use this advantage; she would rather govern by fear than love; and as she never addressed herself to God without fear and trembling at her own comparative insignificance, in the same degree she felt her superiority, and the degradation of those whose faith was not so firmly founded as her own.—She shuddered, on discovering the wavering opinions of her children, who were too artless to conceal them; and she forgot her love for her husband, when she considered him the original cause of her children's apostacy.

A great change had lately taken place in Lord Seldon, an hereditary malady was fast destroying the seeds of life—his wife now thought it her duty to renew every endeavour for his conversion, for once she appealed eloquently, for she appealed to the heart, she descanted long on the immeasurable power of the Almighty—she told him that even yet it was not too late, “Repent—believe—have

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you faith,” said she, her heart upon her lips, as she turned to the dying sufferer. “If there be a God,” said he, “good works will be more acceptable in his eyes, than blind faith, pronounced on the threshold of existence; and those benefits my station, my own wishes, have enabled me to confer upon others, will be my propitiation with the Eternal.” “If,” murmured his wife—but he had sunk from excessive debility on his pillow, and was totally unequal to further conversation. Lady Seldon left his apartment to indulge her sorrow freely, and it was after this unsatisfactory attempt she had sunk into the agitated slumber we before mentioned.—She awoke from a long sleep unrefreshed, but with renewed composure, she then descended to the drawing-room, where her children were weeping for their father. “Dry your tears, Laura—George, I am ashamed of this weakness, when you ought, both of you, to rouse all your energies to save your father's soul from eternal punishment, you are mourning over his mere bodily ailments. Come with me, and save him, or take warning by beholding the death-bed of an Atheist.” George put his hands to his forehead, his body was convulsed; Laura threw her arms around him. “Dear brother,” whispered she, “if he should die unbelieving, our prayers, and his virtues, will secure him an asylum in heaven.” Lady Seldon led the way to his apartment—they stepp'd softly—so softly that the dying man did not hear them—A sad change had taken place in his appearance within the last few hours—his dissolution was rapidly approaching—one damp cold hand supported his head above the pillow, the other hung listlessly by the side of his couch—It was a warm autumnal evening—the sun was sinking in unclouded glory, amid burnished clouds below the horizon—the soft south breeze, that played gently through the open window, waved the clustering curls of his dark brown hair, darker from being contrasted with the livid paleness of his cheek—he had not observed the entrance of his family, and was thinking aloud—“Spirit of nature,” said he, “how divine are thy works, how delightful their effects, bear me gently into futu-

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rity—I have not sought to develope thy mystery—I have only worshipped thee in the bright sun—in the soft moon—in the green fields—in human nature—in my friends—in my wife—my children! Art thou satisfied with such worship—the worship of the heart?”—“Oh—no—no—he is not—he cannot be—what do you mean by the spirit of nature?” interrupted his wife. “That which produced this world and myriads of others—that which produced thee, my sweet Emily, and my beloved children.”—“My dear father,” cried Laura, her countenance brightening with renewed hope, “we shall meet again in heaven,” he prest her to his bosom, and, with a voice rendered almost inarticulate by emotion, said, “I hope so, if there be a heaven, I am sure so—and now my sweet children, to you I will confess what human pride would still urge me to conceal, that I would give up all, even this last hour of your endearments, to purchase a thorough conviction that we should meet again—I go without fear, but I go cheerlessly, I would purchase the hope that brightens your brow, my Laura,” continued he, as he convulsively prest her fingers.—“I am without fear,” repeated he, “but without hope,” and relaxing the grasp by which he held his daughter’s hand, he sank upon his pillow.

The sun had scarcely sunk below the horizon—the attendant clouds, still in gorgeous splendour, lingered to tint with varied beauty the western heaven—the same delicious air still played around his forehead—he had spoken but an instant before, and he will never speak again, he will wake no more to rejoicing—he will no more watch for and hail the returning spring, the eternal reproduction of nature—no—that form of manly beauty will shortly be food for worms—the fire of that eye is fled that often would persuade before his tongue gave birth to eloquence—how soon will all recollection

of him be banished from the earth—he who apparently was the centre of a little world, dealing sunshine or discontent, as he directed or denied his approving glance.—It is singular to consider that a unit taken from the sum of human beings makes no alteration in the general law; and that the broken hearts of his nearest and dearest connections go for nothing in the scale of general happiness.

It was soon found that his sleep was that of death. Lady Seldon had given the lesson she sought to give, but not in the way she intended—her children’s opinions were no longer wavering—their father had confessed, unasked, that to the good atheism is not happiness—he himself lamented most earnestly that he felt no belief in a future state of existence—there had been for him through life no consolatory feeling to sooth his sorrow at the death of a friend: for he had no hope in an eternal reunion—he believed that all things must have birth, and flourish, and then pass away as though they had never been—but although they clung to the hope their father was denied, yet did their religion differ greatly from Lady Seldon’s; they would contend that there were better arguments than force in favour of christianity—that it was a Christian’s duty to heal, and not to wound; to forgive, and not to revile; to look with pity on those, who were denied the consolations of religion; to regret there was one vast source of happiness unopened to them, and not to hunt them down, as is but too often the case, perverting the course of justice to satisfy implacable vengeance on victims incapable of resistance. This enlightened Christianity they found most conducive to happiness—and the sneers of the world, and the reproofs of their mother, never afterwards induced them to alter their principle.

HUMANITATI AMICUS.

ON THE EPISTOLARY STYLE.

(Translated from "*Le Musée.*")

THERE are few persons who experience the necessity of delivering an oration, or of composing a dissertation or a poem: while there is scarcely an individual who has not occasion, at one time or other, to write a letter. A knowledge of letter-writing should, therefore, be placed among the elements of a useful education. It is of particular importance in the education of females; for, if we except the few whose minds are directed to literary pursuits, the rest require only an acquaintance with letter-writing. To them literature, properly speaking, is a mere object of curiosity, so that it is from an ignorance of the epistolary style alone, that they can experience any inconvenience. We use the word ignorance, because it is of much greater importance to them to avoid faults than to become acquainted with beauties. We seldom make any observation on a letter written in a simple style; but we cannot well avoid smiling at the affectation of excellence.

Style may be termed the order in which we present our thoughts, and the manner in which we express them. The sublime style consists in grand and generous conceptions, expressed with energy and dignity; in bold and impassioned sentiments, clothed in a brilliant and lively colouring. Of this style we meet with numerous examples, in the funeral orations of Bossuet, and in the *Athalie* and *Phœdrus* of Racine.*

When, on the contrary, we have only to describe the milder affection, free opinions, details incapable of elevated emotions or of daring images, we should then employ that tempered style, which interests us in Vertot, and charms us in Fenelon.†

If we seek for models of the simple style, we should study Fontaine, or *Seigneur*.‡ In perusing these writers, we are enchanted with that delicious negligence of manner, which captivates our attention without seeming

to command it; with expressions, which nature alone seems to have dictated; with that easy communication of sentiment which makes one soul known to another; and where the heart seeks not to veil itself in the mask of the understanding.

The epistolary style, however, must not be supposed incapable of elevation and warmth. Of this, the Letters of Ronssean are sufficient evidences. But as they were intended for the press, they are letters more in name than in destination. They are either dissertations, or descriptions of travels, or romances, written in the epistolary form. In a word, they are works, subjected to the different laws which literature imposes on these different species of writing.

We here talk only of private letters, with which the public are supposed to be unacquainted, and the sole object of which is to transmit to him, who receives them, the thoughts of the person by whom they are dictated. They are intended for those who are deprived, by their absence, of that pleasure and information which they would derive from our presence. The advantages of this distant commerce of thought is happily expressed by Eloisa, in her Epistle to Abelard, by Colardeau.

Ecris moi, je le veux. Ce commerce
enchanteur,
Aimable épanchement de l'esprit et du
cœur,
Cet art de converser sans se voir, sans
s'entendre,
Ce muet entretien si charmant et si
tendre,
L'Art d'écrire, Abelard, fut sans doute
inventé
Par l'amante captive, et l'amant agité.

From this definition, or rather description of the epistolary style, arise all the rules to which it is subjected. These rules are few, and may all be reduced to one. As a letter and its reply is merely a conversation between two who are absent,

* Also in the *Paradise Lost* of Milton.

† Addison is also a good model of this style.

‡ Swift is also esteemed for simplicity of style.

they should write as they would speak to each other if they were present; that is, with that openness, that ease, agreeableness, and even negligence, which a familiar conversation either requires or permits. A letter to a superior should be respectful; to an equal, frank and open; and to a friend, light and playful. In a word, propriety should be the pole-star of a letter-writer, and the character of propriety is to adapt itself to persons, circumstances, times, and situations.

As ease and perspicuity are the most valuable ornaments of conversation, they are also the *simplex munditiis* of letter-writing—the most simple, and, at the same time, the most elegant character that can possibly belong to the epistolary style.

As we speak, so should we write, for no other purpose than that of communicating our thoughts to each other. The choice and propriety of terms ought, therefore, to be the first consideration of a letter-writer; for if he use terms which admit of two meanings, he can have no certainty that they will be understood in the sense which he pretended to affix them.

Precision is another quality of letter-writing, which seldom can be dispensed with, unless we choose to dispense with propriety; for it requires no argument to shew, that we cannot make our thoughts or wishes understood too soon. Precision, however, differs from ease and perspicuity in this principal feature, that the latter qualities of style belong to letters of every possible description, while precision is confined to a certain class. It is a class, however, that embraces all the different species of letter-writing, except two, namely, those of love and friendship. The truth of what Gresset says, will be quickly recognized by every lover:

L'esprit n'est jamais las d'écrire,
Lorsque le cœur est de moitié.

When the hand, therefore, only obeys the impulse of the heart, a letter may, without inconvenience, extend to four pages. Love delights in affections, protestations, and repetitions. Should its inattentive pen retrace incessantly the same ardours, the same oaths, bagatelles, and even

puerilities, these repetitions will still possess a latent charm, which love only can either appreciate or perceive.

The same may be affirmed of friendship. It is a talker, and delights in words. As it loves confidence, it seeks to be acquainted with every thing. Love is not so ambitious of knowledge; it regards only the secrets of the heart, and the state of its affections. It looks to the beloved object alone, not to the relation that exists between it and others. Friendship is not so easily satisfied. It must be acquainted with the sentiments and ideas, the fears and hopes, the projects of every day, the dreams of every night, the interests of the family: in a word, every thing connected with the object of its solicitude. It embraces every thing; it must know every thing; nor can it rest satisfied, until the entire soul is laid open to its view. The epistolary style, therefore, can be subjected to no rules, with regard to love and friendship; and it reminds us of St. Augustin's answer, when asked, what was the most proper manner of addressing the Supreme Being. "Love," said he, "and you may address him afterwards as you please." This expression may be properly applied to lovers and to friends.—He who writes under the impulse of the heart may say every thing he pleases, and in what manner he pleases. Nothing can displease: nothing can be out of place; or, at least, nothing will appear to be so. Love is blind, and friendship is indulgent.

Rules and instructions can avail us, therefore, only in letters, which participate of neither of these affections; they are useful, however, in every other species of epistolary communication; for in all, except these two alone, precision is not only a merit, but a strict obligation. Prolixity is inconvenience, and diffusion, verbiage.

Precision, however, must not lead us to obscurity. Extremes meet, and obscurity is generally the result of too much precision.

J'évite d'être long, et je deviens obscur.

This should be carefully avoided. To transform a commission which we give, a fact which we relate, an

idea which we communicate, or a sentiment which we express, into an enigma, is evidently to mistake the principal intention of epistolary commerce. Obscurity, however, is not the only ill that results from extreme precision; for it likewise degenerates into dryness and insipidity; another rock from which the letter-writer should carefully keep aloof. He who speaks wishes to be heard; he who writes wishes to be read; and as we quickly move the cup from our lips if it has not some tincture of sweetness, so also is the attention soon wearied, if not supported by a certain *agrément*, or felicity of style. We must not, however, seek to captivate attention by those measured, harmonious periods from which the orator derives such important advantage.

Long and sonorous periods, in a familiar conversation, would fatigue

the most indulgent hearer; but to him who peruses a letter, it is still more intolerable. He who reads is sooner disgusted than he who hears, because he perceives more calmly, and, consequently more clearly, the absurdity of such affectation. The brief style, or, in other words, that style which unites brevity with propriety of expression, is, therefore, peculiarly adapted to epistolary communications. We should reject those parentheses, which interrupt the principal sense by unnecessary ideas, and which embarrass it, under the pretence of rendering it more evident. If a development be necessary, let it follow in the next sentence, rather than suffer it to arrest the progress of the discourse.

Finally, the epistolary style should be light, but not bounding; rapid, but not laconic; and free, but not licentious.

SKETCHES FROM NATURE,

No. 3.

(*The Sequel of No. 1. Vol. 81. p. 410.*)

It was on a calm and placid evening at the close of the year, when I rambled forth, after a few months' absence, in the neighbourhood of the spot that was endeared to my recollection by the eventful exit of the unfortunate young officer. It had been my intention to rove through some of the delightful and enchanting walks with which it abounds, and meditate on the amazing power, and infinite benevolence of Deity, displayed as they are, more legibly in scenery like this; what matchless skill may we not trace in the formation of the majority of insects, that dart continually to and fro in the sun-beams, unable to contain themselves for very excess of happiness;—oh! how the heart leaps with joy to witness their dwarf but not the less positive pleasure; six thousand years, and day by day of each, hath his beneficent eye beheld myriads of myriads feasting on his bounty; oh! blest employment! worthy of a God!

But there was a tint of melancholy, that involuntarily associated itself with these gratifying meditations,

and it was in vain I strove against it. The forms, that moved around me, appeared not to be actuated by the animation and spirit of life, but passed and repassed mechanically; even the occasional glances of beautiful bright eyes, as the light form of rural beauty glided by me, were insufficient to call my mind from the gloom of departed days;—there thought seemed to settle, and under the impulse of this feeling I resolved on visiting the spot, that was doubly hallowed, as the altar where the pledge of earliest love had first been offered, and since having become the resting-place of one of those youthful wretched beings:—a tear stood in my eye as I thought on what they were—on what they are—on their hapless love (as Marianne emphatically termed it) a love so tender—so true—and so disastrous.—I stood beside the grave with a degree of solemn veneration—it was newly made—the turf was neat and flourishing—here and there might be seen the faded flowers, that the kind hand of affection or delicate friendship had scattered round it.—A neat

and unobtrusive head-stone bore (by his own particular desire) this inscription:—

In memory of Lieut. William H—,
Aet. 20, Obiit. May 16, 1812.
“In the midst of life we are in death.”

It was one of those mementos that speak to the heart, having for its object not so much the eulogy of the dead, as the benefit of the living; and was a tribute of warmest affection, not the offering of heartless ostentation.

On a small eminence, a few yards to the right, stood the little yew-tree of which, on his death-bed, he spoke with such deep and animated feeling—it was fresh and green, and the gentle zephyr sighed as it swept through its foliage. The setting sun was half buried in the horizon, and his shorn beams fell obliquely on this interesting little mound—thus too he shone upon their earliest yows; then it was in the spring, when all nature seemed bursting into life; and all in unison;—the budding trees—the verdant turf—the opening flowers—the joyous birds—the southern winds—spoke with one general voice of future bliss—but not for them—there seemed, to my mind, to have been something ominous in the situation: it was a foolish thought, earth is a field of graves—every step we take we tread on human dust. Now, the same peace was written on the face of nature; but it appeared more like the peace of death than the quiet harmony of blest existence. The sear and yellow leaves fled, one by one, in silence to the ground;—the brown enclosures of late gathered corn—the chilly air—the leaves of various flowers withered and strown—the desolation that was creeping over all—only the yew-tree, with its graves beneath, was still the same.

I thought on the youth who slept beneath my feet—on the quiet repose he now enjoyed—and I could not but contrast the tumultuous tenor of his bustling life with the stillness of his grave—his melancholy presentiments have now met their sad realization—and that heart which but a few months ago was wildly agitated with gloomy doubts and fears, is at rest now—the mightiest waves of human weal or woe sweep over it in

vain. My imagination bore me back to that period, when he was pouring forth his soul to Marianne a few moments ere he breathed his last—The hand that so fervently clasped her is powerless,—the eye that so fondly marked her is closed,—the tongue, the vehicle of thought, is mute,—and the bosom, that beat with the glow of purest and fondest emotion, that throbbed so wildly, that foreboded so darkly, that loved so tenderly—is quiet as the turf that coldly wraps it.

The clanking monotone of the church-yard gate, swinging to and fro on its worn hinges, warned me of an intruder. It was poor Joseph the sexton—a feeble, grey-headed, infirm, old man; who, even in the winter of his days, seemed to possess the spirit and vivacity of spring—not that he was (as many of his calling are) devoid of feeling; but, possessing that generous warm-hearted disposition that glows at the happiness of another, he had never been long without catching the spirit of sympathy from some blest companion or acquaintance, when there was nothing in his own circumstances to call forth his feelings of exhilaration; and, moreover, the “lines having fallen to him,” for the most part, “in pleasant places,” if he had not met with much in his career to elevate him, he had experienced little to depress him. He was the chronicler of the village,—reputed a calculator of destinies, caster of birthis, watcher on St. Mark’s eye, and was generally supposed to be aware of the deaths and marriages of the coming year; it was even currently reported he kept a register, that took a prospective view of these important occurrences.

Anxious to learn something concerning the fate of Marianne, I stepped towards him, and entered into conversation. “Yours is a rural plot of ground—a place which, after all the storms of life, the proud and the ambitious might well covet—where the melancholy and plaintive heart might desire to be laid, and calmly sleep the sleep of death!” “Aye, aye, sir,” was his reply,—“we’ve a pretty bit of ground enough—and many’s the weary heart that sleeps soundly under it. I’ve known some in my days,” continued he, his

grey locks trembling as he spake, "I've known some in my days that have found a softer pillow here than over the world afforded." "You knew Lieutenant W. H.," said I. "Ah! poor fellow! but I shall know him no more—and that's a sorrow—I did sometimes think, when I should die and leave old Margaret, he was the man that Providence sent to befriend her—it seems like a dream—here am I, crawling among the graves of my juniors—every stone, as it stares me in the face, seems so say, 'what art thou doing above ground?' and I often fancy, I am but like a late watcher, that should have been sleeping in the dust of the earth long before now." There is a disposition in the heart of the mourner, that seeks to identify itself with the sorrows of others; and, under the impulse of this disposition, poor Joseph wound into the story of the fate of William his own griefs.

"But Marianne," continued I, "does she still reside at ———?" "She! poor dear creature! no—no—not now." "She used to come every night and sit where you are sitting—but she never wept—there for hours would she sit and gaze on that little hillock—I've watched her many a time—I tried at first to console her, but she sighed so heart-brokenly—I thought she did not like it, so I never after spoke to her—she would have stayed all night if they had not come for her, and when she went—she would turn at every two or three steps and look, and sometimes go back to the grave again, and then"—the tear rolled down the furrows of his aged cheek—he paused a moment—"and there kneeling down and kissing the turf, would afterwards rise and suffer herself to be led home. I remember," continued he, "I shall never forget the last time; she was to set out for Lisbon the next day—she came alone and not as before, in deep mourning, but all in white—on entering the church-yard, she looked around to see, that there were no observers—having spent some time in strewing flowers round the grave—she knelt and seemed to pray; then, taking some rosemary from her bosom, she placed

it at the head, singing a plaintive hymn—she sat and talked—I crept near unobserved, and heard her saying, 'I sing the worms away—they will not feed on thee—but listen to my song—the roses—lilies—harcbells—rosemary, and flowers and herbs of every scent and hue, all die for sorrow on thy grave—the sun looks mournfully upon it—and dirges sound in every whispering breeze—I go—oh! that I could but, might but die—die now, and sleep in peace beside thee—no—I must not—on the Lusian sands my charnel house must be'—she then turned quickly round, and, seeing me, fainted and fell across the mound—next day they set out, she and her mother—and three weeks ago her mother came home, Marianne died the day they arrived at Lisbon"—"What!" exclaimed I, "the beautiful—the lovely—the accomplished Marianne gone to the grave of true rest—

"Where never, never, care or pain,
Shall reach her innocent heart again."

Methought I could flee the humble spot of earth, that contained all that remains of that young, guiltless, but wretched creature. The lines of our immortal bard powerfully pressed themselves on my mind.

"And we thought as we hollow'd his
narrow bed,
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger should
tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow.

"Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone"—

But she shall not hear them—she shall not heed them—her spirit hath entered into its rest—beyond the flight of human hope and fear; and the tear and the joy, and the sigh and the smile of this world no more disturb her sweet repose, than the surges of ocean the face of the sky.

"Poor Marianne!" exclaimed the sexton, "Poor Marianne!" sighed I;—even sullen echo seemed to sympathize, and softly whispered, "Poor Marianne!"

J. R. W.

TO ROSALINE.—FROM THE FRENCH.

My Rosaline, while far from thee,
 All day, all night, alas! I mourn.
 At length, my happiest hours, I see,
 Are vanished, never to return.

That infant God, to whom we bow,
 No more shall empire boast o'er me;
 Or if he gains my notice now,
 'Tis only when I think on thee.

I Emma's power no more shall prove,
 Nor more Louisa's beauty see;
 Twice during life one cannot love,
 My Rosaline, as I've lov'd thee.

By one unvarying feeling sway'd,
 Thee, only, I with love could view;
 For still, the most attractive maid
 I've always thought the fairest too.

Hymen, I see, with glad success
 Preparing now thy love to crown;
 And soon my Rosaline will bless
 The happiest husband ever known.

His lot will all my envy move;
 Oh, that he had this heart of mine!
 That the bless'd youth might better love,
 And feel the bliss of being thine!

Love! thou advisest me in vain;
 To fond desires I'll yield no more;
 Ambition rouses me again:—
 He, for each age, has joys in store.

But vain his promise seems to me,
 To make one true enjoyment mine;
 And Fortune's lover still must be
 Less happy far, sweet girl! than thine.

AMELIA OPIE.

TRANSLATION OF MRS. OPIE'S FRENCH LINES.

(Inserted in our Number for July, page 48.)

IRIS, of life's bright morn the glories fade,
 Glories, in which thy triumphs were display'd;
 But thy Alexis proves this welcome truth,
 That faithful Love survives the bloom of youth:
 Nor will his constant heart's fond image cease,
 For they, who, gifted with the power to please,
 Retain unchang'd in spite of envious time
 That magic charm, are ever in their prime.

A VOCABULARY OF PROPER NAMES AND WORDS,

Relating to the Persons and Circumstances of the French Revolution, and explanatory of the Factions and principal Occurrences of that Era.

ALARMISTS.—Persons in the habit of spreading disastrous reports, both false and true.

Anarchists.—A name given by the *Gironde* party to the members of the National Convention, who were partisans of *Marat*, and supporters of the reign of terror.

Anti-Revolutionists.—Supporters of the Bourbon government, and enemies to the Revolution.

Apitoyeurs.—**Pitiers.**—A name given at the first breaking out of the Revolution to those, who felt compassion for the emigrants and oppressed clergy.

Aristocrats.—Supporters of the old Bourbon government, and of the privileged orders.

Assemblies.—These Assemblies were numerous: the first was, the "*Assemblée des Notables* (nobles) met at Versailles, on Feb. 27, 1787. A second Session, or Convocation of this Assembly, commenced on Nov. 16, 1788.—The *Etats Généraux*, an assembly consisting of the three orders of Nobility, Clergy, and Commons, met at Versailles, on May 5, 1789. This Assembly sat in three distinct bodies, but the Commons' branch obtained their object, in compelling the two higher orders to coalesce with them; and these met as one body, at Paris, on Nov. 9, 1789, and assumed the title of the National, or Constitutional Assembly. A new Constitution was formed on Sept. 3, 1791, and this National or Constitutional Assembly was dissolved on the 30th of that month, and was succeeded by the Legislative Assembly on Oct. 1, 1791.—This was succeeded by the National Convention on Sept. 21, 1792.—The National Convention brought Louis to the scaffold, and established the reign of terror; but the Republican Government was again re-modelled; the National Convention abolished; and two Houses of Parliament established on Oct. 28, 1795,—the Council of Ancients, and the Council of Five Hundred.—These were superceded by the following Assemblies, successively established.—

Eur. Mag. Vol. 83.

Conservative Senate, Dec. 25, 1799.

—Legislative Body, *Corps Legislatif*, Jan. 1, 1800.—Tribunal, same day.

—House of Peers, appointed by Louis, June 4, 1814.—House of Deputies, June 4, 1814.—House of Peers, appointed by Napoleon, June 7, 1815.—House of Representatives, appointed by Napoleon, same day.—House of Peers, and House of Deputies, appointed by the King, Oct. 7, 1815. This Chamber of Deputies was dissolved by the King on Sept. 5, 1816, since which, 1-fifth of the Chamber is renewed at the end of each year.

Avilisseurs.—**Contemners.**—This name was given, at the commencement of the Revolution, to those who despised the revolutionary party, their government, their armies, their officers, their resources, and their conduct and pretensions.

Babouvistes.—The party attached to Babeuf, the advocate of a popular government.

Bascule.—The scheme of neutralising parties, by bestowing factitious favours or advantages on the weaker side, to the degree of equalising it with its opponents.

Blues.—A name given to the Republican soldiery by the Chouans, and the people of La Vendée.

Bonapartists.—Persons attached to the Emperor Napoleon.

Bonnets-rouges.—**Red-caps.**—A name applied to those ardent Republicans, who, in their enthusiasm, had assumed caps of this sanguinary colour.

Brigands de la Loire.—Robbers of the Loire.—A name, which a few of the French applied to the wreck of Napoleon's army, which retreated, and took up a position behind the Loire, on the advance of the English and Prussians to Paris, in 1815.

Brissotines.—A party in the National Convention, headed by Brissot, and opposed to Robespierre, by whom they were eventually overcome.

Buzotines.—A party in the National Convention, headed by Buzot.

Camp de Jalès.—A military body of the nobles, in the Department of the Velai, (Upper Loire) which, in

1790, excited the people of the central provinces against the government of the National Assembly.

Capetians.—The Kings of the race of Capet were thus called; but at the Revolution, the name was applied to all the supporters of the Bourbon Dynasty.

Carmagnole.—A dress which, with the bonnet-rouge, denoted the thorough Jacobin, in 1793. It was also a name given to the Republican soldiers by the Royalist, and applied, also, to the exaggerated and bombastic reports of the Committees of Government, which were made by the orators to the Tribunes, with a view of sustaining the public spirit and confidence of the people.

Center.—A short designation of the ministerial Deputies, applied to them from their habit of occupying the centre of the House of Deputies. The term is synonymous with our term of "the Treasury Bench," i.e. the lower form or bench on the right of the chair.

Cent Jours.—Hundred days.—The period between March 20, 1815, and July 8, following; i.e. the day of Louis's flight from Paris, on Buonaparte's approach from Elba, and his entering Paris, after the battle of Waterloo.

Chamber of Deputies.—The Elective, or lower branch of the French Legislature.

Chambre Introuvable.—Invisible Chamber.—A term of ridicule, applied to the Chamber of Deputies, convened by Louis in Oct. 1815, and dissolved in the year following.

Charter.—A declaration of those moderate principles of government to which Louis pledged himself, by a proclamation, dated May 2, 1814.

Chevaliers du Poignard.—Knights of the Poignard, or Stiletto.—The Gentlemen and Knights of St. Louis, who, in 1791, made it a point to appear always with daggers and pistols. They were disarmed on Feb. 28, by the National Guards.

Chouans.—A set of wretches, who, under the pretence of fighting for the Crown, robbed the mails and passengers on the highways. These are often erroneously confounded with the Vendéans.

Clichy, or Clichien.—After the destruction of Robespierre, 9 Thermidor, year 2, those members of

the Convention, who wished to restore the monarchy, used to meet at the Jardin de Clichy, and afterwards at the house of the Deputy La Haye. The party was destroyed by the Revolution of 18 Fructidor, or year 5.

Compagnies de Jésus et du Soleil. Companies of Jésus, and the Sun.—Associations of young men, who, after the death of Robespierre, committed numerous assassinations, under pretence of avenging those who had fallen victims to the reign of terror.

Constitutionnels.—Constitutionalists.—Supporters of the Constitution, in opposition to the Royalists.

Constitutions.—The different Constitutions were as follows:—First, declared Sept. 3, 1791, and sanctioned by Louis XVI. Sept. 13, 1791.—Second, declared by the Convention, June 24, 1793, and accepted by the people on the 10th of August following.—Third, declared Aug. 17, 1795.—Fourth, established Feb. 7, 1800.—Fifth, a Senatus Consultum, organising this Constitution, Aug. 4, 1802.—Sixth, Constitutional Charter, issued by Louis XVIII. on June 4, 1814.—Seventh, additional Acts, relative to the Constitution, passed April 22, 1815.

Contre-Revolutionaire, or Anti-Revolutionists.—Opposers of the Revolution.

Conventionnels.—Conventionalists.—Members of the National Convention.

Cordeliers.—A Club, which assembled in 1793, in the Church of the Cordeliers, or Franciscan Friars, and became the rivals of those who assembled in the Convent of the Jacobins.

Côté Droit, and Côté Gauche.—The Ministerial, and the Popular or Opposition side of the House of Deputies, the Côté Droit being the Government party.

Crapauds de Marais.—Toads of the Marsh. (Vide Marais.)

Crête.—The Crest, or Summit. (See Mountain.)

Dantonistes.—Dantonists.—The Partisans of the Deputy Danton.

Demagogues.—A term of reproach applied to the Revolutionary leaders for misguiding the public opinion.

Democrats.—The advocates of democracy.

Doctrinaires.—The independent

members of the Legislature, who profess to balance the strength of the Ministers, or royal and popular parties.

Egorgeurs.—Throat-cutters.—Wretches who distinguished themselves by assassinating all the Bishops; and who, finally, assassinated indiscriminately.

Emigrés.—**Émigrants.**—Frenchmen who quitted France, from fear or from hatred of the Revolution.

Endormeurs.—Sleepers.—A term of reproach, applied by the Revolutionists to those, who endeavoured to stop the course of knowledge and improvement.

Eteignoirs.—Extinguishers.—Those who opposed the advances which the literati were making in science and philosophy.

Fayetteists.—Those enlightened and moderate persons, who were partisans of the Marquis de la Fayette, during the period of his commanding the National Guards.

Federalists.—**Girondists.**—**Moderates.**—These designations were applied by Robespierre to the Deputies from the Department of the Gironde, and whose plans were to support the Communes of Paris, and to establish a federative Republic between a certain number of the Departments. The Girondists were overthrown by the Revolution of May 31, 1793.

Federists.—The youth of France, of all conditions, who voluntarily flocked to the ranks, on the advance of the English and Prussians, in 1815.

Feuillans.—**Mendicant Friars.**—**Order of St. Bernard.**—At the close of the Constituent Assembly, the moderate Deputies assembled in the neighbourhood of the Feuillans, to oppose with vigour the Jacobins.—They were, therefore, nicknamed Feuillans.

Fructidorisé.—The Directory having overthrown the Clichien party, the greater number of that party were dismissed from the Assembly on the 19th Fructidor, year 5.—A man was therefore said to be fructidorisé when he was ejected from any of the public Assemblies.

Giroudins.—**Girondists.** (Vide **Federalists**, &c.)

Girouettes.—Weather-cocks.—Those who were always supporting the strongest party.

Hebertists.—**Partisans of Hebert**, Member of the Commune of Paris, in 1793; condemned to death by Robespierre, and the Mountain party. Robespierre accused them of atheism.

Hommes d'Etat.—The Doctrinaires, or moderate party of the Convention.—The name was also applied to the Mountain party, to Brissot, and the Girondists.

Hommes de July 14, Aug. 10, May 31.—Men who took up arms on these respective days.

Hommes Monarchiques.—**Monarchists.**—**Servile persons**, supporters of the Monarchy, without the limitation of the Charter.

Honnêtes gens.—**Honest people.**—A name assumed by those who displayed enmity to the Revolution, from its commencement in 1789.—The name is now applied to them in ridicule.

Ignorantins.—**Blockheads.**—A name applied to all the Supporters of the old system of partial instruction, and of suppressing the diffusion of knowledge.

Immobiles.—**Immovables.**—The opposite of the Gironettes.—Persons distinguished by their perseverance in the same opinions.—It is also applied to the followers of the Bourbons, who are declared by the French to have “learnt nothing, and to have forgot nothing,” by the events of the last forty years.

Implacables.—The assassins of the South of France, and those who in 1815 and 1816 committed outrage on the Buonapartists under plea of retaliation.

Independans.—**Independents.** (See **Liberaux**.)

Jacobins.—**Revolutionary ultras.**

Jacobins—**Society of.**—Named from their originally assembling in the quarters of the Jacobins.—It was principally composed of factious demagogues.—The society was dissolved on the execution of its president, Robespierre, but was renewed in 1799, and held its meetings in the *Salle du Manège*. Fortunately its second formation was less dreadful, and its proceedings were of less consequence than under Robespierre.

Jacobins Blanc.—**White** or immaculate Jacobins.—See *Honnêtes Gens*—the terms are applied as synonymous.

Journées Remarquables. — Remarkable days, viz.

1789—July 14. First insurrection of the people of Paris, capture of the Bastille.—October 5 and 6. The Parisians march to Versailles, attack and penetrate the king's palace.

1791—June 21. The king secretly leaves Paris.

1792—June 20. The populace repair to the Thuilleries and oblige the king to put on the bonnet rouge, or red cap of liberty.—August 10. Attack of the Thuilleries; dethronement and arrest of the king.—Sept. 2 and 3. Dreadful massacres in the prisons of Paris.

1793—Jan. 21. Execution of Louis XVI.—May 31. Triumph of Robespierre and the mountain party over the *Girondins* and moderate party.—Oct. 16. Execution of the queen Marie-Antoinette.

1794—July 27, or 9 Thermidor, year 2. Fall and death of Robespierre.

1795—April 1, or 12 Germinal, year 3. Attack of the populace of Paris against the national convention.—May 22-23.—1, 2, and 3 Prairial. Another attempt of the populace, who assassinate the deputy Féraud.—Oct. 5, or 13 Vendémiaire, year 4. Attack of the Convention by the sections of Paris. The assailants obliged to retire with loss.

1797—Sept. 4, or 18 Fructidor, year 5. Dissolution of the Corps Legislatif, and triumph of the Directory.

1799.—June 18, or 30 Prairial, year 7. The Council of Ancients and the Council of 500 overthrow the power of the directors, Merlin, la Révellière-Lepaux and Rewbel.—Nov. 8, 18 Brumaire, year 8. Revolution in favour of Buonaparte.

1800.—Dec. 24, 3 Nivose, year 9. Attempt against the life of the first consul, Buonaparte, by the explosion of the infernal machine.

1802—August 2. Buonaparte proclaimed first consul for life.

1804—May 18. Elevation of Buonaparte to the throne.—Dec. 2. Coronation of Napoleon and Josephine.

1810—April 2. Marriage of Napoleon with Marie Louise, archduchess of Austria.

1814—April 4.—Buonaparte signs his abdication at Fontainebleau.—

May 3. Solemn entry of Louis XVIII. into Paris.

1815—March 20. Flight of Louis and return of Napoleon.—June 1. Solemn assembly in the Champ de Mai.—June 22. Second abdication of Napoleon.—July 8. Second return of Louis XVIII.

Libéraux—Liberals.—Persons supporting rational liberty in opposition to corrupt and arbitrary power.

Liberticides.—Enemies of liberty.

Manège.—It was in the Salle du Manege that were held the sessions of the constituent, the legislative and conventional assemblies, and in which were assembled the jacobins of 1799.

Marais—Plaines—Ventres.—Designations or nick-names of the parties distinguished in the legislative assembly and national convention. The Plaines or Ventres were those, who wished to neutralize the violence of parties by keeping them nearly balanced; they opposed the Mountain party before the events of May 31, 1793, and were called the toads of the marsh, *crapauds du marais*.

Maratistes—Maratists. Partisans of Marat.

Marsellais.—The regiment from Marseilles, which was most violent in the attack of the Thuilleries on Aug. 10, 1792.

Ministeriels.—Ministerial members of the Chamber of Deputies.

Moderés.—Moderate persons.—Vide Federalists.

Monarchiens.—Monarchists.—Those who during the republican government supported the cause of monarchy.

Montagne ou Crête.—The Mountain or Crest Party.—The most extravagant revolutionary party of the Convention, taking its name from their assuming the highest benches on the right of the hall.

Muscodins.—A muscadin is a delicate sugar-plum, flavoured with musk, and the name was given to those young persons who displayed superiority of dress to distinguish them from the *sans-culottes*, or rag-a-muffins.

Obscurantins.—Obscurers.—Those who were adverse to the dissemination of knowledge and the improvements of the age.

Occulte.—The term of occult, or

hidden, is applied to the present government from its refusing to define or declare its principles on the subject of national rights.

Oligarques. — **Oligarchists.** — A term applied to those who carried aristocratical sentiments to the extreme; the opposite of demagogue.

Orleanists. — **Partisans** of the duke d'Orleans.

Partisans de la liste civil. — Persons who are believed to have sold themselves to the court.

Patriotes de 89. — **Patriots of 1789.** — Those who have supported the cause of the revolution from its commencement in 1789.

Philosopher. — **Philosophers** used synonymously with **Liberaux.**

Prêtres Assermentés. — **Sworn Priests.** — The clergy who swore fidelity to the civil constitution of the church, enacted in 1791.

Prêtres Insermentés ou réfractaires. — **Non juring clergy.** — The opposite to the preceding.

Queue de Robespierre. — **Remnants of Robespierre.** — Those of the Robespierre party who survived the revolution of 9 Thermidor, year 2.

Réaction. — **Triumph** of any opposition whatsoever.

Revolutionnaires. — **Revolutionists.** — The most extravagant partisans of the revolution.

Sans-Culottes. — **Breechless or rag-a-muffin.** — A term of derision applied to the revolutionists, but which they afterwards bore with exultation.

Septembriseurs. — **Septemberists.** — The participators in those massacres which took place in Paris on Sept. 2 and 3, 1792.

Suspects. — **Suspected persons.** — Those whom the Republicans imagined to be hostile to the principles of the Revolution.

Terreur de 1793. — **Terror of 1793.** — A name applied to the ferocious Government of Robespierre.

Terreur de 1815 and 1816. — **Terror of 1815 and 1816.** — Terms meant to designate the injustice and oppression practised against the Liberal party in those years.

Terrorists. — **Partisans of Robespierre, Marat, and the Mountain leaders.**

Théophilanthropes. — **Theophilanthropists.** — Members of a Sect, professing deism and the love of their fellow-creatures. It was established by Le Paux, Member of the Executive Directory. All were eligible to the priesthood.

Thermidoriens. — Those who overthrew Robespierre on the 9th Thermidor, year 2.

Ultras. — A name assumed by those who carry the attachment to absolute monarchy to the utmost excess.

Vendéens. — **Vendeans.** — The simple and bigoted peasantry of the Department of La Vendée, who rose en masse in 1793, 1794, and 1795, and fought against the Republican troops with enthusiasm. — They avoided robbery, and all the criminal excesses of the Chouans.

Vendémiairistes. — Those of the Sections of Paris, who attacked the Convention on the 13th Vendémiaire, year 4.

Ventre. — **Belly.** — The middle of the Hall or Chamber of the Legislature. (*Vide Centre.*)

Verdets. — **Verdet** is a poisonous drug, something similar to verdigrise. — The term of verdet is applied to secret organisations, supposed to exist in central provinces of France, and ready to be brought into action against the government, if opportunity occurred.

Volontaires Nationaux. — **National Volunteers.** — Those who enrolled themselves in favour of the Revolution, before the levée en masse, from the age of 18 to 25, proclaimed Aug. 3, 1793.

Volontaires Royaux. — **Royal Volunteers.** — Young men who volunteered to precede the King for his protection. They were very few until after the second Restoration.

Voltigeurs de Louis XIV. — A name given in reproach to the number who now exact rewards from the Court, for long and persevering loyalty, but whose loyalty was never heard of, until the Court had the ability to give.

Votans. — **Voters.** — Members of the National Convention, who voted for the death of Louis XVI.

THE VISION OF A PHILOSOPHER.

PART III.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet, are of imagination all compact.
Midsummer's Night's Dream.

(Continued from Vol. 81, page 52.)

I AWOKE amidst a scene of nature so fresh and beautiful—a scene so luxuriant, so soft, so varied, and in places so sublime and magnificent, that man and all his turbulent passions were erased from my recollection, and I felt my heart glow with every soft and delightful emotion, as I passed through this sequestered vale of innocence and peace. "But," said I to my guide, "what numerous and fantastic beings are those, whom I behold through yonder vista to which we are approaching? Their dress is of every possible hue and fantasy. The beings themselves seem of a more ærial nature than the common herd of mankind.—Observe their strong and sudden transition; some, at one moment, are ecstatically gamboling in mirth and joy, and, instantly after, sinking into the most profound melancholy.—Some are embracing each other with affection, and pledging the most exalted and persevering friendship, and, instantly after, without any apparent cause, they are stinging each other like wasps, or scratching each other like cats.—Some appear to have fancies and conceits of the most ridiculous description, and suddenly start from them into ideas of the utmost sublimity." "That small group, so trite, so pretty, and trim in their appearance, are the French poets; they are indifferent to the Moderns, but pay obsequious attention to the Ancients, who are just as indifferent to them. Those poets who are seated in the gloomiest shades of Ossa and Pelion, singing extravagant songs of wonder to audiences of children, old bel-dames, and robbers, are the poets of Germany, whilst those charming but often *outré* figures, scattered through every region of the valley, are the more southern neighbours of Italy."

I had passed through this lunar *Tempe* into a region more stern, but with an atmosphere most beautifully serene.—I knew it to be the region

of Philosophy. I met Berkeley and Hume walking arm in arm, and in conversation profound and earnest, but remarkably placid and quiet.—I observed, that they both realised their theories by their practice, for the surrounding objects being spiritual, they walked through trees, or rocks, or buildings, without hurt or inconvenience.—"But what," said I to my guide, "are those little curling mists of impurity, which sully the serenity of the air, and proceed from the mouths of those two beings, who are so petulantly following the Prelate and his friend, without in the least disturbing them?"—"Those," replied my guide, "are the shades of pseudo-philosophers, or rather of bigoted or mercenary disputants, who have wished to attach the charge of impiety and of moral delinquency to philosophical error—or, rather, to a mere difference in philosophical speculation.—Of those two shades who are following Berkeley and Hume, and looking, occasionally, at the quiet spirits of Priestley, of Hartley, and others, the first is the spirit of Beattie,—a vapid and shallow professor, who vainly holds on high his Essay on Truth, but the book is so enveloped in a mist of plagiarism, of vulgarity, and of folly and malignity, that the sacred name of Truth is defiled by his touch. He was offered a quiet retreat in the vale of *Tempe*, where, among the poets, he might have been moderately respected; but, mistaking his forte, he rushed into the grove of Philosophy, as if it were the arena of the gladiator.—His companion is a spirit of deeper views and sounder powers; and, although less vulgar and vituperative, is equally illiberal and prejudiced:—it is the shade of Dr. Reid.—On the left, is the spirit of Des Cartes, performing *perouettes*, and thus illustrating his theory of Vortices, and reversing his '*Cogito ergo sum*.'—Near him, was Father

Malebranche, writing an Essay upon Absurdities; and Montaigne was laughing in his sleeve at his ingenious, and at his mystic countryman.—Ptolemy was profoundly searching for his *Primum Mobile*, and his first and second Chrystalline Heavens,—whilst Tycho Brahe was roving in search of his Firmament of the Fixed Stars.—Aristotle, Democritus, and Epicurus, were engaged in their disputes with the schoolmen, their successors, about substantial forms, and the theory of perception; and Boscovich, with his Germans, had an immense lunar microscope, searching for the mathematical points, or primary particles of matter. Removed from these, were a countless mass of squalid, sallow beings, poring over alembics, contriving chemical combinations to create the precious metals. These, I knew, to be the adepts; and, thought I to myself, happy had it been for many, had their search after gold been as guiltless. This, I perceived, was the abode only of theorists, visionaries, and idle speculators; the souls of Newton, of Locke, of Bacon, of Socrates, and of Seneca, had been transported to a planet of a more exalted description.

Further on, I beheld the place of refuge of the mighty founders of sects, and the establishers of creeds.—Zoroaster, Mahomet, and others, stood forth conspicuously amidst popes, and priests of many persuasions.—Here was transacted the work of religious extermination, as well as of religious persecutions—the sanguinary wars on the Unitarians—the massacre of St. Bartholomew's—the burnings, and various executions of our Henries, and of Mary and Edward of England, and of the innumerable persecuting priests and princes of the Continent.—I beheld the interior of inquisitions, with the instruments of torture, and the suffering victims. This scene suddenly vanished, and left nothing to my view but a barren field, deluged with human blood.—“What,” said I to my guide, “is the meaning of this sudden change of scene?”—“The actors of such tragedies,” replied the spirit, “have their plea of insanity and infatuation allowed to a very trifling extent. They are permitted to appear in the moon only one day in the year, when their souls, having acted the deeds

of persecution and tyranny they performed on earth, are wafted to the fiery planet Mercury, where they undergo the torments they inflicted upon others.

But in the rear of these were numbers of human beings, that excited my attention. They often appeared destitute of any superiority of intellect, and still more often were they destitute of probity and feeling; but an *assumption* of superiority, joined to a courtly dignity of manners, made them pass for the very first order of moral and intellectual beings. I observed, however, on a more minute inspection, that their manners, although highly polished, were destitute of that simplicity and ingenuous freedom, which evince a good heart, and an openness of purpose—the only sources of really good breeding. These people were all professing the most devoted affection to each other, whilst, under concealment, they were either totally indifferent, or even trying every means to circumvent and effect each other's ruin. One man, pre-cminent amongst them, had delighted two of his friends by his cordiality of manner, and by his vehement assurances of regard; immediately they left him, they both fell into an abyss, which he had just previously opened for their destruction. Smiles, vows, and caresses were artfully mixed with slander, circumvention, and deadly hate, so that the place seemed a scene of apparent security and beauty, whilst danger and destruction were lurking in every possible direction.—“This,” said my guide, seeing my surprise and indignation, “is the region reserved for courtiers and statesmen. View,” said he, “those scaffolds streaming with blood, the victims of their machinations, or the sacrifices made to court intrigue or party spirit; or view,” said he, “the squalled manufacturer, the blighted peasant, and the wasted produce, the effect of their tortuous systems of policy—the mere offsprings of their vanity, conceit or narrow calculations of self-interest. The philosopher is a noble being, and his systems comprise the good of all his species; the statesman is a petty creature, whose treaties and policy only aim at tricking other nations out of some immediate or partial advantage. View,” said my guide, “that robed minister

of justice, he is condemning to death two persons of noble mein; they are convicted by a strained construction of an old law; they are guiltless of crime; but they are obnoxious to the Court, and the judge's ambition is a peerage. See that trembling wretch waiting humbly in the great man's anti-chamber for what is his due—he loses his suit whilst that gay and prosperous villain, who passes by him with contempt, has just obtained from the minister a princely gift in requital of his subserviency. From this region of statesmen proceed all causes of commands, that produce the carnage and battles which you beheld on your arrival in this planet.”

“Stop,” cried I, “for heaven's sake let me see no more—hide the mirror of human life from my aching eyes, lest sympathy and feeling for my fellow creatures cease within me. When,” cried I, “will man reject prejudice, and, moderating passions by philosophy and reason, live in love and kindness with those around him? When will man be independent in spirit? When will he be merciful and just?”

Full of thought at the scenes I had beheld, I wandered from my spiritual guide; and, anxious to re-

turn to my native earth, I assisted my Gallic companion to refit his aerial machine, and filling our balloon with the purest of the Lunar atmosphere, taken from the regions of poetry and philosophy, we entered the car; and rapidly ascended to an immeasurable height, when getting within the influence of the earth's attraction, we were drawn towards our planet with prodigious velocity, and at length descended upon the surface of the sea. We were in imminent danger, until we were picked up by an English fisherman, who, informing us that we were in the English channel, landed me on the coast of Kent, and then steered over to France with my Gallic companion. I immediately set off to my native Wales, resolved to shun the checkered maze of life, and to spend my days in diffusing knowledge and benevolence through my native valley.

I related my voyage and adventures to my worthy mother, who, after her surprise and terror at my expedition had subsided, calmly observed, “how very stupid it was of us not to see that the dream *clearly* foretold your going up to the skies in a balloon.”

D. E. W.

SONG.

Set to Music by Mr. Kiellmark.

“Thou art the giddiest youth alive,”
My mother cries, and hastes to chide me;
But I can well her frowns survive,
While thy dear glances n'er deride me.
And I can at her censure smile,
Though daily I more erring be,
So thou art conscious all the while
I err because I gaze on thee.
“Why thus neglect thy usual tasks?”
My mother says with just reproving:
I could reply when'er she asks,
“Because I've learnt the task of loving.”
Because life's only business now
Is, Mary, by thy side to be—
Then fondly watch thy pensive brow,
And strive to win one smile from thee.
My only care to make thine light,
My only toil to cheer thy sorrow,
My only hope to hear each night,
“Dear Edwin, come again to-morrow!”
While these sweet words encrease my zeal,
All other claims will fruitless be;
What heart but must resistless feel
The power of pity, love, and thee.

AMELIA OPIE.

TITIAN'S PICTURE.

TITIAN, having buried a dear friend, forthwith left the mourners, and took his journey to his own house and habits. It chanced that he fell in company with a young gentleman named Frederigo, gay of heart, and who, having a good fortune, travelled from place to place with his attendants, whither his will led him.

The day was glowing warm, the air cool and gentle, the fervid sun veiled in a rack of clouds: the way that Titian rode was a pattern of nature's rarest work: woods and waters, pastures and lawn meadows gemmed over with flowers, that breathed into the air, sweetening its freshness; the pastoral orchards, the green coppice, the yellow hay, the distant hills, as in a chaotic belt kissing the hemisphere, o'ercanopied by the clear blue sky. Titian, full of the harmony of beauty and nature, and lingering in thought on the tone of a beautiful cloud that faded fast away, struck on his breast, saying, "Why should men die?" The fear of bitterness that started to his eye fell to his beard; his face was placid and his heart expanded with joy, and he said, "Thou spirit of my dear friend who is in the new cold grave, judge not hardly of me, nor limit my affection, if I am so soon glad, while those my fellow mourners still wet the earth with tears; though they bear so great a show of sadness, yet is my memory of longer life; for I shall never forget thee and thy goodness: it may so happen, that years hence when they shall laugh a ready chorus at some idle jest, I shall miss thee from the circle, and groan in secret; they could not love thee better whilst thou livedst, nor shall they regret thee more deeply since thou art gone, though I know not the howling Indian, nor loudness in grief." And he parted his hair from his forehead, and gathered it from his neck to taste well the temper of the air: and suddenly a laugh fell upon his ear as musical as a rising lark; or as if swept from a mellow harp, and Frederigo rode gallantly up and accosted Titian, who, having looked well upon him, fell into con-

versation with him. Now, Frederigo was a youth whose heart was in his countenance, and that was lit by all the energy, enthusiasm, and hopes of unpractised years; wild as a roe, noble as a panther; beautiful as a flower; the giant passion had not yet mutinied against the fine natural temperament of his youthful mind. And Titian thought to himself, this young man is as the earthly deity of such a day of beauty as this; and, being that he is so pure from the stains and customs of the world, he teaches us that are in years sweet lessons from the book of Heaven; and he turned suddenly and said, "Do your father and mother live?" And it dashed him as if you should cast a stone into a spring, and tears were in his eyes; and Titian seeing this, and that he had no mind to speak, talked to him immediately, and requested that he would go with him to his house and stay his pleasure. Frederigo having ordered his attendants to provide themselves in a village hard by, went with Titian to his house. There he had ample time to himself; from the nature of Titian's profession, he could not be often in his company, nor was it desirable, beyond a relaxation of mind with an honest companion. Frederigo had no professional respect for his host; he had heard others speak highly of his name, but knew nothing himself of paintings. Titian did not like him the less for this. He spent his time in hawking and hunting, with other amusements in the open air: joining all masks and sports, rural and of the palace. The two never grew tired of each other's company; and Frederigo missed his father less than ever, though, perhaps, he thought more often of him. It happened one day that his favourite falcon crossed a wild hawk in his flight, and more by fortune than power brought it down; being struck with the peculiar beauty of its form and colour, he crossed the field and carried it to Titian's chamber, where he was painting, to shew it him; the dew of the morning was yet upon its feathers, and though the energy of life was gone, it was very beautiful. Titian looked upon it some

time thinking, and said, "At the further end of the chamber thou wilt see one painted as like this as fire is to fire; this is the only one that I have ever seen like it; if a love of natural beauty induced you to wish I should sympathise with your delight, a reflection of it may also vary and add to it, go, it will not be time lost." He went and, casting his eye on the bird, was astonished to see the equal beauty and precision there was in the energy of acute animal existence of that upon the canvas; the spleen and power blended in the eye; the mixture of wilfulness and repose in the figure, what he had looked on for many years without knowing it; his mind glanced at his own bird while in the act of falling, and he wondered at this close alliance to nature. Having perused thus far, with wonder and delight, he fell to examining the picture: it was of a young and beautiful woman with her favourite falcon. The bird was on her wrist his beak toying with a diamond trembling in her ear, which, from the sidelong inclination of her head, approached too near his jealous eye; her lips were barely parted, as if with breathing; her face pallid, intensely sweet and thoughtful; her eyes were large and blue, and dwelt upon her thought; her head was gently bent; her Italian ringlets, as it were, danced with her breath; their shadow was on her breast; some streamed upon her arm and shoulder like water; it was as yellow as gold. In her other hand a lily hung; the act of thought pervaded even her fingers; they rested on the stalk with sensibility. Was she thinking of beauty? Yea, to music—"music unheard"—music of the soul, which is "the breath of thoughts."

At night, Frederigo went with Titian, and again in the morning he found a pretence to be there; there was a charm in it which he could not account for, strong and gentle as it was, that kept even his thoughts there when he himself was absent.

One night when Titian and his niece Aimé, who was a girl of great loveliness and sensibility, though very young, were sitting quietly together, she dropt the flowers from her hand which she was arranging,

and having paused a moment, said, "Uncle, I cannot think what has come to your guest, that he is so out of spirits, so thoughtful, and silent; he who was the first at all our dances and rejoicings, who was as cheerful as the lark, and as merry as the day was long, plays nought but melancholy ditties on his pipe, and is become silent and pale. It is sad, indeed, to see such a change in him." And Titian said, "I have noted much of this myself, but you, Aimé, have gone beyond me in the strictness of your observation, for I knew not his sadness was so great." "Sir, it is deep and mellow." "I shall believe you, Aimé, seeing there is so much feeling in what you say respecting Frederigo." "Every one, Sir, must feel for so kind a gentleman, and I claim the general privilege." And Titian said, "blush not, but kiss me: and may Time be too much occupied in the jostling of nations, and the shocks of the world, ever to bring about the breaking of so gentle and humane a heart as thine." And Aimé having embraced him, she was silent through excessive feeling.

Now Titian was too old a scholar in the book of nature to need the effect, in matters of the heart, to enable him to discover the cause; and had been too great a listener to the long tale of humanity, that is repeated each day of our lives by every tongue, and all people; and that, by the ratification of silent thought, is hallowed in the heart. The next day Titian called Frederigo to him and told him, that he intended to walk that day, as it was so fine (being early in June) and he should be happy if he would bring his pipe and accompany him; with which Frederigo joyfully complied, for there was a sweetness of wisdom in Titian's discourse, that in his gayest moods sunk deep into his heart as seeds in rich ground, and nourished his reflection, and lighted him in the perplexity of thought.

There was at some distance a certain favourite haunt of Titian's, and thither they arrived just before noon. And Frederigo said, "Do I not hear some music in the distance." Titian answered, "yes, it proceeds from the vale of orchards yonder, in which we shall walk presently."

This was a vale, on each side guarded by irregular hills, as though the waves of the sea should fix in the act of undulation; on each hill was an orchard in full bloom, and between them rills of water ran down into a rivulet in the bed of the valley; and the hedges or boundaries being of may-bush, and covered with cloudy blossoms, no place could be so fit for a prayer and fervent thanksgiving—yea, not even a house of adversity; and from swarms of bees, that laboured in the fervor of the noon-day sun, there proceeded one continued melodious hum, as if of minstrelsy, but of longer memory, indeed.

When Frederigo had ceased the song Titian requested him to play, he said to him, "Frederigo, seeing thy good manners and amiable nature not only counterbalance that hospitality, which you render me happy to share with you, yet there is some pledge necessary of a finer feeling to fill the depth of my heart; in return for the enchanting manner in which you played that melancholy air, that has, indeed, stirred the spring of quiet thoughts (for I have remembrances upon me of those who played and sang it when I was yet young, but whose hands are turned to dust, and whose voices are faded into the oblivious air, years and years ago—) Accept of me that picture of the lady and the falcon, which I know you do me so much honour as to admire." And Frederigo being embarrassed, said, "Sir, this is so much that I know not how to answer you; to accept your offer gratefully must be thanks enough, for I see not why my inexperience should be honoured with that which many persons who come to you, and wonder at the great nature of your art, would be proud to receive at your hands." Titian replied, "Good youth, you are deceived. Those who may come to me have but the husk and mask of love to my profession; it is for the most part idle. They do not love nature enough for me to honour them; they think more of me than of my pictures, which is insolent and no compliment: we love honest men for honesty's sake; in this case, they pay me personal attentions, but abridge my fame; they put my name into my coffin with

me; they bow to me for what I am, not for what I have laboured to do. I would sooner be thought well of by one who had never muttered my name nor met my eye, but knew me in his heart, through my works, and would dedicate one sigh to my memory, than hold the chief banner in the parade of art. Those who give me place and superiority flatter not my pride, but insult me as much as those who would debase me from what I am, for nature is above us all, the most we can do is to copy her; and the chief virtue, as the world goes, is its innocence."—"You are as wise as good, as kind to me as both." "Since I have begun to get contented, and a little satisfied with myself in my profession, I can tell thee, Frederigo, that no man has paid me so high a compliment as thyself; for how exquisitely must my picture of the lady and the falcon be executed for you to fall in love with it, and sigh, and forsake your food." Titian seeing he was full, and knowing there were many difficulties in the way, said, "But, perhaps, she may be old ere this or dead, and must be the love of your imagination." And Frederigo said, "I do not think it, Titian, for there is a newness about the painting; and, besides, I have seen the date which is upon it; if she be dead—oh, Heavens!—why, then, good night: but I have hopes your words will fall short of either, or the tone of your voice wronged me." "I will not torture you—she lived last year, but where she may be this, I know not: she is a Milanese, and her name is Julia; her family fell under the censure of the state and was ruined; her sister loved a nobleman, who, when her fortunes went, deserted her; she languished to death in consequence. It was after this I took the picture of Julia, and to which she owes that wan melancholy look." And Titian seeing a tear in Frederigo's eye, took his hand between his, and lowering his voice more tenderly, said, "I am afraid, gentle youth, thy hopes are buried within the walls of some convent, for I have heard she retired to a religious house, from deserting friends and the cares of the world, to weep—the only one of her family remaining: but I know not, nor ever

could learn where it was she had bestowed herself. From the love I bore her face, I would fain have made her company for my gentle niece."

It was early morning, and Apollo, ready in promise, paused for the slow unbarring of the eastern gate, whilst winged spirits, with deep melody, showered ambrosia over his golden locks, tempering its sphered lustre. His radiant sandal on, he had scarce begun with glimpses of his presence to warm away the precious dew from the face of the earth; when Frederigo came, hailing propitiously his onward course into the Vale of Orchards, thoughtful and alone. He sat down beneath a tree, and fell into deep musing, when suddenly he heard a voice near to him singing some stanzas, sweet and sorrowful, the burthen of which was most melancholy; and it hit so closely on Frederigo's state of mind, that he took up his pipe and accompanied with eloquent and melodious pathos. When the song was ended, the myrtles were parted close at his side, and there came forth a youth of delicate appearance, who advancing, bowed to Frederigo courteously. And Frederigo said, "Gentle youth, any company but thine at this moment would have been a painful intrusion, but I felt so much sympathy with thy song, which is increased so much the more from thy appearance, that I am fain to offer you half this flowery bank, for I see a tale of sorrow in thy face, which is the food I eat, and those who have it are welcome to me." The youth was silent, but sighed deeply. Frederigo said, "What is thy name, fair boy? If thy story be dear to melancholy, feed my ears with it I pray you; if it is circumstantial and not of the heart, I can relieve it; if thy heart is bruised, I can yet shew you one that is sick of as sad a wound; come, sit and speak." And the youth answered, "My name is Lucio, my story is a sad and solitary one as any in the world. My heart is in danger of breaking, My youth blushes at the confession when I tell you that I am in love. Woe, and alas! though the great world will laugh at my childish passion, yet, I pray you, pity me." "Aye, verily will I, and we will share our wealth of pity between us. We lovers, that

are beggars of comfort, rich only in desire—go on." "Sir, I have done, I love one who is young and beautiful, and that one doats upon another; no more remembering me than Flora her dead flowers. I am as hopeless as one who pines for the image of his dream. My thoughts are air, and my sighs the doleful music of my heart, that charms the crimson colour in my cheeks to deadly pale. The tyrant Love hath already allotted me my grave; he ravens up the date of a long life, and eats his way onward into my youth." And Frederigo said, "Shall we sing and die? And yet, not so, though my eye becomes yellow as the daffodil, and my soul aches for her flight, yet will I die only through much patience, so great is the love I bear you, O Julia!" And turning to Lucio, he said, "Sad one, hast thou no hopes that thy Lady may listen to thy suit? Have you told of your love? And Lucio looking piteously upon him, answered, "No, alas! I could not bear the honey of such breath should utter any name but mine. Her friendship stung me as forgiveness does penitence, it drove me to sob aloud in the fields; but to return to the object still unbeloved, was to nurse my heart upon a bed of thorns, to nourish it with more grief. And seeing she was true in affection for another, as I was in affection for her, I shed a few tears, and turning from the spot, wandered forth till Time should do its work, to find some other place to die than at her foot." Frederigo, embracing him, said, "I thought I was the only miserable boy of the world; but these tears are for you; I have heard your tale, now hear mine; and he told the story of the picture, and the fullness of his affection for the lady, and added with a thick voice, "I know not whether she be dead, her heart possessed, or a wife—perhaps a mother. I have taken leave of so sweet and kind a friend, and have dismissed my attendants, and am going forward to Milan in search of the object of my soul; and if you, my companion in the heart-breaking way of the word, will become the companion also of my steps, and partake of my bountiful fortune, I shall account myself a little happy, even though it beguile me sometimes of the thought

of Julia." Lucio was silent with emotion, but took his hand eagerly, and, pressing it, raised it to his fervent lips, and they departed together. And Frederigo went forth-with on his journey, the two ever contenting themselves with their own company, for which, indeed, they were only fit; but whenever they fell into conversation with strangers, Frederigo instinctively led the discourse to Julia's family, and though he could never learn any tidings of her, he partly contented himself, seeing the pain with which every one spoke of their misfortunes, and heartily cursing their enemies.

Arriving at Milan, he went immediately to the house where Julia had lived, but which was now a ruin, and having sighed to her memory, he said, "Titian told me true in saying, that the policy of the world and the feelings of the heart are two things; for Julia's father was an honest man, yet his house is in ruins through the State of Milan; he in his cold grave, his family destroyed. Such is the bane of violent power unqualified by honesty. Why did I not remain a child? A little while and I knew not that pillows received their boons of sighs and tears; as well as patient heads: the day was never too long, the sun too hot, nor the fields too green for my patience; my delight was young and fervent, nor yielded sighs for virtue's tears. I knew not truth could faint under persecution, though not through fear; I knew not of the mortality of virtue, its pains, its death, its faith, its immortality. I knew not to be unwisely honest was to be whipped to death. I knew not of the grave folly, the over-cruel heart of this breathing world. But for thee, Julia, would I were again a child, or old and grey, past care and hope and fear, and fumbling at death's door." And turning to Lucio, he said, "Yet heed me not, good youth, I am sick with melancholy; but for these fits I am of a merry nature."

Often would he go over the garden, the orchard, and the grove,

tracing the weedy path, saying, "Here hath Julia been—here her foot has pressed the flowers—she has dipped at yonder spring—upon this bank her violets grew; and the self-same sun that shines now has warmed her angel face, and cast her graceful shadow on the lawn—perchance this bower is hers—here hath she sung, or slept, or laughed, or grieved—Oh! what a space I look upon, for she is not here." And clasping his hands, his tears would flow as he murmured, "Is she alive or dead?" The deity of Love to have heard it would have smiled, while Humanity sighed.

Now Frederigo was haunting this spot one day when Lucio came to him, with a slow and portentous step, and with a countenance more than usually melancholy, and grasping his hand, he said, suppressing a sharp and bitter sigh, "Gentle Frederigo, I have noted of late that the ill success of thy search for thy lady has made great ravages upon thy health, in as much as it has deprived thee of so much hope, which has hitherto alone supported you; and fearing that your life may be sacrificed to your love, I have been thinking of a way by which we may (if Fortune should favour us) gain some knowledge of Julia." And Frederigo cast a look upon him beyond all thanks, but said nothing. Lucio, speaking like one under the influence of pain, continued, "I remember when you were with Titian, that he gave to you a song which the lady Julia used ever to sing to her sick sister before she died, and evermore afterwards, when alone, would ease the melancholy of her spirit with it. Now, as we cannot doubt but that she is in some convent, I pray you let us habit ourselves as minstrels, and travel from gate to gate through the towns and villages, and highways, when, if she is within hearing of it, the strangeness of the thing will so act upon her feelings, that she will instantly discover herself: you shall play on the pipe, while I will sing. I remember the words ran thus:

Oh twine the melancholy braid
Of hemlock from the shade
Of murky cave, ne'er sprinkled with fresh dew;
Pass by the flowers of spring,
But, moaning, hither bring
Circean herbs of sallow, poisonous hue.

Though her brow was white; what though
 Her breast's crisp, her eyes blue,
 Her gentle heart in silence doom'd to break:
 Death will have way,
 All must to dust and clay,
 Oh! therefore patience to thy wet eyes take.

Yet is meek sorrow sweet,
 And melancholy meet
 For those who miss a mortal from their side;
 It balms remembrance mild,
 Like nature's gentle child,
 And fills a space in mem'ry's waved tide.

So that the dear soul sped,
 Seems not to us dead,
 But still we think it living in the earth;
 Such is affection true,
 That it can sigh and rue,
 Yet in deep feeling give the cause new birth.

Then let me go with thee,
 And lull me on thy knee,
 O melancholy, in thy slumbrous cave;
 Shew me that face again,
 Miss'd from the haunts of men,
 And in wild thought a sweet communion give.

Mild as the evening star,
 Seen in the blue afar,
 Was the sweet spirit of her sweeter form;
 What was like her breath?
 The wind in the bloomy heath;
 Her skin was white as sea-foam in a storm.

Her hands like the nettle's flower,
 Or lily in a shower,
 Did all the charity her lips could speak,
 And they were poppy-red,
 That bees mistook, and fed
 Like silly lovers, on the poisonous sweet.

Blithe as a lark she sung;
 Yet subdued hung,
 Shedding rare tears as fast as descending dew,
 If pilgrim in the vale
 Of this world frail
 Open'd a book of suffering to her view.

Her gentle spirit is fled,
 But high o'er head
 Two glorious wings are beating in the clouds;
 I cannot to thee flee,
 But thus I sing to thee
 My anthem blithe, and voluble, and loud.

Thou autumn that dost fold,
 In a rich pall of gold,
 The green grass with sick summer's luxury,
 Spare me some latest flowers,
 About thy inmost-bowers,
 To sprinkle o'er the grave where she doth lie.

Away with the deadly weed,
 No bane we need,
 That sends our fancies down into the tomb;
 Bright flowers are more meet,
 Like herself, sweet;
 Such splendrous sorrow deeper than dull gloom.

For man is like a flower,
 That sparkles for the hour,
 Then droops, and droops, and bends unto the earth;
 His flesh fades like the leaves,
 His bones Time grieves,
 Till they are light as straws:—and such is mirth.

Since grief and joy must die,
 And side beside lie,
 Till old oblivion shall become no space;
 Lie not there and grieve,
 But come and give
 Thy melody, my true song to grace.

When the daisy goes to bed,
 And primrose bends the head,
 Her sick heart to her pillow bent her low;
 She look'd into my face,
 My bosom burst the lace—
 Oh! I retaste the luxury of woe.

The sun, o'er the light blue hill,
 Comes wakefully to fill
 Trees, grass, and river with a splendrous gold;
 While the dews wet my feet,
 I'll thither fleet
 In vintage shades, to dwell on dear thoughts old.

"I know this is but a slender and simple plot, and not over pregnant in hope, but there is no chance of success too small for a true lover—alas! I know it." And Frederigo embracing him, said, "how shall I ever repay thee for thy solicitude about me? It should seem that thy proper distress is drowned wholly in mine: but I will do justice to the truth of thy friendship, and will set about this thing with such zeal, that shall discover the honour I pay to any kind attentions you may offer me." So they went from city to city, town to town; and, strange to say, Lucio was never tired of repeating that song, although he had sung it a thousand times; but often would he sigh, "Oh, Fortune, why persecute me thus? Why must my hopes spring from the grave of another?"

It fell out as Frederigo wished, for one day a voice called to them through an iron grating of a convent, saying, "Minstrels, if minstrels ye be, ye have deeply touched the heart

of a miserable daughter of this convent, by the sadness of your ditty. Come to me, I prythee, in the early morning, when the convent gate is open, for I would fain hear ye once more; and as I am pleased to think that you are come from Milan, I would speak to you also about that city." Away went Frederigo rejoiced, for his heart told him it was his lady's voice; but Lucio wept more and more, and trembled like a leaf in the wind. Frederigo's young spirits revived; and he went into the city and chose himself a rich knightly habit, but Lucio would not; and they covered themselves in the morning early, for neither of them could sleep upon their beds, and went to the convent. Frederigo asked for the lady Julia, who came, full of astonishment that her name was known. The spirit of Titian's canvas, the living substance, the image of Frederigo's heart, stood now before him. She was very pale and worn with sorrow, but

supreme in patient meekness. Frederigo glorified the Saints, and was full of fervent affection; but Lucio was sick at heart, and left them to come into the air. Frederigo opened his minstrel's habit, and shewed himself to be a knight, and, taking Julia's gentle hand, told all the travail of his love; touched on the tender strings of hopes and fears; wept for her kindred, but bid her rejoice and lift her eyes from the ground, and cast them up to Heaven in hopes for happy days. Need it be said his passion won her heart? Rescued from sorrow and adversity, the happy vision swam before her eyes

and filled her bosom with re-animating delight. She took Frederigo's faith, and gave him her love. They were married, but Lucio died. And Frederigo came suddenly in to Julia, saying, "My wife, we must suspend the harvest of joys; let down thy hair, put on a sable coif, and muse on dying flowers, for the youth who has travelled many a wearied mile for me—the melancholy Lucio, is dead—yet not he, but she—no youth, no Lucio, but Titian's niece—the gentle Aimé, whose heart Fate hath chosen me to be the cruel instrument to be so long in breaking.

TO A YOUNG COUPLE ON THEIR MARRIAGE.

'Tis done, and your God hath recorded above
The vows you have made at his altar;
May they always be kept in affection and love,
And your hearts from their truth never falter.

May the sun of prosperity cheer with its rays
Every step of the path you are treading,
Attending you through to the end of your days,
Around you its radiances shedding.

May the angel of peace, like the ark-sheltered dove,
On your humble abode ever rest;
And the sunshine of hope, and the spirit of love,
Make the years of your pilgrimage blest.

When Time's rapid changes, the world with its cares,
And foes with their malice assail you,
When the friends you have cherish'd surround you with snares,
And those you relied upon fail you:—

In heart and in counsel united remain,
Though misfortunes around you are frowning;
Then the smile of affection shall soothe every pain,
And peace e'en affliction be crowning.

Should years, as they vanish, erase from my mind
Every feeling I fain would remember;
This wish and this prayer would be still left behind,
Like the rose that puts forth in December.

But we one and all must soon cross the drear wave,
The Jordan of death darkly rolling;
Must sleep with our fathers, lie down in the grave,
Friendly hearts our last knell gently tolling.

Then, oh! may we meet when life's visions are past,
Where no heart-breaking partings can sever;
With pinions, well tried in the world's adverse blast,
Stretch beyond it for ever and ever!

J. R. W.

FOREIGN.

BIOGRAPHY, RECENT PUBLICATIONS,

AND

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE BARON DENON.

THIS distinguished individual and eminent artist, Dominique Vivant Baron Denon, is now more than eighty years of age, and has been the witness of four remarkable eras of natural existence, having moved in public situations from the reign of his early patron, Louis XV. through that of his successor, then through the stormy period of the Revolution, then through the period of Napoleon's splendid career, until he at length witnesses the son of his first royal master seated upon the throne of his ancestors. A man of genius, who has been in constant communication with the numerous, diversified, and original characters, which these periods have been so fertile in, is likely to possess that fund of information and that conversational superiority which have always been attributed to the Baron Denon. He was born at Chalons-Sur-Saone, of a noble family, and being an only son, was destined, according to the French practice, to be brought up to the law. But it is related that he imbibed a strong disposition to visit the metropolis, and to enter into gayer scenes than the law, in consequence of a gipsy having told his fortune when he was only seven years old, and having predicted that he should be a distinguished favourite of the ladies and a frequenter of numerous courts. We must presume that his faculties were rather precocious, as he had acquired a very familiar acquaintance with Paris and Versailles, even at the age of sixteen. At this period he had to undergo the operation of lithotomy, and bore both the disease and its violent remedy with great fortitude.

Introduced to Louis XV. his vivacity and the elegance of his mind attracted the particular attention of that monarch. It is well known that his royal patron had always lived in voluptuous indolence, and that, under the name of intellectual pursuits, he had successively adopted these recreations into which

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his mistresses had, for their own reasons, persuaded him to enter. Mademoiselle de Romans had persuaded him to study botany, and Madam de Pompadour had excited in him a desire to be able to engrave upon gems. He therefore collected a cabinet of antiques, and this pursuit, acting upon his own predilection for the study of history, soon produced a wish to acquire a knowledge of medals. A collection of medals was therefore soon formed, and the care of this and of the cabinet of engraved gems and antique stones was entrusted to M. Denon. A desire of gallantry among the French actresses now induced him to write his comedy of "Le bon Pere," and it was not until this period of his life that he had received any instruction in drawing. His parents were naturally uneasy at his being absorbed in the trifling and dissipation of a court, to the exclusion of more important occupations, and at length he accompanied the French ambassador on a mission to St. Petersburg. Being intrusted with dispatches, he stopped at Potsdam with a hope of being allowed to offer his homage to Frederick the Great, and that monarch condescended to admit him to an interview. At St. Petersburg, he gave some personal offence to the capricious and extravagant archduke Paul, which prevented his being favourably received by the Empress Catherine. On the death of Louis XV. M. Denon left the court of Russia, and joined Monsieur Vergennes in Denmark, who had been the French ambassador at Stockholm, but who was on his return to France to assume the functions of foreign minister. Mr. Vergennes, his new patron, now entrusted to him a diplomatic mission to Switzerland, in which he ably executed his public trust, and took every advantage of acquainting himself with the natural beauties of that country. He afterwards visited Voltaire at Ferney, where he was received with

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favour. He was for three years attached to the *suite* of the Count de Clermont d'Amboise, the French ambassador at Naples, and was himself afterwards Chargé d'Affaire for four years at the same court. It was during this latter period that he executed his celebrated Journal and designs from the views of Naples and its environs, and from La Pouille, Calabria, Sicily, and Malta. These works were published in a most superb style, and met with that distinction to which their merits so justly entitled them. He was now admitted to an intimacy with the Cardinal de Bernis, the French ambassador at Rome. The splendid mansion of the Cardinal was then the resort of the Sovereigns and first characters of Europe; and Denon here became acquainted with the Emperor of Germany, Joseph II. and with Gustavus of Sweden, who was afterwards assassinated at the ball, both of these Monarchs were then living in philosophic enjoyment, relieved from the cares of state, and from the rigours of the less hospitable climates of their native countries. It was remarkable at that period, that all the crowned heads of the continent were philosophers, whilst their subjects were sunk in ignorance and barbarism. Now philosophy is supposed to have deserted the monarch, and to have found refuge with the people. The death of Monsieur de Vergennes terminated the diplomatic employment of Monsieur Denon, but he again resorted to that country for objects of art. Upon his return to Paris, it was proposed to him to belong to the academy, and he would have been elected into their body as an amateur, but he preferred being a candidate as an artist, and the works, which he submitted to that body in support of his pretensions, immediately secured his election.

As he had as yet visited only the southern states of Italy, he was now desirous of returning to that country to pursue at his leisure a study of the various schools of art in Verona, Bologna, Venice, and Florence. He repaired to Venice, and during a residence of five years he prosecuted his celebrated collection of drawings from every school of painting, and specimens of the engravings of every age. It is this invaluable collection which forms the delight and occupation of his old age. The influence of the French Revolution at length obliged him to fly from Venice to Florence, and, being again compelled to leave Florence, he

repaired to Switzerland, hoping that in a country so retired he might find an asylum; but the French authorities having declared every Frenchman an alien who expatriated himself at this revolutionary crisis, M. Denon was obliged to return to France at the period of the most terrific anarchy. In Paris he had now neither friends nor pecuniary supplies, and his being of noble descent alone exposed him to dangers. He was about to be conveyed to the department of his family, when the painter David, of his own accord, procured an order to detain him at Paris, to paint the national costumes which were about to be adopted. This act of considerate benevolence on the part of David has never been forgotten by M. Denon. His new office brought him in constant contact with the various sanguinary characters of the revolutionary period, but it may be observed that many of them did him services, whilst he experienced injury from none.

On one occasion M. Denon was summoned before the Committee of Public Safety to give an account of the progress he had made on the national costumes. Here he had the equivocal good fortune of attracting the notice of Robespierre, who, to M. Denon's alarm and astonishment, passed the rest of the night with him, and evinced, by his conversation, that he was capable of appreciating superior education, and the manners of higher society.

It was at the house of Madame de Beauharnais that the artist first became acquainted with the rising prodigy of the age, and his intuitive penetration into character immediately determined him to devote himself to Napoleon. Upon Buonaparte's offering to allow him to join the intended expedition to Egypt, M. Denon, although nearly sixty years of age, did not hesitate to accept the proposal, and he accompanied the army as one of the *Scavans*. His work upon Egypt, both for the merits of the text and the beauty of the engravings, has justly acquired him the praise of Europe. In this splendid work are evidences of a capacity for profound thought, for acute observation, and ingenious as well as learned elucidations of what was imperfect or obscure: his engravings and paintings embrace the most diversified objects—the relics of antiquity—the grand and imposing features of nature in the deserts and on the Nile and plains of Egypt—the costumes and characters of the Turks and Arabs, and their battles with the French. After so well acquit-

ting himself in Egypt, M. Denon returned to France with Buonaparte, and was appointed by him director general of the Museum, with the commission of designing the medals to commemorate his history, and with orders to erect the intended column to the glory of the French armies, and to superintend the embellishing of the principal monuments. Thus of necessity attached to Buonaparte, M. Denon followed the French armies for fifteen years. On one occasion he was present when a long military report or dispatch was read, and which evidently gave the Emperor dissatisfaction. "Ask," said Napoleon to the reader, "ask Denon, whose portfolios are full of posterity, if in what you read there is a subject for a painting or a medal." At the coronation M. Denon designed the medal commemorating that splendid ceremony, and he had the arrangement of the grand military fête which was given on the occasion in the wood of Boulogne; he had also to arrange the great military fête on the top of Mount St. Bernard, given to the honour of General Desaix. The most brilliant exploits of the French armies in the campaigns of Austria, Spain, and Poland were designed by M. Denon on the scene of their achievement and immediately

after his personal view of the actions; he may be therefore called the graphic historian of the French armies. The influence of his character and the fascinations of his fine intellect on those, who were connected with him in his employment as principal of the French artists, were considerable.

After the fall of Napoleon, M. Denon retired to private life, and is known to derive both amusement and occupation from revising, classing, and arranging that collection of designs and paintings which he had spent fifteen years in forming. From the national importance of these objects it is to be hoped that M. Denon will allow them to be published. But M. Denon's chief occupation, at present, is the giving of graphic illustrations of his extensive and valuable cabinet. This work will form a history of the art of engraving in every age and in every nation. There will be numerous lithographic fac-similes, and the whole will be accompanied by explanatory, historical, and professional notes. We can hardly imagine a more appropriate and worthy termination of a distinguished professional career, than the work in question; and we trust it may be finished under the hands of M. Denon.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Die Urwelt und das Alterthum, erläutert durch die Naturkunde. — The Primitive World and Antiquity explained by Physics. By H F. Link. 1 vol. 8vo.

The author's aim is to represent the primitive world as essentially different to the present world, according to the researches of Blumenbach and Cuvier, to refute the various hypotheses relative to the supposed revolutions of the globe, and to explain the pretensions which Upper Georgia, Armenia, and Media have to be considered as the place which the human species first inhabited. In the first part, entitled "*The Primitive World*," the author treats of the numerous remains of organic bodies in the earth, which had

previously attracted the attention of Xenophanes, of Kolophon, and he cites the different opinions relative to this subject, from which he concludes that an entire organic creation, and with it a great many extraordinary forms, unknown to the present world, have perished by the inundations of the sea; that every thing is formed and perfected by degrees; which inspires the hope of a gradual amelioration of spiritual and corporeal nature.

The second part treats of the propagation of organic bodies on the earth, animals as well as plants; and the third, upon the propagation of the human species. In the fourth part, the author considers language as a decisive mark of propagation; he admits an original language, and demonstrates the origin of the difference of languages. The

fifth part treats of the countries in which domestic animals and cultivated plants were first found: the sixth treats of metals. In the seventh, the author examines the different cosmogonies of the ancients, namely, that of the Indians, the ancient Persians, the creation after Moses, the mythology of the Phenicians, Babylonians, Egyptians, and Greeks.

Topogr: Beschreibung von Peterwarden. — Topographical Description of Peterwardin and its Environs, with Figures. By Fr. Schams, 8vo.

Syrmia, which is part of Hungary, has been but little known till now, not even in Germany, and very few travellers have visited this country or given a statistical description of it.

The fortress of Peterwardin is situated on the borders of the Danube, seventy-five miles from Vienna. The climate is moderate and the country fertile. The Emperor Probus, a native of Syrmia, must have planted the first vines in the third century. The wine is reckoned the best in Hungary, and the author declares, it is *real nectar*. The village of Nausetz, situated on the other side of the Danube, and to which is a bridge of boats, is remarkable for the extent of its commerce and a great many remains of Roman antiquities. The basin of the canal of the Emperor Francis is thirteen miles long, and carries ships of considerable burden. The language of the people is Croatian-Sclavonic, and the religion catholic. The plates which ornament this work represent the fort of Peterwardin, and, in a neighbouring village, is to be seen the tree to which General Brenner, in the year 1766, was tied by the Turks and shot.

Pannoniens Bewshner, &c. — The Costume of the Inhabitants of Pannonia, in 78 coloured plates, with an explanation of them. By F. Heimbucher de Bikessy, in 4to.

These costumes of the people of Hungary are designed with taste and accuracy; the features and attitude of each person is well characterized, and all of them are carefully coloured. The text, which accompanies the plates, and of which two hundred copies only have been printed, contains a description of the manners and customs of the Hungarians. The subject of one of these

engravings is, A Croatian of the County of Wieselbourg, and a *Tréfileur Slavagüe*. The former wears a long blue robe with silver pointed buttons, with red facings, white canvas lining, blue breeches, and a white flannel tight coat. The second wears a plain shirt, and a *gatz* of coarse linen, breeches of coarse cloth, and a sort of leathern pouch upon his right shoulder, and a brown riding coat upon his back; round his neck he carries a roll of wire, with which he mends broken earthen-ware, which he performs with great dexterity, and without using glue.

A Zelenian girl of the district of Neograd is represented, having her hair braided down her back, a little band of black velvet ornaments her forehead, and on each side are placed several ribbons of different colours; her sleeves are tucked up, and a blue corsette, ornamented with red ribbons, displays her pretty figure. She wears a white petticoat of fine striped linen, and a flowered cotton apron is tied round her with a ribbon. These girls generally carry a coloured handkerchief of silk or cambric in their hands.

The costume of the girls of Szluin is distinguished for its elegance and the fineness of the linen. A beautiful veil, parted before, flows behind, down a petticoat trimmed with red bands. Their stockings are red, and their shoes yellow. The houses in this country are built of wood, the roofs are very high, and without chimnies; to let the smoke out they make a hole in the roof, which they cover with another smaller roof raised higher up.

Morale Poetica Italiana, &c. — Selection of Moral Italian Poetry, taken from the Maxims and Sentences of the most celebrated Italian Poets. By P. L. Constantini. 12mo. 4s.

M. Constantini is well known for several Italian works, and amongst others, "Italian and French Dialogues for the Use of both Nations," which he published at Paris, where he has long taught the Italian language. Fixing his residence in London he has composed, for the instruction of his scholars, the present collection, which he has dedicated to the three Lady Stanleys. The frontispiece is ornamented with lithographical portraits of Dante, Tasso, Ariosto, Petrarch, and Metastasio.

Monumenti Etruschi, o di Etrusco Nome, &c. — Etruscan Monuments.

or those which are thought to be Etruscan, &c. By the Chevalier Fr. Inghirami. 6 vols. in 4to. with 600 plates: in numbers, each 10 francs.

These monuments relate to the sculpture, painting, philosophy, and religion of the ancient and celebrated country of Tuscany; each number contains twelve copper-plates and forty pages of text. This magnificent work will be extended to six volumes, which will contain a description and representation of the Etruscan urns, mystical mirrors, bronzes, edifices, earthen vases, and monuments of the Etruscan kind, or of doubtful origin. Most of the copper-plates, some of which are only outlined others shaded and coloured, are drawn with the greatest care by the author himself. Those which are coloured perfectly imitate the different tints that time gives to bronze, marble, alabaster, and generally all stony materials. According to the distributive plan adopted by the author, each number contains a sheet of text, with explanatory plates.

Methode pour l'Enseignement des Langues, &c. Method of Teaching the Languages. By M. J. J. Ordinaire, Rector of the Academy of Besançon. First Part, 1 vol. 12mo. Paris.

It is from the progress of knowledge and of civilization, its necessary and inseparable attendant, that the human race is destined to obtain, one day, the greatest sum of felicity to which its nature can aspire. The perfection of such methods, as are intended to render literary studies and pursuits more easy and solid, merits, consequently, an interest commensurate with its great importance.

There are three classes of men, who receive public instruction. The most numerous are obliged to labour hard, in order to procure the necessities of life, and has, therefore, little time to devote to the cultivation or enlargement of the intellectual faculties.—They obtain, therefore, in Lancasterian or other preparatory schools, such notions and acquirements as are calculated to promote the objects of their industry, and the accomplishment of their duties. A second class is that of pupils, who attend grammar-schools, without any design of pursuing their studies beyond very moderate limits, their professions requiring neither extensive knowledge in the sciences, nor

in literature. The third class is composed, first, of young men who, born without fortune or at least with a very moderate one, wish to found their livelihood and their fame on the pre-eminence of their talents, by embracing professions, which require extensive knowledge, as medicine, education, jurisprudence, &c.; and, secondly, of those, who, born in a high sphere of life, believe very justly that they cannot acquire too much knowledge, to fulfil properly the situations to which they aspire, or to become the benefactors of mankind, by imparting riches and intellectual light to those to whom destiny has denied their enjoyment. This last class ought to pass through all the degrees of instruction, and gain from the Universities the completion of that knowledge, which they have already acquired at their elementary and superior schools.

After this division, which is generally adopted, it is easy to determine what species of knowledge each particular school ought to communicate. In the elementary schools, children ought to learn such principles of religion and of morality, as are placed within the reach of the infant mind,—reading, writing, the elements of arithmetic, geometry, linear drawing, and, perhaps, even music, the knowledge of which, when once it becomes general, softens and improves the manners of society. Perhaps it would not be improper to add to these acquirements the knowledge of gymnastic exercises, which is so well adapted to promote health, and preserve the original purity of morals. The information communicated at a grammar-school, which always supposes that the previous knowledge, which has been acquired at the preparatory schools, produced all the results in the youthful mind which it was intended to produce, should embrace the Latin, Greek, French and English languages, pure mathematics, drawing, the elements of physical science, chemistry, natural history, geography, history, and philosophy, which embraces the science of religion. To these might properly be added, music, and gymnastic exercises. The Universities must, ultimately, complete the course of education, not only in the sciences, the elements of which the pupil is already supposed to have acquired at the grammar-school, but also in a more elevated course of study, which, resting upon the former, will enable him to advance with honour to the career for which he is intended.

It is necessary not only that the dif-

ferent schools should offer the different classes of learners the knowledge of which we have spoken, but also that there be a guarantee, that it should be given in that manner which is best calculated to communicate the ideas which the masters are directed to impart to their respective pupils. This guarantee, which is of great importance even to those who only pass through one or two classes, is still of far greater moment to those who pass through them all. It is not necessary that students at grammar-schools should be obliged to learn what they are already supposed to have acquired at the elementary schools; and it is, moreover, necessary that they arrive at the Universities with all the previous knowledge, which forms the basis of that superior instruction, which is there imparted to them. All these conditions are essentially necessary to the formation of a complete course of education; but it is greatly to be doubted, whether they are all strictly fulfilled.

Elementary or preparatory instruction, indeed, will soon be carried to such perfection, that the friends of infant education will not have much cause of uneasiness during the period of it. The method of mutual instruction called amongst us the Lancasterian system, is the most rapid and the most certain of all other methods, and offers every sort of possible guarantee to parents and guardians. But education, in schools of a higher degree, is far from presenting so satisfactory a prospect. It has, indeed, been improved within some years, but it is still far from being complete, and harmonizes but little with the demands of civilization, which have been considerably increased within the last thirty years, by the number and extent of the sciences, the study of which should always accompany the languages. The time usually employed in the study of the dead languages should be abridged, for it generally extends, both in France and in England, to three-fourths of the ten or twelve years which are passed at the grammar school. Thus an important service would be conferred upon a very considerable portion of society; for, to an exclusive study of Greek and Latin, the study of the sciences is now evidently sacrificed.

However great this sacrifice may be, we might still endure it with some resignation, if it were compensated by a certainty, that, when the classic student completes his course of Greek and Latin, he will be master of these languages, the study of which has cost him so much pain and application.

Here we may safely appeal to all unbiassed men, and particularly to the heads of families, most of whom will acknowledge, that they were not masters, we will not say of those principles of Greek and Latin, which belong to universal grammar, but even of the terms of the languages, so as to translate any author whatever, without the help of a dictionary and grammar.— This is proved by experience; and the number of works published on this subject within the last fifty years, by men of great merit, all of whom commence by declaring, that they have been determined to enter upon the subject, solely from the evil effects of the method hitherto pursued in teaching the languages, prove sufficiently how inadequate it is to fulfil its end. The method is, therefore, vicious.

The author of the work, of which we now treat, President of the Academy of Besançon, employed a considerable portion of his time in reflecting on the cause, and in discovering the remedy by which this objection might be removed; and after an intense examination of the subject, he traces it solely to the vices of the existing method of instruction, and neither to the teachers, who are, generally, full of zeal, nor to the pupils, who are equally well inclined to acquire that information of which they are in pursuit. In fact, he shews, that the failure of the common method arises from attempting to transmit at once two species of knowledge, which are perfectly distinct in their own nature, and which, from being prematurely blended, without perceiving the distinction that exists between them, creates only that confusion of intellect, which is almost invariably followed by disgust, and a want of relish for classical attainments. Whoever has studied the process, by which ideas are generated in the mind, knows that they are all derived from two sources,—namely, *sensation* and *reflection*.— These two sources of human knowledge have been altogether neglected by philosophical writers, and no one ever has thought of applying the distinction between them to this important study before M. Ordinaire, who shews, what, indeed, requires no proof, that in languages as in all other sciences, there are only these two species of ideas, which are as distinct in their nature as in the time of their formation. Ideas of sensation, which our author calls *ideas of fact*, always precede ideas of reflection, which only compare the former with each other, and examine the links by which they are connected, in order to discover the relation

between them. These latter ideas M. Ordinaire calls ideas of *deduction*, a term, however, which we do not think sufficiently general to comprehend the extent of their nature.

From this separation of ideas into two sorts, M. Ordinaire divides the study of languages into two distinct branches. The one is the communication of ideas of *fact*, which requires only attention, a faculty which in youth is at once so vigorous and so versatile; the other the communication of ideas of *deduction*, which is so remarkably slow in children, but which, when once exercised, becomes progressively more and more active. The latter ideas must be always founded on the former, so that the teacher, who communicates them antecedently, attempts to make his pupil acquainted with ideas which neither Locke nor Newton could understand if they were ignorant of those ideas of fact to which they refer. It is certain, however, that teachers make no distinction between these ideas, and seldom know the distinction themselves. They teach both indiscriminately, and therefore create only confusion in the mind of the pupil. All grammatical terms, for instance, are made up of these two sorts of ideas. The ablative, or sixth case of nouns, belongs to all terminations which designate it in the different declensions. This we know by mere observation, without any exercise of the reflecting faculty, and is therefore an idea of *fact*, or of sensation; but the same ablative expresses a certain relation between the word which it qualifies and some other word in the sentence, and this relation can only be perceived by reflection, as it presents no visible image to the senses. This relation is consequently what M. Ordinaire calls an idea of deduction. This example proves at once the existence of two sorts of ideas, and the advantage of separating them, so as to make the pupil acquainted with them in their proper order, that is, to instruct him first in the idea of fact, and afterwards in the idea of deduction, as he cannot by any process of instruction understand the latter till he is well acquainted with the former. The ablest metaphysician, much less a child, cannot possibly perceive relations till he first knows the things between which they exist. From the total want of order in imparting these two sorts of ideas to youth, it entirely happens that we find them possessed of such a heap of rules and principles without understanding one of them; and that all their notions are so vague and incom-

plete, and void of connection. We cannot therefore be surprised that so many learned writers have considered the knowledge of Greek and Latin as totally useless. They could perceive in it but the study of words, whereas, if these languages had been properly taught, they would afford a powerful means of exercising the reflective faculties, and of forming that correct judgment, which would be as useful to youth in their moral conduct as in their intellectual pursuits.

Having explained the nature of the foundation on which M. Ordinaire rests his new plan of education, and the vices of the present system of teaching the languages, we cannot accompany the sagacious author through the particulars of his own system, and the ingenious tables which he has invented to give efficacy to his own plan, and avoid the defects of the common method. It is sufficient to point out the existence of these defects to prove the possibility of improving the system, and to induce all those, who feel interested in the education of youth, to become acquainted with the original. We could wish indeed to see the work translated into our own language, for the success which has attended the author's system of education in the academy of Besançon, over which he presides, has exceeded his own expectations. This appears from the testimony of M. M. Rander and Ampere, the inspectors general of education, who visited it in less than five months after the introduction of his system into the school. It is well worthy the attention of all public teachers and heads of families. It abridges wonderfully the long period of time which is usually devoted to classical acquirements, and its utility has the advantage of interfering with no political bias, and consequently of being introduced into every country, and sanctioned by every government.

Comp d'œil sur l'éducation.—Reflections on Education. By M. A. Gautier-Sausin, one of the Founders of the Society of Sciences, Agriculture, and Belles Lettres of Montaubon. Second edition, considerably augmented.

The important subject of education, though so frequently handled by writers, is yet capable of improvement, and Gautier deemed it such in venturing to offer his observations on it to the

public. His reflections bespeak him a lover of letters and of public morals, and he considers education the basis on which public welfare rests. The general principles, however, which he seeks to maintain, have no claim to originality, though many of his thoughts and suggestions can be traced to no former writer. His aim is to combine public with private education, making the first succeed to the second. He dwells particularly on the education of the heart, which he would have commence from the cradle. He deplors the number of years devoted to the study of the dead languages; and treats in order the advantages resulting from the study of sciences, arts, and practical mathematics. He points out the works that ought to be put into the hands of children, and the rout which should be taken in making the tour of Europe. His chapter on the education of females is worthy the particular attention of all mothers; and his whole treatise may be said to contain most important reflections, and useful views of education, supported by the authority of the best writers in France and England, and a great number of judicious advices to the directors of the youthful mind.

Nouveaux Melanges de Litterature Française.—A new Miscellany of French Literature. By M. Brunner. 12mo.

To render the French tongue familiar to youth, to make them acquainted with dignity and variety of expression, to form their taste by presenting them at once with the true and the beautiful, to enrich their understanding with useful knowledge, to assist them in facilitating the means of reasoning justly, to inspire them with elevated sentiments, to make them cherish virtue by the lessons and examples of generous and celebrated men, is the arduous task which the author of the work before us has prescribed to himself, and he has perfectly fulfilled it. He has not confined himself to the mere placing before the eyes of his readers simple fragments of eloquence, but has studied to make them acquainted with the oratorical modulations of voice, and a concatenation of ideas which concur with them to form a complete whole; and he has preferred to a multitude of brilliant sallies of imagination a number of passages, which, though less elevated, tend, notwithstanding, to con-

vince and to persuade as well by the force of proofs as by the charms of expression. It is unnecessary to say, that, in order to attain this end, he has been frequently obliged to make numerous extracts from voluminous works; but this has not interfered with the unity of his plan, because, in rejecting all uninteresting discussions, and whatever offends against decency, he has taken care to connect the thoughts of each author, in his own words. In fine, he attempts to fix the orthography which ought to be adopted in the work; and, while he recognizes the right of the ancients and the moderns, and regards the orthography of every author as his own property, he has caused every extract to be printed with that which is similar to it, without fearing to create confusion in the minds of learners, as they read French works continually differing in their orthography.

Essai sur l'Histoire Ancienne et Moderne de la Nouvelle Russie, &c.—

An Essay on the Ancient and Modern History of New Russia, with Maps, Views, Plans, &c. 3 vols. 8vo. Price 15 francs.

The history of new Russia presents more difficulties than that of any other country in Europe. This portion of the Russian empire, being recently united to it, was successively possessed, conquered, and ravaged, by upwards of seventy different nations, since the time of Herodotus. The work is divided into three principal epochs. The first commences with the earliest accounts, and terminates with the conquest of Taurida by Mahomet II. in 1475, twelve years after the capture of Constantinople.

In the first epoch the author rests upon the authority of Herodotus, and the Greek and Latin authors who have spoken of the Scythians. He evinces great erudition and sound criticism in reporting the notions which have been transmitted to us by the ancients, relative to the manners, migrations, and wars of the native inhabitants of Taurida and those who became masters of it by conquest; and also of the different countries which composed the ancient Scythia.

The first part terminates with the description of some remains of antiquity, and of the principal medals found in the ruins of ancient cities, and in turning up the *Kourganes*.

The second era presents a re-er-

tainty than the first. Under the head of historic events, it comprehends a period of three centuries, namely, from the conquest of the Crimea, by the Turks, to its cession to Russia, in 1784, when it reassumed its ancient name of Taurida.

The third era is that which is fraught with greatest interest to the friends of humanity, who must behold with pleasure countries, so long desolated, presenting the aspect of universal felicity. The situation on the coasts of the black sea, many navigable floods, the fertility of the country, the appeal made to the numerous colonies protected and succoured by the government, a new city become already considerable, the centre of the rich capitals of an extensive commerce, have all conspired to render New Russia one of the happiest countries in Europe.

The author treats in detail of these different points. He dwells principally on Odessa; he explains what it was before the conquest, and what it has become since 1803, what it actually is, and the brilliant prospects which seem to await it.

The work concludes with a description of a tour made by M. de Castleman, in the Crimea. Geology, natural history, numismatography, the topography of ancient towns, agriculture, commerce, and navigation, seem all to be embraced and treated of by the author in the most satisfactory manner. Correct maps of New Russia, in general, and of the Crimea, in particular, accompany the first and second volumes of the work, and all three are enriched with engravings in aquatinta, which give the most picturesque views of the Peninsula. This work cannot fail both to please and to instruct.

Notice des Monumens exposées dans le cabinet des Medailles, et Antiques de la Bibliothèque du Roi, &c.—An Account of the Monuments exposed in the Cabinet of Medals and Antiques of the Royal Library. By M. Dumersan. 8vo. 15 fr. 1822.

This is a new edition of a work, very useful to all who visit the French capital; it contains forty-two plates, representing the most interesting medals belonging to this cabinet. It also contains a description of the most remarkable

curiosities of the establishment, with historical notes relative to its foundation. All that is particularly worthy of the knowledge of the curious, in all the voluminous works published on this subject, is found collected in this "Notice," and recapitulated in a manner sufficient for amateurs and those who do not make antiquity their particular study. The work is indispensably necessary to such as would derive any advantage from visiting the Cabinet of Medals and Antiques, and who would retain a recollection of the most interesting monuments which it contains.

Lettres sur la Corse, &c.—Letters upon Corsica, &c. By J. F. Simonot, &c. 1 vol. 8vo. 4 fr. 50 c.

In these letters, twenty-three in number, to which are affixed forty-two notes, the author is desirous of exhibiting the real state of Corsica, and of rectifying the erroneous impressions which were created by a very short account of this island (only sixty-three pages), published by a councillor of the royal court of Riom.

These letters and notes are the result of observations made in Corsica during a long residence there, by a writer who, in his civil and military capacities, had every opportunity of collecting accurate information.

Conversations Morales entre une Mere et son Fils.—Moral Conversations between a Mother and her Son. By Madame L—. Paris, 1821.

This work is composed of six dialogues, in each of which the authoress aims to reform some particular vice, and to create an attachment to some particular virtue. The last dialogue treats of Roman history, and may be considered a model after which parents should direct their children, in their first lessons. The moral is void of austerity, and is animated by little anecdotes and historic traits, well selected, and by interesting biographical notices; all of which give an opportunity of describing those actions which are most familiar to children.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

AMERICA.

Encroachment of the Sea.—In 1814, a house was built at the mouth of the Delaware, near Cape May, 334 feet from the sea. In 1820, this house was not farther than 180 feet from the shore.—The progress of the sea, regularly observed during five years, varies a little from one year to another, but is never interrupted. On the coast of Brasil, the same observation has been made. It appears, that the encroachments of the sea are here still more rapid than in the United States.

Public Instruction.—The education of youth is considered an affair of national importance throughout the United States, and considerable sacrifices are there made to increase it. The State of Connecticut has appropriated a fund of a million and a half dollars, for the support of public schools. In Vermont, land has been appropriated, and its produce dedicated to the same object of public utility. The instruction imparted at these schools prepares the pupils for the colleges, the number of which is increased to forty-eight; they are, generally speaking, richly endowed.—The University at Cambridge, near Boston, founded in 1798, is, perhaps, the most distinguished of these establishments. The child of every citizen, without distinction of sex or colour, has an equal right to participate in elementary instruction.

ASIA.

The Koran, in folio, published in 1787 at St. Petersburg, with marginal notes, and reprinted several times afterwards at Casan, has lately again been published at Casan, at the expense of the merchant Apanai. No press in the world, with the exception of that of Constantinople, contributes more to the progress of Mahometanism than that of the Asiatic University of Casan; and the tolerance of the Russian Government is to be admired, which, at the time that numerous Bible Societies propagate the Christian doctrines, by the infinite multiplication of Bibles, permits the believers of Mahomet to spread the doctrine of their legislator and prophet.

The American Missionaries of Rangoon, doubtful of the success of their pious labours, and even uncertain as to the safety of their persons, went to Ava, the residence of the Emperor, to solicit a positive permission to propagate Christianity throughout the empire of Birman, and to beg, that those who

adopted that persuasion should not be persecuted. The Emperor's answer has convinced them, that the government of this country is as hostile as that of China to the preaching of the Gospel, and that the Sovereign would not tolerate in his subjects any difference of religious opinion.

FINLAND.

The Protestant Church in Finland is in a deplorable state. The clergy are ignorant and poor. Their revenue is very little, and they are often obliged to employ force to get it. It is not uncommon for a pastor to seize, or cause to be seized, the horse or cow of a proprietor of a house, as payment for his fees. The Fins are still strongly attached to the Pagan customs of their ancestors. They believe, that Monday and Friday are unlucky days; that cattle ought not to go from the stable till Christmas; and that it is dangerous to light a fire or a candle till Lent. On the eve of the great feast-days, they carry food for evil spirits into the stables of the cows and sheep; and on All-Saints Day (called Kikri, the name of their ancient idol) they kill a lamb, which they bake and eat without cutting it in pieces. A thousand other superstitions are practised by these people.

The Maemosyne, a journal published in this country, mentions a curious stone, found in the north of Finland, and which serves as a kind of barometer. When rain is near, it becomes of a blackish or greyish colour, and when the weather is fine, it is covered with white spots.—It is, probably, a clayish substance, containing rock salt, or ammoniac, or salt-petre, absorbing more or less humidity, according to the changes of the atmosphere.

POLAND.

Mr. Nathan Rosenfeld, a Jewish merchant, of Warsaw, a man of deep research and learning, has lately published a history of Poland, written in the Hebrew language. The historian has evidently had recourse to none but the best authorities, and the dates and authenticity of the facts he relates, are undoubted.

An immense hill or tumulus in the manner of the ancients, will be raised upon a mountain in Poland, to the memory of Kosciuszko, whose name will be inscribed on a block of granite, which will be placed at the top of the tumulus. The mountain, with the land that surrounds it to the banks of the Vistula, will be purchased

for the purpose of making useful and ornamental plantations, and for building houses for the veterans who served under this celebrated and patriotic general. These veterans will form a colony that will take the name of Kosciusko.

Dramatic Literature.—M. Kowalski has translated Moliere's comedies into the Polish language; the poetry is rendered in verse.

Archiology.—A collection entitled, "Monumenta regum Poloniæ Cracoviensis," is publishing in numbers. Three have appeared since the commencement of the present year; the price of the collection, when entire, will be 2000 Polish florins. The superintendence of this work is confided to the bishop of Plotzk, Adam Prasmowski, and to the librarian Linde. The drawings are by a Polish artist, Michael Stackowitz; they are engraved in aquatinta, by the celebrated Dietrich: the plates, twenty-four in number, will represent different monuments of Cracow, and an explanation will not only be given in Polish, but in French and Latin. The authors of this work of art observe, "It is from misrepresentation we refuse to concede the degree of merit due to Poland with regard to the fine arts. She certainly does not possess the *chefs d'œuvres* of the South, but her monuments are well worthy the attention of the artist and the amateur."

DENMARK.

The last winter, which was so mild for the rest of Europe, was very violent and destructive in Iceland. Notwithstanding this circumstance, the volcano, the mountain Eilsfeld-Jokel, a volcano that has not made an eruption since 1612, has again thrown up a quantity of lava, ashes, and stones, some of which weighed eighty, and several fifty pounds each; they were occasionally thrown to the distance of *about six English miles*. In spite of the violence of the eruption there was ice on the very borders of the Crater.

PRUSSIA.

A society for the propagation of Christianity among the Jews is formed at Berlin, under the superintendence of General Witzleben, and with the decided approbation of the King.

SWEDEN.

Archiology.—The Royal Society of Stockholm, to patronize the publication of all manuscripts relative to the Swedish history, has just given to the world the ninth volume of its memoirs; it

contains interesting articles on ancient manuscripts belonging either to public libraries or those of private gentlemen.

RUSSIA.

Amelioration of prison discipline.—

The Emperor has issued an *ukase*; its object is to ameliorate the condition of criminals in irons: for the future, women will be exempted from having their feet chained, and men alone will undergo that punishment; the former will only wear light manacles during transportation. Minor criminals of either sex, while under age, are not to be ironed. The total weight of a man's fetters is not to exceed five pounds, and the rings fastened to the feet will be covered with leather. All the malefactors of the empire, whatever their crimes, will, for the future, be fettered in the manner prescribed by this *ukase*. The minister of finance will appropriate a certain sum for the manufacture of these irons, for both sexes, in the forges of the capital. A society, of which the Prince Galitzin, the head of the clergy, is president, is employing all its influence to ameliorate the condition of criminals. In all considerable towns large and commodious towers are building for prisons. Some of these towers are already completed.

A new commercial town has been built in the district of Melitapholsky, near the river Obotyczna, which runs into the sea of Asoph. It is called Nogaisk. All persons willing to establish themselves here are exempted, during eighteen years, from every kind of contribution.

Odessa.—In this town in the year 1792 a hut was not visible, but there are now 40,000 inhabitants. Russians, Germans, French, Greeks, Jews, Americans, and Poles. A French and an Italian theatre are built, and a lyceum, founded by the Duke of Richelieu, furnishes ample resources to the learned. There are, besides, several schools for law, navigation, and commerce; eight churches, 2000 houses, and numerous public buildings. The harbour is two *versets* in length. In summer a number of Russian and Polish families visit Odessa for the purpose of sea-bathing, which is there remarkably convenient and healthy: the population of the environs is rapidly increasing.

Public Instruction.—It is said, that the Russian government no longer intends to admit foreigners as professors in the universities and other establishments for public instruction, but to bestow all professorships on the native

inhabitants; though education is not in a very advanced state throughout the Russian empire.

The Greek seminary, founded in 1775 by Catherine II. at St. Petersburg, becomes daily of higher importance; two hundred young Greek and Albanian officers are thus educated; they have twenty-five professors. Besides the military sciences, they are instructed in French, Italian, and German, and when they have completed their education, they may have the choice of a commission in the army, of becoming interpreters at the colleges of St. Petersburg or Moscow, or of returning to their native country. Among the pupils now educating, there are several youths from Chio, Lesbos, and Naxos.

GERMANY.

Fine Arts.—The Duke Albert, of Saxe-Teschen, has left, by a codicil in his own hand-writing, his rich collection of works of art to be possessed entire by a prince of the imperial family. It contains above 300,000 engravings from the very commencement of the art to its present high state of perfection, 82,000 portraits, and above 40,000 original drawings. This is the finest and most extensive collection in Europe.

Missionary Societies are established at Bremen, Berlin, Dresden, Frankfort, Halle, Leipsic, Lubeck, Stuttgard, Elberfeld, and several other German towns. About six months ago one was established in Hamburg.

Mr. George Frederic Spang is daily exhibiting at his own residence for the small sum of twelve *kreutzers*, a gallery containing 550 different pieces, executed entirely with pen and ink by the late Abbé Werner. All the friends of art are anxious to visit this interesting collection, which is really astonishing, when considered as the production of one man only: it contains specimens of every kind of writing, in sentences taken from the best French, German, Italian, English, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew writers; also the representation of several works of art, and portraits of philosophers, sovereigns, and celebrated men.

HUNGARY.

M. Farkas de Farkasfalva, at Futak, has invented a machine by which a person may plunge to the bottom of the sea, walk at the bottom, work with the hands or feet, ascend easily to the surface, or stop in the middle, without any help; and in this manner remain several days under water without inter-

ruption and without effort. The inventor calls this machine the dolphin, and pretends that it has many advantages over the diving bells. This machine, which only costs about 90l. and only employs two men, would be useful in shipwrecks, in regaining any thing dropt into the sea, and in facilitating pearl and coral fishing; an experiment the author made last year at Vienna, in the presence of Count Joseph Esterhazy and other persons of distinction, had the greatest success. To procure this machine, and to have directions for using it, the inventor at Futak, through Buda, must be applied to.

SPAIN.

A work is to be published in Spanish, by subscription, which, it is expected, will greatly excite the curiosity of the French. It consists of the *Travels of a Spaniard in the South of France*. The anonymous author promises the history of the parts of France he has visited, and an accurate account of the actual state of the Arts and Sciences, commerce and industry of that country, as compared with those of Spain.

Camels.—Some Spanish merchants have bought a number of camels, of a particular kind, only to be found in the interior of Africa, in order to naturalize them in Spain. These animals are by far the fleetest of their species; one of them, in seven days, travelled from Senegal to Mogador, a space that extends over fourteen degrees of latitude.

ITALY.

The Chevalier Theodore Carezzini, a Piedmontese, has invented two kinds of round tables, which he calls geocentric and heliocentric; by which you may, without understanding mathematics, in a little time, perfectly well know the course of the stars, and explain celestial phenomena; you may also, in a few minutes, in the open air, find the meridian line; and in a journey by land, always discover the North.

In the Palace of Arts at Naples, a room is appropriated to contain the antiques found at Pompeii and Herculaneum. —This cabinet contains specimens of ancient glass, of various forms and colours. This collection proves, that the Ancients used glass as well as the Moderns, for the purposes of decoration and chemistry.—Here is also a great number of cinerary urns, most of them enclosed in leaden vases.

At Turin, a new publication has lately appeared, called *Il Spigolatore*, or the gleaner.—It gives an account of new productions as they appear, and of

scientific discoveries. Its sale is very great.

An antique Greek and Roman sepulchre was discovered at Naples in 1810, constructed of the same materials, and of the same form, as those of Herculaneum and Pompeii. Last March, on penetrating deeper into the earth, other sepulchres were discovered, containing, like the former, several vases of baked earth. The Duke of Calabria, on being informed of these discoveries, ordered the workmen to continue their labours, and on the 26th of April, five other sepulchres were discovered in his presence.

Fine Arts—The King of Naples has issued a decree for the better preservation of pictures, statues, and other works of art and antiquity; and forbids their exportation, or the taking them from churches and other public buildings, without his special permission.—He has, besides, established a Committee of Antiquities and Fine Arts, whose occupation is to see these orders carried into execution.

Drama.—Italy has been without any permanent theatre for a length of time. It has been proposed to restore the stage to the respectability it has lost. The present comedians are devoid of merit. Some gentlemen, of large fortune and distinguished knowledge, purpose establishing a society at Florence, for the direction and support of a permanent company. They will use every exertion to accelerate the progress of dramatic art, and will encourage and support dramatic literature. They are to decide on the merit of the pieces, and whether they are likely to stand the test of a public audience.

FRANCE.

A New Computer.—M. Riessie, the King's watchmaker, at Paris, has presented the Academy with a Computer, which indicates the duration of several successive phenomena, without the necessity of looking at a dial, or listening to the strokes of a repeater. This piece of mechanism is about the size of a large pocket chronometer.—The dial moves round an axis, which passes through it and the Computer; and at each revolution a small window, placed by the side of the suspending ring, shews the number that indicates the minutes.—This instrument can retain its motion for three quarters of an hour; when intended to be used, the dial should be

turned by the hand, till it marks the beginning of the observation.—A button is then pressed, which puts the machinery in motion.—At the end of the observation, another button-knob is pressed, which moves a metallic pen, that traces, on the dial, a point, that fixes the precise moment the observation has ceased, and, at the same instant, the button is pressed that stops the movement of the whole machinery. This instrument is expected to be of very extensive use, provided it be well executed; and it may be confidently employed in every species of observation.

Mr. J. B. Say, so justly celebrated throughout Europe for his writings on Political Economy, has announced his intention to establish, about the beginning of November, at his House in Paris, a Series of Conversations on Political Economy, for the benefit of those gentlemen who may wish to acquire a more extended knowledge of that interesting science.—Unexceptionable recommendation is required.—The Subscription for the Course is three hundred francs.—At the end of the Course, diplomas will be delivered, if required, as testimonials of proficiency in the Science.

The House of Refuge, established at Paris in April, 1817, has been, up to the present time, entirely supported by charitable contributions.—It is under the immediate direction of a Priest, who has generously devoted himself to this work of mercy. Its object is to receive young criminals, whose good conduct in the Parisian prisons appears, on investigation, to deserve this clemency.—They are instructed and perfected in various useful trades. The annual exhibition of their work plainly shews their rapid progress and improvement.

The Schools for Mutual Instruction, of the reformed Church at Paris, continue to prosper; order and subordination are every where conspicuous.—Severity of any kind is seldom necessary; and ill-inclined or worthless characters rarely met with. The daily progress made by the male pupils in reading, writing, grammar, and arithmetic, in linear drawing, and in sacred music, is really astonishing. The girls are equally skilled in needle-work, &c. The happiest results are anticipated, from the religious education instilled into their youthful minds.

LONDON REVIEW ;

OR,

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

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 QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.  
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ENGLISH.

Napoleon in Exile; or, a Voice
from St. Helena.

(Continued from page 154.)

In resuming our remarks upon this important and interesting work, we must repeat the observation with which we concluded our critique in our last Number, that the contents of the volumes may be classed under two heads.—The first, relating to the deportment of Napoleon, and to our treatment of him after he was in our power; and the second, comprising those conversations, in which the fallen Emperor descended upon distinguished characters and memorable events.

We are of opinion, that the ambition of Napoleon rendered it absolutely necessary that we should effect his dethronement. Although, we are aware, that this conclusion is strongly denied by many of the most enlightened and estimable characters in England, we conceive, that few will dispute, that the Emperor, being deposed and in our custody, it was our duty to prevent his again disturbing the peace of Europe. But we lay it down as a first principle, that it was contrary to religion and humanity, and derogatory of our national character, to impose any restraint or mortification upon our fallen adversary, more than was indispensably necessary for his safe detention; and that it was incumbent upon us to impose these restraints with the utmost possible delicacy. It is a lamentable but unquestionable fact, that restraints, ignominies, and mortifications, were heaped upon the Ex-Emperor with a most unsparring hand; and if these were really necessary to his safe detention, it amounts in itself to a proof, that St. Helena was selected for his residence, without either judgment or sagacity; for if the practices of St. Helena were to be resorted to, there can be little doubt, that Napoleon could have been as safely detained in many hundred places in Europe, and at one twentieth

part of the inconvenience and expense. But Napoleon was first entrusted to the care of Admiral Sir George Cockburn, an officer of general ability, and of very distinguished professional talents. Now, Admiral Cockburn established all the regulations, which, in his judgment, appeared necessary for the safe custody of his prisoner; and these arrangements do not seem to have given more offence to Napoleon than what might reasonably have been expected from a man who was now subject to be commanded, after having been long accustomed to command the greater part of mankind with unlimited power.—On Admiral Cockburn's resigning his charge to Sir Hudson Lowe, all the restrictions, which he had thought it necessary and consistent with his duty to enforce, were multiplied, *ad infinitum*, by his successor, and we are therefore, of necessity, reduced to the dilemma of inferring, that Sir George Cockburn must have been incompetent, and have omitted to perform his duty, or that Sir Hudson Lowe has been severe beyond the necessity of the case. We must further observe, that Sir Hudson's inflictions appear to have continually increased, both in number and degree; and it is, therefore, for him to shew, that the designs of his prisoner, or circumstances equally important, were from time to time made known to him, and which induced him to increase the intensity of Napoleon's sufferings.—The general features of Sir Hudson's management displays considerable vacillation, and a total want of that precision and resolution which distinguished the measures of Sir George Cockburn, and which can alone emanate from discrimination and sound judgment.—Sir Hudson Lowe appears also to have had an unaccountable objection to state clearly and distinctly his intentions, so that Napoleon and his suite could guide themselves in their conduct without the danger of misconstruing the orders they were to obey. In addition to this, there was a very unworthy pettishness in Sir Hud-

son's management of detail,—such, for instance, as his personally searching the dirty linen of Madame Bertrand, and the other ladies of the suite; his cavilling about the quantity of water which the Ex-Emperor used in his warm baths; his cavilling, also, about the number of fires which the Countess Bertrand had in her bed-room during the year; and his going about to forbid the tradesmen to give any credit to the Emperor, or his attendants, was, to say the best of it, an act of supererogation, upon a point which might well have been left to the discretion of the parties.—We do not join in the indiscriminate censure which others heap upon Sir Hudson Lowe, but we do hope, for the honour of the British character, that Sir Hudson will be able to shew, that some very extraordinary circumstances existed to justify these measures, of which we have been selecting a few of the most prominent.

It appears, both by the direct statements, and by every collateral evidence which the work affords, that Napoleon was free from any rancour or malignity of disposition; that, on the contrary, he was both kindly and delicately sensitive to the feelings of those around him; and that his good temper and easy gaiety were unquestionable; the readiness with which he put up with wretched accommodations, rather than accept of Mr. Balcomb's offer of moving out of his house for his convenience; his walking after dinner, in order to let the attendants, who were obliged to dine in his room, enjoy themselves; his playing at blind-man's-buff with Mr. Balcomb's children, are ample proofs of his sensibility, condescension, and good nature.

We should say, that the second division of the work, or rather the second description of its contents, is more important than the first: it is of high interest.—Buonaparte's familiar conversations upon the subjects of Captain Wright, of Sir Sidney Smith, of the Duke D'Enghien, and of the expedition to Egypt, with the charges of cruelty committed by him upon his Turkish prisoners and upon his own sick, throw a very different complexion on those events than what had been previously given to them by the English press.—The picture of Napoleon's little crowded bed-room—his being reduced to nail up his sheets for curtains, his corking up the bottle of wine to make it last for the next day, Sir Hudson Lowe's dispute about their using basket salt, are subjects of deep reflection to the moralist, and afford the strongest possible instances of the reverses of human life.—Napoleon had a strong dis-

like to wood fires, and in page 113 Mr. O'Meara entered his dark room, when he beheld the fallen emperor sitting with his arms crossed on his knees over the hearth, the occasional flashes of light from the logs alternately leaving the room in darkness, and throwing their crimson shades over the melancholy countenance of the ruined chief, his mind solemnly contemplating his fallen fortunes. Who can read this passage without reflecting upon Marius sitting amidst the ruins of Carthage. From this scene let us revert to page 193, where we find Buonaparte speaking of the great victory of Moskwa, which threw into his hands the Russian capital, and raised him to an elevation to which man had never before been carried. From this he suddenly is hurled by the mightier hand of nature. The cold set in twenty days sooner than it had done for fifty years before. The thermometer fell eighteen degrees in one night, and in that fatal night 30,000 horses perished. Independent of the loss of artillery and baggage horses, of 40,000 cavalry only 3,000 returned to France; 500 cannon lay buried in the snow. The bravest sunk into fatuity and terror; four or five of the enemy threw battalions into confusion; the men "lay down, fell asleep, a little blood came from their nostrils, and, sleeping, they died." This is awfully sublime; and the pages of Tacitus sink into comparative insignificance. The limits of our Magazine oblige us to curtail our remarks, and we must refer our readers to "*Napoleon in Exile*," as a work which will gratify the idly curious, instruct the historian, and afford subjects of awful interest to the moralist and philosopher.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Right Hon. Lord Byron, with Anecdotes of his Contemporaries. 8vo. pp. 428.

These memoirs are dedicated to Mr. Gifford, and the work is evidently not the first production of its author, for it bears, throughout, the impress not only of an experienced and practised hand, but the confidence which experience and practice invariably inspire. The anonymous writer has not, therefore, concealed his name through that fear and trembling, with which our first productions are generally laid before the public. Be the author whom he may, however, we can perceive no just reason for concealing his name; for, as he

himself very properly observes, "it is every individual's duty to check the current of baneful principles, especially when those principles are sent forth clothed with the attractive ornaments of literary elegance, and recommended by the potent spells of rank and popularity." No person, surely, needs blush to avow an act which he knows to be his duty, and as the present work was professedly intended, as the author informs us, to check the current of Lord Byron's baneful principles—to undeceive those who are liable to be lost in the wilds and witcheries of moral delusion which prevail in his writings, the author engaged in the performance of a duty, which he ought not to blush to acknowledge. Concealment in such a case leads us to suspect that Lord Byron's "baneful principles" were not altogether so baneful as they are represented, and that the author, consequently, thought it prudent to screen himself from the just indignation of the noble Lord by concealing his name. This, perhaps, was not the cause of concealment, but it is at least the first cause that suggests itself to an impartial reader.

There are two objects aimed at in the present work: the first is, to make us acquainted with the life, the second with the writings, of Lord Byron. With the first we have no concern: facts speak for themselves, and we believe the author has misrepresented no circumstance of Lord Byron's life. Indeed, we cannot help saying, that he evinces throughout a rigid unbending honesty of principle, and we cannot, with some of our contemporaries, attribute the severity of his strictures on Lord Byron's moral principles to the spirit of pre-determined hostility. In our opinion the author's warmth arises from a stubborn attachment to truth, and a belief, whether well founded or not, that Lord Byron is one of its most dangerous enemies. But whether he be free from enmity to the noble Lord or not, it is idle to accuse him of it till the fact be proved. No proofs, however, have been brought forward, for the critics who have been most severe upon the work, do not mention one circumstance which he has either garbled or misrepresented. So far, then, as these memoirs regard the life of Lord Byron, we think we may safely recommend them to the perusal of our readers. Our limits will not suffer us to give even a retrospect of them, and even if we could, we do not conceive that our pages would be the proper place to seek for such information. We are not biographers, and

therefore we have nothing to do with the relation of facts. It is the business of a reviewer to let his readers know, not what facts are stated by the author, but whether they be fairly stated, and having discharged this duty, his business afterwards is with his opinions alone. When we have given the author of these memoirs credit for honesty of intention, and freedom from enmity to Lord Byron, we have given a sort of general character of the biographical, or narrative part of his work; but his opinions must be considered separately, because honesty of principle, though it never suffers us to fall into error in matters of fact, except through inadvertence, is no safeguard in matters of opinion. A man may be very honest, who, in point of intellect, is only one degree above an idiot, and we fear the present writer did not sufficiently weigh when he engaged in these memoirs:—*Quid valeant humeri, quid ferre recusent*. We must confine ourselves, however, to such parts of his comments on the poetry of the noble Lord as are most highly important to the general interests of literature.

Lord Byron, alluding to his studies at Harrow school, observes, that we become tired of studying the Greek and Latin poets "before we can comprehend their beauty, that the freshness is worn away, and the future pleasure and advantage deadened and destroyed by the didactic anticipation, at an age when we can neither feel nor understand the power of compositions which it requires an acquaintance with life, as well as with Latin and Greek, to relish or reason upon, so that when we are old enough to enjoy them the taste is gone, and the appetite pulled. In some parts of the continent young persons are taught from more common authors, and do not read the best classics till their maturity."

With this opinion our author does not agree, and brings forward Dean Vincent's "Defence of Public Education," and "Child Harold's Monitor," to prove the contrary. In questions of this nature, authority is of little consequence abstracted from the arguments on which it rests, and if mere authority decided the question, Lord Byron has much higher authority on his side than that of the Dean or the Monitor, namely, the authority of Milton, Cowley, and Addison. Their opinion, however, he treats as paradoxical: let us hear his reason. "If the attainment of Latin and Greek is at all necessary, it is obvious that those languages cannot be acquired in perfection, but through the

medium of the finest writers as well in verse as in prose." This reasoning is true; but it maintains what perhaps no man but a fool would contradict. Lord Byron does not maintain that we can have a perfect acquaintance with the Greek and Latin writers without studying the classic poets. He merely maintains that we should not commence this study before we are capable of feeling and relishing their beauties, and that we should receive our elementary education from more common authors. For this assertion his lordship gives the best of all reasons, that if we commence them too early "the taste is gone, and the appetite palled when we are old enough to enjoy them." This truth is confirmed by the experience of every one who consults his own feelings. Burke tells us that he found more pleasure in Don Bellianis of Greece, when a youth, than he could derive in his riper years from the finest passages in the *Æneid*, which would not have been the case had he never looked into it before he was prepared to feel and enjoy its beauties. As for Dean Vincent's "admirable defence," as our author calls it, his arguments have still less to do with Lord Byron's view of classic education than his own. "Child Harold's Monitor" quotes the line,

'Horace still charms with graceful negligence.'

As if Lord Byron denied the classic beauties of Horace. We should think it a waste of argument to shew that he was better acquainted with them than the Monitor, Dean Vincent, or our anonymous author. He never denied them, and we cannot but think little of the comprehension of any writer who would infer, that he has denied them from the passage we have now quoted from him.

Another charge brought against his Lordship is, that "he despised academical honours, and treated with contempt the peculiar studies by which alone they might be procured." We could not wish for a better proof of his Lordship's original powers of mind, and our author's ignorance of what constitutes real genius. A mind, pregnant with ideas of its own, cannot endure the drudgery of encumbering itself with those of others. Yet this is all that is necessary to procure academical honours. Whoever can best remember what others have written on the peculiar studies, which lead to these honours, is sure of obtaining them; so that academical honours are not the prize of genius or original endowments of mind, but of a retentive memory. All that a person who has obtained these honours

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can boast of is, consequently, that he knows what others have written, not that he knows any thing of his own. And those, who can boast of nothing higher, must not presume to tread that holy ground which is consecrated to genius.

With his observations on "Child Harold" we perfectly agree, as well with regard to its faults as to its beauties. He says that Harold is represented "an unprincipled, impenitent profligate, contrary to all our conceptions of chivalry, without the least reason whatever being assigned for making the character vicious instead of virtuous and honourable. Had the noble Lord been writing a novel, he was at full liberty to have sketched out a monster of debauchery and profaneness in as dark colours as it was possible for the imagination to figure human villainy. But when, in undertaking a narrative of his own travels in foreign countries, the noble Lord thought proper to clothe his remarks in a poetic dress, and to convey them as the observations of a fictitious character, he should have taken care to make that convenient personage a respectable, and not an abandoned being." His observations on the beauties of this poem are equally just, and the quotation which he gives of his personification of "Battle" stamping his foot on the rock overhauling the plains of Talavera, may be justly ranked among the sublimest passages in ancient or modern poetry. It reminds us of Collins's picture of danger.

"Lo! where the giant on the mountain stands,
His blood-red tresses deepening in the sun,
With death-shot glowing in his hands,
And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon,
Restless it rolls, now fixed, and now anon
Flashing afar, and at his iron feet
Destruction comes to mark what deeds are done,
For on this morn three potent nations meet
To shed before his shrine the blood he deems
most sweet."

His observations on "The Corsair" we do not think equally just. He cannot conceive, he says, how a heart of such sensibility as Medora possessed, should feel such intense anxiety for the fate of Conrad, whom she knew to be a dark, designing villain. He thinks his demoniacal qualities ought to have driven him from all human kind. We think otherwise, and even if we admitted him to be what our author has no authority in supposing him, we should think so still; for we should still be unable to perceive any thing unnatural in Medora's affection for the Corsair. Without pretending to any extraordinary acquaintance with the human heart, experience alone places sufficient

evidence within our reach of the fidelity of woman to her partner for life. A woman once attached to the person of a man remains so, and there was nothing in the person of Conrad which could lead us to think it impossible that a woman would fall in love with him.

"Robust, but not Herculean—to the sight
No plant frame sets forth his common height;
Yet in the whole, who paused to look again,
Saw more than marks the crowd of vulgar men;
They gaze and marvel how—and still confess,
That thus it is, but why, they cannot guess."

Are we to suppose such a figure incapable of gaining the affections of a woman, and of retaining them through life, notwithstanding his vices. At the same time, we need not have recourse to this argument to defend the probability of such an attachment, for we do not conceive, that the character given of Conrad by Lord Byron justifies our author in calling him a devil incarnate; nor do we think that the following passage, which he quotes as an instance of his infidelity, contains a single sentiment that authorizes the conclusion.

"There is a war of chaos in the mind,
When all its elements convulsed.—combined—
Lie dark and jarring with perturbed force,
And gnashing with impotent remorse;
That juggling fiend—who never spoke before,
But cries, 'I warned thee,' when the deed is
o'er.
Vain voice; the spirit burning, but unbenet,
May writhe, rebel—the weak alone repent."

These are not sentiments of infidelity. On the contrary, they are what divines would call, sentiments of returning grace. They express the conflict of a mind which dares not give itself over altogether to vice, but which still wants courage to embrace the sterner paths of virtue. A confirmed infidel feels no "chaos" of "mind," no "dark, jarring and convulsed elements." These are only felt where virtue and vice combat with each other, but where no spark of virtue remains, the slave of vice travels forward smoothly and quietly in the paths of iniquity. The Corsair, however, was far from suffering every principle of virtue to perish within him; and he seems to be continually at war with himself for not quitting the predatory life which he led altogether. In the following lines, he acknowledges not only his belief in a God, but that the life which he led was opposed to his will:—

"My sole resources in the path I trod
Were these—my bark—my sword—my love—
my God;
The last I left in youth: he leaves me now."

The critics generally admit, that Macbeth was, at bottom, a virtuous

man, though hurried to evil acts by the predominance of one prevailing passion. He every where betrays the same chaos and conflict of mind with the Corsair; and if we admit him to have been naturally virtuous, how much stronger claims has the Corsair to that title. It is difficult to find a parallel for the chivalric heroism of mind which he displays, in refusing to kill Seyd Pacha while he was asleep, deeming it dishonourable to attack any man unarmed, though Seyd was his mortal enemy, and an enemy, too, who had decreed him to suffer an excruciating death. But Macbeth had no such scrupulosity of character: he put to death a monarch who had loaded him with his favours, nor was it only on this occasion that he proved himself an assassin. No wonder, then, that Medora should be distractedly attached to the Corsair, who, on all occasions, displayed the greatest magnanimity of character. She was more intimately acquainted with his heart than our author appears to have been, and she knew it to be tender and affectionate, notwithstanding the sternness of countenance which he assumed. In a word, she knew him to be, at bottom, naturally virtuous. Two lines from the passage, in which she endeavours to persuade him to abandon his course of life, abundantly prove what we assert:—

"How strange that heart, to me so tender still,
Should war with nature, and its better will."

We do not, however, maintain, that all Lord Byron's characters are free from sentiments of infidelity; but if we could assure ourselves of his own orthodoxy, we see no reason why he might not make his fictitious characters infidels, or atheists, or whatever, he thought proper. Virtue is not in danger by the exposure of vice, unless this vice be presented to us as virtue. We do not believe that the noble Lord has any where attempted to effect this metamorphosis, though we are not so blind as not to perceive, that he frequently treats virtue with too much levity.—Indeed, we have no hesitation to assert, that Lord Byron's genius is of that character, which is nearly allied to madness. The impetuosity of his passions trample every thing under foot, and, therefore, he never enquires, for a moment, whether what he asserts, be true or false. Hence, in all his descriptions, he consults his feelings and passions alone, never reflecting, whether the objects, images, and situations, which they picture to his mind, may be reconciled with the dictates of reason or not.

—In a word, he gives every thing the colouring of his own passion. It is very easy to perceive, that if he had as frequently spoken the language of reason as of passion, he could no longer display that deep and intense pathos, that bold, sublime, and rapid imagery which characterize his writings, and place him at the head of all our living poets. We must not read his works, therefore, to become acquainted with philosophy or religion; we must read them merely to enjoy the high delights of poetic rapture, and to rove at large through the Elysian retreats and fairy habitations of the ideal world; but we must forget, at the same time, that we are feasting, not in the virgin paradise of reason, but in the sensual bowers of Calypso. The works of Lord Byron must, therefore, be read for enjoyment, and not for improvement. We know it is possible to mingle morality with poetry, but we know, that except to minds very rigidly disciplined to moral habits, poetry has more attractions without it; the cool and sage demeanour of the one but ill accords with the frenzied eye and glowing countenance of the other. Let us not, then, seek for morality where it ought not to be expected. Lord Byron does not profess himself a divine.—Why, then, censure him for not discharging a duty which belongs to others? He who wishes to be instructed, let him apply to the church: he who wishes to be pleased, let him apply to Lord Byron. We must, however, say, that though it is not the business of a poet to preach morality, neither is it his business to expose it to ridicule. He may be luxuriant without being rampant. And we doubt not, when the effervescence of youthful passion begins to give way to the dominion of reason, but that Lord Byron will alter the style and character of his poetry.—Until then, we have little hopes.

Our limits will not permit us to extend our observations on this work farther. With the author's opinion on the controversy between Lord Byron and Mr. Bowles, with whom he takes part against his Lordship, we do not agree, but the subject is already so familiar to the public, that we shall not notice it here. We repeat, however, what we asserted at setting out, that the author of this work seems not to have undertaken it in the spirit of enmity to Lord Byron, but through a zeal for what he supposed to be the cause of insulted truth. He selects the finest passages to be met with in his works, and does every justice to his poetic beauties. He acknowledges, in the most unequi-

vocal manner, his superiority to all the poets of his age, and if he could only compromise so far as to overlook his moral imperfections, we know not of a more real or zealous admirer of Lord Byron's poetry and poetical genius.

Dangerous Errors; a Tale, 6s. bds.

Life is encompassed by such a multiplicity of dangers, and actions, apparently the wisest and the most maturely weighed, are so frequently found to end in consequences which no human wisdom can either anticipate or prevent, that it is difficult to determine, in particular cases, what line of conduct can be pursued with greatest certainty of success. The errors, which are called dangerous in the work before us, cannot, therefore, be laid down as landmarks to guide the conduct of others placed in similar situations, because similar measures have been frequently crowned with success, where the circumstances and prospects of the parties were apparently the same. We do not, however, find fault with the title of this little novel; and, to confess the truth, so seldom have we found reason to be satisfied with the harmony, that exists between title pages and the works to which they are prefixed, that, on reading the title of the work before us, we began to suspect that the "Dangerous Errors" proved to be, not merely dangerous, but fatal. We were happy, however, to find ourselves deceived. The errors of the parties merely brought them to the precipice, while a higher ordination rescued them from the perils to which their conduct exposed them. The story is simply this.

Lady Blanche and Lady Julia Tavenier, residing under the guardianship of a Mr. Marsden, their tutor, at Avesdale Castle, received a communication from their father, Lord Tavenier, a nobleman in high favour with his Sovereign, intimating his intention to take them to town, and to present them at Court immediately on their arrival. Lady Blanche received the information with great delight, and Lady Julia, with proportionate regret. Lord Tavenier, who had not seen his daughters for some time, exercised his paternal solicitude in comparing their personal and mental accomplishments with each other. Blanche, he thought, had the advantage of striking beauty; but Julia the more enviable charm of interesting loveliness. Blanche would be admired by all; but Julia, if once loved must be adored.

Such were the daughters of Lord Tavenier, whose object in bringing them from the peaceful retreat to the great theatre of the fashionable world, was to form a matrimonial alliance with a distinguished nobleman, Lord Westbury, son to the Duke of R. Some important service in the Cabinet had rendered the Duke greatly his debtor.

Lord Tavenier had little doubt, that if Lord W. placed his affections on either of his daughters, Blanche would be the happy person. Lord W., however, and Lord Tavenier's daughters were ignorant of the wishes of their respective parents; a concealment which it must be acknowledged did their noble parents credit. That every eye forms a beauty of its own is, to use a homely phrase, an "old saying and a true one;" and the truth of it, in the present instance, was exemplified in Lord W.'s preference of Julia to Blanche. What constitutes beauty is a question that has baffled the wisdom of philosophy; but of all the theories which have been adopted on the subject, if we may judge from the case before us, Mr. Allison's, which places it in mental expressions, would seem to be the best. Julia wanted that disposition of features which constitutes physical beauty; but still she became the idol of Lord W.'s affections. He perceived in her those latent charms which shrink from the gaze of common observation, and disclose themselves only to kindred spirits. He communicated to his father his attachment to Julia, and obtained his consent to communicate it also to Lord Tavenier. His Lordship, as might be expected, encouraged his passion, and informed Julia that she should henceforth receive Lord W. as her intended husband. Poor Julia's heart, however, was already engaged, and though she concealed the circumstance from her father, she acknowledged, at the same time, that she could not, without hypocrisy, receive Lord W.'s addresses.

In the mean time, Lady Blanche received the addresses of Count de B. to whom she was married at Avesdale Castle. Having disposed of one daughter Lord T. returned to London, informing Julia at his departure, that he would soon return with Lord Westbury and insist on her giving her hand to that nobleman.

Love, like necessity, is the parent of invention. Julia, finding her father immovable in his determination, wrote to Henry C. her lover, a young gentleman who occasionally visited Avesdale Castle, and who possessed many per-

sonal and mental accomplishments. His circumstances were, at this moment, extremely limited, but he formed sanguine expectations from a nobleman high in power. He, therefore, wrote immediately to Lord T. informing him of the mutual attachment which existed between him and his daughter Julia. His proposal, however, was instantly rejected, and Julia received a letter from her father, informing her that Lord W. would be shortly at Avesdale Castle to receive her hand. Lady Julia did not long hesitate between duty and affection. She fled to her lover, and married him without her father's consent.

This is the "Dangerous Error" which the novel would provide against. The ill effects of this imprudent marriage is exemplified in a series of misfortunes, which afterwards befel the lovers. The recital of these misfortunes form, by far, the most interesting and affecting part of this little work. As our limits will not permit us to trace even the outlines of them, we feel we cannot do better than entrust them to the imagination and the sympathies of our readers.

We meet with other dangerous errors in this work, which are equally worthy the attention of, though not equally interesting to, the reader. The conduct of Lady Blanche was not less reprehensible than that of Lady Julia. She married without the slightest affection for her husband, and conjugal endearment seemed, for a long time, only to confirm her indifference. This error nearly proved fatal to the happiness of both. Her husband became morose, reserved and gloomy, and a separation would have necessarily taken place, had not Lady B. perceived her error in time and done justice to her husband's virtues; virtues which procured him that affection which his person could not command. The most reprehensible, however, of all the errors which we meet with in this work, is Lord Tavenier's unbounded ambition in matrimonial projects. We were happy to find, at the same time, that the errors of neither party proved ultimately fatal. Poor Julia and her husband were finally restored to Lord Tavenier's favour, and enjoyed that happiness to which not only their mutual attachment, but their virtues entitled them. Our feelings do not lead us to rank with those who terminate their labours with fatal catastrophes and images of death. The charms of life and the smiles of happiness throw their magic influence around us, at every

moment, and at every moment we strive to forget that final issue which we have not sufficient philosophy to despise.

Of the execution of this work, we can say but little. The story is simply related, the style is chaste, the sentiment natural, the manner agreeable, and the *tout ensemble* interesting. We understand it is the first production of the author; and, indeed, it appears to be stamped not only with the impress of originality, but with the characters of a first attempt. It wants that mechanical judgment which is the result of experience, but abounds in that instinctive sensibility which genius and nature can alone inspire.

Le Musée des Variétés Littéraires. Nos. 1, 2, and 3. Published monthly, price 1s. 6d.

This may truly be called the age of Magazines. The success, which has crowned the labours of those concerned in popular monthly miscellanies, has induced many writers of unquestionable talent to embark in similar undertakings; thus Magazines and Reviews have increased so rapidly, that it is scarcely possible to recollect even their names, but this observation cannot with propriety apply to a Magazine in the *French Language*, although edited and published in London.

It is so extremely difficult to form a correct opinion of a periodical work from the perusal of a prospectus, or even of a first number, that we have delayed our notice till the publication of the third, and we are now enabled to state that "Le Musée" has fully realised our expectations. The editors appear determined to exclude all political and theological discussions, and we feel persuaded that a strict adherence to this resolution will procure for them numerous readers who would, under other circumstances, decline its perusal. There are five principal divisions 1. "Biography;" 2. "Mélanges," or Miscellaneous Papers on Polite Literature, Tales, Sketches of Parisian Manners, &c.; 3. "Bagatelles" or those musing trifles which excite our smiles without requiring the fatigue of thinking; 4. "Select Poetry;" and 5. "Scientific and Literary Notices," amongst which are the Obelisk from Egypt, the Zodiac of Denderah, Important Discoveries, Phenomena of Nature, Philosophical Experiments, &c. calculated to interest the friends of science and the arts. Having said thus much it only remains

for us to assure our readers that these various departments are ably filled, and we can safely recommend "Le Musée" as an amusing as well as instructive work, unexceptionable in its morals, elegant in its style, and worthy of patronage. For a specimen of *Le Musée*, see page 219.

A Gazetteer of the most remarkable Places in the World, with brief notices of the principal Historical Events, and of the most celebrated persons connected with them, &c. By Thomas Brown, teacher of Writing and Geography. Third Edition, 8vo. pp. 984. 18s. bound.

The title of this work is sufficient to convey a general idea of the plan on which it has been compiled, and to point out the leading features in which it differs from other Gazetteers. It appears to be well adapted for the use of schools, as it contains more miscellaneous information than is usually found in works of this description, and is consequently more likely to excite the attention of the young, whose minds are generally alive to novelty, though seldom interested by the perusal of a dry list of places described in nearly the same terms. Almost all the places, inserted in this work, are distinguished by their connexion with some remarkable circumstance, such as the occurrence of a battle, the invention of an art, the birth or death of an eminent individual, &c. and every page abounds with quotations from distinguished authors; indeed, in executing his task, and a laborious one it must have been, Mr. B. seems to have selected from almost every work, both ancient and modern, that had any reference to his subject, and to have produced a compilation useful for its information and pleasing for its variety. We highly approve of the method he has adopted of quoting the authorities whence information has been derived, as, independently of the justice thus rendered to the respective authors, it introduces parents as well as young people to the knowledge of many works of sterling merit, with which they might otherwise have been unacquainted. The two former editions of this work have been for some time past before the public, and we feel gratified in having an opportunity of bearing our testimony to the improvements and additions, which the unwearied diligence of the author has exhibited in the third. We ought

also to mention, because in this respect it differs from other Gazetteers, that it contains tables of longitude and latitude; on an extensive scale, and an index referring to all the persons and inventions mentioned in the body of the work.

The Modern Art of Fencing, agreeably to the practice of the most eminent Masters in Europe. By Le Sieur Guzman Rolando, of the "Académie des Armes," revised and augmented with a technical Glossary, &c. By J. L. Forsyth. Embellished with numerous coloured Plates, 18mo. 9s. bds.; 10s 6d. bound.

What can a man desire more earnestly than to have a sound mind in a sound body? The former must, unquestionably, depend on circumstances, over which we cannot always have the controul, but the latter depends much on ourselves, and it is so intimately connected with all our enjoyments, both bodily and mental, that it would be inexcusable to neglect every convenient opportunity of attaining so desirable an object.

That exercise is conducive to health, no one will deny; and that Fencing calls into exercise all the powers of

the body, and thus invigorates the system, no one can, for a moment, doubt. We feel anxious to recommend this amusement, under the firm conviction, that such employment will divert the attention from more effeminate pursuits, and give that manly and dignified carriage, which no other art can so effectually teach. If authorities were necessary in support of our opinion, we might quote Locke, the Earl of Chatham, Lord Chesterfield, Sir John Sinclair, and other eminent men, whose testimonials are quoted in the work. We do not profess to be perfect masters in the art, but so far as our information does extend, we can safely recommend the work before us, as the best compendium we have hitherto seen. The value of the publication is much enhanced, by the very neat and correct figures of the various positions with which it is embellished. Within the last three or four years, the knowledge of Fencing has been more generally diffused in this country, but we have still much to acquire, before we can expect to compete with our continental neighbours, who have carried this art to the highest possible state of perfection. We shall terminate our notice by quoting the motto on the title-page:—

"Fencing has so many advantages, in regard to health and personal appearance, that every gentleman of respectability ought to have so striking a mark of distinction."

Locke on Education.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Fifty Lithographic Prints, illustrative of a Tour in France, Switzerland, and Italy, during the years 1819-20, and 21, from Original Drawings, taken in Italy, the Alps, and the Pyrenees, by Mari- anne Colston, in 8vo. is preparing for publication.

A work, entitled, *Royal Naval Biography*; to consist of Genealogical, Biographical and Historical Memoirs of all the Flag-Officers, Captains, and Commanders of his Majesty's Fleet, now living, is nearly ready for the press; to be published by Subscription. The first part of this work, containing Memoirs of the Flag-Officers, Superannuated Rear-Admirals, and Retired Captains, is ready for the press, and will be printed as soon as a sufficient number of subscriptions have been obtained to cover the expenses of publi-

cation. Memoirs of the Post-Captains and Commanders will speedily follow. Price of the first part will not exceed One Guinea. It will be dedicated, by permission, to the Right Hon. Viscount Melville; and is patronized by many distinguished officers.

The Provisional Committee, for Encouragement of Industry, and Reduction of Poor's Rates, considers it desirable to state, that in the important instance occurring in the parish of Headley, Southampton, of the patriotic conduct of the Guardians of the Poor, it seems that their management has, notwithstanding, decreased, not augmented the amount of the Rates.

Mr. Browning intends shortly to publish, a Second Volume of Specimens of the Russian Poets.

In a few days will appear, from the pen of a parent, Gleanings and Recollections to assist the Memory of Youth, dedicated from a Father to his Son.

Mr. Thomas Dale, B. A. of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, author of the "Widow of the City of Nain," is preparing for publication, a new Translation of the Tragedies of Sophocles, the object of which has been, to render the various metres of the Greek Tragedian by measures, as nearly corresponding with the original as the genius of the English language will permit. The work will be comprised in two volumes, octavo, and is expected to be ready for publication early in the ensuing spring.

The celebrated Lexicon of Protius, of which an edition was published at Leipzig, from a faulty manuscript, in 1808, is now, for the first time, printing under the auspices of the Society of Trinity College Cambridge, from the celebrated Codex Galeanus, or rather from a corrected transcript of the Codex Galeanus, made with his own hand by the late Professor Porson. Mr. Dobree, the editor, has collated the MS. and noted all the varieties and corrections; and, by way of appendix, has subjoined a fragment of a rhetoric lexicon from a MS. in the University library.

We are happy to announce, that shortly will be published, a very considerable portion of the celebrated treatise of Cicero de Republica, discovered by M. Angelo Mai, the keeper of the Vatican Library, in a *codex rescriptus*.

The seventh part of the Encyclopædia Metropolitana will appear in October. It will contain, amongst a variety of other articles, the following:—Pure Sciences; continuation of the Treatise upon Grammar.—Mixed and Applied Sciences; Plane Astronomy (concluded), Nautical Astronomy.—Historical and Biographical Division; the lives of Socrates, Alexander the Great, Demosthenes, Dionysius the Elder, Timoleon, Annibal, Archimedes.—Miscellaneous Division; continuation of the English Lexicon, Asia, Assay, Astrology, Athens, Attraction, Auction, Australasia, Austria, Balance, Bank, Barometer.

We feel gratified to announce, that a new edition of Bythneri Lyra Prophecia is printing at the Glasgow University Press, and will be published early in November, in one handsome volume, octavo.

Speedily will be published in two vols 8vo. with a map, and portraits of the President Boliver, and Don F. A. Zea, minister plenipotentiary to the European powers, Colombia, a Geogra-

phical, Statistical, Commercial, Historical, and Political Account of that interesting Country; intended as a Manual for the Merchant and the Settler.

IN THE PRESS.

Ready for publication, The Port Folio, a Collection of Engravings from Antiquarian, Architectural, and Topographical Subjects, curious Works of Art, &c. &c. with Descriptions. This undertaking is intended to form a cabinet of engravings of the miscellaneous works of art and antiquity scattered throughout Great Britain, interspersed with views of seats distinguished by architectural beauty, or rendered subjects of public curiosity by antiquity of character or historical circumstance, together with other objects of marked topographical interest neglected in preceding publications. It will appear in monthly numbers, thus affording to the public a progressive knowledge of the design, and leisure for the contributions of those who may gratify the editor with a correspondence. The first number contains interior views of Fonthill Abbey, Wilts.

The Rev. Thomas H. Horne, M:A. has in the press a third edition of his Introduction to the Critical Study and Knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, in four volumes, octavo, corrected, and illustrated with numerous snaps and facsimiles of biblical manuscripts; it is expected to be ready in the course of November next. At the same time will be published, with one new plate, a small supplement to the second edition, (of which a limited number only will be printed) so arranged as to be inserted in the respective volumes without injury to the binding.

An Analytical Catalogue of Books relating to Heraldry, Genealogy, &c. with an extensive list of heraldic manuscripts, by T. Moule, will appear in a few days, under the title of Bibliotheca Heraldica Magnæ Britanniae, in one volume, royal octavo.

The Cento, a volume of prose selections from the most approved works of living authors, will be published in course of the ensuing month.

In a few days will appear a second, and much improved, edition of Mr. Robert Stevens's Remarks on the Present State of Ireland; with an Appendix of new matter, containing a brief outline of the system of education pursued in the rapidly increasing schools of the London Hibernian Society. This edition will be printed in an exceedingly neat, but at the same time cheap form,

to encourage the friends of Ireland to distribute it gratuitously.

A work on the subject of our possessions in India, in 1 vol. 8vo. will be published in October, entitled, "An Inquiry into the Expediency of apply-

ing the Principles of Colonial Policy to the Government of India, and of effecting an essential Change in its landed Tenures, and in the Character of its Inhabitants.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

ABOVE eighteen years have elapsed since the establishment of the British Institution, for promoting the Fine Arts in the United Kingdom, and it may now be worth while briefly to consider how far it has been successful in accomplishing the purpose for which it was founded.

Well do we recollect the contradictory opinions that existed, and that were promulgated with respect to this Institution, at its origin. By the liberal and enthusiastic it was hailed as the certain precursor of vigorous and successful effort on the one hand, and of generous and enlightened patronage on the other; while the cold and suspicious ridiculed the attempt, and confidently predicted its speedy and utter failure. The steady perseverance of the Directors of the Institution has disappointed the malicious expectations of this latter class of persons; although it must be confessed that all the advantages have not been derived from the Institution which were anticipated by its too sanguine advocates.

The Institution has been conducted on the following plan: Early in every year the gallery has been opened with a collection of the works of living artists, for exhibition and sale. In the course of two or three months, when public curiosity has appeared to be satiated, this exhibition has closed, and another has been speedily prepared, consisting of the works of the old masters, contributed principally by the Governors of the Institution. Towards the end of the summer, when the departure of the noble and opulent from the metropolis has rendered this latter exhibition no longer productive, the pictures have been restored to their proprietors, with the exception of a select few; which, with the permission of their owners, have been retained during the remainder of the year, for the study of such artists of both sexes, as might apply for that privilege, and prove both by the recommendation of a Royal Academician, and by a specimen of their talents, that they were quali-

fied to make an advantageous use of it. In the early periods of the Institution, three prizes — one of a hundred, another of sixty, and the third of forty guineas, were annually offered for the best three pictures painted as companions to the works of the old masters thus left for study. That practice, however, has been long abandoned; and, in lieu of it, the Directors, when any original picture of very superior merit is sent to the first exhibition of the year, present the artist with a sum correspondent to their estimate of his deserts, and sometimes purchase his work in addition.

The annual exhibitions, which have taken place in the gallery of the British Institution, of the works of living artists, have generally been of a very pleasing nature. The exclusion of portraits has rendered them much more miscellaneous than the exhibitions of the Royal Academy. At the same time the free admission of pictures, that have already been seen at Somerset House, tends very much to diminish the charm resulting from novelty. It is an introduction, however, that we by no means wish to censure, as it enables the artist to show his pictures again to the public, after he has made those alterations and corrections, which are naturally suggested to him by comparing them with the productions of his contemporaries. One of the best features of these exhibitions is, that they offer to the modern artist that, of which, before their occurrence, he was very much in want, namely, a respectable and gratuitous market. Since the commencement of the Institution, pictures have been disposed of to a very large amount. It is true that in some instances, works of an inferior class, and which merely please the eye, are purchased, while others of a more elevated character, and which address themselves to the mind, are left unregarded on the walls; but the complaints on this subject are greatly exaggerated; some allowance also must be made for mortified vanity; and, after all,

the fault, such as it is, rests not with the Institution, but with the imperfectly cultivated judgment of the public.

To the better cultivation of that judgment the successive exhibitions, in the gallery of the British Institution, of the works of the old masters must, of necessity, greatly contribute. It is gratifying to see the dignified and affluent ranks of the community, every year permitting the principal apartments of their houses to be dismantled, for the purpose of furnishing their contributions towards those highly interesting exhibitions. Many of the finest pictures in England, and, indeed, we may say, without fear of contradiction, in the world, have thus been brought into a focus; and both the professional artist and the mere lover of the arts have been enabled to contemplate them at ease and leisure. It is in vain for cavillers and cynics to ascribe this part of the plan of the Institution to the ostentation of the Governors. Nothing can be more unjust or ungrateful towards those distinguished individuals, who, it is manifest, are actuated, with regard to this subject, only by the most pure and patriotic motives. Nor is the objection more valid, that a picture of doubtful authenticity or inferior merit occasionally creeps in among the *chef d'œuvres* of ancient art.

"— where's that palace whereinto foul things sometimes intrude not?"

We speak not of the few exceptions, but, generally, the quality of the pictures composing these exhibitions is such, as must render them extensively and beneficially operative on the public taste. At the same time there is certainly some danger, that this regularly recurring display of the powers of ancient may have the effect of discouraging modern art. It is unquestionably hard upon living English artists, that the select pictures of masters of all countries, and who have flourished through a succession of ages, should thus be brought into a kind of competition with the general and uncultured produce of the artists of one country, collected at one period. All good is accompanied with some evil. This is the evil attendant on the good ef-

fect by the British Institution; and the only question is whether the good or the evil predominates. For ourselves, after a frequent consideration of the subject, we are convinced that the present inconvenience and injury to artists (which we allow to be far from unimportant,) will be much more than compensated by the ultimate benefit to the arts resulting from the practice.

To the school for painting which the British Institution affords, we have never heard a single objection urged. It is admirably calculated to improve the young artist, and to imbue him with sound principles. When Mr. Barry was the Professor of Painting at Somerset House, he loudly and frequently complained that the Royal Academy was exclusively a school for design, and warmly recommended the acquisition of a few fine old pictures as models for the students in composition, *chiaro oscuro*, and colouring. This suggestion, which was certainly very intemperately urged, was not at that time attended to. Since the formation of the British Institution, however, the Members of the Royal Academy have become so sensible of the advantages of the system there adopted, that, in imitation of it, they have added to the long-established Antique and Model Academies a School for Painting; and give two medals annually for the best studies made in it.

Upon the whole, therefore, it seems undeniable that the British Institution has done considerable good; and that the public are much indebted to it for its exertions. If we are asked whether it has yet created any GREAT artist, we are bound, however reluctantly, to admit, that hitherto it does not appear to have done so; but we beg leave to accompany that admission with the remark, that at any period, in any country, and under any circumstances, a GREAT artist is not a common creation; and that he is very seldom, indeed, the creation of an Institution or Academy. After making every due allowance for the effect of mental culture, it must be acknowledged by all who are not obstinately blind to facts, that a superiority of original organization is indispensable to excellence. A

great artist, like a great poet, must be born so; and it is his proud distinction from the votaries of pursuits less connected with the highest powers of the intellect and the imagination. But, although no man of transcendent genius may have been reared under the auspices of the British Institution, the country owes to that Institution, (in its character of an auxiliary to the Royal Academy,) a number of artists, of respectable talent in all those departments of the art, which, if not the most elevated, are among the most pleasing; and which exercise on society an influence of very beneficial tendency. Those, however, (and we own ourselves to be among the number,) who, although they esteem, are not satisfied with this amiable mediocrity, and are solicitous that England shall be rendered as immortal by the triumph of her arts, as she has been by that of her arms, must consider it the chief praise of the Directors of the British Institution, and a high and legitimate praise it is, that they have diffused and are continuing to diffuse in the country, by their annual exhibitions of fine old pictures, (notwithstanding the partial objection to which, as we have already hinted, those exhibitions are liable,) a general understanding and feeling of the true objects and principles of art; so that, whenever that extraordinary union of the qualities, "rare in their separate excellence, wonderful in their combination," which constitute a GREAT artist shall happily again occur, he may, perhaps, find among his countrymen a disposition and a power to estimate his value and second his efforts; and may not like Wilson, one of the finest landscape painters, if not the finest landscape painter who ever lived, be compelled to accept the post of a librarian for the sake of eking out his scanty income, by the paltry salary annexed to that office. Like Hogarth, the inventor of a style of art entirely original, and as striking as new, he driven, and driven in vain, to endeavour to dispose of so immortal a work as the *Marriage-a-la-Mode* by raffle; or like Proctor, as promising a sculptor as any country, ancient or modern, ever boasted, be induced, in a paroxysm of generous indignation at the neglect which

he experiences, to dash into a thousand fragments the most classical and finished groupe that ever proceeded from an English chissel.

At the present season that part of the plan of the British Institution, which opens the gallery as a school for painting, is in operation. In order to prevent the interruption which the students would otherwise experience, no stranger is admitted to the gallery, unless accompanied by a Director of the Institution. We had the pleasure of visiting it in the course of the last month, and were highly gratified. It seems to be admirably regulated. Above thirty of the pictures, which formed the last exhibition, remain for the benefit of the students. The greater part are the property of his Majesty. Among them are the celebrated "*Adoration of the Shepherds*," by OLD PALMA, one of the best specimens existing of the peculiar qualities of the Venetian school; the charming group of "*Prince Charles James, Duke of York, and the Princess Mary, children of King Charles the First*," by VANDYKE; the fine equestrian "*Portrait of the Archduke Albert*," by RUBENS; "*The Cascades at Tivoli*," by G. POUSSIN, a landscape of singular richness and harmony; and "*A Female listening*," by MAES, the contrasted depth and splendour of which render it difficult to believe that the sun is not absolutely shining on the canvas. There are several other excellent pictures by TITIAN, CORREGGIO, TINTORETTO, DOMENICHINO, PROCACCINI, CARLO DOLCE, VONDERVELDE, TENIERS, &c. The students are numerous, many of them ladies; and we were much pleased at observing the quiet enthusiasm, if we may be allowed such an expression, with which they were pursuing their interesting labours. Some admirable studies have already been completed, and others are in progress; but it would be extremely invidious and improper to enter at present into any detailed notice of them. When the period, allotted for the purpose of making these studies, expires, they will be exhibited for a few days together, with the original pictures, for the inspection and satisfaction of the Directors of the Institution and their friends; and we may then,

perhaps, be tempted to offer a few additional remarks on the subject.

One word before we conclude. We have heard with much pain, but we have heard it from so many quarters that we feel it impossible wholly to discredit the statement, that considerable jealousy has been manifested by some of the members of the Royal Academy, towards the British Institution; and that it has been pretty distinctly intimated to those artists, who study or exhibit in the gallery of the Institution, that they must not expect to participate in the honours of the Academy. That this disposition is not universal among the Members of the Academy we are persuaded, for that body contains many individuals of the most liberal principles and character; and, in fact, the exhibitions at the British Institution are occasionally enriched with some of the productions of Academe-

cians themselves. We lament, however, that so unworthy a feeling should be cherished in a single breast. It may be that the Directors of the British Institution have not treated the Royal Academicians, as a body, with the respect and deference that are due to their necessarily superior knowledge and judgment on the subject of the arts of which they are the professors. If so, it is by no means creditable to the good sense of those gentlemen. But, whatever may be the unfortunate origin of the existing dissension, we entreat both the Royal Academy and the British Institution to recollect that they are engaged in a common cause—a cause in which the real and permanent glory of the country is materially involved; and that they ought not to allow any occurrence of a petty and temporary nature to damp the ardour of their mutual efforts.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

“VELUTI IN SPECULUM.”

HAY-MARKET THEATRE.

WHILE the King's Theatre, Drury-Lane, and Covent Garden remain closed, many novelties cannot reasonably be expected, though the summer theatres in general supply their fair proportion both of new pieces and new performers, considering their means and opportunities. The Hay-market, in particular, has been remarkable for its activity since its first foundation, and though the excellent company, with which it contrived to meet the present season, interfered necessarily with the introduction of provincial talent, except in one or two instances, the prolific pen of Mr. Dibdin has kept up its reputation for industry in the department of composition. His last effort was the opera of *Morning, Noon, and Night*, which still continues its run, though by no means entitled to rank among his best performances. The principal merit of this writer consists in grouping together a variety of incidents and characters, so as to keep the mind in a continual state of expectation, and hurry the spirits from one scene

to another with something like the velocity of a pantomime. His faults are for the most part the faults of haste, for we should scarcely be justified in crying out against his incessant propensity to punning, when it is considered that he never enters the province of the regular drama, and consequently never provokes the application of strict criticism to the style of his whimsical ebullitions. There is, however, one defect in his new piece which cannot be excused upon any ground of privilege, while prespicuity in speaking and writing continues to form one of the indispensable conditions of human intercourse and enjoyment. The plot is so confused as to be quite unintelligible. It is true that some even of our best dramatists have occasionally deviated into a sort of ingenious intricacy, as if from a desire to exercise the understandings of their auditors, and to show how near they could touch upon obscurity without absolutely falling into the pit; but the author of *Morning, Noon, and Night*, seems rather to have missed his

way, than involved it, so that there is no hope of discovering a glimpse of light by any effort to follow his track in the labyrinth. For the reason already stated, namely, the unpretending nature of dramas of this description, we refrain from entering into any particular examination of the style. There are some laughable hits interspersed through the dialogue, and some passages that must rank under the head of *clap traps*; and it is to these circumstances combined with such talents as Messrs. Liston, Terry, Jones, &c. are known to possess, that we must ascribe the success which has hitherto attended its representations. The music, too, must come in for some share of the credit, though it did not strike us as containing many original passages. It was agreeable, however, and sometimes even impressive. It therefore, deserves to be commended, especially when we consider that music furnishes a greater number of instances in which plagiarism, and clumsy plagiarism too, can be established, than either of the sister arts, where the charge, though more frequent, is less tenable.

Another novelty, produced on the same boards, was a farce entitled *Family Jars*. One would expect from the title, that it abounded in those smart duets between some married pair, which the wits of all countries, whether in candour or in malevolence, concur in enumerating among the indulgences of the happy state. But the author, under consideration, presents us not with quarrels and bickerings, but with adventures and mistakes. The plot, which is simple and perspicuous, has also the advantage of possessing some good comic situations, and in those two points consists the whole merit of this amusing trifle. Without entering into particulars we may describe the story as growing out of the embarrassment of two

fathers, one the master, the other the servant, whose sons have married unknown to them, and who mistake respectively their daughters-in-law, each supposing the other to be his own. Hence arise a number of diverting blunders and many opportunities for equivocal, in which the dialogue abounds. *Old Porcelain*, the master, was performed by Mr. Terry, in that style of dry humour for which he is remarkable.—*Delph*, the servant, was Mr. Liston's character, and he gave it all the force of the broadest comedy; nor was Mr. Oxberry behind hand, in exhibiting the ridiculous peculiarities of his love-smitten son. Upon the whole, it was admirably got up. In this, as in the former instance, the author was considerably indebted to the performers, who exerted themselves with the most anxious perseverance. It still continues to reward their labours, by attracting the applause and laughter of successive audiences. We may notice the favourable reception of this little Piece, as a strong instance of the importance of situation. Nothing can be more meagre than the composition. Not one of the characters has a single witty or humorous expression to deliver; but the awkward predicament in which every one is placed, prepares the audience to laugh at the most vapid peculiarities which bear the slightest reference to their condition. There is one injury, and, perhaps, only one, resulting from the success of such Pieces.—It has a tendency to confirm the Managers in a notion, to which they seem more than sufficiently inclined already, the notion that stage effect is a matter not only distinct from, but in many instances opposed to, the graces of literary composition. There needs but a small addition to this barbarous prejudice, to banish elegance of thought and diction altogether from the stage.

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

Nothing worthy of remark has taken place at this Theatre during the last month, but the contrivances adopted to render the Opera of *Gil Blas* attractive. We gave, in our last Number, an account of the Piece itself, but our readers will learn with surprise, that what was originally

produced as an Opera, in five acts, is, at length, metamorphosed into an Opera of two acts. This is "cutting and slashing" with a vengeance.—It must be confessed, at the same time, that the general effect has been much improved by this extensive curtailment.

Mr. Colman's Opera of *Incle and Yarico* has been performed, and cast in a manner which reflected much credit on the strength of the Company. Mr. Bartley sustained the part of Governor of Barbadoes with considerable talent. His spirited reproach of the sordid *Incle* was, if not the very best, one of the best efforts we remember to have witnessed from this gentleman. Miss Kelly's *Yarico* was full of that mild tenderness and

enthusiasm which belong to the part. Miss Povey in *Wowski* exerted her delightful voice and playful manner to the manifest satisfaction of the audience; and Mr. Wilkinson's grave humour enabled him to moralize, as the servant of *Incle*, with appropriate simplicity. The house seems to increase in popularity, and is likely to advance in public estimation, as the talents of the Company become better known.

FOREIGN POLITICAL DIGEST.

FRANCE.

The Sieur Maillard, condemned to death by a Council of War, has been executed at Bayonne, according to his sentence. As he marched to the place of execution, he sang, *Mourir pour sa patrie est le sort le plus beau, le plus digne d'envie*. He died with great firmness. General Berton, Caffé, Sangé, H. Fradin, and Senéchal, have been sentenced to death and executed: all the others were found guilty of not revealing the plot, and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. Berton was a man of strong nerves and coarse mind, and always remarked for a cynical turn. He was distinguished as a most active partizan in the peninsular war; a kind of European Buccaneer,—a man of brute courage, impenetrable *sang-froid*, and had a total disregard of consequences.

On the 12th instant, the Assize Court of Paris was occupied with the case of four newspapers—the *Constitutionnel*, *Courier Français*, *Pilote*, and *Journal du Commerce*, charged by the Advocate-General with infidelity and bad faith in their reports of the proceedings on the trial of the Rochelle Conspiracy.—On the part of the Advocate-General, no proofs were adduced of the incorrectness of the reports. His Deputy contended, that as the Attorney-General was part of the Court, his mere declaration that the passage was incorrect and malicious, was sufficient. The Counsel for the journals offered to bring witnesses to prove that the reports were correct. The Court refused to hear any witnesses, and sentenced M. Guise, the Editor of the *Constitutionnel*, and

M. Faucillon, the Editor of the *Journal du Commerce*, to one year's imprisonment, and a fine of 5,000 francs; M. Legracieux, the Editor of the *Courier Français*, to six months' imprisonment, and a fine of 3,000 francs; M. Cassano, the Editor of the *Pilote*, to one month's imprisonment, and a fine of 1,000 francs. The four journals are also forbidden to publish any reports of judicial proceedings—the two former for the space of a year; the third for six months; and the last for three months: and they are condemned in costs. This proceeding was instituted under the new law against the Press, passed in March last.

SPAIN.

General Quiroga has been appointed to the command of Galicia; General Vives to Old Castile; and other tried patriots to two other provinces. General Morillo has resigned the command of the First District, and has been succeeded by General Copons. M. Casa-Irujo, the Spanish Minister at the Court of France, has been recalled, and the Duke de San Lorenzo is to be his successor. Since the unsuccessful insurrection of the Royal Guards, on the 7th July, the Archbishop of Saragossa, the Bishops of Malagar and of Ceuta, have been sentenced to banishment. The Duke del Infantado has been banished to the Canaries; the Marquis de las Amarillas to Ibiza; and the Count d'Espileta to Seville. The King, by the express desire of his Ministers, has ordered the Convocation of the Extraordinary Cortes for the 25th instant (Sept.) General Elio,

well known for his bloody persecutions of the *Patriots* of Valencia, has suffered death by the *garrote*. Several of the provinces are still in a disturbed state, although the issue of the insurrection of the King's Guard has depressed the hopes of the Servile party, and left the friends of the Constitution without any fears for the future.—This confidence has been still further increased by various successes, gained by the Constitutional troops, under the commands of the Empecinado, General Don Zarco de Valle, and Col. Tabuenca, over the Army of the Faith, under Quesada, the band of Urango, the Insurgents commanded by the Trapist, &c. It is said that Quesada, suspected of treachery, was conducted by his own troops, bound hand and foot, to the fort of Iraty, in order to be tried. More than 1000 of the Army of the Faith, after their defeat, deserted to the Constitutional forces.

PORTUGAL.

On the 26th of August, two letters from the Prince Regent in Brazil to the King his father were communicated to the Cortes, by order of his Majesty. In these letters the Prince declared, that he had adhered to what the inhabitants of Brazil wished, the greater part of the provinces having already recognized him as their perpetual defender, and having made manifest their desire to proclaim his Majesty Emperor of the United Kingdom, and himself King of Brazil.

The Cortes have issued an Address to the people of Brazil, in which are set forth the advantages which the latter will derive from being united to Portugal. The Cortes declare, that the Brazilians will enjoy all the blessings of freedom in common with the Portuguese; that an authority delegated from the king always reside in Brazil, to prevent the inconveniences which might arise from the distance between the countries; and that the power and glory of both can be consulted only by their remaining united under one monarchy.

ITALY.

Great preparations of all kinds are making at Verona for the approaching Congress. Every stranger, who desires to remain there during the Congress, must prove that

he is attached to one of the ministers or in his office; or, if he cannot do that, he must prove that he is under the special protection of one of the great powers.

GERMANY.

The Emperor set out from Vienna on the 7th inst. (Sept.) at eight o'clock in the morning, for Wakersdorf to receive his august guest the emperor of Russia. At noon the two monarchs entered the city. The Emperor Alexander had requested that he might not be received with ceremony. It appears that the two emperors will not set out for Italy before the middle of September: thus the Congress will not open before the beginning of October.

GREECE.

Since our last number the news from this interesting country has been very contradictory, and we have very little to state that can be relied upon. After the misfortunes of the Turkish fleet in the canal of Chio, it sailed for Tenedos, pursued by the Greeks; and, being found unfit for longer service, took refuge in the Dardanelles. The Greeks cut off three small vessels in the chase. However victorious the Greeks have been by sea, it appears there is too much reason to believe that they have experienced reverses by land, and that Corinth, the key to the Peloponnesus, has fallen into the hands of the Turks through treachery. These reverses are confirmed by the fact of the Greeks having raised a *levy en masse*, since the capture of Corinth. A proclamation of the Provisional Government, dated Machata, July 19, and signed by Prince Maurocordato, calls upon all the male Greeks, from 16 to 60 years of age, to assemble in arms, and repair to the post of danger in the present crisis of affairs, under penalty of the loss of their rights of citizenship, and the sale of their property for the public benefit. All Greeks, who have taken refuge in the Ionian Islands, are summoned to return to the defence of their country, under the penalties of expatriation and confiscation. If, however, we may believe the latest accounts, these reverses have been succeeded by a signal victory gained by the Greeks over the Turks, headed

by Char Hadj Ali Pacha, who bravely perished fighting at the head of his cavalry. If this news should be confirmed, of which there appears little doubt, this eruption of the Turks into the Peloponnesus may end fortunately, as well as gloriously, to the cause of the Greeks; an event that must be the ardent wish of every one who prefers civilization to barbarism, and the mild tenets of the Christian faith, to the persecuting spirit of Mahometanism.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Letters from Brazil up to the 5th June give various public declarations, issued by the Prince Regent and other authorities; from which it appears that the Prince has taken the title of Perpetual Defender of Brazil, that the Brazilians are to have a Cortes of their own, but that they will continue to acknowledge John VI. as King both of Portugal and Brazil.

MEXICO.

The accounts in the North American papers from Mexico do not anticipate a long reign for the new Emperor Iturbide. His election to that dignity is described as "partly the result of corruption and partly

of chance medley. If he possesses great talents, he may retain it; if he is but an ordinary man, he will fall beneath the weight of public opinion." Other accounts mention that he had fixed his coronation as Emperor of Mexico, for the 24th June, and preparations were making for performing the ceremony with extraordinary magnificence. The whole cost was estimated at a million of dollars, (above £200,000.) The order of the ancient Caziques was to be renewed, and the glories of the ancestors of Montezuma re-acted. The enlightened and liberal part of the Mexicans, says a Charleston paper, will not endure this usurpation—the people generally murmur.

COLOMBIA.

A Gazette Extraordinary, published by the Government of Colombia, announces the receipt of news from the President Bolivar in Quito, from which it appears that the liberation of that kingdom was completed by the surrender of Pastos on the 8th of June, and of the city of Quito on the 25th May. A million of Americans are thus added to the family of the Republic; and Bolivar has acquired fresh glory.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

ENGLAND.—The very sanguine expectations held out in our last report appear to have been most amply verified. The weather has continued suitable and the most adapted to getting in the harvest, and indeed to every agricultural purpose, that could even be chosen, were it in our power to choose. This is to speak generally, as most suitable to the end of a general report. The exceptions are, those heavy rains which, early in the present month, inundated a great part of the midland and northern counties, accompanied by storms which beat down the stoutest and best of the corn, rendering the operation of reaping very laborious and expensive, and inducing the risk of mildew and smut from unabsorbed moisture. In all the most

productive districts, our grand dependence, the wheat crop, is safely housed, and the next article in rank for human subsistence, potatoes, is of equal promise with the crop of wheat, both in regard to quantity and quality. Barley, oats, and beans, are good only in some few forward situations; in general these crops are considerably below an average, though much improved by the showers which succeeded the long drought. Oats particularly have suffered from the smut in many parts. No crop has received greater benefit from the rains and subsequent warm weather than the hops, which will nearly double the former expectations. Swedish turnips are a failing crop, destroyed almost entirely by the drought and fly—mere convertible terms. Much of the

corn abroad during the rains has sprouted, and they talk of a double crop of the hops, ripe and unripe. The fallows are backward in tilth, and in too many parts choked with couch and root-weeds; yet, on a general view, the good condition of the lands is wonderful, considering the unprecedented distress of the country.

WALES.—The principality has been blessed with a plentiful harvest, at least as far as regards the wheat, which is both a heavy crop and good in quality. Barley, as well as oats, are not a heavy crop, and generally short in straw. The market price of all grain ruinously low:—wheat, 32s. to 40s.; barley, 16s. to 22s.; oats, 12s. to 15s. per quarter, at this period, which usually brings a better price than when new corn becomes fuller to market.

SCOTLAND.—Unfavourable reports have been circulated of the deficiency of the oat and barley crops, but there is reason to believe they are without foundation. Contrary to expectation, there will still be a tolerable crop of turnips, owing to the quantity of rain which has fallen lately. Potatoes an immense produce, and good in quality.

IRELAND.—All parts of Ireland partake of the blessings of an abundant harvest, and the near prospect of returning plenty is not more cheering to the lately starving population, than to those generous friends of humanity, who so promptly and munificently afforded the necessary succour in the hour of need to the distressed Irish peasantry. The following accounts may be considered as a general view of the whole country, although they come from particular districts.

Dublin.—The wheat crop will realize the most sanguine expectations with regard to bulk and quality. The oats, although bulky beyond what was expected five or six weeks ago, are complained of by many people as being deficient in quality. Farmers do not know what to do about their rents, the church cess, and county cess; and thousands of them would think themselves well off if the landlords and the other claimants came and carried away all, except a small portion for bread for their families, and for seed in the suc-

ceeding season. Last year the prices were bad enough, but this year the opening prices for new wheat have not much exceeded the *half* of what they were last year. Pinkeye potatoes were sold in Dublin market for 16d. per cwt.; 2s. 6d. per cwt. was the highest price for those kinds; which price cannot now be obtained.

Cork.—The wheat harvest is saved, and in general the quality excellent. The oat crop in some districts light, but every where sound; barley an average crop; the effect on the market is what may be expected; some old wheat has been sold so low as 13s. or 14s. per barrel. No price has been fixed for new wheat, in consequence of the quantity of old in market. First flour from 17s. to 18s. per cwt.; seconds, 13s. to 15s., and household from 12s. to 11s. per cwt.

Galway.—The weather has continued to be so very fine that the fate of the harvest is decided. We shall have the most abundant one ever remembered, and the quality very superior. Already have prices declined exceedingly; potatoes are about 2d. per stone, and there is not the least doubt but they will fall to one penny. Grain already feels a serious depression; that which sold for 13s. per cwt. a short time since, will scarcely now fetch 8s., and even at this reduced price there is no demand.

Armagh.—Through a very large portion of the north and west parts of the kingdom the crops generally are abundant, and of superior quality, far surpassing the crops of last year. Potatoes, wheat, and barley are best in quality and quantity, and the oats and hay, which it was supposed from the long dryness materially suffered, are amply sufficient in quality and quantity to afford perfect satisfaction to the farmer.

Sligo.—We are now storing one of the richest and most abundant harvest with which kind Providence has blessed this country during half a century. The potatoe crops of the kingdom are most luxuriant; it is calculated that nearly 20 per cent. over what is called an average crop of all kinds will be gathered this season in Ireland.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, Sept. 24.)

COTTON.—The Cotton market remains nearly nominal, on account of the sale advertised at the India House for Friday next. The very favourable report of the Liverpool market has produced no animation in the demand for Cotton here.

CORN.—The quantity of Wheat remaining over from last week was considerable, and as there were also fresh arrivals to yesterday's market, the show was rather large: the fine samples of both new and old sold readily at the previous prices: in the inferior qualities the business done was not extensive, but there was generally an improvement in the trade.—There were extensive supplies of Barley; the new, in consequence, must be stated at a reduction of 2s. a 3s. per quarter; the old, 1s. lower.—The arrivals of Oats were so exceedingly limited, that an advance of 1s. must be stated.—White Peas were 2s. higher; in Grey Peas or in Beans there was no alteration.—The unfavourable accounts from the Whale Fisheries had the effect of increasing the demand for Rape and Linseed; the former advanced £1. per last; the latter was 2s. a 3s. per quarter higher.

SUGAR.—This forenoon the demand for Muscovades continued very general; the business done has been considerable, and at very full prices; no improvement in the currency can be stated since Tuesday last, but the market is exceedingly firm, at previous prices. The estimated sales to-day are 1500 casks.

There was no alteration in the Refined market; low lumps were still much enquired after, and very few were offering for sale; the prices were a shade higher: all the finer descriptions were in plentiful supply, and were offered on very low terms without facilitating sales.—Molasses advanced to 30s.; to-day declined to 29s.

There were no public sales of Foreign Sugars during the last week; several parcels were, however, reported to be taken by private contract: the white descriptions continue enquired after; the yellow and brown still neglected.

The public sale this forenoon consisted of 290 cheets Havannah Sugar; the good and fine white went off with

great briskness, at prices 1s. a 2s. higher.

White, fine.... 42s. 6d. a 44s. 6d.
good... 41s. a 42s.
middling 38s.
Ordinary 34s.

The yellow and brown sold low, but they were washed.

Yellow, middling... 20s. and 21s.

Brown..... 18s.

COFFEE.—There were two public sales of Coffee this forenoon: 299 casks British Plantation, consisting chiefly of fine and of very ordinary descriptions of Coffee: the former went off heavily at a further reduction, making a decline in the prices of good and fine middling of fully 3s. a 5s. per cwt. since this day week. A parcel of 35 casks good middling Jamaica was taken in at 139s. 6d. and 140s.; a larger parcel was then disposed of, good middling, and of a better colour, sold extensively at 139s. 6d. and 140s.; fine middling sold at 142s. and 142s. 6d.; the ordinary mixed and rank Jamaica, which lately sold on such low terms, may, to-day, be stated fully 2s. higher than on Tuesday last, and a considerable improvement in the demand.—There have lately been so few parcels of the intermediate qualities of fine ordinary or middling Coffee, that the prices of the latter and of foreign may be stated to remain nominally the same as on Tuesday last.

SPICES.—Mace has been enquired after, and must be stated at an improvement.—Pepper, and all other East India Spices, continue heavy.

East India sale declared for Monday, Nov. 11; Prompt Feb. 7, 1823:—

130,000lbs. Cinnamon	1000lbs. Oil of Mace
1306 Cloves	1411 bags Black Pepper
20,000 Mace	per
100,000lbs. Nutmegs	1000 tons Saltpetre

RICE.—The public sale on Friday, 695 bags good Patna Rice, was chiefly taken in at a low price; a few lots sold at 12s. and 12s. 6d.

RUM, BRANDY, & HOLLANDS.—The Rum market has lately been particularly heavy; the purchases reported are confined to small parcels for the trade; there are, however, few sellers at any reduction, and no Leewards

offer under 1s. 5d.—Brandy and Geneva must be quoted at a small decline; the best marks of the former offer at 3s. 4d. without facilitating sales.—The pale Geneva lately landed is offered on the quay at 1s. 6d.

IRISH PROVISIONS.—Beef and Pork continue to go off in small parcels for shipping; holders appear anxious to effect sales, on account of the anticipation of low prices next season.—Bacon has sold rather more freely within the last week, yet the stocks are heavy, and no improvement in the currency has been realised.—Irish Butters must be quoted 2s. per cwt. higher.

TALLOW, &c.—The Tallow market was heavy last week.—Considerable arrivals were reported from the Baltic, and there were few buyers; yet it must be stated, the trade who are out of stock, purchase only for their immediate wants, and appear anxious respecting the issue of the extensive speculations in Tallow. The letters from St. Petersburg are to the 3d instant; the Exchange was 10 1-6th and a fraction; the price of Tallow had fallen from 100 to 98 roubles.—In Hemp or Flax there is little alteration to notice.

OILS.—In consequence of the daily arrivals of the vessels from the Whale Fisheries with very little Oil, the prices

of Greenland must be stated at an advance of £2. per tun since Tuesday last.—There can now be no doubt of the failure of this year's fishing; the estimated produce this season from the Straits and from Greenland, is about 8000 tuns; last year, it was 17,000 tuns; the stock of old is very considerable, and the quantity of Southern and Seal Oil is also more extensive than usual; the trade, however, do not purchase at present; £28. is the nearest price for New Greenland; £26. has been paid for the old.

ASHES.—By public sale, 20th instant:—Pot Ashes, 277 barrels Quebec, 1sts, sold 36s. 6d; 2nds, 33s. and 33s. 6d—Pearl ditto, 179 barrels Quebec, 1sts, 45s. a 46s.; 2nds, 44s. 6d.

TOBACCO.—The Tobacco market continues in a very depressed state.

NAVAL STORES.—There is no Rough Turpentine at market; the last realized price was 15s. 6d.—Tar is in more request, and may be stated a shade higher.—In Pitch, Rosin, and other articles, there is no alteration.

INDIGO.—There is little alteration in the prices of Indigo; the late currency is fully supported. The sale declared at the India-House is not expected to exceed 3500 chests. A further improvement is very generally entertained.

LIST OF PATENTS.

Jonas Hobson, and John Hobson, of Mythorn-bridge, Kirkburton, Yorkshire, woollen-manufacturers and merchants; for a new series of machinery, for the better, more effectual, and expeditious mode of shearing, cutting and finishing woollen cloths, kersymeres, and all other description of clothes and piece-goods, which require the use of the shears. Dated July 27, 1822.

John Stanley, of Charlton-row, Manchester, Lancaster, smith; for certain machinery, calculated for a more efficacious mode of fuelling or supplying of furnaces in general with fuel, whereby a considerable reduction in the consumption of fuel, the appearance of smoke and of labour is effected. Dated July 27, 1822.

John Pearce, of Tavistock, ironmonger and clock and watch-maker; for

certain improvements in the construction and manufacture of spring-jacks, and their connection with roasting apparatus. Dated July 27, 1822.

Sir Anthony Perrier, of the city of Cork, knight; for certain improvements in the apparatus for distilling, boiling, and concentrating, by evaporation, various sorts of liquids and fluids. Dated July 27, 1822.

Robert Benton Roxby, of Arboursquare, Stepney, Middlesex, gentleman; for certain improvements on, or additions to, the astronomical instrument, known by the name of the quadrant. Dated July 31, 1822.

William Cleland, of Glasgow, North Britain, gentleman; for an improved apparatus, for the purpose of evaporating liquids. Dated August 17, 1822.

LIST OF BANKRUPTS,

FROM TUESDAY, AUGUST 20, TO TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1822.

WITH THE ATTORNIES' NAMES.

Extracted from the London Gazette.

N.B. All the Meetings are at the *Court of Commissioners, Basinghall-street*, unless otherwise expressed. The Attornies' Names are between Parenthesis.

BANKRUPTS.

- Browning, T. sen of East Mallum, Kent, farmer, Sept. 17, 21, and Oct. 19. (Clifton and Co. High-street, Botolph)
- Barnard, T. of Darent Mills, Kent, paper-manufacturer, Sept. 15, 11, and Oct. 23. (Collins, Dartford)
- Brinn, Rev. T. of Much Wenlock, Shropshire, cutlery-manufacturer, Sept. 21, Oct. 5, and 26, office of Mr. Jones, solicitor, Broad-eye, Stafford. (Dax and Co. Guildford-street; and Jones, Stafford, & Hanley)
- Bateman, A. Bristol, victualler, Sept. 25, 26, and Oct. 26, Commercial-rooms, Corn-st. Bristol (Paule and Co. Gray's-inn; and Saunders, Bristol)
- Bevil, C. P. Ipswich, jeweller, Sept. 17, 24, and Oct. 26. (Williams and Co. Gray's-inn-pl.)
- Candler, E. Jewry-street, Aldgate, flour-factor, Sept. 3, 10, Oct. 5. (Druce & Son Billiter-square)
- Cripps, J. Wisham, Cambridgeshire, draper, Sept. 17, 28, and Oct. 26. (Jones, Sise-lane)
- Carter, H. Ratcliff highway, linen-draper, Sept. 17, Oct. 5, and 26. (Jones, Sise-lane)
- Dalton, J. Tottenham-court-road, merchant, Sept. 3, 10, and Oct. 12 (Jennings and Co. Carey-street, Lincoln's-inn)
- Davis, T. Minor, stationer, Sept. 20, 21, and Oct. 19. (Thomson, George-st. Minories)
- Dent, J. Stone, Staffordshire, cheesemonger, Sept. 13, 11, and Oct. 12, Crown-inn, Stone, Staffordshire. (Benbow and Alban, Lincoln's-inn; and Vernon, Brooms-grove, Worcestershire)
- Day, J. and R. Camberwell-green, stone-masons, Sept. 13, 14, and Oct. 19. (Shuter, Millbank street, Westminster)
- Dipper, F. Worcester, silk-mercer, Sept. 30, Oct. 1, and 22, Packhorse inn, Worcester. (Booke, Devonshire-street, Queen-square; and Hill, Worcester)
- Edwards, R. Edgbaston-street, Birmingham, corn-dealer, Sept. 9, 10, & Oct. 12. (George-hotel, Walsall, Staffordshire, Stock tavern, Birmingham. (Turner and Co. Bloomsbury-square, and Heeley, of Walsall, Stafford)
- Edwards, T. Tarvin, Cheshire, corn-dealer, Sept. 26, 27, & Oct. 22, Royal-hotel, Chester. (Philpot and Co. Southampton-street, Bloombury; and Finchett, Chester)
- Edwards, T. Liverpool, merchant, Sept. 23, 24, and Oct. 12, Star and Garter-tavern, Paradise-street, Liverpool. (Mawdsley, Duran's-lane, Lord-street, Liverpool; and Wheeler, Castle-street, Holborn)
- Emery, J. late of Rosamond-street, St. James's, Clerkenwell, victualler, Sept. 3, 17, and Oct. 12. (Cokayne and Co. Lyon's-inn)
- Ellis, H. J. Norwich, linen-draper, Sept. 9, 10, and Oct. 1, Norfolk-hotel, Norwich. (King, Sergeant's-inn, Fleet-street; and Murray, Norwich)
- Flack, E. D. Manchester, merchant, Sept. 27, Oct. 7 and 26, Star-inn, Deansgate, Manchester. (F.R. Atkinson Manchester; and W. Makinson, Temple)
- Felton, R. sen High-street, Southwark, hop-merchant, Sept. 16, 17, & Oct. 5. (Towns-head, St. Margaret's-lull, Southwark)
- Firmen, J. Bulmer, Essex, farmer, Sept. 25, 26, and Oct. 26, Rose & Crown inn, Sudbury. (Wriglesworth, Gray's-inn square, & Frost, and Co. Sudbury)
- Fletcher, P. C. and T. Queen-lithe, coal-merchants, Sept. 3, 7, & Oct. 5. (Stevens and Wood, Little St. Thomas-apostle, Queen-street)
- Griffin, W. Hay-green, Worcestershire, victualler, Oct. 4, 5, and 26, Stock-hotel, in the Square, Birmingham (Smith, Basinghall-street; and T. Sadler, Birmingham)
- Golding, T. and S. Ditton, Kent, paper-manufacturers, Aug. 31, Sept. 7, Oct. 5. (Crane, Upper-court, Broad street)
- Gregg, T. R. and W. Phenix, inn Watling-st. confectioners, Sept. 14, 24, and Oct. 12. (Osbaldeston & Co. London-st. Fenchurch-street)
- Gribbell, N. and Heltver, M. late of East Stonehouse, Devonshire, builders, Sept. 20, 21 and Oct. 19, King's-arms inn Fore street, Plymouth-dock (Makinson, Elm-court, Middle-temple, and Leach and Co. Plymouth-dock)
- Humphries, C. Bishop-gate-street, linen-draper, Sept. 20, 21, and Oct. 19. (Jones, Sise-lane)
- Hesseltine, R. Thirsk, Yorkshire, inn-keeper, Sept. 23 at the King's-arms Thirsk, 24, and Oct. 15, Golden-horn, Northalington, Yorkshire (Richardson, Thirsk; and Highmoor, Scott's-yard, Rush-lane, Cannon-street)
- Hedge, J. late of Star-court, Little Compton-street, Soho builder, Sept. 17, 21, and Oct. 22 (Mangham, Great St. Helen's, Bishopsgate-street)
- Hart, T. jun. Ragland, Monmouthshire, cord-wainer, Sept. 17, 18, and Oct. 19, Deaufort-arms-inn, Monmouth. (King, Sergeant's-inn, Fleet-street; and C. Chadborn, Newnham)
- Hewson, J. and Robinson, W. Carlisle, manufacturers, Sept. 30, Oct. 1, and 26, Crown and Mitre, Carlisle. (Clemell, Staple's-inn; and S. and G. Saul, Carlisle)
- Higgin, R. Liverpool, mariner, Oct. 1, 2, and 26 George-inn, Dale-st. Liverpool. (Brooke, Liverpool; and Lowe, and Co. Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane)
- Hawkins, J. and J. Nottingham, timber-merchants, Sept. 30, Oct. 1, & 29, Punch-bowl, Nottingham. (Hurst, Nottingham; and Knowles, New-inn)
- Harris, J. Birmingham, nail-factor, Sept. 13, 14, and Oct. 19, Hen and Chickens-hotel, New-street, Birmingham. (Long and Co. Holborn-court, Gray's-inn; and Smith and Co. Birmingham)
- Jones, O. Newport, Monmouthshire, coal merchant, Oct. 2, 3, and 23, Commercial-room, Corn-street, Bristol. (Mercedith, Lincoln's-inn; and J. A. Jones, Bristol)

- Jones, R. late of Newport, Monmouthshire, wine-merchant, Sept. 25, 26, and Oct. 19, Commercial-rooms, Bristol. (Bourdillon and Co. Bread-street, Cheapside; and Bevan and Co. Bristol)
- Jackson, G. Manchester, dry-salter, Sept. 25, 26, and Oct. 29, Bridgewater-arms-inn, Manchester. (Whitlow, Manchester)
- King, W. Cavendish, Suffolk, grocer, Sept. 21, Oct. 5, and 26. (Fowcett, Jewin-street)
- Lucas, W. Barham, Sussex, farmer, Sept. 27, 28, and Oct. 19, Crown-inn, Arundle, Sussex. (Freeman, Arundle, Sussex; & Freeman and Co. Coleman-street)
- Low, H.A. Sunderland, near the Sea, merchant, Sept. 10, 11, & Oct. 15, Bridge-inn, Bishopwearmouth, Durham. (Blackiston, Symond's-inn; and Thompson, Bishopwearmouth)
- Leach, S. H. Old-street, watch-maker, Aug. 29, 31, and Oct. 5. (Browning, Hatton-court, Threadneedle-street)
- Leah, S. H. Jun. Old-street, spirit-merchant, Aug. 28, 31, and Oct. 5. (Hill, Road-lane)
- Mitchell, T. Bow linen-draper, Oct. 4, 5, & 29, (Jones, Sise-lane)
- Moore, T. Paddington, salt-merchant, Aug. 24, Sept. 17, and Oct. 1. (Donne, Princes-st. Spitalfields)
- Norris, T. Bishopstone, Wiltshire, shoe-maker, Sept. 7, 21, and Oct. 12. (Hullicr and Co. Middle Temple-lane; and Dew, Salisbury, Wilts)
- Peyton, J. Christchurch, Twyneham, Southampton, merchant, Sept. 17, 18, and Oct. 19, King's-head-inn, Wimborne-Minster, Dorsetshire. (Castleman, Wimborne, Dorset)
- Perival, R. Jun. Eye, Herefordshire, wheelwright, Oct. 1, 2, and 29, King's-head-inn, Leominster, Herefordshire. (Bach, Southampton-buildings, Holborn; and Leominster)
- Papps, G. North-street, Lambeth, horse-dealer, Sept. 16, 17, and Oct. 15. (Richardson, Golden-square)
- Poole, T. Heston, Middlesex, dealer, Aug. 31, Sept. 7, Oct. 8. (Catneart, Chancery lane)
- Parsons, G. Liverpool, sail-maker, Sept. 2, 4, and Oct. 1, York-hotel, Liverpool. (Sheraff, Prescot; and Adlington and Co. Bedford-row)
- Rix, G. Rix, C and Rix, G. Manifold-place, Newington-butts, corn-merchants, Aug. 26, 27, and Oct. 1. (James, Walbrook)
- Richards, T. W. Great George-street, Enstons-square, New road, merchant, Sept. 16, 17, and Oct. 12. Knight and Co. Basinghall-street
- Rose, T. of the Cafe-Royale, Regent-street, Pall-mall, wine and brandy merchant, Sept. 6, 7, and Oct. 12. (J. Robinson, Half Moon-street, Piccadilly)
- Smith, J. F. Regent street, linen-draper, Sept. 14, 28, and Oct. 15. (Jones, Sise-lane)
- Smith, W. H. Faversham, Kent, linen-draper, Sept. 10, 17, and Oct. 19. (D. Jones, Sise-lane)
- Sharp, T. Cheapside, pastry-cook, Sept. 7, 17, and Oct. 12. (Harding, Mortimer-street, Cavendish-square)
- Townsend, W. B. Little Chelsea, brewer, Sept. 17, Oct. 1, and 26. (James, Bucklersbury)
- Turney, J. Sedgbrook, Lincolnshire, and Bates, of Halifax, Yorkshire, merchants, Oct. 2, 3, and 12, White Lion-inn, Halifax. (Stocker and Co. New Boswell-court, and Wilcock, Halifax)
- Thurtell, J. Bradwell, Suffolk, merchant, Sept. 20, Oct. 1, and 29, Bear-inn, South town, Suffolk. (Steward, Great, Yarmouth; and Swain and Co. Frederick s-place, Old jewry)
- Tomlinson, W. Chester, wine-merchant, Sept. 13, 14, and Oct. 19. (Mayhew, Chancery-lane)
- Tompkins, H. Bromyard, Herefordshire, innholder, Sept. 26, 27, and Oct. 26, King's-arms-inn, Bromyard. (Beverley, Garden-court, Temple; and Phelps, Ludbury)
- Wilkinson, R. London, merchant, Sept. 24, Oct. 1, and 29. (James, Bucklersbury)
- Wall, J. Birmingham, dealer, Sept. 26, 27, and Oct. 26, Royal-hotel, Temple-tow, Birmingham. (W. C. Smith, Basinghall-street; and T. Sadler, Birmingham)
- Wycherley, W. Trefnant, Shropshire, farmer, Sept. 16, 17, and Oct. 1, Talbot-inn, Dratton-Hales. (Baxter, Gray's-inn-place; and Stauley, Dratton-in-Hales, Shropshire)
- Westerdale, J. Kingston-upon-Hull, grocer, Oct. 3, 4, and 20, Dog and Duck-tavern, Scale-lane, Kingston-upon-Hull. (Taylor, Clement's-inn)
- Yates, W. Bristol, baker, Sept. 13, 14, and Oct. 15, Commercial-rooms, Bristol. (Edmunds, Exchequer-office, Lincoln's-inn; & Jaques, Bristol)

DIVIDENDS,

FROM SATURDAY, JULY 20, to SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1822.

- Anker, J. Exeter, Sept. 36
- Atkinson, M. Great Russell-st. Blooms. Sept. 29
- Ashtord, J. & Ireland, E. L. Brmng. Oct. 1
- Ayton, W. Macclesfield, Sept. 19
- Brown, A. J. Portsmouth, Sept. 26
- Bradley, W. Louth, Lincolnshire, Sept. 26
- Booker, T. Emsworth, Sept. 26
- Byass, H. Raleigh, Essex, Oct. 6
- Carline, J. Bolling, T. and Fell, C. Bolton-in-the-Moors, Oct. 1
- Cox, T. Crediton, Devonshire, Sept. 10
- Cornfield, N. Norwich, Oct. 8
- Dean, J. Gingley, York-shire, Oct. 7
- Dickens, T. Liverpool, Sept. 30
- Davison, T. & Mildigan, J. Liverpool, Sept. 11
- Dunball, J. Dover Oct. 7
- Earle, W. Rotherhithe, Sept. 17
- Earle, W. Winchester, Oct. 23
- Flower, G. York, Oct. 19
- Fifoot, W. Bristol, Oct. 10
- Fromond, W. Great Yarmouth, Sept. 28
- Fenner, R. Paochester-row, Sept. 17
- Forster, P. Great Yarmouth, Sept. 10
- Frost, G. Sheffield, Sept. 20
- Ford, J. Gloucester, Sept. 19
- Hudson, J. Ulverton, Lancashire, Sept. 30
- Harrison, J. Portsmouth, Sept. 26
- Harris, G. Birmingham, Oct. 4
- Hudson, H. Cannon Coffee-house, Oct. 5
- Horrocks, T. Ripondale, Yorks, Sept. 18
- Hovell, H. Knaresborough, Sept. 20
- Herrington, J. Farenham, Sept. 18
- Hanister, W. Litchfield, Oct. 12
- Jackson W. G. and Hardley, W. Great Surrey-st. Sept. 28
- Johnson, W. Birmingham, Oct. 4
- Keene, J. W. Birmingham, Oct. 3
- Knight, J. Coppice-row, Clerkenwell, Sept. 21
- Kent, W. High Holborn, Oct. 26
- Lavers, J. Knightsbridge, Devonshire, Oct. 2
- Lawrence, W. H. Bath, Sept. 28
- Low, H. Macclesfield, Sept. 16
- Lloyd, C. Thesford, Sept. 20
- Mattinson, J. Huddersfield, Oct. 31
- Moore, T. Bartonshaw, Herts, Sept. 16
- Matland, D. New Bridge-st. Nov. 12
- Moore, J. Kingsbrompton, Sept. 12
- Marshall, P. Scarborough, Sept. 28
- Mitchell, S. Dorking, Surrey, Aug. 31
- Monnington, W. Chesham, Oct. 4
- Morgan, J. Liverpool, Oct. 9
- Nicholl, E. Hemel Hempstead, Herts. Sept. 28
- Neilson, W. Liverpool, Sept. 26
- Pattison C. St. Neot's Huntingdonshire, Oct. 2

Peake, S. jun. and Bothwell, J. Holiwell, Lancashire, Oct. 9
 Prentice, A. & Shelly, T. Manchester, Sept. 12
 Penrith, W. Bath, Sept. 18
 Peters, J. and Weston, E. Bristol, Oct. 7
 Penfold, E. senr Maidstone, Nov. 9
 Reay, J. Mark-lane, Sept. 24
 Riley, J. Leicester, Sept. 23
 Ridout, J. P. Bridport, Aug. 31
 Savage, G. Huddersfield, Oct. 31
 Sykes, J. and Hollis, J. Manchester, Oct. 4
 Scholes, R. Huddersfield, Oct. 8

Saunderson, J. Sutton, and Masters, T. Potter, Sept. 30
 Sharpley, J. York, Oct. 19
 Smith, J. and Shepherd, J. Brierley, Sept. 10
 Tucker, W. F. J. and Eathon, G. Shelf, Sept. 21
 Temant, W. Liverpool, Sept. 19
 Townsend, J. Ludgate-hill, Oct. 8
 Windeatt, T. & W. W. Tavistock, Sept. 30
 Wood, J. Birmingham, Oct. 4
 Wallace, W. Workington, Sept. 11
 Whitnev, W. Ludlow, Oct. 5
 Webb, T. New Sarum, Oct. 11.

INSOLVENCY REGISTER.

Notice of opposition to the discharge of any prisoner must be entered in the book at the office, 33, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, three clear days, exclusive of Sunday, before the day of hearing. The schedules are filed and may be inspected every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, between the hours of ten and four, up to the last day for entering opposition.

COUNTRY.

PETITIONS TO BE HEARD IN THE COUNTRY.

County Courts, Durham, 5th Oct. at eleven.

Calvert, Geoffrey, of Darlington, Durham, labourer.

Guildhall, Haverfordwest, 5th Oct. at ten.

Williams, Thomas, of Fater, Saint Mary, shop-keeper, last of Orleton-mill, Monckton, both in Pembroke-shire, nuder.

Lancaster Castle, 8th Oct. at ten.

Bamford, Edmund, of Hades, near Rochdale, Lancashire, coal-master

Fairbrother, Joseph, of Bury, Lancashire, shop-keeper

Jones, Thomas, of Manchester, dyer
 Mercer, Henry, of Liverpool, landing-walter
 Smith, Robert, of Manchester, sizer and dyer.

Grand Jury-chamber, Winchester, 5th Oct. at eleven.

Grist, Chs. of East Woodhay, Hants, labourer.

Townhall, Ilchester, 8th Oct. at twelve.

Fuze, John, of Bridgewater, Somersetshire, inn-holder

Gibbs, Charles, of Wembdon, Somerset, farmer

Green, William, of Pilton, Somerset, thatcher

Hodder, Wilham, of Holford, Somerset, butcher

Samsbury, Eliz. of Weston, Somerset, widow

Wood, James, of Weston, Somerset, gardener.

Lancaster Castle, 8th Oct. at ten.

Atkinson, Edward Swinburn, of Kendal, Westmoreland, manufacturer of woollen goods and grocer

Bentley, Thomas, of Manchester, book-keeper

Blackhurst, Thomas, of Preston, corn-dealer

Booth, Thomas, of Mossley, Ashton-under-Lyne, butcher and innkeeper

Brown, John, of Manchester, joiner and house-builder

Dixon, James, of Liverpool, porter

Eutwistle, E. of Bolton-le-Moors, shop-keeper

Flanagan, Barnard of Bolton-le-Moors, last of Manchester, buker

Griffith, Wilham, of West Derby, near Liverpool carter

Hirst, Joseph, of Huddersfield, clothier, last of Liverpool, innkeeper

Jones, James, of Liverpool, victualler

Kay, John, of Bury, machine-maker, draper, and provision dealer

Kerr, Hugh, of Salford, Lancashire, grocer

Knowles, James, of Manchester, manufacturer and shopkeeper

Lightfoot, Thomas, of St. Helens, yeoman

Lomax, Abraham, of Manchester, weaver

Rishton, John, of Crompton, near Rochdale last of Blackburn, leather-dresser

Scholes, John, of Over Darwen, Lancashire wheelwright and victualler late farmer

Sissons, William, of Manchester, hosier and lace-man

Sowerby, Martha, of Lancaster, publican

Tipping, John, of Tarbuck, Lancashire, farmer

Ward, James, of Oldham, Lancas, shop-keeper

Welch, Thomas, of Pemberton, last of Bolton-le-Moors, shoemaker

Whitby, William, of Manchester shopkeeper

Young, Richard, of Halliwell, near Bolton-le-Moors, of Lawton and Goldborn, Winwick, last of Bolton-le-Moors, farmer.

Shirehall, Shrewsbury, 10th Oct. at eleven.

Astley, Reuben, of 3, Lawrence-la. Cheapside London, woollen-factor

Audit-house, Southampton, 8th Oct. at eleven.

Moreau, John, of Southampton, artist

Wort, George, of Hinton, Dorsetshire, dairyman,

REMARKABLE INCIDENTS IN THE MONTH.

BIRTHS ABROAD.

Mrs. James Finnie, at Lisbon, of a son

Mrs Joseph Phelps, at Madeira, of a daughter

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

Hilton, Captain, 45th regt. foot, at Colombo, to Summerfield, Miss H. daughter of Major S. 83rd regt.

DEATHS ABROAD.

James, Robert, esq. at Demarara

Campbell, Major-Gen. Charles, Algoa Bay

Vansandan, F. esq. of Morden, Surry, at Vera Cruz

Smith, Jno. P. esq. King's Advocate, at Demarara

Thornhill, H. B. esq. of Montague-pl 42—at Tom's

Bonham, Ensign S. 9th regt foot, Grenada

Mathison, Lieut. C. 1st bat. 3rd N.I., Bombay

METROPOLITAN OCCURRENCES.

His Majesty arrived at Greenwich from Scotland in excellent health and spirits. By order of the home secretary of state, Sir R. Birnie, chief magistrate at Bow-street, attended with a large body of dismounted and other patrols. Detachments of foot guards and royal marines occupied stations within the Hospital grounds. The veteran inhabitants of the Hospital were drawn up in their best apparel, within the railings. The Lord Mayor, on board the city barge, proceeded down the river below Blackwall, and attended in the capacity of conservator of the Thames, to conduct his Majesty back to Greenwich. The river opposite the Hospital presented a pleasing spectacle. Boats in considerable numbers moored as closely as they were allowed to do on each side the stairs, at which his Majesty was to land. They were chiefly filled with ladies. Immediately off the stairs, the Admiralty barge, the yacht of Sir Richard Goodwyn Keats, K. B. governor of the Hospital, the Navy Office barge, and the Thames Police yacht, were moored in readiness for the arrival of the royal squadron, information having been conveyed by the Comet steam packet to Sir Richard Keats that his Majesty was expected to arrive every minute. A short time after this communication had been made, the Royal Sovereign, with her yards nicely squared, the national standard flying at the main, and the commodore's broad pennant at the fore top, hove in sight, towed by the James Watt steam packet. Almost at the same moment discharges of artillery were heard saluting his Majesty as he passed Woolwich. Just before the Royal Sovereign reached Blackwall, the Lord Mayor, in the city barge, towed by the Eagle, moved gently off into the centre of the river, and taking the lead, preceded

the royal squadron until it arrived at Greenwich. A few minutes afterwards the spectators were gratified with a full view of the Royal Sovereign moving majestically round the point of land below Greenwich, preceded by the stately city barge, with her profusion of gaudy flags and streamers flying, and surrounded and followed by hundreds of vessels of every description. The royal yacht was fast moored immediately off the Hospital stairs, and the King appeared upon the quarter deck, in the uniform of an admiral. A loud and almost unanimous burst of applause from the spectators was acknowledged by the King in his usual affable manner. Soon after his Majesty descended the accommodation ladder to the Admiralty barge, accompanied by Lord Melville, Mr. Croker, &c. &c. and was immediately rowed ashore. The royal carriage immediately drove off amid loud cheering.

Parliament is prorogued from Tuesday the 8th day of October next, to Tuesday the 26th day of November next.

His Majesty has been pleased to appoint the Right Honourable George Canning one of his Majesty's principal secretaries of state.

The King has been pleased to appoint Major-General the Right Hon. Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, to be his Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of Stockholm.

The Earl of Clanwilliam has resigned the Private Secretaryship at the Foreign Office.

The Duke of Wellington, accompanied by Earl Clanwilliam, has left town for Vienna.

Sir W. Knighthorn has succeeded Sir B. Bloomfield as Private Secretary and Keeper of the Privy Purse.

Cumberland Gate, the great northern entrance to Hyde Park, is about to undergo a very great improvement—it is said at the sole expense of Mr. Hope, whose classical taste and princely munificence are so well known in the fashionable world.

The Trustees of the British Museum are going to build two wings in the garden behind, 315 feet long by 33 feet wide. The estimated expense is £200,000, which the Government will advance by instalments of £20,000 a-year, during 10 years. The present house is not to be pulled down, but repaired and beautified, so as to correspond as nearly as possible with the new work.

The foundation is laid out for the new Union Club-House, on the north

side of Cockspur-street, nearly opposite Spring-gardens. It will have a grand front with pillars.

The College of Physicians is to be on the south side of Pall-mall East, at the back of the Union Club. Each of the above buildings will have a front that will face the east, so as to form one side of a street to run from Cockspur-street to Pall-mall East.

The Union University Club, at the corner of Suffolk-street, is proceeding very rapidly.

Alterations are making at Covent-garden Theatre, as well as at Drury-lane, but not upon so large a scale as the latter. Among the alterations at the former Theatre is the removal of what is styled the "basket," the boxes behind the dress boxes in front.

BIRTHS.

SONS.

Mrs. Henry Metcalfe, Pall-st. Berkley-square
Mrs. W. Feners, Wimbledon
Mrs. H. Larpent, Putney
Mrs. C. Wilson, Tim-stale Vicarage
Mrs. J. Drake, North Church
Mrs. E. Repton, Drayton-green, Ealing
Mrs. C. Lawrence, Gloucester
Mrs. John Oswald, Deptford
Mr. B. Travers, New Broad-street
Mrs. J. S. Mauley, 11, Ashbrook-cottage, Staffordshire
Mrs. T. S. Price, Duchess-street
Mrs. Moody, South Weald, Essex
Mrs. (Captain) Dallas, Hampstead
Mrs. G. W. Baker, Shooter's-hill, Kent
Mrs. William Metcalfe, Carshalton
Mrs. John Ireland, Leonard-square
Mrs. Greenway, Judd-street, Brunswick-square
Mrs. B. Goode, Howland-street
Mrs. A. Gillespie, Lanark

Mrs. W. H. Tatham
Mrs. J. Kendrick, Upper Mary-le-bone-street
Mrs. E. A. Wilde, College-hill
Mrs. M. Ware, New Bride-street
The lady of William Heygate, Esq. M.P.
Mrs. W. T. Bunde, Clarges-street
The lady of Capt. Barnett, 14th Light Dragoons
Mrs. E. Wilson, Villa-house
The lady of Sir L. V. Falk, Haldon-house
Mrs. James Ingles, Norwood, Surrey
The lady of the Hon. Capt. Rodney, R.N. Ryde
Isle of Wight
Mrs. Drinkwater, Liverpool
Mrs. Elliott Graham, Tuhney-lodge, Berks
Mrs. A. Fraser, Thavies-lane
The lady of the Hon. J. Brodrick, Monley-lodge
Exmouth
Mrs. N. Harden, Highgate
Mrs. Alexander Montee, Bushey, Herts.

DAUGHTERS.

Lady Caroline Ann McDonald, Boyle Farm
The Countess Manvers, Portman-square
Mrs. Edgar Cocknell, Hackney-road
Mrs. C. Leigh, Adlestrop-house, Gloucestershire
Mrs. W. H. Majendie, Windlesham, Bagshot
Mrs. H. Carew, Huish-cottage, Devonshire
Mrs. J. Sergeant, Coleshill, Herts
Mrs. S. Donaldson, Hart-street, Bloomsbury
Mrs. William Jones, King's Bench
Mrs. J. Cameron, Hampstead
Mrs. Jardine, Stamford-hill
Mrs. B. Barnwell, jun. Weymouth-street

Mrs. W. Kew, New Palace-yard
The lady of Maj. Ord, K.H. R.A. Granstead-hall
The lady of Sir C. H. Colville, Duffield, Derbyshire
Mrs. William Heygate, jun.
Mrs. J. Christie, Queen-street, May-fair
Mrs. Watson, Springfield-lodge, Camberwell
The lady of the Rev. Dr. Butler, Harrow
Mrs. H. Wild, Southampton-place, New-road
Mrs. Jaques, Tottenham
Mrs. C. L. Curtoys, Tottenham-mills.

MARRIAGES.

Adolphus, J. L. esq. Barrister-at-Law, to Richardson, Miss Clara, Streatham
Acruman, D. W. esq. Bristol, to Stewart, Miss R. Royal York-erescent, Clifton
Bosmanquet, Wm. esq. jun. Upper Harley-st. to Cumming, Miss Eliza, Enfield
Brown, M. Betts-street, Ratcliffe-highway, to D'Arey, Miss Wilkes, Tolleshunt, Essex
Bedford, J. Y. esq. Birmingham, to Jenner, Miss C. Berkley, Gloucestershire
Bradley, Francis, esq. Gore-court, Kent, to Harris, M. J. daughter of Rt. Hon. Lord Harris
Brown, Mr. C. J. Islington, to Williamson, Miss Mary Ann
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Barron, George, esq. to Barron, Miss Eliza, Strand
Bingham, J. esq. Derby, to Rogers, Miss Lucy, Wassell-grove
Beale, J. E. esq. Plaistow, Essex, to Loxley, Miss Eliza, Stratford-green
Buck, Charles, esq. Preston, to Birley, Miss, Low-mill, Whitehaven
Bough, William, esq. London, to Fritchard, Miss A. Darlington-street
Burton, Henry, esq. Inner-Temple, to Clarkson, Miss, Arundel-street, St. and Brough, Mr. John, to Oddy, Miss Jane, St. Botolph, Aldgate

Johnson, James, esq. Laytonstone, to
 Lord, Miss Mary, Manchester
 Jarecoove, P. esq. Hotsney, to
 Knapp, Miss E. W. Ache-ter
 Metwynd, Lord Viscount, to
 Moss, M. esq. Hanover-square
 Neal, Mr. G. Loughborough, to
 Mason, Miss A. Fleet-street, Peckham
 Wake, Rev. Wm. B. A. Northampton, to
 Bat, Miss Elizabeth, Great Houghton
 Jenkins, James, esq. M. P. Oxfordshire, to
 Forbes, Miss Maria, daughter of Gen. Forbes
 Joley, Mr. Thos. Broad street-buildings, to
 Trignet, Miss Eliza, of the Grove
 Deacon, Mr. Samuel, Skinner-st. Snow-hill, to
 Serrips, Miss Grace, Southmilton-street
 Davidson, Mr. Thomas P. Islington, to
 Harvey, Miss Mary, Holloway
 Eaton, S. esq. Ketton-hall, Rutlandshire, to
 Waddie, Miss C. A. Hendre-tyde
 Echallat, J. J. esq. Clapton, to
 Lowndes, Miss K. of that place
 Elam, Mr. T. W. Freshford, Wilts, to
 Vallance, Miss Ann, Brighton
 Edkins, Mr. S. S. Salisbury square, to
 Belle, Miss Sarah, Camberwell
 Good, F. S. esq. York-place, Portman-sq. to
 Williamson, Miss M. Valley-house, Cambridge
 Fernley, Mr. T. E. Ratcliffe-cross, Solicitor, to
 Rich, Miss E. of the same place
 Gibson, Mr. D. Grosvenor-pl. Camberwell, to
 Leshor, Miss M. S. Whitehall
 Greenlaw, Rev. R. B. Isleworth, to
 Baker, Miss H. Berners-street
 Gregory, G. esq. Gower-st. Bedford-sq. to
 Toiler, Miss C. Heath, Hampstead

Haldane, Alexander, esq. Inner Temple, to
 Hardcastle, Miss E. Hatcham house, Surrey
 Hampson, Sir G. F. bart. to
 Brown, M. F. daughter of Admiral D.
 Keywell, Mr. H. Southampton-pl. to
 Meahry, Miss Sarah, Bloomsbury
 Mathias, Wm. esq. Bernard-st. Russell-sq. to
 Nicholas, Miss E. A. C. Blackheath
 Milcaster, Colonel, Barham, Kent, to
 Harris, Miss E. Suddenham-et. Kent
 Newton, W. esq. Argyle-street, to
 Faudler, Miss Ann, Gower-street
 Preston, Rev. G. Norfolk, to
 Hextingson, Miss E. John-st. Bedford-row
 Plestow, C. B. esq. Norfolk, to
 Musgrave, Miss G. Devonsh.-st. Portland-pl
 Fatmore, G. P. esq. London, to
 Robertson, Miss Eliza, Perth
 Reynolds, J. H. esq. of Great Malborough st. to
 Drew, Miss E. P. of Exeter
 Rauche, J. P. esq. London, to
 Spencer, Miss C. Ledbury
 Saltwell, W. esq. Charlotte Chambers, to
 Calcy, Miss F. B. Queen-square
 South, Abel, esq. M. P. Woodhall Park, Herts, to
 Melville, Lady Marianne Leslie
 Thellusson, T. R. esq. Northamptonshire, to
 Macnaghten, Miss Maria
 Tatmond, T. N. esq. Inner Temple, to
 Ruff, Miss H. Clapton, Middlesex
 West, Sir Edward, Recorder of Bombay, to
 Folkes, Miss L. G. Hillington Hall Norfolk
 Witherby, Mr. R. St. John's College, Cam. to
 Hale, Miss E. Potworth, Sussex
 West, T. T. esq. Pavement, Finsbury, to
 Bryane, Miss S. P. Brixton Common, Surrey

DEATHS.

Austree, Mrs. the wife of Lieut. D. H. F. 53d
 regt. Portsmouth, 28.—Stewart Abernethy, esq.
 late assistant commissary general. West-Indies
 —Rev. T. W. Astley, Quenington, Gloucester-
 shire

Broad, Miss at Aynudel, 96.—Mrs. J. Baly,
 Kensington, Surrey.—T. Brown, esq. Lower
 Cheam, Surrey, 51.—Richard Brit, esq. John-st.
 Adelphi.—Mrs. John Brandon, Soho-sq.—Mrs.
 N. Bennett, jun. Camden-row, Peckham.—Ed-
 ward Boehm, esq. St. James's-sq. 81.—William
 Broadbent, esq. Ewell, Surrey.—Widow of Cap-
 tain J. A. Glanhard, Brighton.—Mrs. E. Brom-
 ley, De pford.—Mr. J. Burgess, Upper Thames-
 st.—Mrs. Bowring, Tower-street.

Coveney, Mrs. John, Kean's Head, Russell
 et. Diury-la.—Mrs. W. Cantherley, Ludgate-
 hill.—L. Cunliffe, esq. Blackburn, Lancashire.—
 R. Crawford, esq. Nelson's-pl. Kent-rd., 81.—
 Mrs. Sarah Collet, Peckham.—Mrs. Carruthers,
 Shacklewell, 73.—Miss Carrington, wife of the
 Rev. Mr. C.—Mrs. J. B. Cramer, Brighton.—
 Mrs. W. Crisp, Lower-st. Islington, 88.

Dolany, Mrs. R. T. Bath, 98.—J. Dennis, esq.
 Alverton, Penzance.—Mr. J. Dickson, Covent-
 garden, F. L. S., 84.—The Right Hon. Elizabeth
 Lady Dornier, wife of John Evelyn Pierpoint,
 tenth Baron Dornier, of Winggrove Park, War-
 wick, 57.—C. J. L. De Thuballier, R. N. 28.

Edwards, James, Pall Mall, 14.—John Elmslie,
 esq. Berners-st.

Field, Miss M. A. Staunstead, Herts.—Mrs. R.
 Funnival, Tradalgar-st. Walworth, 30.—B. I.
 Friedman, esq. Woodford.

Gardiner, J. G. C. esq. Thurgarton Priory,
 Nottinghamshire.—Mrs. Grinnell.—G. de Linze
 Gregory, esq. Himgerton-house, Lincoln, 83.—
 Isaac Gulliver, esq. Wimbome Minister, Dorset-
 shire, 77.—Rev. S. Glover, A. M. Hemel Hamp-
 stead, 27.—Mrs. Goitz, Upper John-st. Golden-
 sq. 37.

Hayton, Amos, esq. Mark-jane, 78.—Miss M.
 E. Hoblyn, Sloane-st. 18.—Mr. Wm. Hodgetts,
 Powick, Worcestershire.—Lieut. General John
 Haynes, Hon. East-India Company's service, at
 Cheltenham.—The lady of Major Holland, North-
 st. Lambeth, 50.—Mr. T. Hills, Upper Rathbone-
 pl. 61.—Lieut. J. F. Holden, Knightsbridge.

Illingworth, Miss E. Prospect-place, Edg-
 ware-road

Leathley, Mrs. Clapton, 67.—R. Leigh, esq.
 Adlington hall, Chester, 69.—Mrs. T. G. Lloyd,
 Clapham road

Malloy, Mrs. Ann, Woodcote, Warwick, 64.—
 Mr. J. Mackinder, surgeon, Middlesex-pl. New-
 road.—Mrs. Jane Mann, Clapton.—Sir T. J. Met-
 calfe, bart. Fenchill, Berks., 39.—Mr. C. Miles,
 Egham.—Mrs. Mary Miles, North Elmham,
 Norfolk, 93.—Mrs. Wm. Mooney, Walthamstow
 Oakes, Lieut. General Sir Hildelard, 68.—
 Mrs. C. Olley, Parken-hill, Strand, Gloucester-
 shire.

Pallen, Mrs. R. Millbrook, Hants, 70.—Mrs. E.
 Powell, Exeter.—Mrs. Price, Haginton, War-
 wickshire.—Mrs. Ann Phelps, Osborn-place,
 Whitechapel.—Miss M. M. Phillips, Pall Mall.—
 Lady Perth, Park-la. Grosvenor-sq.—T. P.
 Phillips, esq. Moss-side, Manchester, 78.—Wm.
 Perden, esq. Berners-st.—Charlotte Jennina,
 daughter of Admiral Sir Charles Pole, Alden-
 ham Abbey, Herts, 17.

Robson, Mrs. late of York, 93.—Mr. G. Race,
 surgeon, St. Mary Axe.—Miss Charlotte Raffles,
 Bencoolen.—Mrs. Rolls, King's-road, Chelsea.

Simons, Lieutenant D. H.—Mr. G. Stienbach,
 Upper Castle-street, Leicester-sq. 72.—John H.
 Snow, esq. Hatton-hill, Surrey, 77.—Robert Sal-
 mon, esq. late of New Bond-st. 73.—Mrs. B. C.
 Smith, Stoke Newington, 37.—Mrs. G. Silk,
 Northampton-pl. Clerkenwell, 65.—Isaac Steele,
 Brighton, 51.—Groomer Spence, esq. Paddington,
 65.—Mrs. G. Skelton, Hutton-garden.—T. Single-
 ton, esq. East-end, Finchley, 68.—Mrs. L. Smith,
 Paternoster row, 34.—Mrs. Schatz, Tower-st.
 Taylor, Mrs. Ann, Kensington, 78.—Lieut.
 Peter Truppo, R. N. 38.—Miss H. D. Tarrant,
 Totnes, Devon, 14.—Miss C. Trower, Clapton.—
 Mr. T. H. Tatham, Dorset-square.

Vause, Mrs. Ann, Liverpool, 43
 Wallrod, Mr. J. Castle.—L. Holborn.—The lady
 of Capt. Sir W. S. Wiseman, bart. of his Maje-
 sty's frigate Tamar.—Hugh Wishard, esq. Lin-
 coln's-inn, 56.—John Welsford, esq. late of Cre-
 diton, Devon, 81.—Miss Webb, Plymouth.—G.
 Whittingstall, esq. Watford, Herts, 67.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

BEDFORDSHIRE.

The Rev. Henry Tatham, rector of St. Cuthbert's, Bedford, has been appointed chaplain to the English church at the Hague.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

The Rev. H. W. Whinfield, M.A. has been promoted to the rectory of Tytingham cum Filgrave, with the rectory of Battlesden cum Patsgrave, Bedfordshire.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

The following gentlemen of the University of Cambridge have been lately ordained —

By the Bishop of Exeter.

Deacons — W. H. Arundel, B.A. Cains College; Charles Melhuish, B.A. and Thos. Ainger, B.A. St. John's College; and T. B. Murray, B.A. Pembroke College.

Priests. — Wm. Grylls, M.A. Trinity College; and E. D. Rhodes, M.A. Sidney College.

By the Bishop of Chester.

Deacons — R. Wood, B.A. Corpus Christi College; J. Winn, B.A. St. John's College; P. Leigh, B.A. Trinity College; and T. Unde, B.A. Jesus College.

Priests. — A. J. Lockwood, B.A. Jesus College; J. Bruce, St. Peter's College; and T. B. Peoley, B.A. Christ's College.

The Rev. S. Redhead has been appointed to the vicarage of Claverley.

CHESHIRE.

A new cast-iron bridge is erecting over the canal between Chester and Liverpool, at Carghall, similar to the Mollington bridge.

CORNWALL.

In the course of working the tin mines of Cornwall, buckets without hoops, cut out of the solid timber, and picks formed with great labour out of the horns of the fallow deer, have been found.

CUMBERLAND.

A parcel of common land, forty-five acres, situate on Weddiker Rigg, has this year produced 721 stocks of oats more than last year. — Potatoes have been sold at Whitehaven market, at 1½d. per stone. The apples in this county are very fine and large, some measuring from twelve to fourteen inches in circumference, and weighing 15 ounces. Forty-nine pounds of fine mutton has been sold at Whitehaven for eight shillings! scarcely 2d. per lb.

DERBYSHIRE.

We are happy to learn that the profits of the Ladies' Repository, after

payment of all expenses, amount to £100. 12s. 6d. which sum has been laid out amongst the different trades-people in the town of Derby, by the direction of the Ladies' patronesses, in the purchase of materials for clothing the distressed Irish.

DEVONSHIRE.

The Rev John Cummins has been promoted to the rectory of Rackenford. — Mr. Honeywell, a respectable farmer, in the neighbourhood of Kingsbridge, has now apples enough on seventy trees to make seventy hogsheds of cider.

DURHAM.

A seam of coal, six feet three inches in thickness, was come at lately in the new colliery at Hetton, at a depth of 109 fathoms, or 651 feet, which it is hoped will amply reward the owners of the colliery for the spirited manner with which they have entered into and prosecuted the undertaking. — The will of an officer who was killed in a late engagement between Lord Cochrane and a Spanish fleet, was lately proved in the Consistory Court of Durham. This testamentary document, which the unfortunate officer carried in his breast pocket, has been pierced in two different places by the fatal sword which terminated his existence, and it is also slightly marked with his blood.

ESSEX.

A portrait of Petrarch's Laura, by Simon Memmi, has been lately sold for eighty-five guineas, at Wanstead House. The catalogue, speaking of it, says, "By the inscription on the back, it appears, that this beautiful picture was painted by Memmi, for his friend Petrarch, who mentions it in his fifty-eighth ode, and again in the eighty-ninth. After the death of Petrarch, it was taken to Arquer, and, in 1374, the Florentine Republic sent it to Bocaccio, who also notices it in his Epistles. After the death of Bocaccio, it passed into the hands of Chilimi, from whom it was bought." The auctioneer, perhaps, does not know that the learned dispute whether there ever was such a person as Laura — she is supposed to have existed only in the poet's brain.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

A pear-tree, of the jurganel species, growing in a garden near Gloucester, which bloomed in the spring, and since produced a fine crop of fruit, now presents a singular spectacle of a second blossom of a most beautiful appearance. — The wife of Mr. C. Rowe, of Exe-

ter, linen-draper, has been lately delivered of three fine boys, who, with the mother, are likely to do well.—Mr. Betty, the *ci-derant*, young Roscius, has again assumed the sock and buskin; he opened at the Cheltenham Theatre lately, in the character of the *Earl of Essex*, and was received with great applause.

HAMPSHIRE.

In the garden of Mr. Harris, at Gosport, is some Indian corn now in full ear.—Earl Grosvenor is said to have purchased the magnificent mansion of Fonthill.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

The hop-picking has generally commenced in this county, and the produce of the plantations will rival the former productions of the best year; the quality of the hops is also excellent.

KENT.

There is now growing in a garden belonging to a gentleman of the dock-yard, Sheerness, a species of the gourd genus, the seed of which was brought from Van Dieman's land, in the Dromedary store ship. It is called by the natives of that island, *toparra*, and bears a beautiful white flower. The gourd is in the form of a bell, measuring ten inches in length, and nineteen in circumference. It is considered a great curiosity, and probably the only one that ever arrived to perfection in this country.

LANCASHIRE

There is an apple-tree growing in the garden of Mr. T. Bevington, at Omer Green, Thornton, near Crosby, of which the stem is only eighteen inches high, but the branches of which (supported by a frame) extend over a circle of forty-five yards in circumference. This tree has borne an extraordinary quantity of fruit.—At Ulverston, apples have been sold at the same price as potatoes, viz. three-pence per hoop.—Within the last six years, the money expended by the trustees of the Liverpool Docks, in the article of labour only, amounts to the extraordinary sum of 374,000l.—*Preston Guild*. The festivities consist of a grand musical festival, races, plays, &c. &c. This singular festival, so perfectly *unique*, that there is no other of the kind in the kingdom, is of the standing of five centuries. It appears from the record of the borough, that there have been twenty guilds in five hundred years; that in the two first centuries they were held at irregular periods, but that since that time, beginning with the reign of Henry VIII. they have been celebrated regularly without intermission, every

twenty years. Time has diminished nothing of the splendour of this ancient festival, which is enhanced in value by the rarity of its recurrence, and of which the inclinations of the native inhabitants, resident and non-resident, dispose them to say, *esto perpetua*.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

There is now an apple-tree belonging to Mr. White, glazier, of Boston, in full blossom, which has this year borne fruit.—also one which has only been planted about two years, in the garden of Mr. Weetes, of Skirbeck, which produced apples this season, and has now blossomed again.—The Earl of Bristol has returned to his Lincolnshire tenants 20 per cent. at his late audit, held at Sleaford.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

The Rev. W. Thursby, M.A. of Oriel College, Oxford, has been elected to the vicarage of All Saints, Northampton, void by the death of the Rev. C. H. Tuffnell.—The Rev. J. Watson, D.D. curate of Acle, Norfolk, has been instituted to the livings of Ringstead-cum-Denford, void by the death of the Rev. Charles Proby, on the presentation of T. Burton, Esq. of Yarmouth.

NORFOLK.

The Rev. S. H. Savory, A.M. has been instituted to the vicarage of Houghton Juxta Harpley, in this county, on the presentation of the Marquis Cholmondeley.—From the Norfolk Agricultural Report we learn, that the wall-fruit and grapes are almost everywhere abundant; the latter nearly as good as in some seasons we find them in hot-houses. Wheats are of a superior quality. Barley perhaps not more than two-thirds of a crop, and the quality inferior to that of last year. Peas and beans better than was at one time expected, but not an average crop. Turnips falling off from the depredations of grubs and wire-worms.

NORTHUMBERLANDSHIRE.

An annual exhibition for the promotion of the fine arts, is about to be opened in Newcastle.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

Two carrots were lately drawn from the garden of Mr. Hind, of Mansfield, which weighed four pounds, one of them measured, in length sixteen inches, and in circumference ten inches.—At Newark, apples have been sold in the street at three-pence per peck. An apple has been lately gathered in the garden of Mr. C. Greasley, of Scaunton, measuring twelve inches and a half, and weighing eleven ounces.

OXFORDSHIRE.

The Rev. Thomas Bessland, B.A. of Balliol College, is appointed chaplain to the Right Hon. Lord St. Helens.

SHROPSHIRE.

The Rev. F. De Veil Williams has been promoted to the rectory of Abdon—Patron, the Earl of Pembroke.

SUFFOLK.

Woolpit fair has been numerously attended. There was a very large shew of colts, which met with ready sale, at advanced prices. There were but few good horses, but what there were, sold well. Business, upon the whole, more brisk than has been witnessed for some time.—Some fishermen belonging to the port of Ipswich, have lately caught, at the mouth of the harbour, that singular fish, the *squalus squatina*, of Linnaeus. It has generally five rows of teeth, but the present, being young, had but three. It has five spiracles on each side of the neck, and two spouting holes placed behind the eyes. It was four feet six inches in length, and weighed 99lbs. It is a native of the European Seas, and is reported to be fierce and dangerous.

WARWICKSHIRE.

At Warwick fair the supply of fat beasts was rather smaller than usual, and as the buyers were more numerous, the whole were disposed of; prices may be quoted at from 3s. to 5s. per lb. A great number of sheep were penned, but the sales were dull, and the prices obtained were somewhat lower than at the late fair.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

The markets of Worcester have been abundantly supplied with hops. The average prices were from 45s. to 63s. a few inferior were lower, and some fine fetched 67s. Nothing is doing in old hops, the prices of which are nominal.

YORKSHIRE.

The Lord Chancellor has been pleased to present the Rev. John Baines Graham, M.A. fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge, to the vicarage of Holy Trinity, Micklegate.—The harvest, which is now completed in the different districts in the vicinity of York, will be little more than half an average crop. The crop of wheat, oats, and barley are very light.—The Doncaster St. Leger this year has been a fortunate event for betting men. The Yorkshire *cognoscenti* had strangely missed their calculation upon this race. The four first favourites were amongst the last horses. The winner, Theodore, was thought less of than any one in the race, and 100 to 1 was

refused. So much for North-country trial matches, when the first, second, and third horses were scarcely named in the race. Many thousands have changed owners on this occasion.

SCOTLAND.

The labours of the Society for improving the skill of the working mechanics of Edinburgh, founded in April, 1821, have already been attended with great success.—The Commissioners who are appointed to enquire whether the Boards of Customs and Excise in Scotland may not be dispensed with, and their duties be transferred to a Central Board in London, will begin their investigation in a few days. Some of them are already arrived, and the remainder of the Commissioners will be in Edinburgh in a short time.—A party of more than 100 of the townsmen and country gentlemen entertained Mr. Hume at dinner, in Anderson's, New Inn, Aberdeen,—Alexander Bannerman, Esq. in the Chair.—There is now to be seen at present, in the garden of Thos. Davidson, of Cushat-hill, a second crop of pease growing upon the stalks, which bore abundantly in July. The straw had become pale and withered, and was about to be removed from the ground, when, to the astonishment of the family, it began to exhibit the verdure and luxuriance of spring, and is now loaded with blossoms and young pease.—Herring have been so plentiful in Inverness market, that they sell a dozen, sixteen, and even twenty excellent herrings for a penny.

IRELAND.

We understand that the Noblemen and Gentlemen, friends to the general amelioration of the condition of this country, and to the modification of the tithe system, have it in contemplation to give a public dinner to the Duke of Devonshire, when he passes through Dublin, on his return to England.—His Grace's noble and disinterested conduct, in respect of tithes, and his constant advocacy of Ireland, deserve respect and gratitude.—So rare an accomplishment is the knowledge of music in Ireland, that in the town of Strabane, a piano-forte cannot be tuned without sending to Raphoe for the organist; and the music master of a respectable boarding-school, at Coleraine, comes every third week from Belfast, which is more than 50 miles distant. What an opening for a Colony of Germans!

For the state of the Irish harvest, see Agricultural Report.

EAST INDIA SHIPPING LIST.

Final Arrangement for the Season, 1821, 1822.

Ships' Names.	Consignments.	Tonnage.	Managing Owners.	Commanders.	First Officers.	Second Officers.	Third Officers.	Fourth Officers.	Surgeons.	Purveys.	To be afloat.	To be in the harbour Dozens.
4 Earl of Baccaras	Beng. & China	1417	Company's Ship	Peter Cameron	Timot. Smith	Wm. Longcroft	Alexander Bell	Fred. G. Moore	Henry Arnot	John D. Smith	1821.	1821
1 Sir David Scott	Mad. & China	1300	Joseph Hare	William Hunter	John A. Tacon	Pat. Lindsay	John Marley	John Moore	Nathaniel Grant	Joseph Hodgson	11 Oct.	11 Dec.
3 Thomas Coutts	Mad. & China	1234	S. Marjoribanks	Alex. Christie	Thos. Addison	Edw. Phillips	Arthur Vincent	Alexander Hay	Jerom. Simoons	Wm. Maitman	11 Oct.	1 Dec.
1 William Farlie	Mad. & China	1300	Joseph Hare	Kenard Smith	Wm. Pascoe	Wm. Hackett	Thomas Blair	Geo. Davidson	Walter Lorimer	Chris. Fearon	11 Oct.	1 Dec.
3 Dura	Bomb. & China	1325	George Palmer	Mont. Hamilton	James Baile	J. C. Whitman	Shirley Newill	Thos. John Dyer	Andrew Reddie	Steph. H. Ayers	9 Nov.	31 Dec.
3 Duke of York	Bomb. & China	1327	S. Marjoribanks	A. H. Campbell	Wm. Pittman	H. L. Thomas	Thos. Shepherd	Henry Burr	William Lang	Wm. Dallas	9 Nov.	31 Dec.
1 Berwickshire	Bomb. & China	1306	S. Marjoribanks	John Shepherd	Sam. Holloway	Fred. Maden	John D. Orr	James Potter	Thos. Davidson	Jos. Wm. Rose	13 Feb.	13 Feb.
1 Duchess of Atholl	Bomb. & China	1309	Wm. E. Fox	Edw. M. Daniell	Rob. Dudman	Chas. Stewart	John D. Orr	Henry Ritz	John Austin	Edward King	14 Jan.	26 Jan.
3 Orwell	Bomb. & China	1306	John Campbell	Thos. Saunders	Geo. A. Bond	Wm. E. Farce	Patric Burt	James Wilson	Wm. Bremner	J. S. Anderson	24 Nov.	14 Jan.
3 Buckinghamshire	Bomb. & China	1309	Company's Ship	Frederick Adams	Wm. Techrast	Wm. B. Bax	Alex. Read	Andrew Pictorial	Alex. Macrae	J. W. Graham	1822.	27 Feb.
5 Castle Huntly	Bomb. & China	1302	J. H. Gladstones	ILL. Drummond	The. Dunlop	Sen. V. Wood	Whim. Freeman	Thos. Allobin	Wm. Hayland	Henry Wright	23 Jan.	14 Mar.
3 London	Bomb. & China	1302	Company's Ship	J. B. Sotheby	B. Bronghton	Philip Haxell	Thos. B. Proudf	Wm. K. Beckman	Dun. Mackenzie	James Gardner	14 Feb.	5 Mar.
3 Caning	Bomb. & China	1306	Company's Ship	T. F. Balderson	Hon. Honyer	Robert Marshall	Alfred Bullard	Wm. M. Marquis	Fous. W. Hunter	Wm. Rob. Smill	14 Feb.	5 Mar.
6 Marquis of Huntly	Bomb. & China	1290	J. Mac Taggart	J. S. H. Fraser	Rob. Cliford	H. M. Stordale	Edw. Smith	Wm. M. Marquis	John Simmons	Wm. M. Haier	14 Feb.	5 Mar.
5 Lady Melville	Bomb. & China	1290	Sir Rob. Wigram	Richard Clifford	Rob. Cliford	Robert Piter	Edw. Smith	Wm. M. Marquis	John Simmons	Wm. M. Haier	14 Feb.	5 Mar.
3 Regent	Bomb. & China	1341	James Haig	Wm. Norfor	J. Cricklaank	Henry Ager	Thos. B. Proudf	Wm. M. Marquis	John Simmons	Wm. M. Haier	14 Feb.	5 Mar.
8 Princess Amelia	Bomb. & China	1341	Robert Williams	T. Williams	J. Kellaway	Henry Ager	Thos. B. Proudf	Wm. M. Marquis	John Simmons	Wm. M. Haier	14 Feb.	5 Mar.
6 Prince Regent	Bomb. & China	1341	Robert Williams	T. Williams	J. Kellaway	Henry Ager	Thos. B. Proudf	Wm. M. Marquis	John Simmons	Wm. M. Haier	14 Feb.	5 Mar.
7 Astell	Bomb. & China	1341	Robert Williams	T. Williams	J. Kellaway	Henry Ager	Thos. B. Proudf	Wm. M. Marquis	John Simmons	Wm. M. Haier	14 Feb.	5 Mar.
9 Warren Hastings	Bomb. & China	1341	Robert Williams	T. Williams	J. Kellaway	Henry Ager	Thos. B. Proudf	Wm. M. Marquis	John Simmons	Wm. M. Haier	14 Feb.	5 Mar.
4 Dorsetshire	Bomb. & China	1341	Robert Williams	T. Williams	J. Kellaway	Henry Ager	Thos. B. Proudf	Wm. M. Marquis	John Simmons	Wm. M. Haier	14 Feb.	5 Mar.
6 General Hewitt	Bomb. & China	1341	Robert Williams	T. Williams	J. Kellaway	Henry Ager	Thos. B. Proudf	Wm. M. Marquis	John Simmons	Wm. M. Haier	14 Feb.	5 Mar.
4 Colchester	Bomb. & China	1341	Robert Williams	T. Williams	J. Kellaway	Henry Ager	Thos. B. Proudf	Wm. M. Marquis	John Simmons	Wm. M. Haier	14 Feb.	5 Mar.
2 St. Helena	Bomb. & China	1341	Robert Williams	T. Williams	J. Kellaway	Henry Ager	Thos. B. Proudf	Wm. M. Marquis	John Simmons	Wm. M. Haier	14 Feb.	5 Mar.
2 Francis	Bomb. & China	1341	Robert Williams	T. Williams	J. Kellaway	Henry Ager	Thos. B. Proudf	Wm. M. Marquis	John Simmons	Wm. M. Haier	14 Feb.	5 Mar.

VAUATIONS OF BAROMETER, THERMOMETER, &c. AT NINE O'CLOCK, A. M.

By T. BLUNT, Mathematical Instrument Maker to his Majesty, No. 22, CORNHILL

1822	Bar	Ther	Wind	Obscr	1822	Bar	Ther	Wind	Obscr	1822	Bar	Ther	Wind	Obscr
Aug 25	29.74	60	S. W.	Shwy	Sept. 5	30.00	61	S. W.	Far	Sept. 16	30.02	51	W	Fair
26	29.71	61	S. W.	Ditto	6	30.02	60	W	Ditto	17	30.10	54	N W	Ditto
27	29.62	60	S. W.	Ditto	7	30.07	61	W	Ditto	18	30.03	55	N	Ditto
28	29.58	61	S. W.	Ditto	8	30.09	62	W.	Shwy.	19	29.97	59	N	Ditto
29	29.51	58	S.	Ditto	9	29.92	60	W.	Far	20	29.96	54	N. E.	Ditto
30	29.65	67	S. W.	Far	10	29.93	55	N.	Ditto	21	29.80	55	N. E.	Rain
31	29.86	61	S. W.	Ditto	11	29.97	50	N. E.	Ditto	22	29.75	50	N. E.	Cldy.
Sept 1	29.91	63	N.	Ditto	12	30.11	54	N. E.	Ditto	23	29.77	51	E.	Rain
2	29.97	60	W.	Ditto	13	30.14	56	N.	Ditto	24	29.33	50	E.	Ditto.
3	29.98	61	N. W.	Ditto	14	30.09	53	W.	Ditto					
4	29.98	61	W	Ditto	15	30.02	50	S. W.	Ditto					

PRICE OF SHARES IN CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, MINES, &c.

SEPTEMBER 25, 1822.

	Price	Per Share	Div. per Ann.		Price	Per Share	Div. per Ann.
	£.	s.	£. s. d.		£.	s.	£. s. d.
<i>Canals</i>				<i>Bridges</i>			
A. D. and Oldham	100	200	4 10	Southwark	100	20	—
Barnsley	160	200	10	Ditto, New	50	67 10	7 3 pr. et.
Birmingham	25	80	21	Ditto, Loan	—	—	5
Bolton and Bury	250	120	5	Vauxhall	100	20	—
Blackburn and Abergav.	150	80	4	Waterloo	100	5	—
Canal	50	—	—	<i>Water-works.</i>			
Chesterfield	100	120	8	Chelsea	—	—	—
Coventry	100	1070	11 3	East London	100	97	2
Combert	100	270	11	Grand Junction	50	57 10	2 10
Croydon	100	2 10	—	Keat	100	35	1 10
Darby	100	110	6	London Bridge	—	50	2 10
Duffley	100	63	3	South London	100	30	—
Filshute and Chester	133	63	3	West Middlesex	—	57	2 5
Fleets	100	1000	58	York Buildings	100	21	—
Forth and Clyde	100	170	20	<i>Insurances</i>			
Grand Junction	100	215	10	Albion	500	50	2 10
Grand Surrey	100	54	3	Atlas	50	5	6
Grand Union	100	18	—	Bath	—	575	40
Grand Western	100	3	—	Birmingham Fire	1000	300	25
Grantham	150	145	8	British	250	50	3
Horsford and Glouce.	100	—	—	County	100	40	2 10
Leicester	100	27	1	Eagle	50	2 12 6	—
Leeds and Liverpool	100	365	12	European	20	20	1
Leicester	—	300	14	Globe	100	135	6
Leicester & Northampton	100	71	—	Guardian	100	10	—
Loughborough	—	3500	170	Hope	50	4 5	6
Milton Workday	100	221	11	Imperial Fire	500	96	4 10
Monmouthshire	100	160	8	Ditto, Life	50	11	9 6
Montgomeryshire	100	70	2 10	Keat Fire	50	55	—
North	—	410	25	London Fire	25	28	1 4
Nottingham	150	200	12	London Ship	25	20	1
Oxford	100	730	32	Provident	100	18	15
Portsmouth and Arundel	50	40	—	Rock	20	1 19	2
Regent's	—	30 10	—	Royal Exchange	—	265	10
Richdale	100	50	2	Sun Fire	—	—	8 10
Shrewsbury	125	170	9 10	Sun Life	100	23 10	10
Shropshire	125	125	7	Union	200	40	1 8
Somerset Coal	50	107 10	7	<i>Gas Lights.</i>			
Ditto, Lock Fund	—	—	5 15	Gas Light and Coke (Chart			
Stafford & Worcestershire	140	700	40	Company	50	71	1
Stonbridge	145	200	9	Ditto, New Shares	50	65 10	3 12
Stratford-on-Avon	—	17	—	City Gas Light Company	100	115	5 12
Spadwater	—	495	22	Ditto, New	100	60	2 16
Swale	100	185	10	South London	100	131	7 10
T. Stock	100	90	—	Imperial	50	6 15	—
Thames and Midway	—	20	—	<i>Literary Institutions</i>			
Thames and Severn, New	—	23	—	London	75s	28	—
Trent & Mersey	200	1910	75	Russel	25s	11	—
Warwick and Birmingh.	100	230	11	Surrey	30s	5	—
Warwick and Napton	100	210	10	<i>Miscellaneous.</i>			
Worcester & Birmingham	—	26 10	1	Auction Mart	50	22	1 5
<i>Docks</i>				British Copper Company	100	52	2 10
London	100	111	4 10	Golden Lane Brewery	80	9	—
West India	100	183 1	10	Ditto	50	5	—
East India	100	158	8	London Corn Sale Rooms	150	15	1
Commercial	100	87	3 10	Garnett Stock, 1st class	—	92	4
East Country	100	31	—	Ditto	—	79	3

PRICES OF STOCKS, COURSE OF EXCHANGE, &c.

GOVERNMENT FUNDS.		SEPT. 24.	IRISH FUNDS.		SEPT. 14.
BANK STOCK , div. 10 per cent.			Bank Stock		
3 per Cent. Reduced Annuities			Govt. Debents. 3½ per ct	93½	
3½ per Cent. Consols Annuities			Do. Stock	91½	2
4 per Cent. Consols Annuities			Govt. Debents 4	100½	
Long Annuities, expire 5th Jan. 1860			Do. Stock	4	
South Sea Old Ann. div. 3 per cent.			Paving Debents. 4		
3 per Cent Consols Annuities	80½	a 1	Govt. Debents. 5	105½	
4 per Cent Ditto, New	100½	a 100	Do. Stock	105½	
5 per Cent Navy Annuities			Gd. Canal Loan 6 per ct		
India Stock, div. 10½ per Cent.	253		Ditto ditto	4	
South Sea Stock, div. 3½			Pipe Wat. Debs. 5		
South S. New Anns. div. 3 per cent			Do do. do.	6	
3 per Cent. Annuities, 1751			City Debents 5		
Imperial 3 per Cent. Annuities	80½	a	Grand Canal Stock		
4 per Cent. India Bonds	17	a 46 pm.	Royal Canal Stock	22	
Exchequer Bills, £1000. 2d. per day	2	a 3 pm.	Exchange on London	8½	
Ditto £500.	1	a 5 pm.			
Ditto small	6	a 9 pm.			
Bank for Account, 15th Oct. 1822.	247½	8	BULLION.		
India for Opening, 15th Oct.	253½		SEPT. 24		
Consols for Opening, 16th Oct.	81½	a ½	Portugal Gold, in Com.	0	0
3½ per Cent. Consols			Foreign Gold, in Bars	5	17
3 per Cent. Reduced			New Doubloons	3	½
Imperial	80½		New Dollars	0	1
			Silver, in Bars, Standard	0	4 11½

AMERICAN FUNDS.		London, Sept. 17.	N. York, Aug 14.	FRENCH FUNDS.		London, Sept. 14.
Bank Shares	21½		102½	5 p. Ct An. with div		
7 per Cent.	95		104	due March 21, and	92½	
3 pr. Cts. of 1812.	93 9½	} div. from Jan 1821	103 ¼	September 21	94	
1813.	93 9½		103 ¼	Bank Shares, div. 31		
1814.	93 9½		104 ¼	Dec. and 30 June		
1815.	93 9½		104 6	Recomms. of Liqui-		
3 per Cent	69½		76	dation divid. due		
5 per Cent.	95½			Mar. 21, & Sep. 21		
5 per Cent.	96½			Exchange on Lon-		
Exchange on London,	10	pm.		don, 3 months ..		
				Ditto 1 ditto ..		

PRUSSIAN STOCK		London, Sept. 17, 1822	RUSSIAN STOCK		London, Sept. 17, 1822.
5 per Cent. Bonds, large 90: 1			6 per Cent. Inscriptions, 82. — Ex		
Small —. Div. due 31st March,			change 12d p. Ro.—Div. due 30th		
and 30th Sept.			June, and 31st Dec —Metallic 5 per		
			Cents. 82 ex d —Exchange 3 ½ p		
			Ro —Div. due 28th Feb. & 31st Aug		

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.				TUESDAY, SEPT. 17	
Amsterdam.....	C. F.....	12	7	Barcelona.....	35½
Ditto at Sight.....		12	4	Seville.....	35½
Rotterdam.....		12	8	Gibraltar.....	30½
Antwerp.....		12	6	Leghorn.....	47½
Hamburgh.....		38	0	Genoa.....	43½
Altona.....		38	1	Venice Italian liv.....	27 50
Paris, 3 days Sight.....		25	60	Malta.....	45
Ditto.....		25	90	Naples.....	39½
Bordeaux.....		25	90	Palermo.....	per oz. 117d
Frankfort on the Main.....		158		Lisbon.....	52½
Vienna office.....	2 M. flo.	10	24	Oporto.....	52½
Trieste, ditto.....		10	24	Rio Janeiro.....	48
Madrid.....		36½		Bahia.....	50
Cadiz.....		36		Dublin.....	9½
Bilboa.....		36½		Cork.....	9½

EXCHEQUER BILLS.

All Exchequer Bills dated prior to Oct. 1821, have been Advertised to be Paid Off



Ann Crotch Mrs. D.

OCTOBER, 1822 :

Taken from Life, expressly for this Work.

[TWO SHILLINGS.]

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A part of D. F.'s favours shall appear in our next; also, "The Reading Room."

We have received the strictures on popular preachers, viz. the Rev. J. R. PITMAN, the Rev. Dr. MOORE, the Rev. Dr. RUGLE, and the Deans of CARLISLE and ROCHESTER: Rev. GEORGE MATHEW, Rev. E. REPTON, and Rev. Dr. BUSFIELD.

ERRATA IN OUR LAST NUMBER.

Page 210, for *quinzieme* read *quinzaine*—page 211, for *coffé* read *tasse de caffè*—page 212, for *plaine St. Honoré* read *La Rue St. Honoré*—page 213, for *elegantes* read *elegants*.—In the translation of Mrs. Opie's lines, for *image* read *homage*—page 261, for *Brown* read *Brown*.

THE
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,
AND
LONDON REVIEW.

OCTOBER 1822.

MEMOIR
OF
W. CROTCH, Mus. D.

PROFESSOR OF MUSIC IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

Dr. Crotch, the subject of the present memoir, was born at Norwich, July 5, 1775. His father, by trade a carpenter, an ingenious mechanic, and of good reputation, having a passion for music, of which, however, he had no knowledge, undertook to build an organ, on which, as soon as it would speak, he learned to play two or three common tunes, such as, *God Save the King; Let Ambition Fire thy Mind; and the Easter Hymn;* with which, and such chords as were pleasing to his ear, he used to try the perfection of his instrument.

About Christmas, 1776, when Master Crotch was only a year and a half old, he discovered a great inclination for music, by leaving even his food to attend to it, when the organ was playing; and about Midsummer, 1777, he would touch the key-note of his particular favourite tunes, in order to persuade his father to play them. Soon after this, as he was unable to name these tunes, he would play the first two or three notes of them, when he thought the key-note did not sufficiently explain which he wished to have played. But according to his mother's account, it seems to have been in consequence of his having heard the superior performance of Mrs. Culman, a musical lady, who came to try his father's organ, and who not only played on it, but sung to her own accompaniment, that he first attempted to play a tune

himself: for, the same evening, after her departure, the child cried and was so peevish that his mother was wholly unable to appease him. At length, passing through the dining-room, he screamed and struggled violently to go to the organ, in which, when he was indulged, he eagerly bent down the keys with his little fists, as other children usually do, after finding themselves able to produce a noise, which pleases them more than the artificial performance of real melody or harmony by others. The next day, however, being left, while his mother went out, in the dining-room with his brother, a youth about fourteen years old, he would not let him rest till he blew the bellows of the organ, while he sat on his knee and bent down the keys, at first promiscuously, but presently, with one hand, he played enough of *God Save the King* to awaken the curiosity of his father, who, being in a garret, which was his workshop, hastened down stairs to inform himself who was playing this tune upon the organ. When he found it was the child, he could hardly believe what he heard and saw. At this time, he was exactly two years and three weeks old, as appears by the register, in the parish of St. George, Colgate, Norwich. Although he shewed such a decided inclination for music, he could no more be prevailed on to play by persuasion than a bird to sing.

When his mother returned, the father, with a look that at once implied joy, wonder, and mystery, desired her to go up stairs with him, as he had something curious to shew her. She obeyed, and was as much surprised as the father, on hearing the child play the first part of *God Save the King*. The next day he made himself master of the treble of the second part; and the day after, he attempted the base, which he performed nearly correct in every particular, except the note immediately before the close, which being an octave below the preceding sound, was out of the reach of his little hand. In the beginning of November, 1777, he played both the treble and base of *Let Ambition Fire thy Mind*; an old tune, now called, *Hope, thou Nurse of Young Desire*.

Upon the parents' relating this extraordinary circumstance to their neighbours, they were laughed at, and advised not to mention it, as such a marvellous account would only expose them to ridicule. However, a few days afterwards, Mr. Crotch being ill, and unable to go out to work, Mr. Paul, a master-weaver, by whom he was employed, passing accidentally by the door, and hearing the organ, fancied that he had been deceived, and that Crotch had stayed at home, in order to divert himself on his favourite instrument. Fully prepossessed with this idea, he entered the house, and, suddenly opening the dining-room door, saw the child playing on the organ, while his brother was blowing the bellows. Mr. Paul thought the performance so extraordinary, that he immediately brought two or three of the neighbours to hear it, who propagating the news, a crowd of nearly a hundred persons came the next day to hear the young performer; and, on the following days, a still greater number flocked to the house from all quarters of the city; till, at length, the child's parents were obliged to limit his exhibition to certain days and hours, in order to lessen his fatigue, and exempt themselves from the inconvenience of constant attendance on the curious multitude.

When the father first carried him to the Cathedral, he used to cry the instant he heard the loud organ,

which, being so much more powerful than that to which he was accustomed at home, he was some time before he could bear, without discovering pain, occasioned, perhaps, by the extreme delicacy of his ear, and irritability of his nerves.

Before he was four years old, he discovered a genius and inclination for drawing, nearly as strong as for music; for, whenever he was not at an instrument, he usually employed himself in sketching, with his left hand, houses, churches, ships, or animals, in his rude and wild manner, with chalk, on the floor, or on whatever plain surface he was allowed to scrawl.

The first voluntary he heard with attention was performed at his father's house by Mr. Mully, a music-master; and as soon as he was gone, the child seeming to play on the organ in a wild and different manner from what his mother was accustomed to hear, she asked him, what he was doing? And he replied, "I am playing the gentleman's fine things;"—but she was unable to judge of the resemblance. However, when Mr. Mully came a few days after, and was asked, whether the child had remembered any of the passages in his voluntary, he replied in the affirmative. This happened when he was only two years and four months old. About this time, such was the rapid progress he had made in judging of the agreement of sounds, that he played the Easter Hymn with full harmony; and in the last two or three bars of *Hallelujah*, where the same sound is sustained, he played chords with both hands, by which the parts were multiplied to six, which he had great difficulty in reaching, on account of the shortness of his fingers. From this period his memory was very accurate in retaining any tune that pleased him; and being present at a concert, where a band of gentlemen performers played the overture in *Rodelinda*, he was so delighted with the minut, that the next morning he hummed part of it in bed; and by noon, without any further assistance, played the whole on the organ.—At four years old, his ear for music was so astonishing, that he could distinguish at a great distance from any instrument, and out of sight of

the keys, any note that was struck, whether A. B. C., &c. In this, Dr. Burney used repeatedly to try him, and never once found him mistaken, even in the half notes: a circumstance the more extraordinary, as many practitioners, and good performers, are unable to distinguish by the ear, at the Opera or elsewhere, in what key any air or piece is executed. At this early age, when he was tired of playing on an instrument, and his musical faculties appeared wholly blunted, he could be provoked to attention, even though engaged in any new amusement, by a wrong note being struck in the melody of any well-known tune; and, if he stood by the instrument when such a note was designedly struck, he would instantly put down the right, in whatever key the air was playing.

Before he was six years old, this infant prodigy taught himself to play on the violin, which he used to hold as a violincello: he could also play on the common flute and *sticcado pastorello*. At three years old he played on the organ in King's College Chapel, Cambridge, while sitting on his mother's knee; and at this time a print of him playing on the organ was engraved by Sanders, at Norwich.

As a painter in oil colours, Dr. Crotch possesses very considerable talents, although he exercises them only for amusement. A picture, painted by him as a companion of one by Salvator Rosa, which was in the possession of the late Charles Cowper Esq., of the Albany, fully convinced his talents; it was so excellent in colouring, harmony, and effect, that, although entirely different in the subject, no one standing in the middle of the room could tell which picture was painted by Salvator Rosa, unless he had been previously informed. Dr. Crotch also drew, and etched in soft ground, twelve views taken from the environs of Oxford, which are acknowledged to be very picturesque and spirited performances.

The extraordinary musical talent, exhibited by Dr. Crotch in infancy, was matured by study and practise; so as afterwards he was enabled to attain the highest rank in his profession; and, as a professor of music,

he still continues to benefit society. He went to Oxford in 1788, and in 1790, was elected Organist to Christ Church: in 1797, he was honoured with the Professorship of Music; and in the same year succeeded Dr. Hayes, as Organist to St. John College and University Church. During his residence in this city, he married Miss Bliss, the daughter of a respectable bookseller there; by whom he has living one son, who is now a fellow of New College; and two daughters, who are twin sisters, and are both unmarried. Dr. Crotch left the University of Oxford, and came to London in 1805, since which period, he has every season delivered lectures on music, either at the Royal Institution in Albemarle Street, or at the Surrey Institution near Westminster Bridge, with the exception of one season, during which, he lectured at the London Institution.

Among the friends of Dr. Crotch, we must not omit to mention the late celebrated Dr. Burney, and Charles Cooper Esq., Dr. Jowett, of Cambridge, and the late Rev. John Owen, Secretary to the Bible Society. The Rev. A. C. Schomberg, fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, was his earliest and best patron.

Among the numerous musical compositions, published by Dr. Crotch, we cannot help mentioning two which more particularly advanced his reputation; "Palestine, a Sacred Oratorio;" and "Specimens of Various kinds of Music," in 3 vols. folio. He is also author of a work on the Elements of Musical Composition.

The early age, at which Dr. Crotch discovered a most astonishing musical genius, is without a parallel in the history of eminent musicians; and perhaps none come so near his precocity of musical talent, as the two Westleys and Mozart. The WESTLEYS discovered, during early infancy, very uncommon faculties for the practice of music. CHARLES, the eldest, at two years and three-quarters old, surprised his father by playing a tune on the harpsichord readily, and in just time: soon after he played several, whatever his mother sang, or whatever he heard in the street. SAMUEL, the youngest,

though he was three years old before he aimed at a tune, yet, by constantly hearing his brother practice, and being accustomed to good music and masterly execution, before he was six years old, arrived at such a knowledge of music, that his extempore performances on keyed instruments, like MOZART'S, was so masterly in point of invention, modulation, and accuracy of execution, as to surpass in many particulars, the attainments of most professors at any period of their lives.

Indeed, Mozart, when a little more than four years old, is said to have been not only capable of executing lessons on his favourite instrument, the harpsichord, but to have composed some in an easy style and taste, which were much approved; and SAMUEL WESTLEY, before he could write was a composer, and mentally set the airs of several

oratorios, which he retained in memory till he was eight years old, and then wrote them down.

Here the difference of education appeared; young CROTCH, left to nature, was not only without instructions, but good models of imitation; while MOZART and SAMUEL WESTLEY, on the contrary, may be said to have been nursed in good music; for as the latter had his brother's excellent performances to stimulate attention, and feed his ear with harmony; the German infant, living in the house of his father, an eminent professor, and an elder sister, a neat player on the harpsichord, and constantly practising compositions of the first class for that instrument, had every advantage of situation and culture, joined to the profusion of natural endowments.

THE RECLUSE.

I.

'Twas not the wild fancy of youth's giddy day,
Nor the pangs of fond hopes once betrayed;
Nor the frenzy of zealots which oft leads astray,
That first led to the vows that I've made.
Oh, no! 'Twas the choice,—the fond choice of my heart,
In those cloisters to fix my abode,
Where my soul may her transports of feeling impart,
Link'd in love (yet in fear) with her God.

II.

At midnight's still hour, when all nature's at rest,
When all motion, all life make a pause;
Save Night's silver Queen, who, from East to the West,
In her course still proclaims a First Cause.
Ah! then, while the moon's sober beams chase the gloom
From my cell, be my heart not less pure:
Till my soul, wing'd with hopes for choice blessings to come,
Takes her flight, no more ills to endure.

J. F.

BRITISH ANTIQUITIES.

No. I.

As the study of Antiquities illustrates the page of History, a few gleanings, from the extensive field of British Antiquities, will have a tendency to elucidate some obscure portion of the History of our own country.

Among the Antiquities of our native land, the *Tumulus* is not the least attracting. In various parts of the country, the eye of the traveller is arrested by its solitary appearance. And the person unacquainted with it is doubtful whether the protuberance be natural or artificial. In Derbyshire and Wiltshire, *Tumuli* of various shapes and dimensions present themselves to our view. That which is commonly termed Silbury Hill, near Marlborough, is of a gigantic size, being 560 feet in diameter at the base; 170 feet in perpendicular height, and 105 feet in diameter at the top. The smallest of them are about 12 feet in diameter at the base. Those upon the Yorkshire Wolds, which will be described in a future paper, are of the latter size.

The word *Tumulus* is purely Latin, and signifies "a heap of earth." When more than one is meant, the Latin plural *Tumuli*, is used. The word more frequently denotes a sepulchre, and is used in this sense by the Roman Poets and Historians.

"Ho-stilem ad tumulum Trojæ sub moenibus altis
Jussa mori."

Æn. III. 322.

Compelled to die at the enemies tomb under the lofty walls of Troy.

—"Tumulo—condar."

Ovid. Met. xiv.

I shall be buried in the grave.

Tacitus, in his Annals, Lib. II. 7. uses it to signify the burying place of those who fell in battle:

"Tumulum tamen nuper Varianis legionibus structum—disjecerant."

They destroyed the monument which had lately been raised for the troops of Varius.

For the same purpose has the *Tumulus* generally been raised in our own country. It is by some, called a Barrow; and when composed of loose stones, a *Cairn*; which is common in the northern parts of the island; and whose bulk has been increased by the passenger, who manifested his respect for the dead, by adding his stone to the number.

The *Tumulus* or Barrow is of ancient date, and extensive use. In the early ages of Egypt and Greece, they were piled to commemorate the names and actions of the illustrious dead; and were the magnificent Pyramid in embryo. They are found in the wilds of America, as well as in the formerly wealthy kingdoms of Asia, and civilized states of Europe. Of the manner of their formation by the ancients, we have an account in the *Iliad*.

—"Where yet the embers glow,
Wide o'er the pile, the sable wine
they throw;
And deep subsides the ashy heap
below."

Next, the white bones, his sad companion's place,
With tears, collected in a golden vase.
The sacred relics to the tent they bore;
The urn, a veil of linen cover'd o'er;
That done, they bid the sepulchre
aspire,
And cast the deep foundations round
the pyre;
High in the midst they heap the swelling bed
Of rising earth, memorial of the dead."

Book xxiii. 310.

In a future number will be described the different kinds of *Tumuli*.

T. R.

Huggate.

REJECTED LOVE.

HELEN it is enough — farewell, for ever,
 I've done with all in life except existence.
 And could I but be mad by mere volition,
 I'd quickly disencumber me of reason,
 And make a death which hath not pain nor peril.
 I gazed at death, I took it by the hand,
 And but for selfishness refrained, my mis'ry
 Made me too avaricious after bliss,
 To risk my chance of being happy somewhere.
 What though I imitate a laugh, and toil
 To rear my fetter'd spirits into gladness,
 The soul relapses from the vain attempt,
 Weary, and fretted, and excoriate,
 And more dejected still, for seeming not so.
 Rejecting mem'ry, and devoid of hope,
 The past and future are amalgamate
 In one unchang'd, perpetual present, Helen :
 And night and day to me are both alike,
 I've made a covenant with sleep, that he
 Shall not advantage take of nature's weakness,
 To steal thy image from me, but shall spread
 His webless veil so lightly o'er my senses,
 Fancy may look at her creations through it.
 Visions that wear the line of waking thought,
 Darkness and death, the morning never finds us
 Mock'd, cheated, tortur'd, by a pleasant dream.
 Oh thou most fair, most beautiful delusion !
 Thou wert not cruel and I thought thee kind,
 But 'tis the curst coquetry of your sex
 To lure, retire, be coy, and yet not cold ;
 Though your caprice is not without its system,
 Ye vacillate by rule, that ye may lead some
 Sanguine youth to tender to your tenancy,
 The life-lease of his happiness and honour ;
 Which ye but copy off into the list
 Of compliment, bestow'd upon your beauty,
 Annulling, then, the treaty of affection,
 Coldly decline to execute the deed.
 While victims of your frivolous ambition,
 (The greater number is the greater merit.)
 Our peace pays tribute to your vanity ;
 Ye build your triumph out of our abasement.
 What sage, what school, e'er taught to win a woman ?
 Wealth will plead well with one who loves herself :
 Glory will dazzle, flattery will beguile.
 But faith, and love, and constancy, are idle ;
 I loved thee, mighty heaven, how I loved thee !
 To keep the altar pure where thou wert shined,
 I burned the incense of stern self-denial,
 That when some smiling mischief did assail,
 Or festive friendship urged me to its revels,
 Would interpose thy shade immediate ;
 And, putting thus temptation in eclipse,
 Mirth's bowl was mawkish, Pleasure's form look'd haggard.
 E'en in the grave thy image shall have power
 To balm its habitation, being, as 'twere,
 Some sweet aroma to resist corruption ;
 This fleshly frame shall moulder into dust ;
 These bones shall rot, dissolve, decay, and still
 A colourless petrification shall survive ;
 A lava stone, the shape and form retaining,
 Of what it once had been—a human heart !

TRESSILIAN.

THE PEDESTRIAN :

Being from the Perambulatory Collection of John Shanks.

No. I.

MR. EDITOR,

THOUGH naturally a modest man, I have taken leave to obtrude myself upon you at this time, for reasons which, when stated, may induce you to excuse so great a liberty. My appearance and manner, be it known to you, are generally supposed to be somewhat remarkable, or, as my countrymen the Scotch say, *kents-peeple*; and are becoming a subject of talk and observation in most places which I visit; so that, did I not introduce *myself* to you, you might hear of me by some other hand, in a way, so as to give you a prejudice by no means in my favour. I have thought proper, therefore, to be beforehand with any who might be disposed to caricature me to you, of which promptness you will, no doubt, see the prudence, as it may save me some trouble hereafter, besides giving me the advantage of the first word in my own cause.

My name, Sir, is John Shanks; not Cruikshanks, as I have sometimes been miscalled. My appearance is allowed, by all worthy persons who have judgment in these matters, to be quite gentlemanlike; not that shabby-genteel, as others have impertinently said; and although I have been profanely called "Old Shanks," I protest I am only fifty years of age, which you will agree with me, Sir, in thinking, leaves me quite a young man.—A half-grown sprig of divinity chose disrespectfully to describe me as a raw, unshapely, gaunt-looking man, with a very long neck, or thrapple, as he termed it, which he had the assurance to say, was evidently meant for a rope. He went on shamelessly to say, that my knowly shoulders rose on each wing of me to a level with my jaws, overlooking my person like promontories, from whence my arms, he protested, hung like the handles of an old-fashioned pump; at the lower extremities of which (with as much

grace as the flat piece of lead on that pendulum-like article), swung, he said, my "clattering hands," each about the size of a shoulder of mutton.

He further profaned my person, by calling my back "my trunk," because it is a little elongated; saying that my shoulder-blades stuck out, particularly in certain of my movements, so that my coat looked as it were hung on pins, or on a dyer's frame. My knees, it was averred, betokened great kneeling; and as to my feet, he swore it must have been from me that the Irish-woman asked a shoe, to make of it a cradle for her child.

Was it not very provoking to say all this of my person, besides affirming, that my mouth and ears were very near neighbours; and that my skinny jaws were made frightful by my grey whiskers; and because, in the course of shaving, I have left the one something larger than the other, to call them by the names of the great bear, and the little bear?—Now, Sir, I confess that this, and a great deal more, has gone abroad of me; nevertheless, I can assure you it is utterly false, and that I am a very tolerable-looking youngish man; though, perhaps, a little bandy, particularly on one side; but one does not know what will please in these new-fangled times; for when I was a stripling of thirty, no gentleman was thought handsome who was not a little bandy, for that was then the fashion.

It is also false to say that I stutter and mumble, or that my voice sounds as if it came out of an empty cask. I have, indeed, a little asthmatic cough, that I am so accustomed to, I really should feel dull without it; and as for that nervous twist in the mouth, and shake of the head that I occasionally have, I never feel any inconvenience from it, excepting, that certain ill-reared persons sometimes burst out laughing in my face while I am speaking

to them; but all sensible persons think it a mark of uncommon wisdom, since the days of the learned Leviathan, Samuel Johnson.

But for my profession, Sir, it is not for me to put you in possession of my private affairs. I travel about the country, partly because it is my humour to do so, and partly on a little business. But I am not a pedlar, Sir, be assured—I scorn the name; and when some have taken me for a quack doctor, or a travelling preacher,—that is to say, an ambassador from heaven,—give me leave to say, I have always successfully convinced them that I was a gentleman; a little reduced to be sure, but when we became acquainted, they acknowledged that I had the very stamp of gentility, which I could not help shewing in all I said and did. Some even regretted, that I was not constituted a converter of souls; for they said the bend of my eyebrows, and the peculiar sound of my voice, when I condescended to speechify to them, was exceedingly impressive; and were I to discourse to the villagers, of the new birth, or the new Jerusalem, or to “talk of hell, where devils dwell,” I could not fail to do wonderful execution.

For my conveyance here and there, I am indebted to my poor limbs, or, as the boys say, to my “Shanks;” for as Solomon saith wisely, he has “seen servants on horses, and princes walking on their feet.” I am, unfortunately, one of these “princes;” for I have, doubtless, many princely qualities, whom a “thraward fate” obliges—as is vulgarly said of me,—to ride on Shanks’s mare, while many of Nature’s serving-men pass me contemptuously on horseback. Indeed, I have got rather a distaste at horse-riding, my last exploit in that way not being mixed with any “pleasing remembrances,” when I begin to think of it; for although my friend and countryman, Deacon Langladle, complimented me with a gratuitous ride upon his auld mare Margery, which he loved long and well, naithless that she was rather lean and long-backed like myself, I could not get decently through the town of Thurlowton astride of her, but the young folks should be

jeering and bawling after me, to come down and look at myself riding; and the gentlefolks swore I was Don Quixote come alive again, and offered me a spur and a barber’s basin.

But for all this, Sir, I am a gentleman, who has seen better days, and have observed and suffered not a few of the evils of life. Being apt enough to complain myself, complainers frequently fall in my way; and as my pedestrian excursions bring me often into conversation with those kind of “princes” who are forced to walk on their legs—with those who are poor and jovial, as well as with the dispirited and the complaining—as I have got a facility in entering into people’s humours, and as I can give groan for groan, and am considered kind-hearted and compassionate, I hear many a sorrowful tale, and observe many a strange character. Moreover, being considered rather an odd man, and above the quality of those I am apt to meet in my perambulations, persons more readily open their mind to me than to their equals. A young woman tells me of her disappointments in love, and an old man of his success or disappointments in his avaricious schemes, for the mere pleasure of telling them. The one boasts of her conquests, and the other of his sagacity and his craft, because these are subjects on which they love to speak, when they can do it as they can to me without that suspicion and reservation, which experience imposes upon the freedom of communication among neighbours and equals, who may take advantage of the weaknesses of each other. Now, Sir, not doubting but that you will take my part against any who would calumniate my character or ridicule my person, I will, in return, give you a few of the narratives and adventures which have been communicated to me in the course of my excursions; and as I have an excellent memory, and do not shut my eyes to what is worth remarking, you shall have them as they have been given to me, with all possible truth and accuracy.

My road the other day lay through a desolate moss in Scotland, lying between Kilmarnock and Glasgow, well known by the name of the

Mearns Moor. The cheapness of coaching, and the increasingly luxurious ideas of the people render pedestrian travellers very rare upon a road like this; and accordingly I had no company for many weary miles, which the desolateness of the country made unusually tiresome and dreary. The day was far advanced; and I was plodding on my weary way, through black moss, with a little diversification of furzy hills and hollows; a dribbling stream crossed the road here and there, and my reveries were sometimes disturbed by a flight of crows, which croaked over my head, and helped to blacken the scene around me. My spirits were dissipated by heat and fatigue; I was tired of the solitude, and longed exceedingly to see a human face. At length I observed the figure of a woman at some distance, resting on a low wall that skirted the road, and clad in rusty black: a widow's bonnet nearly concealed her face, which indeed raised compassion in me when I came close to her, for she *looked* the widow most true to nature; no affectation appeared with her; grief of mind, and weakness and weariness from her journey, were most expressively marked on her countenance. She was a little, dark complexioned woman, rather past the years of youth, but looking more injured by grief than years, and rather ordinary than otherwise, which somewhat disappointed me; for I never can get interested in the conversation of "an ordinary woman." Nevertheless, I was glad to meet her upon this lonely road; and when we came to converse, she began to interest me, from the feeling and seriousness of her conversation, and the depth of meaning which she seemed to attach to every word she uttered. She had large black eyes, which gave extraordinary expression to that feeling, and gave a melancholy and affecting air to all that she said; and I afterwards thought I could perceive a comeliness in her face, and an elevation in her sentiments which interested me exceedingly.

"Gude day, Mem," I said, addressing her; "ye seem to be tired,—it's a lang road this, and no that heartsom." "Indeed, Sir," she answered, "I am tired, but I am now

rested a little, and if ye're gaun on to Glasgow, I shall be blythe of your company, for ye are a reverend looking gentleman, and solid, if ye will"—and she smiled mournfully—"think it worth your while to be the travelling companion of a silly body, who will not be apt to make you laugh."—"Indeed I will be glad to be your companion, Mistress," I said, "and not the less so, that you seem rather sad, as I am sorry to perceive; but perhaps I may be able to divert your mind as we proceed. You may suppose I have not lived until this day without my own share of the sorrows of life, nor would I be now travelling this road on foot if I had been among the fortunate and the happy." The little woman looked in my face when I had said this, and seemed impressed with somewhat that she would say, but restrained herself, and only *looked something* which I cannot describe; then giving a smile, as if in gratitude to me for putting myself on a level with her feelings, she proceeded onwards. After walking a short time in silence, she reached her hand to me, and said, "as you are so attentive, Sir, will you allow me to take your arm. A woman," she continued, "requires a staff to lean upon through this world, particularly a weak broken hearted creature like me; but *my* staff is gone, and I am to wander through the world alone!" Here she stopt; her heart was full, and I did not interrupt her—but she seemed to strain against her feelings, wiped away her tears, and begged my pardon for obtruding her griefs upon a stranger. After some conversation, in which she seemed to recover her spirits, she, at my request, agreed to beguile the time on the road by telling me her story, which she did as follows:—

The Widow's Story.

"I need not take up your time, Sir, with an account of my early years. I enjoyed much in the company of an excellent mother, read much, and anticipated much of the expected happiness of life. But my father always called me a novel-reading fool; and my mother shook her head, and warned me against setting my heart upon any thing in

this world, exhorted me to endeavour to conquer my sensibility, and to 'think soberly.' As I grew up I perceived, with sorrow, that I was very destitute of personal attractions, the grand object of value to a woman; and my mother told me, that as to marriage,—what a woman's destiny generally turns upon,—I might think myself fortunate if I obtained a man in years, and in decent circumstances; a plain man, who would take me for other qualities than personal beauty."—Here my gallantry obliged me to interrupt the lady, by observing, that she must have been undervaluing herself, or my eyes deceived me; but she only faintly smiled, and proceeded:—

"I enjoyed little of the pleasures of youth, and scarcely knew any thing of the interesting and hopeful enjoyments of young females who are sought after, admired and loved. My good sense was praised, my erudition was talked of, sometimes sneered at; but beauty! that dear subject of interest to a woman, was never mentioned in my presence, except with reference to others, in such a way, as to shew me its value in the eyes of men, and to give me a humble opinion of myself. The young men talked of books with me and my father, but they made up their party of pleasure without ever thinking of me; and preferred the silliest coquets, the merest mental nonentities, because of some girlish beauty of face or person. This was most chagrining to me, as I had naturally strong sensibility and much relish for the endearments of affection and the passions of the heart. The emulations and preferences of the young party or the ball-room I was not destined to partake of; to the look of admiration or of interest, in public or private, I was quite a stranger, and the delicious evening walk with a lover, the stolen whisper or interview, I was fated never to enjoy. Old men talked religion with me, young men talked about the weather or the wars, but their little love topics and scandals among their rivals and sweethearts, they feared to speak of in my presence, and love was never mentioned, except in ridicule.

"Meantime my father died, and was soon followed by my excellent mother, whose death caused me much

grief, and whose counsel I was soon greatly to miss. My support was cut off by their death, and I had no relations alive, except a brother, who was abroad, and could not be useful to me; but I had fortunately been bred to dress-making, in which business I now set up, and to which I turned energetically for a livelihood. I got business by degrees, my mind was kept employed, and I maintained myself as a tradeswoman, respectable and independent.

"There now came some to my house in quality of suitors, but none such as my fancy had painted, or as I could even think of as husbands. One there was who had been pretty intimate with my father; a coarse man, upwards of forty, stingy, worldly, and easy in circumstances. His addresses at first frightened me, at the bare idea of such a man being my companion for life, and the sharer of my bed. But as he became serious in his advances, I began to think of the folly of rejecting him, particularly as I was now twenty-five, and had little chance, as I thought, of obtaining a young man whom I could love, or who would feel the affection for me which I thought naturally should belong to the conjugal state. In short, good sense,—if you please to call it so,—overcame my natural aversion to him as a man; for I referred to the whole of life, and its substantial comforts, and tried to reconcile myself to complete disappointment for life of any exercise for those feelings as far as regarded my husband, which nature had so intimately connected with my happiness.

"But this conquest over myself and all that had been dear to my imagination, that had still been the subject of my und deferred hope for many years, was not achieved for some time, nor without tears and regrets more than I need tell. In short, I reconciled my mind to marry the man who was the very antipode of the man I could have loved. I consented, and the day was fixed when we should go together to the next large town for some marriage articles. In the morning when we were to have proceeded, I was ready at the time appointed, but it rained a little, and he came not, nor for the whole of the day did he make

his appearance, or send any apology. Another, and another day passed; and on the third he called as if nothing had occurred, spoke of the morning three days back having been rainy, and of other matters connected with our marriage in such a manner as to shock me exceedingly; and still more painfully to me did he express himself when I noticed his conduct with some feeling of surprize. I saw that he considered himself as paying me, or any woman in ordinary circumstances, a great compliment by offering himself for a husband; that no treatment of his, however degrading, was to be noticed by me when he was pleased to do me so great a favour, and that I was considered as an article of furniture for his house that he might have at the slightest token of his will, or that he might pass by at his pleasure. My heart rose against him, but I suppressed my feelings until his absence enabled me to obtain relief in tears. In short, he never came near me more, and I verily believe expected me to have gone to *him*, in which case he might have condescended to be reconciled to me, and to make me his wife.

"You may conceive what a shock this gave my feelings, after I had with difficulty made up my mind to the step, and thought my life shaped out for me; and I felt it the more as I was without mother or friend with whom I could advise.

"But the distance between grief and joy is sometimes very short. My mind was still in the depression caused by this event, when I was addressed by a *young* man of whom I had no idea, of pleasing exterior, and still more pleasing address, whom I had only heard talked of as gay, good-natured, and imprudent. You know, Sir, there is no time when a woman is so easily courted as immediately after a disappointment in love, or a slight. My serious mind at first regarded his follies as insurmountable barriers to happiness with him; but his person and manners, so agreeable, so unlike him who had deserted me, won upon me at once. I lectured him for his imprudences, which he received so well, that I flattered myself if we were united, I should acquire an influence over him, and induce him to

steady and virtuous conduct. I did not long withhold my consent, and was intoxicated with happiness at the idea of getting for a husband a man whom I really loved; and in the fullness of my heart, wrote to my brother abroad of my good fortune, describing my husband's handsome face and person. We were married, and I was the happiest of women, and the more so as my happiness was unexpected, and by contrast with the fate I had just escaped. I now, as I thought, was to realize all that my imagination had conceived of the blessedness of the married state; and when I found myself with child, exulted in the occupation my affections would have by my husband and our offspring.

"But alas! my happiness was short. It was but a moon of felicity—but it was felicity—and the sorrows which I have since suffered, great as they have been, will not prevent it from living in my remembrance. I soon found that my husband did not care for me, that the love was nearly all on my side, and it appeared that he had married me as a resource in case his business should fail with him, for it seemed not to be prospering. I met my former suitor shortly after marriage at a party, and he had the cruelty to take me aside and reproach me with the choice I had made, to throw the blame of our quarrel on me, and to predict misery and ruin as the consequences of my new connection. My heart was sorely wounded at his words, especially as from some things I had observed, I feared his prediction might be too true. Alas! I, who have too much feeling, have surely been destined to be the prey and the sport of those who have none. My husband's conduct was capricious and unequal. He was sometimes seemingly affectionate, gay, and engaging; often he was neglectful, peevish, and unfeeling. He had me surrounded with a junta of his female relations, who watched me, put evil in his mind against me, and made me wretched. Meantime he suffered me to provide every necessary for our living, under the plea that he could not be allowed to draw any money from his business-funds for some time, but declined entering into particulars. He at length neglected me most obviously,

and my complainings and entreaties only served to estrange him from me the more."—Here my narrator paused, and then exclaimed with energy, "What can make up to a woman who marries for love for the loss of her husband's affections! That is her glory in prosperity, her consolation in sorrow, her support in trial, her every thing. Poverty she may suffer, persecution or ill treatment from others she may endure, toil she may undertake with cheerfulness and with patience, but take from her her husband's affections, and you take from her the corner-stone upon which is founded all her happiness upon earth. Oh! that men, who marry under these circumstances, who are united to a woman that can *feel*, were to think what they have in their power, were to consider the misery they may occasion!"

"I found, by degrees, and most unwillingly, that my husband had no heart to love any woman steadily, and little *worth*, or *principle*, that could be depended upon; and was a man of pleasure, without knowing in what real pleasure consisted.—I was delivered of a daughter, the fruit of our marriage, of whom he was extremely fond at first; but, like a child with its plaything, he tired of her shortly; her, who was his own picture, and my only consolation on earth. His business was, it seemed, now fast verging to a crisis, and his partner would, it was supposed, contrive to injure him, and to save himself.

"He now spent his evenings entirely from home, mostly with gay friends, or in places of some public amusement; and though he was not without the feeling that he was neglecting his business, and using me ill, he had not strength of mind sufficient to meet it, and do the best in his power, nor principle to do me justice; nor was his feeling of that kind to induce him to treat me with kindness. Of the attentions and society of a married woman, I was now completely deprived. Sunday he spent away from me; I had to walk to church alone,—a thing remarkable in the town where we lived,—and the dear evening walks we used to take, I now could only recollect with regret.

"Perhaps I expected too much from him at first, and was too severe in

my reflections on his conduct; for he evidently dreaded my reproaches, yet he had not strength to do what he was conscious he ought. At length he told me one day, with some seeming compunction, that the cause of his unaccountable conduct was the state of his mind, with regard to his business, which was in an embarrassed state; although he had commenced it with many and many advantages. His confidence soothed me. I regarded him with pity, because I loved him; and advised him, with tears, to a decisive and consistent conduct. But his partner and he had become enemies, and a failure took place, and now commenced to me a series of sufferings which I need not attempt to describe. My poor weak-minded husband, although little deficient in property to pay his debts, and although nothing materially wrong could be charged against him, had not courage to meet his creditors, or to arrange his business; but without saying a word to me of his intentions, fled, as I afterwards learned, to Hamburg, upon some vague understanding with some person, in the way of business.

"Now his creditors and his partner, he being out of the way, made out every kind of charge against him; blamed him for all which had come upon the concern, which they visited, as far as they could, upon me, as his wife and representative. Men seem to take pleasure in distressing those who are completely in their power, in proportion to their helplessness, their inability to oppose their persecutors, and their disposition to bend under them. Mankind are so conscious of weakness and imperfection in themselves, that they are apt to despise those who are terrified by them, and find a malignant pleasure in increasing their terror, and hunting them down; as the dog worries to death the timid hare, who is unable to run further to avoid him, or to resist his ferocity. Thus they did with me; for although my husband brought me no property, did not even furnish my house, his creditors sold my little property for his debts; and a man who had once worked for our family in a mean capacity, but who had now got to be my landlord, carried away my furniture, and sold it in the

market place; sold the bed from under me and my child, for the rent of my house. The wretches thought they acted firm and manly, because they were unmoved from pursuing what they thought their own interest, and satisfying themselves for their property, by my tears and distraction of mind; and drove me desperate, by their unfeeling persecution. In addition to all this, my husband's female relations, who never liked me, now joined in distressing me, by contriving to blame me as the cause of his misfortunes; and my own remaining relations, whom I was obliged to apply to for assistance, to re-purchase a few articles of my own furniture, grudgingly lent me a little money, seasoned with reproaches for my imprudent marriage, to which some of themselves had advised me, while they scorned the bitterness of my grief, and almost laughed at my calamity.

"What end should it serve for me to describe, were I able, what I suffered at this period? A poor woman, bereft of every thing, my husband gone I knew not whither, leaving me pregnant, and an infant in my arms, little more than a year old; all the world avoiding me, and suffering my grief to prey upon my mind, almost to distraction. But my child and my condition obliged me to rouse myself; and what was I forced to do, think you? I could do nothing without a little money, and, after every resource failed, I was obliged to apply for it, to the very man who was formerly to have been my husband, and who had already so wounded my feelings.

"This was the bitterest of all! I am unable to bear the recollection of it!" Here the poor woman's tears prevented her utterance, and I was obliged to lead her to the road side, and seat her on a stone to rest herself, while she wept profusely. At length, I led her forward, and she proceeded.

"The man I went to apply to, was a short, stout-made, contented-looking, comfortable living man, about forty-five; and he bowed me in, with that apparent respect, which I felt to be a mockery; and seemed pleased with the interview, as it afforded him an opportunity of con-

trasting his circumstances with mine, and of revenging himself on my feelings, for my former want of submission to him. My heart was ready to burst, while I tried to state to him the purpose of my visit, which he heard with the greatest coolness and self-complacency, and which he seemed perfectly to understand, before I could get words uttered to express it. While I spoke with him, his former prediction of ruin and misery, and the circumstances in which that prophecy was uttered, rushed upon my mind, so as to render my thoughts almost insupportable. I had brought with me some small articles of my private property, to pledge with him for a few pounds, which he took and examined with all the business-like *sang-froid* of a pawnbroker, handed me the money, took down my promise of the time it was to be repaid; and dismissed me, with a grin of satisfaction at the accomplishment of his prediction, and at seeing me in the deepest sorrow.

"I now with a perturbed mind and sore feelings, began to apply myself to my business, as far as my health and the care of my child would allow. I had been well known and respected, and I now commended myself to the cupidity of customers, by working for so little, and so carefully, that I, in time, began to get easier in circumstances, to re-furnish my house, and to acquire some degree of respect, and even pity. The opinion of the world, good or bad, is inseparable from success or its contrary, however little they may be attributable to the individual. When the ruin of my husband took place, my neighbours found a thousand faults of conduct, and blemishes of character in me, which they never had sagacity to discover, when I was doing well. Now, when by great exertion I was beginning to recover myself, they complimented themselves, in discovering several virtues in me, which had escaped their penetration when I was in distress; and felt great self-approbation, in giving me their employment, out of pity, as they said, and to encourage me; while, in reality, it was because none would do their work so cheap, nor allow themselves to be trampled upon, as

they, in some measure, could do me, because I was humble and unfortunate.

"I got on, however, in spite of many discouragements; and after a long time, received letters from my husband full of expressions of regret, kindness, and affection. We continued to correspond, and as the impression of my former sorrows began to weaken, my former love for my husband revived, and anxiety for his welfare occupied much of my thoughts. I was delivered of a son to my great joy, but my recovery was tedious, and the care of him and my daughter much interrupted my business. It continued, however, tolerably good, and I had several apprentices, who assisted me in the care of the children, who now were a source of most interesting enjoyment.

"My daughter was particularly so, as she now began to prattle and call for her father, whose very image she was; and her little looks and language pointed my thoughts to him incessantly, and made separation from him extremely irksome and joyless. I began to excuse his follies and his neglect of me, from the consideration of his youth, and the way he was circumstanced in his business. His expressions of kindness were now doubly dear to me; I began to be impatient to see him, and formed a thousand plans and hopes of influencing him to virtuous conduct, and regard for myself.

"He wished me to go to *Hamburgh* to him, and used many arguments and affectionate expressions to induce me. But the prattle of my child was irresistible! she looked in my face as I wept over her father's letter, called his name, and seemed to appeal to me, not to rear her as a fatherless child, but to take her to him that she might receive his blessing, and his instruction. For a long time I would not allow myself seriously to entertain the thought of leaving my country and going to him; at length I did begin to entertain the purpose—and let every man and wife who have loved each other, and who, though aware of each others' faults, have known what it is to be obliged by circumstances to live separate, judge for me in this matter, and say whether I was not

to be excused. He promised to send me money, but when the time came, wrote me that he could not for some time get it from his employer. I had, however, been making some preparations for going to him, for I understood his situation was tolerably promising, and absence from him began to get extremely irksome to me, now as I had made up my mind. A letter I received from him at this time complaining of the state of his health, his want of comfort, and exposure to company from not having a house of his own, and using many endearing expressions, determined me to set off immediately. I disposed of my business, and departed for *Leith*, to encounter the sea, in the beginning of winter, with two infant children, and no one to assist or protect me on an element to which I was a perfect stranger.

"The voyage was boisterous, stormy, and uncomfortable. I suffered much from that horrid sickness caused by the motion of the vessel, which is so severe upon weak constitutions, and from anxiety about my infants, to whom in my illness I was unable to attend. Even when I got a little recovered, my spirits were low, and my mind irritable; and a prognosticating dread of some further sorrow oppressed me and sickened me with apprehension. However, there were some gentlemen passengers on board, who were extremely kind and attentive to me, treated me with feeling, and assisted me with my infants. As I drew near to *Germany*, my impatience to see my husband became extreme; I had a thousand dreams and fancies about him, in the state of health in which he described himself. But hope flattered me with the joy of meeting him well, and rejoiced to see me, and with the happiness I might enjoy with him in a country which spoke a different language from our own, and when I could not of course fail to be his principal society. I fancied the delight he would feel at meeting with his children, and the calm enjoyment I should have in having no business to mind, but to attend to them, and to make him comfortable.

"At length, with extreme pleasure, I heard the cry of land, and we soon

began to sail down the Elbe, and I to draw near to my husband. Who can describe the feelings of a woman in my circumstances, as we at length stepped ashore in Hamburgh? My limbs could scarce carry me to the house to which I was directed. On my arrival, I was conducted up stairs by a foreign-looking man, and when I expected to see my husband, whom I trembled with impatience to embrace, the man bowed me to a seat, walked off slowly, and shut the door after him, without saying a word. I attributed this to his want of the English language, while I sat trembling to see my husband. At length a foot was on the stairs, I rose, the door opened, I watched it intensely. A person entered,—no husband,—but a strange, demure-looking man, who addressed me in English, and begged me to be seated. I could not bear this formality, but my apprehensions were awakened by it.—I had not power to speak. He took a seat, and looked as if he had something to say, and did not know how to introduce it. At length he said, ‘Madam, I presume you are the wife of Mr. Y——?’ ‘Yes,’ said I, eagerly, ‘and why is he not here? Is he well?’—‘I am sorry, Madam,’ said he, ‘to be the bearer of evil tidings to you, but I trust you will be calm.’ ‘Oh!’ I said, ‘is he well? Is he alive? speak, I pray you for God’s sake! tell me at once, and that will calm me.’ ‘Since I must say it, Madam, I yesterday assisted in laying him in the grave.’ ‘God in heaven!’ I exclaimed, and fell fainting at his feet.

“For some time after I recovered, I neither knew nor observed any thing, but when I became collected, and fully understood that my husband had been hastily carried off in a fever, my former grief, great as it had been, seemed small and tolerable in comparison to this. My husband was gone, on whom all my hopes and wishes centred. All my sorrows now met in a point, for he was gone for whom I had sacrificed and left my country and my all. He who was the husband of my youth! the father of my children! to whom clung all my anticipations and my recollections, and in whose society I had tasted the only portion of high enjoyment which had been my lot

on earth.”—Here the poor little woman stood stone still to express with energy her grief. “Oh, Sir!” she said—and she stood in the middle of the road looking up in my face, with her widow’s crape thrown up, her hands wrung into each other, and her face streaming with tears, the very picture of heart-bursting sorrow.—“Oh, Sir! can you conceive what it is to lose a husband as I lost him? Can you understand the inexpressible grief of never seeing more on earth—never!—never more on earth!—the man, who with all his faults, is entwined round the heart of a weak and sensitive woman?”

I was by this time so completely overcome by the appearance and story of this unhappy woman that my tears fell as fast as her’s. When she became a little calm she proceeded.

“Independent of my feelings for my husband, I was now in a foreign country, where a language which I understood not was spoken, without friends or money, and with two infant children besides myself to provide for. I had given up my business in Scotland, and was left a destitute and disconsolate widow in a foreign country, and what was I to do? Sorrow brought on ill health, my money was nearly gone, and my children came to be neglected. All that my husband left fell into strange hands, and was accounted for one way and another by the expenses of his funeral. My youngest child, for want of proper nourishment and attendance, began to decline; and after much sickness and trouble to me, he was taken from a sorrowful mother to a better world. Not to trouble you, Sir, further with the history of sufferings which cannot be described, by the kindness of some English families in Hamburgh, to whom my case at length became known, and even of foreigners,—who were kinder than those in my native town who had known me from infancy—I was furnished with the means of returning home. I had now no other way but to return to my native town, and begin the world a third time, without a chair to sit upon, and with a child and myself to support.

“I began to work again on my return, and with some difficulty got a little employment, for while some

pitied me sincerely, who were little able to assist me, the majority of those, to whom I was known, excused themselves by blaming me for imprudence which they again began to perceive in my conduct, and set me charitably down as one of those who was destined, as they said, never to do any good.

"I am now working at my business in great discouragement and mean circumstances, for I am a broken-hearted woman, who am now unable to bear, as formerly, the insolence of the prosperous, and the chiding of customers, who are never to be pleased with the efforts of one who is bowed down with poverty and the depression and humiliation of misfortune. I often get impatient of the harassing and mean bargain-making of some who live in plenty themselves, yet would have the pinging labour of the poor widow for nothing. I have just been to Kilmarnock, with the view of improving a little my health; but I am un-

able to pay the returning coach-hire, and my health will not be mended by a journey on foot of more than twenty miles. But I shall soon be relieved from a life which has lost all interest for me, except for my child; for the energy of my constitution and spirits is no more, and I shall surely soon meet my husband and my son in a better world."

By this time we had got among the smoky manufactories on the south side of Glasgow, and after giving my sorrowful widow some refreshment, we parted, and I have seen her no more.

I would have visited her afterwards, for I was deeply interested in her fate, but what can the poor do for the poor who are unhappy, but listen to their complaints, and give them that unfeigned and pure compassion, which is indeed a balm to affliction, but which is seldom to be looked for from any but those who are themselves afflicted, and who are unable to afford others any real relief.

A. P.

ADDRESS TO LOVE.

Love! mighty Love! at length I'm thine!

Yet, would I not from all conceal,

Nor yet to all confess, the zeal

With which I bend before thy shrine!

No—I thy empire would disown

To every heart, save one alone.

I would a veil of coldness wear,
Which only one bright glance should pierce;

And when I sing my tender verse

In many a kind, attentive ear,

I still would have each meaning tone

Be understood by one alone.

But though I now desire to hide

The wound, inflicted by thy dart,

From all save one responsive heart,

To which I draw the veil aside;

Still Fate some trials may ordain,

Of power to make me boast my chain.

Should he, for whom my cheek is pale,

Be to reverse of fortune born,

Meet from the world unfeeling scorn,

And vainly tell a mournful tale;

Then would I throw disguise aside,

Then would my passion be my pride.

For him I would all trials bear,

With him the world's gay pleasures fly;

And with thy fond attentions try

To make him feel retirement dear;

Then should this truth, O Love! be known,

I'd live and die for one alone.

AMELIA OPIE.

ESSAY ON THE GENIUS OF BURNS.

A POET (a title synonymous with that of Prophet in the ancient languages,) finds, it is said, no honour in his own country. Burns, at least, is an exception to this rule. Few poets have been more abundantly honoured in their own country, and in their own times, than has the poet of Ayrshire. It is still, however, a question, on this side of the Esk, whether Burns really be a poet of the genuine and imperishable kind, and worthy, without any reserves, of taking his station beside such men as Gay, Collins, Goldsmith, Thompson, and Cowper; or is surrounded by a false lustre, raised by partiality, national pride, and the particular circumstances of his origin, character, station, and habits of living.

In the daily declining state of the language, in which the better, as well as the greater part of the poems of Burns are written, exists an insuperable and growing obstacle to a just appreciation of his merits. — In this respect, he resembles, in some degree, a painter, who has made use of colours which will not stand. The grouping, the outline, the proportion, and something of the expression of character still remain, but the spirit and gusto are flown; and that, which once was fraught with life and vigour, is become meagre, vapid, and inanimate. For no reference to the glossary can suffice to give that perfect relish of the poet, which is possessed by those who read his works in their mother tongue, and understand the nice distinctions, and are familiar with the various associations of words, which, to the most enlightened stranger, appear indifferent or synonymous. A ridiculous, if not contemptible affectation of admiring the Scottish dialect has, indeed, sprung up lately, in company with the celebrated novels, Waverley, Guy Mannering, &c. But that it is an affectation, and nothing more, is very obvious to those who are really acquainted with the language, customs, manners, and deportment of the mass of the Scottish people. A considerable portion of the readers and admirers of Burns

are open to the same charge. They read, but they do not fully understand. It was a point of patriotism with Burns, as well as an accommodation to his muse, to write in the language of his native spot; and even in his songs, notwithstanding the repeated hints and observations of Thomson, who felt anxious only to ensure for his work the widest possible circulation, Burns could not be prevailed upon to discard the peculiar dialect of his neighbourhood. Many readers are not aware of their immense loss, in not being familiar with these peculiarities. — The poetry of sentiment or of passion cannot, indeed, be easily disguised, or misunderstood. Where the current of feeling is broad, deep, and rapid, its course cannot be diverted or greatly impeded by the rudeness and irregularity of the channel. But the spirit of descriptive poetry is often so subtle and so volatile, that it resides in minute and scarcely distinguishable points, and escapes in the omission or alteration, not merely of a sentence, but of a word. Take, for example, the opening line of that very humorous and admirably told story of “Death and Dr. Hornbook:”—

“The clachan yill had made me canty.”

Are there many English readers, who, instead of recoiling from this ultra-provincial line, will enter into the impudent hilarity of the pot-valiant hero, as completely as they would do, in reading the English translation?

“The village ale had made me jolly.”

Without a thorough acquaintance with the dialect of the West of Scotland, as with a distinct tongue, the entire sense of this, and a variety of other passages which might be easily cited, is lost upon the reader. Another example may be taken from the “Twa Dogs,” a tale replete with exquisite touches of nature, but written in a style so perfectly Scottish, that Englishmen, who have not studied the language of North Britain, must

find it as unintelligible as if it were Welsh or Irish:—

"At kirk or market, mill or smiddie,
Nae tawted tyke, tho' e'er sac duddie,
But he wad stan' as glad to see him,
And stroun' on stanes an' hillocks wi' him."

Let the fancied admirers of Burns look to it. Enough is said to put them on their guard against the delusion of believing, that they know the value of the jewels, when, in truth, they have not yet seen the interior of the casket.

To return to the subject proposed at the commencement of these remarks, the genius of Burns, which is undervalued by some, in consequence of and in proportion to, the extravagance of the estimate made by others. Burns appears to have been one of those beings, whose minds are so delicately constructed, as to be incapable of preserving their tone for any length of time, or under any but the most favourable circumstances. He seems to have been formed for the most exquisite enjoyments; but as the keenest edge is the most easily turned, and the highest polish is the most susceptible of blemish, so the temper of Burns, by collision with uncongenial minds and adverse fortune, sustained irreparable injury. His humour, his benevolence, and his ardent love appear natural; but his occasional melancholy, and even illiberal invective, sit awkwardly upon him. His wit, though, as it has been just remarked, not easily understood by English readers in general, is of the rarest and most felicitous kind; his philanthropy conspicuous, when accidental vexation does not depress his spirits; and his particular attachments, whether of the nature of friendship or of love, to his "Davie" or his "Jean," ardent in the highest degree. It may seem strange to a superficial observer of the character of Burns, that he has succeeded rather in his humorous attempts than his grave ones, "Tam o' Shanter," the "Address to the Deil," "Holy Fair," "Death and Dr. Hornbook," "the Twa Dogs," "Scotch Drink," and "Lines on Captain Grose's Peregrination," are among the happiest efforts of his muse, and will bear comparison

with any thing of the same character in the English language; while the "Cotter's Saturday Night," "Man was made to Mourn," and, indeed, nearly all the English poems, though they bear strong marks of genius, and the first especially contains a faithful and animated picture of the manners of the Scottish peasantry, are written, nevertheless, in a narrow and somewhat squalid kind of sentiment, which leaves an uncomfortable impression on the reader's mind. It was Burns's misfortune to be poor, and to feel some of the hardest consequences of poverty in his youth. Had not the experiment been made so unrelentingly, and at such an early age, his strength of mind would, most probably, have brought him to a just appreciation of wealth. As it happened, he fell into the vulgar affectation of despising it, and adopted the practice of indiscriminately reviling its possessors; a conduct which never fails to betray discontent and envy lurking in the heart. It was the chilly air of poverty alone which depressed the mercury in Burns's constitution. It was his nature to be revelling in the summer heat of mirth and jocularity; and the best of his poems are those, which were composed under the influence of this his predominant passion.

From these remarks it is to be inferred, that Burns excelled in joyous, light-hearted descriptions of the manners and characters of the Scottish peasantry, and in a light and delicious humour, sometimes bordering on the satirical, such as we find in the "Lines on Captain Grose's Peregrination through Scotland," the "Address to the Deil," the "Lines to (pardon it, delicate reader!) a Louise," and several others, which it is needless to mention. Not that there is wanting a strain of sweet pathos, equally removed from mirth and despondency, that, in "the Lines to a Mountain Daisy," the "Death and Dying Words of Poor Maillie," &c. and the "Lines to a Mouse, on turning up her Nest with the Plough," raise the poet to a more exalted station on the heights of Parnassus, than is usually assigned to the tuneless votaries of Euphrosyne. Nothing, perhaps, that was ever written, exceeds

in beauty the following stanza in the "Lines to a Mountain Daisy:"—

"Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonny lark companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy wet,
Wi' speckled breast;
When upward springing blythe to meet
The purpling East."

It is to be regretted, that in each of these last mentioned pieces, there should be a tendency to that fault which has been before observed,—a vulgar declamation against the partiality of Fortune. There is a certain meanness in the sentiments contained in the "Death and Dying Words of Poor Maillie," which is far from captivating; and the reflections, which conclude the other two poems, are equally painful and unjust. How much is it to be wished, that poets were always pre-eminently versed in moral philosophy; and regretted that the talent of conveying, with all the force which imagination can lend, the sentiments which are to impress our minds, imbue our characters, and influence our conduct, is not invariably united with the profoundest knowledge, and the most perfect judgment. Had Burns been as sound a moral philosopher as he was a fine poet, what effect might he have given to the rising wisdom of our age! And who but must lament that, in his "Epistle to a Young Friend," he should have condescended to inculcate such meanness and dissimulation as this!

"An' free aff' hand your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony;
But still keep something to yoursel',
You scarcely tell to ony.
Conceal yoursel' as weel's you can,
Frae critical dissection;
But keek through everyither man,
Wi' sharpen'd, sly inspection."

But enough has been said on this part of the character of Burns's mind. It is much more grateful to contemplate the sweetness and pleasantry of his happier style. At this moment occurs a verse, which forms

the burthen of one of his songs, and shews the fancy of the poet prevailing over his greatest fault:—

"Oh, why should Fate sic pleasure have,
Life's dearest bands untwining;
Or why sae sweet a flower as Love
Depend on Fortune's shining?"

In his songs Burns was particularly happy, if we except certain awkward English attempts to exceed the limits of his powers. It must have been observed, that there is an eager and pernicious curiosity in what Sterne would have called "Inquisitive Readers," to know how and in which way poetry is made, as if it were like conjuring on a pack of cards. The publication of every scrap of the correspondence between Burns and Thomson the bookseller, which forms the major part of the fourth volume of Currie's edition, is an endeavour to gratify this appetite. In this we are admitted into the very workshop, as it may be called, of the bard and his publisher. There we have songs made to the measure of old tunes, turned, taken in, pieced, furbished, and re-fitted. Here is snicking at one thought and stretching at another; trimming this expression and unpickering that.* What has a reader to do with all this? If it be true that a grocer has no fondness for figs, or a pastry-cook for sweetmeats, it is rational to suppose that a bookseller has but little taste for literary compositions. He should therefore be more discreet than to run the hazard of surfeiting the public by admitting them into his very kitchen, and allowing them a perusal of his receipt book. There are some dishes which are most delicious when made, but which would be insufferable if we were to know or see the process of their composition; and it is not certain that a volume of poems is not a dish of this description. It is certainly destroying the sweet illusion, under which a reader of poetry loves to repose, when he is forced to turn his eyes from effect to contrivance; from the

* It is a strange coincidence that Burns himself should have made use of this very same figure of the furnisher of "our troublesome disguises." In one of his letters to Thomson, inclosing a song, is the following passage:—"Well, this is not amiss; you see how I answer your orders; your tailor could not be more punctual."

contemplation of a beautiful form to the operations of the anatomist paddling in its entrails. And hence the dislike to the publication of all the letters between Thomson and Burns. This sort of literary gossip is seldom very respectable or very interesting, but in the present instance it is in a more than ordinary degree objectionable. Although many of the songs in Thomson's collection are exceedingly beautiful, and especially those of the livelier sort, there are, in a considerable number, very evident marks of the goad. And lest these marks should escape the observation of even the most unsuspecting reader, the figure of Thomson, sitting on the crupper of the bard's Pegasus and spurring him on without mercy or consideration, is displayed at full length in every page of a whole volume. This is most imprudent even in the practice of book-making.

If any one doubt the truth of what has been said respecting the inferiority of those songs, which were written in the poet's melancholy mood, let him compare "Where war's deadly blast was blown," "How can my poor heart be glad," and "True hearted was he, the sad swain of the Yarrow," with "Green grow the rushes, O!" "Duncan Gray," "Last May a brave woer cam' down the lane glen," and "Oh! for ane and twenty Taui," and retain his doubt if he can. By the way, in turning over this volume, we find a very curious anecdote, which is not altogether unworthy of being extracted. It is part of one of Burns' letters. "There is an air, 'The Caledonian Hunt's delight,' to which I wrote a song that you will find in Johnson, 'Ye banks and braes o' bonny Doon.' This air, I think, might find a place among your hundred, as Lear says of his knights. Do you know the history of this air? It is curious enough. A good many years ago, Mr. James Miller, writer in your good town, a gentleman whom possibly you know, was in company with our friend Clarke, and talking of Scottish music, Miller expressed an ardent am-

bition to be able to compose a Scots air. Mr. Clarke, partly by way of joke, told him to keep to the black keys of the harpsichord, and preserve some kind of rythm, and he would infallibly compose a Scots air. Certain it is, that in a few days, Miller produced the rudiments of an air which Mr. Clarke, with some touches and corrections, fashioned into the tune in question. Ritson, you know, has the same story of the black keys, but this account which I have just given you, Mr. Clarke informed me of several years ago. Now, to shew you how difficult it is to trace the origin of our airs, I have heard it in Ireland among the old women, while on the other hand, a countess informed me, that the first person, who introduced the air into this country, was a baronet's lady of her acquaintance, who took down the notes from an itinerant piper in the Isle of Man. How difficult then to ascertain the truth respecting our poetry and music! I myself have lately seen a couple of ballads sung through the streets of Dumfries, with my name at the head of them as the author, though it was the first time I had ever seen them."

That Burns was a man of genius no one can doubt. That his temperament was happy, seems equally indisputable. It is pleasing to dwell on the spontaneous productions of his fertile imagination; to follow him in his poetic rambles; to be with him "at hame, a-field, at wark, or leisure," and to feel with him that it is

"Sweet to stray and pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang."

"Tam o' Shanter" is perhaps the very best tale that was ever written, and "O! whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad," one of the very best of lively songs.

It is a pity that Burns had a soldier's funeral. His remains should have been very differently attended. But sacred be the spot where he lies, and may the hearts and voices of the Scottish youth be for ever warm and clear, that his verse may be honoured for ages yet to come.

J. C. H.

ANALYSIS OF THIRTY LETTERS UPON SOME OF THE
SWISS CANTONS.

(Written in French. 8vo. 8s. 9d.)

THIS work has a double merit,—first, that of shewing the changes, introduced at different times, in the political system of Switzerland, by the Revolution of 1798,—afterwards by the Act of Mediation; and lastly, by the determinations of the Congress of Vienna: secondly, that of containing novel descriptions, in spite of former accounts, of several very interesting situations in Switzerland.

The declaration of the month of June, 1814, by which Frederic William, King of Prussia, re-took possession of the Principality of *Neuchâtel*, one of the new Cantons of Switzerland, with reserve of the rights attached to the sovereignty of the Prince, guaranteed, by a special article, *the laws, immunities, good and ancient liberties, customs written or not written*. Amongst the number of these immunities, one of the most precious is, that of conferring public offices upon citizens only, who are natives of the Principality, to the exclusion even of those who are naturalized; *the office of government* is alone excepted. The citizens, who are elected by the suffrages of the people or will of the Sovereign, are immoveable from their functions, of whatsoever nature they may be, unless they are previously convicted of incapacity, or misdemeanor, by the lawful sentence of their peers. But the important right, which the ancient inhabitants of *Neuchâtel* possessed, of remaining neuter, or participating at pleasure in the wars carried on by Prussia, with the proviso, that they should not bear arms against that nation, a right, in which principally consisted their political liberty, has not been preserved to them in the New Constitution, and the author justly doubts, whether the advantages which result from a more intimate incorporation with the Helvetic league can be considered a sufficient compensation.

The most considerable change, effected in the government of *Neuchâtel*, is in the formation of the

General Audiences, or in the National Representation of the State: this change was the result of a second Declaration of the King of Prussia in the month of December, 1814. The author briefly notices the principal articles in the following manner:—

The General Audiences are composed of ten of the oldest Counsellors of State; of fourteen noblemen, not State Counsellors, four of which, are Ministers of the Church: all these members are nominated by the King, as Prince of *Neuchâtel*. The General Audiences are further composed of twenty-four Chiefs of Jurisdiction, and of thirty members, named by the different districts in the Principality. These last elections form, properly speaking, the democratical part of the National Representation. The people have not, however, a direct voice in the nomination of these Deputies; there are three degrees of election, the last of which, is the only one reserved to the popular Assembly, where the electors are named. Thus, when all the members of a district, convoked in a General Assembly, have fixed upon a certain number of citizens, proper to have a seat in the Audiences, these, united in the manor-houses of the district, under the presidency of the Lord of the Manor, or Mayor, proceed, secondly, to reduce their number to double the number to be elected. The result of this second scrutiny is transmitted to the Court of Justice in the district; and it is by the members of this Court, that the members of the sovereign Council are elected from among the appointed candidates. To explain this mode of election better, the author gives an example, which will be read with interest, in his letters.

The noblemen, named by the King and the Deputies of districts, retain their functions for life, except in the case of forfeiture, for reasons already mentioned. The functions of the Counsellors, or Officers of State, only last while they are actually employed. The members in the

different orders which compose the Council, in case of absence or sickness, are replaced by persons whom the law appoints for that effect.—The Deputies of districts have for proxies those citizens who had the most suffrages, next to themselves. The *General Audiences* assemble at least once every two years: but the Session, the Convocation, and the duration of these Assemblies, depend upon the Prussian Governor of the Principality, who is also the President. The laws, the business of general administration, and the taxes, can only be discussed in these Assemblies; but none of the Acts which are passed by them, can take effect, without the sanction of the King, in whose name they are published.—The State, and particularly the town of Neuchâtel, enjoys the greatest liberty in the form of its interior government. The revenues of the King of Prussia, from Neuchâtel, never amounts to more than an hundred thousand crowns, according to our author, and consists in the tenth of the corn and wine, which is paid in money, and at a moderate valuation.

The government of *Friburgh* is aristocratic; but it has undergone important changes during the last Revolution, which the author briefly mentions, as necessary to understand and appreciate the public spirit of this Canton. The sovereign authority is vested in an Assembly, consisting of 144 members, which is called, the *Great Council*. Admission to this body was formerly only granted to Patrician families. The new Constitution of 1814 has disposed of forty places in the *Great Council*, in favour of the middle class of inhabitants. Thus the democratical principle, till now excluded from *Friburgh*, usurps more than one-fourth of the Council. The members are appointed for life. Whenever a vacancy occurs, the *Great Council* elects the new member from three candidates, appointed by the suffrages of the inhabitants of the Prefecture, which the deceased member represented; and only those can be elected, whose property amounts to twenty thousand francs, about £833. sterling. The *Great Council* discusses and regulates all subjects of general administration; but the execution of its decrees, and all the Executive

power of Government, are confided to the *Little Council*, which is subdivided into two sections, each composed of thirteen members. The first section, called the *Council of State*, is, properly speaking, the body in which public power is vested.—The second section, constituting a *Court of Appeal*, decides, finally, upon pecuniary matters, and the application of the penal laws. These two sections sit and deliberate separately, except in cases of propositions of law, or capital punishments:—then they unite, and the affair, in either case, is discussed before the *Great Council*. There have been examples, and one very recently is related by the author, where the *Great Council* remitted the punishment of death, pronounced by the *Little Council*. It must be observed, that this last tribunal, though invested with the highest executive power, only exercises this power in suits where there is more than four thousand francs depending. At the head of the two Councils, and of the Republic, are two “*Avoyers*,” elected for life, the same as the Counsellors. The supreme power is divided between them, and each of them, in turn, exercises it every six months.

The reigning “*Avoyer*” (if this expression can be allowed in a Republic,) presides over the Council of State, and becomes the head of the Government. Another “*Avoyer*” presides over the Court of Appeal: public consideration is their only attribute of office, and they are not distinguished from their fellow-citizens but by their private fortune.

Have the changes effected in the Constitution of *Friburgh* had any influence upon the prosperity of that Canton? From the description given by the author, of the character and industry of the inhabitants, and of the nature of the Administration, the affirmative as well as negative may be inferred.

If the Government of *Friburgh*, can be condemned, it is for want of vigour, activity, and industry.—Much of the land is badly cultivated; the author was informed, that a great part was totally uncultivated. Industry and commerce are not more advanced: every thing languishes,—every thing is neglected in the Capital, though a Republican

Government is, in general, favourable to emulation. The roads are badly kept up, and the country wants outlets, which might be easily procured.

The Government, with incredible indifference, has tolerated and even favoured the emigration of many families, which deprives the country of many of its most useful inhabitants. The Canton of Friburgh alone furnished nearly half the number of the Swiss, who emigrated from Switzerland, and established themselves in Brazil, and yet the want of population is, in no part of the Helvetic Confederation, more sensibly felt than in Friburgh.

According to our author, this agricultural and commercial languor arises from the want of a more extended public credit. The want of a *Mortgage Bank* deprives capitalists of all security in their speculations, and their funds either remain unemployed, or increase the prosperity of other Cantons, instead of enriching their own. This establishment has been several times proposed in the Council, and rejected by a timid majority.

It would, however, be unjust, says the author, not to acknowledge, that the Administration has, in some respects, improved the state of this Canton, and shewn a little more public spirit. *The Opposition*, which shows itself in the *Little Council* and among the citizens, may become useful to the Republic, in contributing to the creation of establishments, the very hope of which proves their importance. An example of this it has recently afforded, in the foundation of a Primary School. May it still continue to procure for its country new resources and knowledge, as the author judiciously observes; and may petty animosities be silenced by the voice of public gratitude!

The resources of the State of Friburgh are very few, and direct taxes are unknown. Every peasant enjoys the entire produce of the fields he has sown, and the vines he has planted. The resources of the Government consist in a few indirect and very small taxes, and these consist in duties on foreign productions, encouraged by an unshackled trade; in hunting-grants; in duties on tim-

ber and mutation; and this last has been nearly all redeemed.

With such few resources, the Government could not defray the most indispensable expenses, not even those for which the taxes are levied, without the aid of the revenues, arising from the public demesnes, which are entirely under the management of a *Committee of Finance*, established in the State Council; which has the care of this national property, and appoints the collectors of the public money, and defrays all State expenses, rendering an account to the *Great Council*.

Independently of these resources, the city of Friburgh has common property of its own; and its Municipal Council expends the revenue at their discretion, after having obtained the consent of the Council of State, and the approbation of the citizens, to whom, also, all the accounts are submitted.

The author here observes, that in all Switzerland there is not a city, town, or petty hamlet, that has not some common property, which is used for the general benefit. From this circumstance arises that spirit of union and independence which constitutes the prosperity of the Helvetic Republics. The common property of the city of Friburgh is very great: that of Neuchâtel may be said to be immense; and these revenues are always employed for the public good. The building of the Primary School at Friburgh, and all the expenses of the establishment, have been defrayed out of the common property, without any aid from the Great or Little Council, except their consent.

The city of Friburgh has no other guard than one troop, of about a hundred men, taken from amongst the inhabitants, and paid by the State: about the same number of soldiers are stationed on the frontiers of the Republic; this is the only military force of a State which produces, perhaps, more soldiers than several of the Swiss Cantons united. The mountains of Gruyères, so renowned for cheese, are not less celebrated for the fine and vigorous race of men which inhabits them; nearly a third of the Swiss living in France are natives of these mountains.

The boundary, that divides the Cantons of Friburgh and Berne, is nearly half way between the two capitals. *Berne* is a delightful city; not so much in itself, as for its situation and the beautiful country which surrounds it. The city consists of one street of extreme length and proportionate width, with smaller streets crossing it at right angles. On both sides are rows of houses built on the same plan, raised upon large arcades, with a space between them and the public road, covered by porticoes, so that foot passengers are sheltered from the sun and rain: this advantage is obscured by the dullness resulting from the uniformity of such buildings, and their heavy and gothic appearance. A canal of fresh water flows through the middle of the streets, intercepted at regular distances by fountains, which are not, as is generally the case, vain and superfluous ornaments, but objects of utility, administering to the wants of a numerous population, and productive of general salubrity: so that, perhaps, there is no city in the world so clean as *Berne*. In general, the author judiciously remarks, the salutary luxury of fountains is no where greater, nor conducted with less expense than in Switzerland: the number of springs which run from the glaciers and mountains, furnish the natural means of distributing fresh water every where. *Berne* possesses few monuments adapted to flatter the pride of the citizens, or to excite the vain curiosity of travellers. The Cathedral, a gothic edifice of the twelfth century, offers nothing remarkable, but that austere simplicity which pervades the city: the gates alone, originally built by the Duke of Zeringhen, founder of *Berne*, and rebuilt towards the middle of the last century, are quite in the modern taste: all the other edifices in *Berne* are impressed with the same character of public utility, and noble and severe simplicity: the buildings, containing specimens of natural history and the arts, are constructed with great solidity; which, however, does not altogether exclude elegance; the interior ornaments, especially, are of exquisite taste. The public library is not numerous, but is well chosen;

and the museum of natural history is rich in Swiss productions; almost all the Alpine quadrupeds, as well as minerals, are collected there; the author, nevertheless, thinks that the Parisian museum possesses a still larger quantity of these Helvetic wonders. The botanical garden, laid out some years ago by M. Wittenbach, will still less bear a comparison with the royal garden at Paris. *Berne* possesses an academy, which was new modelled on a more extensive scale, at the beginning of the present century; M. Schoel is the professor of history and common law: theological studies are cultivated with great success; but the study of the *belles lettres* does not prevail much with the government or the people of *Berne*.

What most astonish and charm the traveller at *Berne*, and what are at the same time a constant source of novelty and enjoyment to its citizens, are the pleasant and magnificent public walks. The author gives a delightful description of them, to which we must refer our readers, confining ourselves to that called the *Petit Bastion*, which, in the evening, inspires a peculiar interest.

In the large and deep ditches, which surround the eminence on which the *Petit Bastion* is built, the Government has erected different machines to exercise the strength and agility of the young people. There the young Bernese gather together in groups, and employ the evening hours in active amusements and salutary exercise. Thus, in this Republic, a useful direction is given to infantine plays; the State providing amusement for the young, and pleasure for the old, with equal solicitude.

One thing only in the city of *Berne* displeased our author, because it presented a disgusting disparity to the general appearance of public prosperity: troops of male and female malefactors, yoked to a dung-cart with iron chains, and employed from morning to night in clearing the streets from dirt. This afflicting spectacle of human degradation is particularly distressing amongst a free people. Is there, he adds, no other means of making them undergo the punishment due to their

crimes than in the heart of their metropolis?

The environs of Berne present some objects worthy of attention to the traveller, such as the celebrated tomb of Madame Langhans, of which the author gives a description. The author mentions the establishments of rural economy, founded by M. Fellenberg. Hofwil, the chief of these establishments, is not only a school for labourers, but their founder has united all the trades necessary to agriculture. The instruments of husbandry they make use of, most of which were invented by the founder, and amongst them a drill-plough of easy and simple mechanism, which he ploughed his land with, are manufactured in their own shops. The population of Hofwil increases every day; and in a few years M. Fellenberg's establishment will be a flourishing village. An inn has been built in the neighbourhood; and, though very large, it will scarcely hold the strangers whom the reputation of M. Fellenberg attracts. Thus the industry of one man has changed entirely the face of the country. Hofwil also contains a school upon an extensive and methodical plan, there are at pre-

sent a hundred boarders, most of them of the first families in Germany, Russia, and England. Thirty-five professors are attached to this school, who, in the midst of a desolate country, and a soil formerly quite uncultivated, enjoy all the pleasures an opulent city could afford. But what is still more honourable to the heart and learning of M. Fellenberg is, a free agricultural school, where thirty orphans, from the age of five years, are taken from the lowest class of people and receive an elementary and practical education, calculated to make them honest men, and excellent farmers. The quadriennial division of arable lands, and other methods adopted by M. Fellenberg, have met with many obstacles, and may, observes the author, be liable to some inconveniences; but the voice of critics must be silent before the benedictions of the poor. M. Fellenberg has not introduced the system of mutual instruction into either of his schools; and though endowed with an inventive genius, which induced him to reform the system of rural economy, he makes innovations in nothing but agriculture.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE EMIGRANT.

THE sails are spread, the anchor weighed,
The vessel on her way proceeds;
And keepest thoughts possess his soul,
As Albion's smiling shore recedes.

He says, "No more that happy land,
That happy country shall I see;
Ye hills that oft have blest my sight,
With what rapidity ye flee."

And when the ocean intervenes,
When every trace is lost to view,
Compelled, with tearful eye, he bids
To England's shores a long adieu.

The breeze impelling bears away
The vessel, gay, the billows o'er;
Or storms and angry winds arise,
And fright him with their fearful roar.

Further from England as he goes,
Still closer to his heart it clings;
The happy days he there has spent,
To view his painting fancy brings:

Displays the cot or busy town,
The verdant mead or flowery vale;
Or tells his woes to distant friends,
Or listens to the fire-side tale.

The ship, the sky, the rolling waves,
His contemplation every day;
Unless a distant sail pass by,
Which for old England bends her way.

The sight again renews his grief,
Again he feels each parting pain;
"To happiness!" he thinks they go,
As swift they plough the foaming main.—

Why, foolish man, thy country leave?
Was it the pressure of the times?
No flowers of consolation grow,
Or bud, or bloom, in foreign climes.

Thy home! where'er that home may be,
Thy friends! whate'er may be their state,
Would prove a balm to heal thy woes,
A shelter from the storms of fate.

England! my country and my home,
Thou only shalt my heart possess;
Thou wilt my every sorrow soothe,
And steal a pang from each distress.

England! the envy of the world;
England! of mighty power and name;
England! a Briton's proudest boast,
A British muse shall speak thy fame—

Thy beauteous scenes, thy fruitful soil,
Thy customs, manners, and thy laws;
Thy statesmen wise, thy warriors brave,
Shall be the theme of his applause.

The splendour of the Eastern courts,
The fragrance of Arabia's gale:
Fair Asia's groves, or Afric's plains,
To wean my heart from England fail.

Ohio's banks, Columbia's wilds,
Sublime, majestic, though they be,
Yield not the pleasure or delight,
An English landscape gives to me.

England! my country and my home,
Thou only shalt possess my heart;
I love thy laws and government,
And from thee may I never part!

A.

THE LAST WISH OF RAYMOND THE ROMANTIC.

THE APPARITION.

"Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damned :
 Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell :
 Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
 Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
 That I will speak to thee."

Shakspeare.

WHETHER the souls of the departed can visit the living has been long a matter of doubt and dispute; yet the universality of the opinion seems, in some degree, to countenance it. There is a strange longing in human nature after the fearful and terrible secrets of the grave, that would fain acquire knowledge of the state we are hereafter doomed to be placed in: that this curiosity should be damped with fear is not to be wondered at. The feeling of dim horror that must accompany any communication with a being, which we know to have been once as ourselves, but of which we know nothing either as to its nature, its power, or its intent: the idea of corruption, of fear, of mystery, and terror which is associated with such thoughts, lend intensity to horror, and clothe even the loathsomeness of the charnel-house in more hideous apparelling; the idea of which is abhorrence, the reality distraction. I value not the ridiculous stories and feigned proofs of Glavil, and such writers; but the doubting of such a man as Johnson may shield from contempt another, who may believe in such appearances.

My health had been greatly injured by my last adventure in the mountain; indeed so much, that I expected not, and scarce hoped to recover; the fierce, ardent spirit of Raymond was at length quelled: but I longed once more ere I closed my mortal career, to view again my native Zetland: when once I had thought of this, my mind was like an electric flash darting from one object to another; all things assumed a brighter and more favorable appearance, and my heart yearned and panted for the hour when I should behold, shrouded in all its misty glory, the land of wind and storm.

As I lay on my couch, in a small Dominican Convent at Naples, to which I had been conveyed through the burning ashes of the volcano, by a poor brother of that order, I dreamed of home and of happiness; I fancied myself once more listening to the mighty weltering of the ocean, as it dashed its huge waves in defiance against the rocks of my native shore; I heard again the war of that tremendous night-wind that appals the heart of every Zetlander, as he cowers shuddering in his small habitation; deeming that the terrible king of storms is abroad, shaking his all-covering wings: and I thought I was again scaling the dizzy steps I have so often trod in quest of the eggs of sea-fowl; and beheld, from the rustling precipice, the eternal lashing and rushing of the boiling sea beneath. Terrific as these visions were in themselves, my heart felt gladdened in the idea that I was treading no foreign strand; and that if I perished, the breeze that gave life to my brethren, would receive my latest sigh.

As I passed through one of the great piazzas or squares of the city, I met my friend Rudolph Feldspar, of the Mermaid, who seemed delighted and surprised to see me; but, greatly grieved to perceive the wonderful change that the harassing cares of my wild life had made upon my constitution, I informed him of my strange adventures, and expressed to him the great desire I had to re-visit Zetland; he said that he himself was about to sail almost immediately for England, and thence, after some slight preparation, he should direct his course homeward. "But perhaps," said he, "you will join me;" and as he spoke, he advanced towards me, and taking my arm we proceeded onwards. "You

must know," said he, "there is a spectacle exhibited this day in the city which is rather of a singular kind, and will, perhaps, amuse you; prayers are this day offered at the shrine of St. Januarius, their patron saint, in the great cathedral; come, you must with me, they will be about it even now; we must, if possible, contrive to banish this despondency. This St. Januarius of theirs," continued Feldspar, "you must know, suffered martyrdom about the end of the third century; and while the executioner was performing the act of decapitation, some pious personage I think caught about an ounce of his blood, which has been preserved, without its decreasing, ever since." I smiled at his jocularity; and he was continuing, when we perceived an immense multitude moving on towards the great cathedral, and made haste to join them: we found that it consisted chiefly of people of the first rank in Naples, headed by the brethren of the different religious orders; amongst the most conspicuous of which were the Franciscans, the Augustines, and the Dominicans; and followed by an immense concourse of the Lazaroni, who had flocked from their caverns at Pensilippo, to be spectators of the scene. Before this *mêlée* walked the chief priest in his pontificals, bearing upon a velvet cushion, richly ornamented with gold, the costly vial containing a solid dark looking substance resembling coagulated blood: upon this he looked with the deepest marks of veneration and awe, and the band of monks seemed to regard it with feelings of pride and exultation. The tops of the houses, which were principally of stone, and flat-roofed, together with the balconies, were thronged with spectators, who bowed as the sacred relic passed them; indeed, the miracle about to be performed was considered as one of the great of great by the Neapolitans.

The Cathedral of Naples, though built in the gothic style of architecture, is, nevertheless, a splendid and magnificent building; and the first view of it, awful and imposing; the dark and imbrowned walls cast a gloomy and solemn shade over the whole of the inside, and scarcely reveal the dusky recesses, wherein are

lodged the dim and reverend figures of the saints: as you gaze around, with eyes determined to penetrate through the mysterious twilight that reigns over here, you may discern occasionally a half-closed door, probably leading to some haunt of religious fanaticism, the sight of which awakens strange feelings of curiosity and awe.

We soon arrived at this reverend pile; and I was witness to a spectacle which, though termed by Addison a bungling performance, certainly very much affected me: as we entered, the organ was playing a low solemn music, which rolled deeply along, and was answered again by sounds, like the whisperings of a spirit, made by the crowd, who waited in the intense agony of superstition for the, in their eyes, preternatural event. From the Cathedral, after the priest had uttered a low prayer, a few, amongst whom I was admitted, passed through a private door, and entered the chapel of the saint; where I saw a sumptuous press, with folding doors of silver, which being opened, there gushed forth a strong perfume; and I beheld, cased in a large bust of silver, studded with jewels and stones of an immense value, what I was told was the head of St. Januarius; this was carefully lifted up and carried back to the Cathedral, where the Chief Priest had remained. Upon the approach of this sacred effigy, he knelt down, took the vial in his hands, and uttered a low prayer for protection against the mountains, and thanks for the late deliverance. I contemplated him with interest; for he was, indeed, a fine and venerable picture. A few hoary locks fell down his back as he knelt, and he strained his eyes heavenward in the frenzy of devotion. There was a wildness, a tincture of belief in the miracle he expected to be performed, that sat upon his countenance, and gave a peculiar expression to his fine features: around him stood the people, gazing with fear, reverence, and expectation upon him; and the low breaking and impressive sound of the organ completed the scene. Suddenly he rose, apparently in an ecstasy of joy—"Our prayer is granted my children," said he; "behold!"—he held the vial towards them—

the blood was liquified—the miracle was accomplished. Never did I hear any thing to equal the expressions of joy which the deluded multitude uttered: the air was rent with their shouts, and nothing was heard but blessings and exclamations of astonishment: a thousand benedictions were showered upon the head of the

father; and they believed that all their wishes had been granted, and all their prayers heard.

This tumult was somewhat allayed by a full burst of the organ; and a chorus of voices, from some unseen persons, chaunted the following hymn:—

HYMN TO SAINT JANUARIUS.

Oh! listen thou saint of the mountain of flame;
Oh! list to the suppliants who call on thy name;
Thou hast saved us from earthquake, and tempest, and fire,
Let the song of our praises be higher and higher!

Oh! give to the blood of the vial to flow
As it did in thy veins, while a mortal below;
As a signal, a promise, a covenant, a sign,
That the grace on the sons of thy children shall shine.

It is done—it is done—and the streaming drops flow;
Let the accents of praises be heard from below,
To the saint who has saved us from peril and flame,
To the saint of the mountain, give praise to his name!

As the last strain died away in the echoes of the Cathedral, the rush of the crowd, who were absolutely electrified, and who seemed determined, though it should be at the expense of their lives, to see the holy blood, was tremendous; indeed so powerful, that by the violence of the first shock, Feldspar and I were separated; and every one was so closely jammed together, that it was quite impossible to move: it was at this moment that I felt a slight pressure on my shoulder; and a voice in low but deep accents whispered in my ear, “Raymond! remember your pledge.”—I shuddered—the voice thrilled through me—my blood ran back to my heart. I had heard the voice, it resembled George Harvey’s, though it was deeper. I endeavoured to gain a sight of the mysterious speaker, but it was impossible; my arms were fast squeezed to my sides, and I could not turn my head: horrible ideas rushed into my mind—the excessive pressure, the heat of the place, and my weak state of body overpowered me. I felt myself growing weaker and weaker. I uttered a feeble cry for help, and fainted.

I had been conveyed to Feldspar’s lodgings in the city; from whence, as soon as my health permitted, we set sail for England. We weighed anchor under the most favourable circumstances; but I shall not attempt to describe it; it would be superfluous, tedious, and monotonous; it was like all others,—

“Alternate sun, alternate showers;”

and descriptions, by much more skillful hands, would equally apply to it; one thing, however, happened, which is too important to be omitted.

One evening we were suddenly becalmed: not a breath of air could be felt, and the vessel floated silently upon the vast and still sea. She seemed a huge, solitary thing upon a boundless plain, where silence ever brooded. I never saw so dead a calm: the sailors crowded and huddled together, and shook their heads, and said it boded no good. The moon was shining calm and bright, high in the vaulted heavens, and flooded the blue water with her beams, which reflected them like polished silver. I stood near the stern, and contemplated, with inexpressible feelings, this novel scene. As I gazed,

I felt a soft and melancholy languor steal over me. I felt that delicious sadness which I had before experienced, when listening to the soft song of the Bucenturi, as I reclined in the gallery that bore me over the moonlight waves of the Adriatic. Suddenly, as I watched, a strain burst upon my ears, wilder than any thing I had

ever heard, accompanied as with the winding of a thousand horns, and the clashing of cymbals. It swelled from softness to command, and thrilled through the ears of every one. Nothing was visible, nor could I exactly tell whether the sounds proceeded from the water or the air.

SONG OF THE WATER SPIRITS.

Retire ! Retire !

For in his chariot the mighty Spirit,
That does the blue depths of Ocean inherit,
Is passing by.

Retire ! Retire !

For this night the Sea-King shall
Hold his stupendous Carnival
Upon the trembling sea.

Retire ! Retire !

For 'tis not given to mortal eye
The secrets of the deep to try.—
Retire, or perish !

We listened in fear and astonishment to this appalling command, and exclamations of terror were heard on all sides. The first consideration was, how we were to avoid the danger threatened, when the sea assumed an appearance that strangely contrasted with the slumbering quietude it had before exhibited. At about the distance of a mile, from where the vessel lay, there suddenly swelled a wave, which towered up to the sky, and seemed threatening defiance against the heavens ; it rolled onwards like a giant in his pride, glorying in his immensity, and kissed, as it passed, the smiling face of the firmament. All were chilled to the heart, for we doubted not that destruction was inevitable. How could it be avoided—there was no retreating ; there was not wind enough to crisp the sea, much more to stir a sail. It advanced slowly and steadily on ; and distant sounds of tumult and revelry were heard, but near us, all was as calm and placid as before ; like the treacherous desert wave, that smiles as it lures on to death. Each one stood irresolute, gazing on the mighty moving thing ; expectant of

death, yet unable to avoid it, like the fair victim of the sea monster. I alone felt all the power and grandeur of the scene ; my life was a straw to me ; and I watched its approach with mixed emotions of awe and hope. The noise of strange music and song now waxed louder and louder as the vast billow advanced ; it rolled on, nearer and nearer ; we could now perfectly see it ; it was one immense sheet of water, like an arch, stretching for miles, that cast its dark shadow over us. In it, forms stranger and wilder than thought can conceive, or words describe, danced and plunged about. In the centre, upon a throne of purest chrysal, emitting rays brighter than those of the sun, sat an enormous figure, the like whereof was never seen. His head was as that of a bull, in which one eye glared like a meteor ; and his huge body, clothed in scales, that gleamed like burning gold. Upon his right hand, holding for a spear the spiral lance of the sea unicorn, frowned the dark form of the Miner of Zellerfeld, clad in armour of the most beautiful gems, each of them worth an empire ; on his left, a Spirit,

beautiful and terrible as sin, arrayed in a vest of green shells, with flashing eyes and glowing hair, bore the bow of Time, for eternity seemed written upon it. These were girded round as with the darkling embryo of storms, all ready to rush forth at their command. Behind and around them, in all directions, whirled a host of spirits, decked out in the most brilliant manner. Some appeared mounted on dolphins and sharks; others resting upon the continued fountain which sprung from the nostrils of the whale; others darted javelins, made of the tusks of the hippopotamus, in mock warfare, at each other; and eternally sounds were produced from conchs of the most singular form, terrible, yet grand. Here rolled the immense floundering form of the leviathan, the shaggy sea lion, the tusked walrus, and the fleshy blubber fish:—all the monsters of the deep seemed called into action. It was now almost upon us, when I, stung to desperation, and determined to do something ere I perished, seized a small harpoon, and running to the end of the vessel which fronted this tremendous host, threw it with all my might at the form of the Miner. So true was my aim, that it pierced him exactly in the centre of his temples; our crew set up a wild shout of horror at the deed, but the consequence was astonishing: the vast wave sunk and subsided immediately, and one loud wail echoed from the sea to the sky. All became as black as midnight, and the air, thick, choking, and almost palpable—Nothing could be seen for a yard before us; a general commotion took place; and, in the darkness, many fell overboard; it was, indeed, a night of terror: low bursts from the sea: the weltering of the waves: prayers, groans, and curses, were heard every where. Could the heart of man bear long such an accumulation of horror? But the worst was yet to come.—The black overhanging canopy of clouds, that muffled up the beautiful sky, were rent open at once, and a broad streak of dusky lurid light spread from one extremity to the other; it was of a deep blood-red colour, and reflected every thing like a mirror: in it we could see

the ocean, working and lashing itself, to foam like a boiling cauldron; and the ship, like a lost thing, feebly encountering the rage of the world of waters. Streams of light now gushed from the clouds, that, like pillars, supported the glaring sky; and we saw, as it were, a fleet moving towards us, in the form of a crescent. The spectral thing advanced, and we beheld on board stately warriors, as pale and as cold-looking as marble, with fixed eyes and motionless limbs; they passed by on each side of us, with unbroken order, in all their terrible pomp.—Then, again, the ocean rolled up, and swallowed us; the figures we had seen before, danced their terrible dances, and sung and revelled, and dashed about in the waves, till one tremendous clash shook heaven and ocean. Forms came striding on towards us, and sunk, of every shape and magnitude: headless and horrible monsters extended their arms to seize us, and the teeth of the sea lions glistened to devour us. These things vanished each instant, and their places were as quickly supplied: but the water soon stifled us, and took away all perception.

When I recovered from the long insensibility into which I had fallen, I found myself lying on a rough wave-worn rock, and heard the sea dashing beside me. I looked around: I had been thrown by the waves into a vast cavern, whose extent, by reason of the impenetrable darkness, I could not discern; it was extremely lofty, and the crags that jutted down seemed like outstretched hands, ready to bear me away. It gradually widened and expanded from the narrow entrance, near which I lay, into prodigious width and height. A rapid stream of salt water rushed furiously past at my feet, and, joining with some other currents which forced themselves through similar interstices in the rock, was dashed down in an immense fall, whose roarings and bellowings, like those of some enraged giant, were echoed and re-echoed by the deep and spirit-like voices of the lofty cavern.

I lay here awhile, ruminating upon the prodigies I had lately been a witness of, and upon means of escape from my perilous situation,

which I well knew could only be effected by exertion, and, therefore, determined to set about it instantly, ere another relapse should preclude all chance of success. The darkness which enveloped every thing, at once prevented me from choosing to penetrate deeper into the cavern, so I resolved to look to the entrance. I found great difficulty in raising myself; my limbs were stiffened and cramped by the moist cold stone, and I had likewise sustained innumerable bruises, by being thrown against the sharp rocks, so that it was no easy matter for me to crawl along, even at a slow pace. This platform of rocks, I found, shelved down to the sea, which rose considerably higher than the entrance, and only could force itself in by a small aperture, through which it gushed to the cataract. Weak as I was, I scarcely hesitated a moment, but rousing every energy, and collecting every remaining portion of strength, I dived through the narrow chasm; I cut through the waves as long as my breath lasted, and when I rose high above the water, was greeted by the sheen of the bright sun and the blue heavens. I looked towards the land; crags and precipices met my eye every where: I however swam on: escape from death, which had appeared in the gloomy place I had just left to be yawning for me, gave me hope and spirits, and vigour. I prayed for deliverance, nor were my prayers unheard. Between a narrow slip or cleft of two rocks, I perceived green fields; my heart leaped within me: I swam towards it; I crawled up the sides with a preternatural strength; I rushed through the opening; I bounded on the field; I gave one look, but that one was sufficient; I knew, I knew where I was: I saw my own dear Zetland; but it was too much: I fainted.

The first words that I heard uttered after this was from a well known voice,—“How are ye, my brave heart?”

I looked up: I knew the fine venerable features: the smile tempered with sorrow: the keen blue eye, that had somewhat lost its fire: the scant grey locks; it was my old friend, Martin Skelder.

I raised myself as well as I could from my resting place; I seized his hand; and, in an almost inarticulate voice, exclaimed,—“Martin!”

We both were equally affected, and there was a long dead pause, which was at length broken by Martin—“Raymond, I rejoice, yet I sorrow to see ye—ye are sairly—sairly altered—many a wearisome care ye mann ha’ had sin ye left us, to have wrinkled that once smooth brow, and grizzled that black hair. Ye hae seen nae common perils.” I mournfully replied in the affirmative, and informed him of the extraordinary manner in which I found myself cast into the cavern at Zetland, when the storm had happened far off in the Atlantic.

Skelder shook his head: “You were wrecked off our coast,” said he; “Feldspar’s vessel is too well known here not to be easily recognized. Three nights since it was seen hovering among the blue mists about a mile from the shore; it came nearer, but mist and darkness clouded round it. We got upon the rocks to watch her motions, for the weather was hazy, and every thing boded the coming storm. We wondered that she sent out no boat, for she floated along and never cast anchor. Presently a growling squally wind arose, and all the clouds rolled out, and darkened the whole face of the sky: the sea swelled and splashed the black crags upon the beach: night drew on, and it was an awful one; but the ship never sent out a boat.

“We saw the poor labouring and struggling thing tossed by foaming breakers: such a skirling and roaring there never was, and such flashing and gleaming of lightning: and then the howling of the wind, and the pattering of the sleety rain; but the greedy waves soon sucked in their victim: they cast themselves up, and gloried over, as she went down,—poor fated souls! We heard their shrieks and cries, but could not help them. Feldspar buffeted the waters a moment, but it was unavailing; he was dashed against yon red rock, and his head cloven in twain.”

Such then had been the fate of the gallant, the daring, the heroic Feld-

spar; a man whose sense of honour, whose generosity of spirit, and whose frank and free humour was unequalled: I loved him as a brother.

Old Martin here paused; and his emotions were so overpowering, that he rushed out of the apartment. I wept at the fate of my friend like an infant; and soon fretted myself into a slumber which, contrary to my expectations, was sound and refreshing.

I awoke from some cause or other about the middle of the night, nor did I again feel inclined to sleep; I therefore raised myself up on my trundle bed and looked around. The mild beams of the moon flooded round the small chamber, and rendered every thing plain and distinct. It was hung round with nets and small plaited spears, with here and there a dusty seal-skin cap and blue jacket; and on the floor were laid some rudely-fashioned chests and other lumber. As I was gazing upon these objects, 'inanimate tractors of the soul,' as some one would call them, and thinking upon my own fishing exploits, I cast a careless glance towards the foot of the bed;—all the blood curdled in my veins, as I saw in a slip of wan moonlight, that gushed through the narrow window, the figure of George Harvey; he stood there even as I had known him when alive, only pale as a corpse, and moveless; his eyes were fixed and unmeaning, and a dim blue lambent fire seemed to encircle him round like a halo, but his dress was exactly the same, and his hair,—his black and crisped locks,—divided in the centre, still grew and curled: not a feature was altered; but there was something about him that breathed of the grave; something that caused all the flesh to creep on my bones: my eyes were fixed intensely on his, and a damp cold sweat burst out on my brow: I tried in vain to utter a word, my faculties were entranced and enchained in horror, and my tongue stuck fast to the roof of my mouth; at last, by a mighty effort, I compelled myself to speak, and though it was unlike the sound of any thing earthly, hollow and rattling, it was sufficient. "Harvey," said I. The shade came nearer; it seemed a thing of air; so light, so noiseless, that I could not hear its approach: it stood

by me, and smiled upon me. "Raymond," said it, in a soft musical voice,—so soft, indeed, that I never heard its like, save in the breathings of the summer-wind over an Eolian lyre,—"*Raymond, I may now visit thee; my pledge is now also redeemed; I would have been with you sooner, but it was not permitted me. There has been a fearful strife for ye, Raymond, but your good fates have got the better; the demon who has so long persecuted you, will now trouble you no more. There have things occurred, but I may not reveal them; your good and your evil deeds have been weighed in the balance; had they been found wanting—but you shall see as far as my power extends; arise, and follow me.*" I obeyed him. We passed through another apartment, there lay old Skelder sleeping; his breathing seemed, however, to stop; and the hair bristled up on the back of the whining dog that lay at his feet, as the spirit passed. The door flew open, and we stood in the open air; we passed along till we came to a remarkably green patch of ground. Here the spirit paused; I watched its slow and solemn movements in speechless awe. It raised its head upwards toward heaven, and that smiling heaven seemed to grow brighter as the pure and ethereal being gazed upon it. The ground at our feet now began to move and tremble, the grass blades untwined and separated, and a yawning chasm lay open before us; I looked down it; it seemed a gradual sloping descent, as far as it was visible, to which there was no termination. The spirit descended, and I followed; we passed on long in utter darkness, and seemed to be penetrating the very bowels of the earth, when suddenly a dazzling brilliant flash of light burst upon us, almost too intense for mortal eye to bear; we still kept on, and the light grew brighter and brighter, and the fissure in the earth widened each instant. We now emerged into a vast illimitable hall, silent, but shining with reflected light; it was hot and stifling; but no sounds were heard, not so much as the tread of my footsteps; it seemed the hall of death. The vasty walls were of clear bright beaming chrystal, and one immense

column of the same substance descended from the roof to the floor. To this, girdled with brazen chains, was fastened my hated foe, the Miner, of a huge size, and foaming and struggling with impotent rage; when he beheld me, his efforts were terrible: his eyes glared: and he churned and gnashed his teeth, and shook his everlasting chains; but he

could not break his bonds, and he shrunk back in sullen and moody silence. The spirit gazed upon me, "Thy foe is fast for ever," said it; "he shall pursue thee no longer; thou art safe: remember this, and live. Farewell." The spirit—the entombed prison sunk, and I found myself lying near the cottage of old Martin Skelder.

METEMPSYCHOSIS; OR, THE DOCTRINE OF THE TRANS- MIGRATION OF SOULS.

It is well known that the Metempsychosis, or the doctrine of the transmigration of the soul into the body of some animal, is believed in several Pagan nations. Pythagoras, who taught this doctrine, derived it from Egypt, or the Indies. Those, who profess it, think that their future state will be happy or miserable, according to their conduct whilst they continued in their human shape.

The Bramins pretend to understand a science, called *Kurrembry-pach*, by which they divine the character of a man in his first state of existence, and they prescribe a particular expiation for every crime. This art is divided into four kinds, and several examples of each may be found in the *Ayecn Akberry*, from which are taken the following extracts:—

"Diseases which are the punishments for crimes committed in a past state:

"Losing the use of the limbs is the punishment for having killed a Bramin. Treatment.—Make the sick person take a *tolah* of gold, in the shape of a horse, and distribute it in charities, and let him maintain 150 Bramins.

"Fever is the punishment for having killed an innocent *Kheteric*. Treatment.—Repeat a hundred times the incantation of Mahadeo, maintain thirteen Bramins, and sprinkle the image of Mahades one hundred times with water.

"A wife, whose husband dies before her, having been, before her marriage, of a high family, and leaving it to live with a stranger, for whom she burns herself, when he dies. Treatment.—She must pass her life in religious severities, or bury herself in snow.

"A wife, whose children are all girls, is punished for having been too proud in her former existence, and for not being respectful enough to her husband. Treatment.—After having covered a white ox with cloth of gold, she must maintain 100 Bramins.

"The wicked, who have committed many sins, are exposed to all sorts of diseases. He who has robbed a Bramin, has whitlows on his nails; he who drinks strong liquors, has black teeth; the murderer of a Bramin, the marasma; a liar, stinking breath; a stealer of corn, pains in his limbs; a stealer of cloths, the leprosy; a stealer of horses is lame, &c."

According to this doctrine, it is necessary to expiate one's crimes during life; for if not, we shall be born again with disgraceful marks of it.

ON THE GENIUS OF SPENSER, AND THE SPENSERIAN SCHOOL OF POETRY.

"Through Pope's soft song though all the graces breathe,
Our happiest art adorn his attic page;
Yet does my mind with sweetest transport glow,
As, at the root of mossy trunk reclined,
In magic Spenser's wildly warbled song,
I see deserted Una wander wide,
Through wasteful solitudes, and lurid heaths,
Weary, forlorn; than when the fated fair
Upon the bosom bright of silver Thames
Launches in all the lustre of brocade,
Amid the splendours of the laughing Sun:
The gay description palls upon the sense,
And coldly strikes the mind with feeble bliss."

Warton's Pleasures of Melancholy.

THE admirers of Spenser are more numerous at present than they have been at any former period; indeed, so numerous are they, that our language seems in some danger of being broken into two dialects by them. In a great portion of our modern poetry we have the idiom, phraseology, and diction of Spenser; so that if this rage should happen to continue to the middle of the present century, it is a question whether we shall not have a dialect peculiarly appropriated to poetry, and clearly distinct from the language of prose. Two questions, therefore, naturally present themselves to us at setting out, which are not only of importance in themselves, but inseparably blended with an inquiry into the genius of Spenser. The first is, whether the increased admiration of Spenser should be attributed to the improved taste of the present day, or to one of those revolutions in literature which are brought about by silent and imperceptible causes; causes which, though slow in their operations, are eternally impressing a new character on the literature of every age. In attempting to resolve this question, it is obvious we do not digress from the nature of our proposed subject; for we cannot tell how far the admiration of Spenser is just, without investigating, at the same time, the extent and character of his intellectual endowments. The second question naturally arises from the first; admitting the superiority of Spenser's genius, and the justice of the admiration in

which he is held, would it still be wise or natural to adopt his style and manner at present?

The qualities of style, which confer excellence on poetry, are so numerous, that no one writer was ever known to excel in them all. It is not, however, to be supposed that a poem cannot be excellent unless it possess the whole aggregate of these qualities. The qualities which constitute the excellence of one poem, cannot be transferred to a poem of a different nature. The excellence of Butler's *Hudibras* consists in its wit: the excellence of Pope's *Eloisa* to *Abelard* consists in its pathos. The pathos of *Eloisa*, however, cannot be transferred to *Hudibras*, nor the wit of *Hudibras* imparted to *Eloisa*, without destroying the excellence of both. It would, therefore, be absurd to say that *Hudibras* excels *Eloisa* to *Abelard*, because it has more wit, or that *Eloisa* excels *Hudibras*, because it is more pathetic. Accordingly, if we would form a proper idea of Spenser's genius, particularly that idea which will enable us to form a just comparison between him and others, we must enquire what are the qualities of style that properly constitute the excellence of the subjects in which he engaged, and how far he has attained these qualities of perfection. In estimating afterwards his comparative merits, it is obvious, from the reasons which I have already assigned, that he must be compared only with such poets as engaged in similar or kindred subjects with himself; and who,

consequently, should have displayed the same qualities of excellence. To say that he excels Butler, for instance, because he has more nature and simplicity, is, I shall not hesitate to assert, downright absurdity; because Butler intended that his errant knight should have neither one nor other of these qualities. Absurd, however, as it may be to compare Spenser and Butler with each other, it is on the same principle of absurdity that so many critics of the present day prefer Spenser to Pope, and the romantic school of Spenser to the classic school of Pope and Addison. In calling this principle absurd, I am aware I impeach the infallibility of the first critics of the age, but I am not fearful of the result. I have said what I meant, and I am prepared to support it.

To proceed, then, in our inquiry, I shall examine what qualities of style properly belong to the "Fairy Queen," and how far these qualities are met with in that poem. I confine myself to the "Fairy Queen," because it is the poem on which his poetical fame is founded, and which is chiefly quoted by all his admirers. My limits will not permit me to extend my observations to his other poems; but the reader must perceive that they are as applicable to the one as to the other.

The "Fairy Queen," is a series of love adventures alternately retarded and promoted by magic plots and chivalric deeds. The scenes are chiefly laid in the country, a circumstance which gives frequent opportunities of descriptive scenery. The characters are in general of royal or noble parentage, and engaged in great and arduous designs. Here then is the subject of the "Fairy Queen." Let us now see what are the qualities which constitute the excellence of such a poem. The first quality appears to be that which most happily describes the emotions of love, which speaks the language of the heart, and paints, in glowing colours, the sacred thrill of kindred sympathies. Magic plots, and chivalric deeds, require a strong and vigorous imagination; while descriptive scenery requires a microscopic attention to the appearances of nature, and a corresponding simplicity

of manner in describing these appearances, exactly as they present themselves to the imaginative faculties. With the language of love, the first of these qualities, Spenser was evidently unacquainted; though he represents the *Red Cross Knight* encountering danger in all its terrific and subduing aspects for the love of fair *Una*, not a word passes between these devoted lovers, but what they might express in the presence of the world. It is from their actions alone we can discover they had any regard for each other, but each of them appears to have been too proud, stately, and unbending; too much of a Gothic character, to suffer his affections to be known to the other. There is every reason to believe that the stately pedantry of feudal times, when every man was a lord or a vassal, an imperious ruler, or an abject slave, proved not merely a restraint to the free exercise and expression of natural affection, but extinguished, in a very great degree, those congenial sympathies which unite kindred spirits in the bonds of love, wherever the heart is left to the free and unrestrained impulse of its own spontaneous emotions. If so, it is but fair to attribute Spenser's failure to the vices of the time in which he wrote.

It is certain that in feudal times we hear of more heroism and chivalry enlisted on the side of females, and of defenceless innocence, than we can boast of at present; but are we equally certain, that the human breast was then capable of a purer love, and a tenderer affection, than belongs to the degenerate progeny of the nineteenth century? Of this we have great doubt; and we doubt also, whether the heroism and romantic bravery, then displayed, was not rather the effect of that uncultivated, barbarian pride, that haughty, unsocial, and uncompromising spirit, which was the generation of ignorance and intellectual gloom, than the offspring of those milder affections, which characterise our commerce with the fair sex at present. A savage, ferocious spirit is, by its very nature, inclined to a turbulent, and tumultuous life; the homely sweets of peace, the elegant delights of retirement, the secret charms of science, the kindling raptures of the bright-eyed muse, the softer attrac-

tions of those arts and intellectual pursuits, which subdue the grosser propensities of our nature, which win the soul to chaster contemplation, and refine the senses with more exquisite sympathies, were totally unknown to the chivalrous heroes of the sixteenth century. If they frequently fought in defence of innocence, it is a proof that innocence was then more frequently in danger than it is at present, a circumstance which could only arise from the brutal and untamed ferocity of the times. It may also be added, that if innocence stood in no need of their protection, they would not still have desisted from fighting. Duels were so common in France, even in the beginning of the seventeenth century, when Spenser was no more, that Houssaie in his *Memoires Historiques*, Vol. II. p. 259, informs us, that the first news inquired for every morning when the people met in the streets or public places, were generally,—Who fought yesterday? And in the afternoon,—Who has fought this morning? If the celebrated Borteville heard any person extol the bravery of another, even in the most familiar conversation, he immediately addressed him in these words: "Sir, I am told you are a brave fellow; we must fight together." There remained no alternative but a duel, or the most insulting abuse. That the language of love, and the expression of native feeling should be unknown at such a time, is not at all surprising; and, therefore, true criticism will refer Spenser's failure, in portraying the softer affections, to the vices of the time in which he wrote.

In making this concession, however, we concede more to his admirers than they can justly claim. Warton who, we believe, was the first to bring him into repute, and who prefers him to Pope, founds his preference on a comparison between the "Fairy Queen," and the "Rape of the Lock." From the former he derives "sweeter transport" than from the latter; because he finds more of nature in beholding deserted *Una* wandering forlorn through wasteful solitudes, than in beholding "the fated fair," in the "Rape of the Lock," launching "in

all the lustre of brocade." I have already shewn the absurdity of comparing poems of a different character, which always require a different treatment, to give them all that excellence of which they are capable. The scenes of nature, it is true, are more frequently placed before us in the former than in the latter of these poems; but Mr. Warton and all his followers must be well aware, that the design of the "Rape of the Lock" was to expose the follies of fashionable life, and, consequently, that Pope was prevented, by the very nature of the poem, to embellish it with the "wasteful solitudes and lurid heaths," that so peculiarly belonged to the wild and romantic character of the "Fairy Queen." To introduce rural scenes and natural affections into the "Rape of the Lock," would be, in fact, to thrust nature out of it altogether; for nothing can be natural and improper at the same moment; and nothing could be more improper, nothing more at variance with the design of the "Rape of the Lock," than those descriptions of nature, the absence of which is so much regretted by Mr. Warton and his followers. His criticism is not, therefore, worth repeating, though it has been echoed, over and over again, by the disciples of the Spenserian school. If Spenser owes his fame to the love-lorn *Una*, why not estimate the fame of Pope by the love-lorn *Eloisa*? Why not select from his poetical works such a poem as would bear a comparison with the "Fairy Queen?" Does *Una* excite a warmer transport than the impassioned *Eloisa*? Does she breathe a tenderer love, or a purer affection? Are the secret operations of a wounded spirit, a heart entangled in the witcheries of love, more deeply probed, more naturally delineated, or more clearly unveiled, in the "Fairy Queen," than in Pope's *Eloisa*? If they be, give Spenser the prize of poetic pre-eminence; but whoever thinks they are, has never consulted his own feelings, and is, therefore, unqualified to offer any opinion on the subject. He merely thinks so, because he has been told so by others; but the slave of authority is not worth consulting. Pope is as much superior to Spenser, in the language of love, as Shakspeare

is to the author of "Bertrand." In Spenser love assumes too stately and formal a character, and never veils itself in the softer guise and yielding languishments of natural and unfeigned affection. The consequence is, that in the "Fairy Queen," there is a total abandonment of nature, and even a considerable portion of conceit in many of the love scenes. When Prince Arthur meets with *Una*, and requests to become acquainted with the cause of her affliction, the following dialogue takes place between them:—

"O! but," quoth she, "great griefe will
not be tould,
And can more easily be thought than
said."

"Right so," quoth he, "but he that
never would,
Could never: will to might gives
greatest aid."

"But griefe," quoth she, "does greater
grow dispaired,
If then it find not helpe, and breeds
despaire."

"Despaire breeds not," quoth he,
"where faith is staid."

"No faith so fast," quoth she, but
flesh does paire."

"Flesh may empaire," quoth he, "but
reason can repaire."

Is this language natural in a woman, when, the moment before, we are told,—

"She thrise did sinke adowne in deadly
swound,"

at hearing of her lover's captivity. It matters little that her replies to Prince Arthur are true, if they be out of place. I have already observed, that what is improper cannot be natural; and therefore truth and nature are found to be frequently at variance. A writer is not to consider, for a moment, whether what he expresses be true: his business is to ascertain whether it be a truth applicable to the time, place, and circumstance to which it is applied.

Una would not seem, from this dialogue, to be at that instant overwhelmed with grief and affliction; for she appears evidently more desirous of displaying her knowledge than of describing her sorrows to a knight whose only object was to restore her lost peace of mind, by rescuing her lover from captivity. Her replies to the prince are, therefore,

a perfect tissue of conceit, and would never have proceeded from the reckless heart of a woe-worn, despairing lover. If, then, it be allowed that the highest province of poetry is to probe the inmost recesses of the heart, to watch all its secret movements and vibrations, and the still more secret and less perceptible causes from which they originate; to trace the varying aspect which different passions assume in different characters, under the diversified influences of times and situations, it must also be allowed that Pope is not only superior to Spenser, but that the distance between them is so immensely great, that no task could be more ungrateful to an admirer of Spenser, than to enter into the comparison. By an admirer of Spenser, I do not mean, in this place, a professed disciple of the Spenserian school, but a rational admirer, who, unfettered by the thralldom of schools, or the canons of "invariable principles of poetry," knows to separate his virtues from his vices, his beauties from his defects; and whose admiration of the one causes him to forget, not to ignore, the existence of the other. The time in which he wrote, as I have already observed, rendered it almost impossible that he should excel in the language of love. In the first of the three qualities, therefore, which I have shewn necessary to the excellence of such a poem as the "Fairy Queen," Spenser was evidently deficient. Let us examine how far he has excelled in the other two.

A strong and vigorous imagination is the quality, which I have observed was necessary to the creation of magic plots, and the description of chivalric deeds. In this quality, Spenser has eminently excelled. His mind was formed to expatiate at large over the face of nature; to create solitudes and wilds, peopled only by the fairy offspring of his own imagination; to invent plots, and scenes, and circumstances, and situations, that could have presented themselves only to a bold, restless, and expatiatory spirit; a spirit which explores every recess and winding in the private retreats and romantic seclusions of nature, and discovers a warrior or a fairy in every recess. The mind of Spenser

would seem to have been stamped by nature with romantic character, and therefore he has excelled most of his successors in the description of romantic situations, and the accomplishment of heroic designs. His ideas of chivalry were so clear and distinct, so characteristic of the time in which he wrote, that his heroes are all fit subjects for the canvass. They seem to live and move, and wave their ensigus of destruction in our presence. The colouring is so faithful, and the images so true to nature, that they appear to lose their imaginary character, and to assume not only a real, but a renewed existence. Of this the instances are so numerous, and the portraits in each are executed with so masterly a hand, and in such bold and animated colouring, that perhaps it may be sufficient to quote the first stanza of the first book, where the Red Cross Knight, or the Champion of England is introduced on his fiery courser.

"A gentle Knight was pricking on the plaine,
Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shilde,
Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
The cruell markes of many a bloody felde;
Yet armes till that time did he never wield:
His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
As much disdayning to the curbe to yield:
Full jolly Knight he seem'd, and faire did sitt,
As one for knightly giusts, and fierce encounters fitt."

I cannot forbear, however, to quote his inimitable portrait of Prince Arthur, arrayed in the enchanted armour of Merlin, when he met with *Una*, as already related.

At last she chaunced by good hap to meet
A goodly Knight, faire marching by the way,
Together with his Squire, arrayed meet;
His glittering armour shined far away,
Like glauncing light of Phœbus' brightest ray;

Eur. Mag. Vol. 82.

From top to toe no place appeared bare,
That deadly dint of Steele endanger may;
Athwart his brest, a bauldrick brave he ware,
That shiu'd, like twinkling stars, with stones most precious rare;

And, in the midst thereof, one precious stone
Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous might,
Shapt like a ladic's head, exceeding shone,
Like Hesperus amongst the lesser lights,
And strove for to amaze the weaker lights;
Thereby his mortall blade full comely hong
In yvory sheath, ycarv'd with curious slights,
Whose hilts were burnisht gold; and handle strong
Of mother perle; and buckled with a golden tong.

His haughtie helmit, horrid all with gold,
Both glorious brightnesse and great terrour bredd:
For all the crest, a dragon did unfold
With greedie pawes, and over all did spredd
His golden wings; his dreadfull hideous hedd,
Close couched on the bever, seemed to throw
From flaming mouth bright sparkles fiery redd,
That suddaine horror to faint hartes did show;
And scaly tayle was stretcht adowne his back full low.

Upon the top of all his loftie crest,
A bounch of heares discolour'd diversly,
With sprinckled pearle, and gold full richly drest,
Did shake, and seemd to daunce for jollity;
Like to an almond-tree ymounted hye
On top of greene Selinis all alone,
With blossoms brave, bedecked daintily;
Whose tender locks do tremble every one,
At every little breath, that under heaven is blowne."

The description of Prince Arthur's shield takes up three stanza's more, in which every thing is painted to

the life. When the Prince died, he informs us that the "Faery Queene" brought this shield

"To faery lond; where yet it may be
seen, if sought."

I admit then, freely, that Spenser excels most of his successors in the creations of an imagination at once vigorous, versatile, and correct. Milton indeed displays a more expanded grasp of mind, and lifts us to the contemplation of sublimer prospects, but his pictures are overcharged, and he seldom presents nature to our eyes in the simple, chaste, and unaffected colouring of Spenser. In the "Fairy Queen" we instantly, and instinctively recognize the reality and truth of the images which are placed before us. We have no difficulty in conceiving and picturing to ourselves the originals which they represent; but Milton too often confuses us with images of undefined and undefinable being, which leave no distinct impression on the mind, and fill it with vague, and unembodied conceptions. Fancy then would seem to have been born with Spenser; and indeed, if it were possible to come into life with the inheritance of a romantic mind, I should not hesitate to admit, that Spenser derived his romantic genius from this original source. Nothing, however, can be more unphilosophic than to suppose a man born with any intellectual propensity as a genius, for painting, poetry, astronomy, music, &c. If a person be born with a natural propensity for painting, the propensity necessarily exists before he knows, or can conceive what painting is. This species of propensity is a perfect riddle; we cannot assert that we have a propensity for any thing till we first perceive the thing, and perceive also our attachment to it; for if we do not perceive ourselves inclined to a certain object or pursuit, how can we pretend to say that we have a propensity for it, in as much as all our propensities, and all our knowledge are made known to us through the medium of our perceptions. It is a popular error, however, to say we are born with a propensity for certain arts, we are born with a love of our country. Remove a child

descended from a race of patriots, to some other country, where he is brought up and educated, ignorant of the land of his fathers, and perhaps he may become its most formidable enemy. At least it is certain that he will have no more attachment for it than he has for any other nation upon earth, except what may happen to arise from circumstances unconnected with his birth. Such an attachment must be perfectly uninfluenced by any original laws of his nature, because it owes its sole existence to adventitious circumstances which might have never occurred, and in which case the attachment would have never been felt. Locke has long since exploded the doctrine of innate ideas: the same reasoning applied to innate propensities, would easily prove the absurdity of supposing a child possessing a propensity for an art of which he is totally ignorant. Propensities, like ideas, are produced by the agency of sensible and external being. In our fortieth year we have no propensity for a thing which we never saw, and of which we never heard; and we must presume it fair to suppose, that what we have no propensity for at this age, cannot be an innate or natural propensity; and yet it is certain that we may become strongly attached to this and many other objects and pursuits after this age, though we never felt, nor possibly could feel, the slightest propensity for them before, because we had been totally unacquainted with them. It is then as absurd to say *poeta nascitur non fit*, as to maintain that a person deeply in love with a woman was born with a natural affection for her. No poet can be more attached to his muse than an ardent lover is to his mistress. Why not suppose one attachment innate as well as the other? If the lover, however, had never seen his mistress, he would not have regarded her a rush, which evidently would not be the case if his attachment had been innate, and originally derived from the hand of nature. As then we have no propensity for any object or pursuit, till we are first made acquainted with it, and as we are not conscious of forming any acquaintances before our birth, except an instinctive

acquaintance with the nutriment imparted to us in the womb, it evidently follows, that we come into the world without the slightest propensity whatever, except for drink or nourishment.

If this reasoning be true, and it is difficult to conceive it otherwise, we must trace the romantic character of Spenser's genius, not to any original propensity of mind, but to the subsequent agency of circumstances and situations. Spenser lived in an age of magic, witchery, and enchantment; of heroism and chivalry. No doubt, if we were acquainted with the occupations of his infant days, but we should find a considerable portion of them devoted to the perusal of fairy tales, and other productions of a similar character. These productions, perhaps, during the course of his earlier reading, were the only works to which he could find access. In this case, they must have made a much stronger impression upon his mind, than on children who read from a more varied and heterogeneous selection. It is also certain, that the earlier and the more he read of them, the more powerful they swayed his plastic and tender mind, then capable of the slightest impressions, though tenacious only of those which were deep and frequently repeated. There is no subject, which gives stronger exercise to the imagination of a child than fairy tales, enchanted castles, and romantic imagery; and where a passion for them is cherished in our infancy, they will ever after continue to give a romantic cast or character to the mind. The occupations of Spenser's youth are, it is true, unknown to us, at present. Speculation must, therefore, supply the absence of historic certainty; but whether our speculations on the subject be true or imaginary, it is equally certain, that the romantic genius of Spenser must have originated from some circumstances, arising out of his own particular situation, or the genius, character, and complexion of the age in which he wrote. It is true, all minds are not equally affected by similar circumstances, because they are formed by nature with different degrees of susceptibility, so that one mind is powerfully affected by a cause which will

not produce the slightest emotion in another; but notwithstanding this difference of susceptibility, all minds are the same, antecedent to the operation of the causes or influences by which they are affected. Genius, then, consists, not in any original propensities, but in a high degree of susceptibility; and the higher the degree, the brighter and purer is the intellectual character of the mind in which it is found.

These observations lead us, very naturally, to a view of the human mind, which shews the absurdity of those who prefer one sort of intellectual endowment to another; and who, reasoning on this false principle, prefer Spenser to Pope. Those, who are acquainted with all that has been written on the subject, will excuse the digression into which it necessarily leads me. The mind is a complete *tabula erasa*, as well with regard to impressions as with regard to ideas, a circumstance which renders children more "feelingly alive" to every impulse. They are the inhabitants of a new world; for to them it is as new, as if they and it had come into existence at the first moment. The first sensations, consequently, are more acute and more distinctly felt, than those which succeed them; not only because every sensation we feel, but also the object or circumstance by which it is excited, is always new and strange to us, in the first instance. When the sensation is repeated some time after, we recollect having felt it before, and, consequently, we are not so much surprised at it. The next time it becomes more familiar, and, therefore, less attended to, until, at length, the impression is scarcely recognised, from its frequency. This theory of impressions is not merely philosophical, but confirmed by experience. Every person is conscious of having been more susceptible of impressions in his youth, than he finds himself to be in his riper years. I am aware, that Professor Dugald Stewart is of a contrary opinion, and instances himself as an example; but I am inclined to think, that if he really be, as he informs us, not less "feelingly alive" to every "impulse" at present, than he was in his youth, he only proves, that there is no law without its exception. It is possible

for a person to spend his entire boyhood without feeling any of those exquisite emotions or thrilling ecstasies, which the prospects of nature, and the young delights of science, so peculiarly awaken in the youthful breast. This, however, can only arise from two causes,—original insensibility, or the indurating influence of peculiar circumstances and situations. He, who is *naturally* insensible in his youth, becomes still more callous in his old age, so that, even in this case, the advantage is on the side of youth; but if youthful insensibility arise merely from peculiar circumstances and situations, it is not surprising, that when these circumstances are removed, in more advanced life, the native, original susceptibilities of the heart should awaken into existence, and consequently that he who feels them should be, not only as susceptible in his old age, but even more so than in his youthful days. Such a person, however, is not to conclude that all men are as alive to impressions at his time of life as they were in their youth; and therefore I can see no case on which the universality of Mr. Stewart's theory can be rationally founded.

If then I may assume it as a principle of reasoning, that youth is the season of delight and exquisite sensibility, it is very easy to conceive that the more exquisitely we feel any sensation or impression, the more we attend to the cause, object, or circumstance by which it is produced; and it is equally easy to conceive that the more we attend to any object, the more intimately do we become acquainted with its nature. Hence it follows, that we excel more in any science to which we devote ourselves in our youth, than in those which we commence in our riper years. A boy's ear is, for the reasons already assigned, more sensible of the delights of melody than it is when he grows up to manhood, if he should have happened not to cultivate an acquaintance with music before that period; because in youth, every note makes a more distinct impression upon him. He therefore succeeds in bringing out more correctly the notes which produced this impression, than he who cannot feel it so distinctly. A note

produced on a violin by a correct performer, makes a certain impression upon us, and if we attempt to bring out the same note ourselves, we naturally endeavour to produce a sound that identically renews this impression: the sensation felt at both times must be exactly the same. It is obvious, then, that the more distinctly we feel the sensation produced by the first note, the more accurately we are enabled to judge whether the sensation produced by our own note be exactly the same; for if the sensations be the same, the sounds or notes producing them must be equally so. As then, every note makes a more distinct and lively impression upon us in our youth than in our more advanced age, it follows very clearly that he who applies himself to music in his youth, makes a greater proficiency, and arrives to greater perfection, than he who begins to learn it in his manhood, when the fine edge of youthful susceptibility is worn away or saturated by reflection.

To apply these observations to our present purpose, it is obvious that if two boys of equal genius happen accidentally to cultivate two different styles of poetry, one the wild and romantic, the other the tender and pathetic, and continue to do so to their twentieth year, each of them will, for the reasons just mentioned, excel more in his own style than he can in the other, suppose he were to attempt it after that period. Accordingly if they were to write a prize poem at this age, and the subject to be of a romantic character, it is certain that he who had hitherto wooed only the tender muse, should resign the prize to his more fortunate competitor, though his original genius was exactly the same. The observations, which I have made on the cultivation of music, will also shew, that if the latter were to devote the remainder of his life to romantic poetry, he would never arrive at the same eminence with the former. Arguing, however, according to Mr. Warton and his followers, we should maintain that the former gained the prize through the superiority of genius alone. But how easy is it to shew the manifest absurdity of this doctrine. If the subject of the prize

poem were of the tender and pathetic kind, he who lost the former prize would easily gain the present; and, consequently, we must in this case pronounce him a superior genius to the other, whence we are necessarily driven to this absurd conclusion, that *each of them is superior and inferior to the other.*

It has been truly said of governments, "that which e'er is best administered is best;" and, of poetry it may be said with equal truth, that the greatest poet is he, who most eminently excels in that peculiar department or style of poetry which he has thought proper to cultivate. It is, therefore, the most miserable criticism to say that Spenser is a greater poet than Pope, because the "Fairy Queen" has more of idealism and romance than the "Rape of the Lock." If this cause be sufficient to constitute his superiority, it follows very simply and naturally that Pope is a greater poet than Spenser, because "The Rape of the Lock" displays a greater acquaintance with fashionable life, the sentiments which are apt to be entertained, and the conduct pursued by fashionable people when placed in peculiar situations, than the "Fairy Queen." This argument will therefore prove, as in the former case, that Spenser is superior to Pope, and Pope to Spenser.

To these arguments it may be replied, that certain subjects of poetry do not admit of the same excellence with others; and that it requires, therefore, little genius to arrive at the highest perfection of which such subjects are capable. This is also a popular theory, but it is still more fallacious than the former. Take what style of poetry you please; the comic, the tragic, the pathetic, the Hudibrastic, the sentimental, the sublime, and either of them opens a field to more comprehension and concentration of thought, and to the exercise of more genius and mental energy, than ever illumined the human mind.

Those three immortal poets who are said to have exhausted nature, but who left more of her veiled in impenetrable obscurity than has ever been discovered, could not give the most trifling and unimportant subject all the poetic excellence of which it is capable. No matter what the subject is, the poet is licensed to take his embellishments and poetic associations from the boundless and illimitable range of the sensible, the intellectual, and the ideal world. In every subject he is at liberty to shake off, if he can, the thralldom of matter, to assume the pinions of the Mæonian bard, and clothing himself in the aerial vestments of poetic intelligence, to range at large through those undiscovered climes which are scattered with a careless hand through the deep profound of real and imaginary creation. Accordingly we have trifling and frivolous poems on the sublimest subjects, and poems of the highest comparative excellence on subjects which are at once trifling and frivolous in their nature. Blackmore has written on the Creation: what subject more sublime? Boileau has written his "Lutrin:" What incident more frivolous than that on which it is founded? Yet the "Lutrin" is infinitely superior to the "Creation," but still not so superior to it as it might be; for low as the subject is, it is capable of more excellence than it could derive from the brightest genius that ever existed. It is, therefore, absurd to say that one poet must be greater than another, because the subject he has chosen admits of greater excellence; as it is evident that the most trifling scope gives a greater scope to human genius than can ever be exercised. To make poetic pre-eminence, therefore, depend on the subject, is just as philosophic as to maintain that he who allays his thirst at a small fountain, cannot quaff as much as he who quenches it at the source of the Nile.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ON PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

(Including Strictures on Several Metropolitan Preachers.)

OF all mankind amenable to the bar of criticism, there are no persons who have been less frequently summoned to receive its decisions, than those who have sought and attained excellence in the pulpit. Various causes have combined to exempt the eminent, for their pulpit eloquence, from that recorded praise and censure which is provoked by the publicity of their efforts. The sacredness of the cause they plead, and the reverence with which it is regarded, may have deterred many from exposing the imperfections of the advocates of a system, from which they derive their purest consolations, and their brightest hopes; unwilling themselves to rend the veil they have interposed before the defects of the preacher, they at length consider it sacrilege if another hand attempts to remove it; forgetting, that Christianity is a religion of too perfect a nature to sustain the slightest injury from the imperfections of her teachers. Another obstacle to criticisms on pulpit eloquence is, the general and perhaps laudable custom of attending one place of worship only; which, by limiting the observation to one or two preachers, necessarily prevents extensive criticism; while the mind, acquiescing in the invisible fetters of habit, willingly accepts them as substitutes for the more stimulating enjoyments of variety and novelty.

Perhaps another deterring cause may be traced to the fear of offending those among the clergy, who can only be praised by the sacrifice of truth. To courage men, against whom we have no personal hostility, is irksome to the best feelings of the heart, and to war with ignorance and irritated feeling requires an almost impenetrable panoply.

On the other hand the candid, the liberal and the generous, would feel grateful for the discovery of their deviations from the path of excellence, and gladly welcome the hand which would guide them to the track they had lost. The benefits which result from criticism to the fine arts, to literature, and, indeed, to every subject upon which it is

employed, are indisputable; and I feel confident, that if the discourses of our preachers were made the theme of frequent and judicious public discussion, their improvement would be rapid and decisive. For I would ask, what means has the preacher of ascertaining the errors, either of his sermon, or his mode of delivery? The kindness of a friend, who is competent to the task, is his only resource; and it certainly is not very probable, that every clergyman is provided with a mentor, endowed with the requisite quantity of gentleness and talent. It is true, that empty pews are a tolerably conclusive evidence of the deficiencies of a preacher; though these are frequently proofs, not of the want, but of the mismanagement of talent. That a deserted church is not an unerring criterion, from which to deduce the absence of oratorical abilities, is proved by the crowds who sometimes attend those preachers, whose feebleness of intellect is only equalled by that of their hearers; in justice to the latter I must acknowledge, that their idol, though perhaps destitute of every other excellence, is almost invariably distinguished by a graceful and impressive delivery. The little importance, annexed to this acquirement by many of the clergy, evinces how little, how very little they are acquainted with its power. A school boy, drawing his task, is but too accurate a type of the listlessness and monotony with which many of the clergy deliver their orations. Do they suppose that attention is arrested by languor, or the feelings interested by language uttered in the chill tones of indifference? Do they think that because the mind ought to attend only to the matter, regardless of the manner, that the latter is of no importance? Impossible! in theory at least they must admit what they deny in practice. The study of elocution is neither perplexing nor abstruse; let the clergy transfer to it a portion at least of their attention, and reform what is at once their bane and their reproach. A graceful delivery, united with a plain sensible sermon, will produce

a more powerful effect than all the acuteness of a Warburton, than all the eloquence of a Blair, could accomplish without it. In the metropolis, indeed, where the stimulants of fame, and the hope of preferment animate and excite even those, who are regardless of the admonitions of duty, we frequently behold the combination of almost every quality necessary to constitute excellence in a preacher; but in the sequestered village, conscious that he is confined to the observation of minds ill educated, or totally illiterate; conscious too, perhaps, that he is possessed of a competency adequate to the supply of his wishes, he too often sinks into supineness and sloth, and forces himself to the performance of his professional duties, with the resolution to sacrifice the least possible time to their fulfilment. God forbid that I should assert this to be an accurate picture of the generality of the country clergy; there are, I trust and believe, but few such; yet so extensive is the mischief diffused by their example, that it is to be wished that those among the clergy whose hearts are alienated from Christianity, and who secretly deride the obligations they enforce on others, would voluntarily resign their violated trusts, nor continue to imbibe from the Ecclesiastical Establishment that nourishment, which they convert by the morbidness of their principles into streams of poison.

The additional deformity which vice assumes, when portrayed by the sworn champion of virtue, appears at first sight an unnecessary subject of animadversion; but the clerical delinquent constantly justifies his derelictions from duty upon the plea, that sound doctrines and pure precepts are more essential constituents of a preacher, than the unobtrusive lesson of a holy life. What—does he imagine that pathetic exhortations to prayer, uttered by lips which are known habitually to insult heaven by imprecations—animated persuasions to temperance, from a being who makes the brutalization of reason the primary object of existence—will produce an effect as powerful and continuous, as if he evinced the sincerity of his exhortations, by pursuing himself the path he recommended to others?

Impossible: the very supposition is absurd.

In the congregated masses of large populous towns, where concealment is practicable for every shade of profligacy, respect and esteem for imaginary virtues will frequently accompany admiration for real talent; and the ignorance of a congregation of the character of their pastor, the consequence of a distant residence, different connexions, and dissimilar pursuits, may generate the opinion, that as a correct estimate of his character is so difficult to be obtained, the beauty or deformity of that character is an object too trifling to demand attention.

Though the rays of the sun, when intercepted by the foliage of the forest, do not fall upon the earth with the same visible distinctness, which marks their appearance upon the unsheltered plain, still their heat is felt, their brilliance acknowledged; and to question their power, because their operation is interrupted, would be to assert an absurdity.

Similar to this is the relative influence of the conduct of the clergy in town and country. In the former, though various circumstances may operate to conceal the general tenour of the pastor's life from his congregation, still, trifling occurrences, and the united testimony of those who have immediate, and frequent access to him, will gradually delineate a correct representation of his character.

It is evident that, in an extensive congregation, numbers must be conversant with the actions of their minister from report only; yet even to these, the charm of an harmonious accordance of precept and example is delightful; and the impulse to surrender the regulation of our minds to the domination of eloquence, which we feel convinced is undegraded by hypocrisy, is powerful and frequently irresistible. But it is in the contracted circle of a country village that the importance of the morality of the clergy is imperiously proclaimed; there the minutest trait of character is known and discussed; and if he, while recommending virtue to others, constantly practises vice himself, his bewildered flock either fly to another shepherd, or consider his guilt a

sufficient apology for their own. Every tie connecting a clergyman with his parishioners is snapped asunder by the immoral conduct of the former: if he reprove crime, will it not turn with unblushing effrontery and say, "first cast out the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye." If a spirit is stricken to earth by the hand of sorrow, will it not look for consolation to religion, and seek for the assistance of her minister to teach it to bow meekly to the storm. But what consolation, I would ask, can be derived from one who considers religion merely as the means of procuring the pleasures of this world; and whose finer feelings have long since been immolated at the shrine of self-gratification. Again—when death has set his seal upon a victim, and the struggling soul is distracted between the necessity of submitting to what is inevitable, and the agony of separating from all that it had loved on earth, then the hope of immortality rises like a rainbow to his

view, and announces an unclouded futurity. Then the minister of Christianity is eagerly sought; and if he appears, he probably chills by his apathy the ardour of expiring faith; or, by his indifference and levity, mingles doubt with the cherished hope of eternity. Such are a few of the evils consequent upon clerical profligacy: it is true, the Ecclesiastical Authorities are invested with power to punish the aberrations from rectitude of the members of its community, but many circumstances concur to arrest the aim of justice in her progress; she cannot punish crimes without repeated accusation, and unquestionable proof; while mercy interposes the pangs of human infirmity, and the melancholy situation of the delinquent. Let those, therefore, whose inclinations are chained to the pleasures of vice, pause ere they bind themselves to the strict performance of duties which they secretly resolve never to fulfil, and remember, that hypocrisy imparts, even to guilt itself, a deeper dye. CRITICS

(To be continued.)

STANZAS.

Let ever Fortune wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love
At last when we meet a mutual heart
Come in between and bid us part

Thomson

Must—must we part? the moonlight hour
(Sweet silent hour!) has scarcely fled,
Oh! must we part? then take this flow'r,
And, when its leaves are pale and dead,
Think on my blighted hopes, for there
The emblem of those hopes is seen—
Think on my love and vain despair—
On what thou art, and once hast been
Must thou away? Oh! leave me not
Without one sigh, to tell my heart
That I shall be not all forgot,
Nor unregarded—tho' we part
Nay, nay, thou wilt not—can'st not go,
Denying e'en one farewell tear,
To prove, at least, thou feel'st the woe
Of one, who held thee too—too dear.
For I have lived but in thy sight—
My heaven was in thy smile display'd—
Where'er thou linger'dst—there was light;
Where'er thou wert not—gloom and shade.
E'en as the Halcyon* makes her nest,
In summer, on the tranquil sea,
I form'd one in my peaceful breast,
Where storms ne'er came, to shelter THEE. AZAR.

* The Halcyon or Kingfisher is said to make her nest and breed her young when the sea

FOREIGN.

BIOGRAPHY, RECENT PUBLICATIONS,

AND

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF CHRISTOPHE HENRY, KING OF HAYTI.

THIS remarkable person was a negro slave, born in the island of Grenada, on Oct. 6th 1767. He served in the American Revolutionary War, and received a wound at the siege of Savannah, and, on his return to St. Domingo, was employed as an overseer on an estate called the Lemonade, the property of Durcau de la Malle, the translator of Tacitus. It is reported that even in this occupation he displayed the natural severity of his disposition, but these accounts, taken from his Haytian biographers, do not precisely accord with the history given of him by writers in Europe, who assert that he was born in the island of St. Kitts, and in 1789, being twelve years of age, was shipped to Cape Francois and sold as a slave. His purchaser bred him as a cook, and having a capacity for the art, in 1789 he was cook to the Cross, an inn situated in Rue d'Espagne, at Cape-town, and kept by a Madame Montgrou. Whichever history of his early life may be true, it is certain that, when the measures of the revolutionary parties in France occasioned the insurrection of the blacks of St. Domingo, Christophe became an active partizan of the cause of emancipation, and soon acquired an ascendancy over his fellow slaves, by the daring intrepidity which he displayed in several sanguinary conflicts. Toussaint Louverture, the first supreme chief of the liberated negroes, appointed Christophe a general of brigade, and dispatched him to suppress an insurrection which had been fomented against the authority of Toussaint by his nephew, named Moses. Christophe possessed himself of this leader by perfidy, and he was put to death by his uncle Toussaint, who appointed Christophe to succeed him as governor of the northern province. But the execution of Moses occasioned a rebellion, which broke out at Cape-town on the 21st of Oct. 1821, and spread to

several other places. Christophe at the head of his black troops attacked the insurgents in every direction, and, by his personal courage and vigour, contributed greatly to suppress the insurrection. It must be observed, that Moses supported the principle of annihilating the whites, against the uncle whose better policy it was to encourage a mixed association of the different colours. But the principles of Moses had rendered him so popular, that when Christophe became king he thought it advisable to treat his memory with respect in many public instruments, as well as by means of his confidential agents.

Christophe commanded at the Cape on the arrival of the French expedition under Le Clerc, in 1802. He was summoned to surrender, and in the correspondence which arose out of this summons, there were characteristic expressions, and a generosity of sentiment, which gave the sable chieftain a high superiority over his white opponent. "If," said Christophe, "you use against me the force you threaten, I will resist you with the intrepidity of a soldier, and, if the fate of arms be in your favour, you shall enter the Cape not until it is a smoking ruin, and even on its cinders will I continue to combat you. The troops, which you threaten to disembark, I consider as houses of cards which the slightest breath can destroy; and for your personal esteem, I wish it not at that price to which you attach it—the abandonment of my duty." On another occasion he writes, "I want but proofs sufficient to assure me of the establishment of liberty and equality in favour of the people of this colony. The laws, by which the mother country has consecrated this great principle, will carry this conviction to my heart, and I protest to you that my submission shall be immediately consequent to my obtaining such a proof by your acknow-

ledgment of those laws."—"You propose to me, citizen General, to afford you the means of your securing General Toussaint Louverture. Such conduct on my part would be treasonable and perfidious, and your degrading proposal convinces me of your unconquerable repugnance to believe me susceptible of the least sentiment of delicacy and honour."—"Twelve years, General, have we been fighting for liberty, for those rights, which like yourself, we have gained at the price of our blood, and I have always been averse to believe that the French, after making such great sacrifices to obtain them, would wish to deprive of them a people, who glory in forming a part of the great nation, and in participating in the advantages which they have gained by the revolution."

The blacks, however, disunited and betrayed, yielded at first to General Le Clerc, almost without resistance. Dessalines and Christophe were almost the only chiefs who offered resistance. They were proclaimed out of the pale of the law, and at length overcome by superiority of numbers. Christophe evacuated Port-au-Prince, firing the town, and effecting a junction with Toussaint Louverture, at the head of about three thousand men. When the perfidy of the French had acquired the possession of Toussaint's person, the war seemed suppressed, but it presently burst forth with renewed energy under the command of Dessalines. The climate favoured the efforts of these heroic blacks, and, before the end of 1805, the French army at St. Domingo ceased to exist. A national assembly met on the 1st Jan. 1804, and restored to the island its primitive name of Hayti. Dessalines was elected Governor-general for life. The island was divided into six military departments, each commanded by a General of division. Christophe was the oldest of Dessalines' officers, and he was put into the government of the department of the Cape. The baneful example of Napoleon's ambition soon spread its influence to St. Domingo, and Dessalines proclaimed himself Emperor, with a right to appoint his successor to the throne. On the 29th July 1805, the second year of their independence, Dessalines appointed Christophe, Commander-in-chief of the army of Hayti. The republican party rose against the usurped government, and, under a man of colour named Pethion, a virtuous citizen and a skilful officer, commanding the division of Port-au-Prince, they overthrew the usurpation in Oct.

1806, Dessalines perishing during the commotion. It appears that Christophe was no stranger to his being taken off, and on his death the war became fierce between Christophe and Pethion. The province of the north, and the first division of the province of the west, continued in submission to Christophe: while the province of the south, and the second division of that of the west, adhered to the General Pethion. An assembly of deputies was convoked at Port-au-Prince, the majority supported Pethion, but the minority protested against their decision, and at the beginning of 1807, a civil war may be said to have been kindled. A new assembly was convoked at the Cape under the influence of Christophe, which decreed the constitution of the 17th Feb. 1807, nominating Christophe President for life, and Generalissimo of the military and naval forces of the island: At the same time the province of the south-west established the republic of Hayti, with a constitution similar to that of the United States; Pethion being President for four years. In the mean while Christophe, with admirable dexterity, placed his military, naval, fiscal and civil establishments, in the most vigorous and efficient condition, and pushed the war against his rival with much activity, but with little success.

On the 28th March 1811, Christophe declared himself hereditary monarch of Hayti, under the title of Henry I, and he abolished all councils, except an executive council composed of his officers and courtiers. His wife, Maria Louisa, a black woman, married on the 15th July 1763, was styled Queen, and the eldest son was to be called Prince royal of Hayti. From this epoch, the government publications declaimed against demagogues and anarchists; the insignia of royalty, the forms, ceremonies, and most trifling subjects of court etiquette, were regulated by royal ordinances, and, on the 5th April following, appeared an edict creating an hereditary nobility of princes, dukes, counts, barons, and knights, with an allotment of heraldic devices, and armorial bearings. The instability of human affairs and the vanity of human nature were never more powerfully or more ridiculously displayed, than in this sudden assumption of titles, heraldry, and feudal rights, by negroes, ignorant and rude, who, but a few years before had toiled under the caprice, the insolence, the lash of their mercenary and brutal owners. On the 7th of the month (April), Christophe

issued an edict constituting an Archiepiscopal See in the capital of Hayti, and suffragan dioceses in the different cities of the kingdom.

But that, which is more honorable to Christophe, was the Code Henrie, published by him on the 20th Feb. 1812. The laws of his empire are divided into nine heads, and the complexion of the civil code approximates to the similar division of the Code Napoleon. Divorce is prohibited; death and the confiscation of property is enacted; morals and the catholic religion are especially protected; and the institution of a jury is not admitted. The coronation of Christophe took place on the 2d June 1812; the public functionaries from the Spanish part of the island, and the British naval officers on the station, were present at the ceremony, which rivalled in pomp and magnificence the coronation ceremonies of the most luxurious courts of Europe. M. Brelle, Archbishop of Hayti and Duke of Anse, consecrated his Majesty with the formula and religious pomp of the Roman Pontificate. The coronation oath was merely to maintain the then existing order of things, and to resist the re-establishment of white domination. On the senior British officer, drinking Christophe's health at the banquet, the sable monarch rose and drank, "to my dear brother George III.—may he prove an invincible obstacle to the ambition of Napoleon—and may he *always* be the constant friend of Hayti."

In 1813, the numerous defections of his subjects presaged his future fall, and the ultimate triumph of the freer, and consequently better principles of his republican rival. But his military genius gave him a temporary advantage over his more moderate and enlightened adversary. The defections of his subjects exasperated the natural ferocity of Christophe's disposition, and stimulated him to acts of great barbarity. On the restoration of the Bourbons in 1814, Christophe flattered himself that his conduct and pretensions would be more favourably viewed by Louis, than they had been by Napoleon. But Louis dispatched a commission to St. Domingo with proposals tantamount to requiring a gradual recurrence to the old regime. The negro Monarch received the terms with just indignation. He summoned a council of the nation at his palace of Sans Souci, on the 21st Oct. 1814, and the *exposé* of the instructions and designs of the French government awakened the utmost enthusiasm in the population. Christophe prepared for

the most determined resistance, and, in his instructions to his officers, he ordered them to provide torches and combustible materials sufficient to burn all the towns—on the landing of an enemy to destroy every species of public or private building, to blow up the bridges, break down all dikes and causeways, to devastate the country, and to retire with the whole population into the mountains, and, finally, to spare neither age nor sex of those enemies who fell into their hands, but to inflict upon them the "most horrible species of punishment." These orders were in unison with the general spirit of the people. One of the French agents was taken with his papers, which were published, and himself examined and exposed to the interrogatories of all the people, but no further injury was permitted to his person. The French King with great meanness subsequently disavowed this embassy, in the *Moniteur* of the 28th Jan. 1815. Christophe, to secure the people to his interests, now gave greater liberty to the press; he decreed a gratuitous instruction for the people, made efforts to abolish even the French language, hiring numerous English artists and instructors, and ordering all instructions to be conveyed in that language. On the 20th Nov. 1816, he refused to receive the new commissioners sent to Hayti by the King of France, declaring that he would not treat with France but upon the basis of independence and equality of national rights, and the commissioners, having received similar answers from Pethion, returned to Europe. The negotiations with the French had displayed the personal superiority of Pethion over his rival, who saw the necessity of moderating his tyranny; and, on the 14th July 1819, he abolished an odious law confining the proprietorship of land to general officers. Pethion in the beginning of 1818, had died, and was succeeded by Boyer, whom he had nominated his successor; and this new President commenced his government by conquering from Christophe the country called the Grande-Anse, which he attached to the republic. The just and moderate government of Boyer was so strongly in contrast to the sordid, barbarous, and selfish policy of Christophe, as to detach all his subjects from their allegiance. In Sept. 1820, the garrison of St. Marc were so excited at the indignities which Christophe imposed upon their Colonel, by means of the Governor of the city, that they rose *en masse*, put the Governor to death, and sent a deputation to

Boyer offering to form a junction with the republic. Boyer hastily assembled an army of fifteen thousand men, and marched to support the insurgents. Christophe was labouring under a paralytic affection, and, shutting himself up in his fortified palace of Sans Souci, dispatched his army against the insurgents of St. Marc; but on withdrawing these troops from the capital, the people of the metropolis rose in rebellion against him; and on the 6th Oct., the General, Richard Duke of Marmelade, proclaimed to the troops, the abolition of royalty, which was received with enthusiasm by all classes of persons. Christophe's body guard, of about fifteen hundred picked men, still adhered to his interests. He was borne amongst these troops, addressed them with praises and assurances of reward, and dispatched them under command of his brother-in-law to meet the enemy; but news was soon brought to Christophe, that these household troops had gone over to the republicans, demanding the deposition of their former sovereign. Upon hearing this, he retired to his chamber in despair and shot himself through the heart, on the 8th Oct. 1820, being fifty-three years of age. His body was ignominiously exposed on the high-ways for several days—his son was massacred, but his widow and two daughters were allowed by Boyer to retire in safety; and they immediately sailed for England, and have since lived in the vicinity of London in a state of genteel independence. All titles, and the attributes of nobility were forthwith abolished by Boyer, who established the republican government throughout the former territories of Christophe; and, finally by his skill and prudence, succeeded in amalgamating the Spanish part of the island with the new republic of the blacks.

Christophe had hoarded 240,000 dollars at Sans Souci, and 40,000,000 of piastres, (10,000,000 sterling) was found at Fort Henri. This sum accords with the boast which the Count Lemonade had officially made, that the Emperor intended to pave and ceil the rotunda of his palace with coin. Christophe was guilty of the most atrocious cruelties; his pecuniary exactions were enormous; he had been munificent to his superior officers, but as to the great body of his people, he had merely substituted the attachment of them as slaves to the soil, instead of the former system of rendering them the property of white individuals. All the lands of the former proprietors he reserved to himself, except a few es-

tates with which he had rewarded his Generals. The produce in kind, of his reserved lands, the customs, and other taxes yielded him a considerable revenue. The intellect displayed by Christophe was sufficient to relieve the negro from the charge of being of an inferior nature; but how much more exalted was the character of his rival Pethion, who taking his country-men from the debasement of slavery, converted them into free citizens, established over them an enlightened system of government, and after for ten years executing the supreme magistracy with vigour and justice, dies poor, and leaves his country free. Christophe was of Herculean form, and possessed of fortitude, and desperate bravery. In the severest conflicts he would animate his ranks by exhibiting the rage and fury of a tiger. He was vindictive in the extreme, and hesitated at no cruelty which gratified his passions, or was calculated to promote his interests. His mind possessed extraordinary vigour, but he appears to have been incapable of profound thought, or of acquiring comprehensive systems. A certain tact of governing had taught him the necessity of public officers being pure, and that their duties ought to be performed with diligence and dispatch. His establishments were therefore well conducted. He had learnt that manufactures, agriculture, and commerce, are essential to the prosperity of a state; that large public buildings are necessary to its grandeur; and that morality is essential to its stability. He was therefore always endeavouring to effect these causes of national prosperity by the most arbitrary, and often mistaken ordinances, forgetting that their only sources were the liberty of the subject, and the security of property. The arena of his exploits was hardly large enough to entitle him to a conspicuous place in the page of history, but, considering his attainment to a throne from a state of the most abject ignorance and slavery, considering the barbarous condition of those whom he had to command, and that with such materials, during a period of revolution, he contrived in a few years to found an empire, to build a superb city, and to form both civil and military establishments far surpassing any possessed by the neighbouring colonies of the three commercial nations of Europe, we cannot but allow that his qualities were at least equal to the average of those, who are celebrated as great princes, or as successful warriors.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Le dernier des Césars, &c.—The Last of the Cæsars: or, the Fall of the Roman Empire in the East. By M. le Comte de Vanblanc. 1 vol. 8vo. 6s. 6d.

In M. de Vaublanc are united those various qualities requisite to form an estimable public character; one of the most distinguished orators and zealous patriots of France. We are therefore agreeably surprised to see him, by the publication of the poem we have just announced, shine amongst the most estimable poets of the present day. The subject of this poem is one of the best that the history of man could offer. It is not, as in the *Iliad*, the coalition of some petty princes against a city of Asia Minor, a subject of small importance in itself, and which the poet was obliged to make subordinate to the development of the anger of one of the Grecian chiefs. It is not, as in the *Æneid*, the invasion of a little country in ancient Aësonia, which precedes the union of the chief of the enterprise with the daughter of the weak sovereign of a petty state. It is not, like the *Jerusalem Delivered*, a conquest, certainly a respectable one, which occasioned no permanent revolution in the destinies of the people of Europe or Asia. It is the irruption of a horde of men barbarous in their manners and religion into Europe; it is the capture of the last rampart, and the capital, of the colossal Roman Empire of the East, overwhelmed by its ferocious conquerors; it is the absolute destruction of that empire. The execution appears to us equal to the magnificence of the subject. The marvellous is in some degree a necessary part of an epic poem. In employing it, M. de Vaublanc has not made use of mythology, as being common-place; nor of magic, as he might by that means have rashly put himself in comparison with Tasso: he has therefore been obliged to create a new species of the marvellous.

A young and beautiful virgin, a descendant of the kings of Parthia, whom the vicissitudes of fortune had obliged to take refuge at Bysantium, resolved to unite herself to the God of the Christians by solemn vows: at the moment of the consummation of the sacrifice, Sandialla penetrates into Bysantium, and carries away Theodora, which is the name of the young virgin, with

whose fate, an ancient oracle had declared, was involved that of the empire. The captive, after having met with great dangers by sea and on the rocks, is transported to the camp of the Mussulmanns, who, under the command of Mahomet II., their emperor, besieged Bysantium. Mahomet and Sandialla are both in love with Theodora; but Sandialla is more tender and respectful, and Theodora is not entirely insensible. Nothing restrains the furious love of Mahomet: the poet artfully contrasts these different sentiments. At the moment, when to possess Theodora Mahomet is going to use violence, and when, to free herself, Theodora intends to kill herself, she is taken up to heaven. The oracle which attached her fate to that of Bysantium is then accomplished.

The characters of the principal personages of the poem are drawn with the greatest vigour; and one of the most brilliant is that of Sandialla. This young hero, son of the celebrated Scanderberg, had been taken from his parents when a child: brought up in their religion, and gained their respect by his eminent qualities: he distinguishes himself at the siege of Bysantium, with the fiery courage of Achilles, and the impetuous ardour of Renaud: but, however brilliant his character, he never eclipses the Greek Emperor, Constantine Paleologus. Always active and vigilant, this prince is constantly employed in fortifying the posts of the besieged town, or fighting upon the breaches, defending, even with his latest breath, the unhappy Bysantium against the ferocious Mussulmanns, who penetrated into every part of the city. He encouraged the timid soldiers with the powerful example of heroic valour; and his caution and prudence restrained those who would have rashly exposed themselves. A great many gentlemen of the most illustrious blood of France abandoned their fire-sides to shut themselves up in Bysantium, where they proudly sustained the glory and honour of the French armies.

In the composition of his poem M. de Vaublanc has made some bold attempts, many of which are happy; one of them, however, is not admissible; it is that which induced him to personify *weakness*, which is only a moral being, or rather the almost total privation of all the estimable qualities. The exterior marks of effeminacy are capable

of being made to produce the most seductive images in poetry. This has been happily exemplified by Boileau in that celebrated line,

"Soupire, entend ses bras, ferme l'œil et s'endort."

Weakness, on the contrary, can scarcely be perceived but through the apathy of him who is influenced by it.

The style of this poem is generally noble and energetic. The first canto is the least vigorous: inspiration, which is the distinguishing characteristic of a poet, M. de Vaublanc did not then sufficiently feel. The other cantos possess that magnificence of style which belongs to the subject. Happy are those to whom may be applied, as well as to M. de Vaublanc, the famous device, *currit cundo*. We regret that our limits will not permit us to transcribe any part of this poem which would justify our opinion of its merit, and which ought to place the author among the most distinguished poets of the present day. There are, undoubtedly, some parts a little laboured. The happy facility, which is remarkable in the versification throughout, proves that this production was not a work of labour, but an agreeable recreation from his political pursuits.

Tableaux Itinéraires, &c.—Itinerary, or Road-book of the Distances from Paris to the principal Towns of France, and to all the Capitals in Europe. By M. Collin. Unbound. 12s. 6d.

This work is a valuable companion to all who are travelling from one country to another, and consists of Six Maps. The first is, a general Map, to shew the plan of the work; 2nd—a Comparative Table, in four Languages, wherein the distances from place to place is calculated, not only in French leagues, but in the leagues used in the other countries, included in this Itinerary; 3rd—Roads from Paris to London; 4th—from London to Edinburgh, and Dublin, being a continuation of the preceding Map; 5th—from Dublin to the principal Towns in Ireland being a continuation of the preceding; 6th—from Paris to Amsterdam; 7th—from Paris to Stockholm and Copenhagen; 8th—from Paris to Berlin; 9th—from Paris to Petersburg and Moscow, being a continuation of the preceding Map; 10th—from Vienna, Laybach, and Trieste, to Constantino-

ple, being a continuation of the preceding; 11th—from Vienna to Petersburg, being a continuation to the route from Paris to Vienna; 12th—from Paris to Naples; 13th—from Paris to Madrid; 14th—from Madrid to the principal Towns of Spain and Portugal; 15th—from Paris to Brest, to Sables d'Olonne, to Rochelle and Rochefort.

This work is equally useful to travellers, merchants, and geographers. In the composition of it, the author has consulted all the Road-books and Itinéraires of different countries, the best Maps, and the most authentic documents that could be accessible for such a purpose.

Fragmens d'Essai sur les Hieroglyphes Egyptiens, &c.—Essay upon Egyptian Hieroglyphics. By P. Lacour. 11s. 6d.

Only two works upon the Egyptian Hieroglyphics, before this publication appeared, had attracted the attention of the public,—one called, *Oedipus Aegyptiacus*, by Kircher (the only one of his numerous works that is, or ought to be, much esteemed;) the other, by Warburton, forming the fourth book of his work, entitled, "The Divine Mission of Moses," and which has been extracted and translated into French, by M. Leonard de Valpennes.

These two works threw some light upon the dark subject of Egyptian Hieroglyphics, but were far from satisfying scientific curiosity. The author of the work before us attempts, by a new system, to elucidate the mystery of hieroglyphics; but, like a truly learned man, he has done it with great circumspection.

The examination of some Egyptian hieroglyphics, twelve years ago, suggested to the author the idea of analyzing the Hebrew language, and comparing the primitive elements of that language with hieroglyphics. This comparison appeared to him necessary, in order to explain hieroglyphical writing by alphabetical writing, which might lead to the explanation of most of the hieroglyphics.

Seduced by the hope of finding the real principles of etymological science, and the signification of Egyptian symbols, the author confesses, that he did not enough consider the difficulties of the work he undertook, and *presumptuously* (to use his too modest expression) gave himself up to a new kind of etymological analysis. He examined all

the words, not only of the Hebrew, but also, when necessary, of the Arab, Chaldaic, Syriac, Ethiopian, and even Chinese languages. At length, he began a Hieroglyphical Hebrew Dictionary, destined to facilitate the interpretation of Egyptian hieroglyphics; but, for want of time, he was obliged, though reluctantly, to abandon his project. From that time, he resolved to relinquish all his researches; but seeing the attention of several learned men fixed upon Egypt, and their investigations turned towards the science of hieroglyphics, he yielded, perhaps too easily, (as he modestly says) to his desire of making known the plan he himself intended to follow, in publishing what he calls his *Fragments*. In spite of the confidence his system inspires him with, he only presents it as a conjecture: he does not give any scientific quotations, that nothing may appear to bias the judgment of the reader, and prevent him from forming an impartial opinion of the truth of his system. He has not searched, in the Hebrew language, for the known signification of certain hieroglyphics, he wished that the analysis of the language should give their meaning; so that, if this work agree with that which bears the name of Horapollon, with Clement of Alexandria, Diodorus Siculus, or other authors, who have explained some symbols, this agreement should encrease the confidence of our author, and is a coincidence worthy of his consideration. These *Fragments* contain some very extraordinary coincidences between the religion and primitive symbols of Egypt, and the symbols of the Catholic religion. These naturally presented themselves to the author with such an air of truth, that he has, very properly, noticed them.

Documents Historiques, sur les derniers evenemens Arrivés en Sicile.—
Historical Documents, relative to the late Events in Sicily. 8vo. 2: 6d.

These events, says the author of this pamphlet, are either little known, or

only known through false reports, the different Italian and French journals having distorted them through party spirit. Some partizans of absolute power have loaded, with the whole weight of their indignation, a people, who dared to claim the rights which belonged to them: others, friends of liberty, but anxious for the fate of their own country, blamed the Sicilians for asserting their independent liberties, which might prevent the freedom of the Neapolitans. Without stopping to refute the assertions of the two parties, the author thinks it right to relate the facts as they happened; he adds, that, though this revolution had not the happy result which the Sicilians expected, yet it cannot be uninteresting to give a faithful account of events which will form a part of history. The author declares, that he advances nothing but what is correctly extracted from official papers and accounts presented to government. It appears to us that he has fulfilled his engagement.

Trophée des Armées Françaises, &c.—Trophies of the French Army, from 1792 to 1815. 6 vols. 8vo. £3. 15s.

These six volumes contain the military history of France, enriched with Sixty Views of the most remarkable Battles. These views, drawn with great truth, and engraved on copperplate with great skill, give, though on a small scale, a satisfactory idea of the events they represent; and, being taken from authentic documents, may be considered as faithful representations of the triumphs of France. To these views are added accurate accounts of every memorable fact, related with considerable warmth of style. They are preceded by an introduction, written by M. Tissot, who, in few words, describes, with scrupulous fidelity and lively interest, all the military history of France, during the space of twenty-three years.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

AMERICA.

In an American journal it is stated, that 10,000 persons are employed in the Printing Establishments of the United States. The value of the foreign works there published, during the last thirty years, exceeds twenty millions of dollars, and the amount of the annual publications is generally about two million dollars.

ASIA.

A MS. of the eighth century, hitherto unknown, of a translation of the Bible into the Georgian language, by St. Euphemius, has been discovered in the convent of Mount Athos.

CHINA.

There is an official Gazette, which is regarded as the organ of the Chinese government in every thing that concerns the religion, laws, manners, and customs of this country. No article which has not been inspected by the Emperor, and which has not received his approbation, can be inserted. The least deviation from this rule, even the addition of a syllable, would be severely punished. A man employed in the postage of letters was put to death, in 1818, for having published some false reports through the means of this gazette. The reason given by the judges in condemning him to capital punishment was, his having failed in respect towards his Imperial Majesty. The Chinese Gazette contains articles relative to public affairs in this great empire, as well as extracts from memorials and petitions presented to the Sovereign, with his replies, orders, and favours granted to the mandarins and people. It appears every day as a pamphlet, and contains sixty or seventy pages.

GREECE.

A collection of all the patriotic proclamations, and of all the acts of the Peloponnesian Senate, that have appeared since the commencement of the heroic struggle of the Greeks against their oppressors, has lately been translated from modern Greek into French, by M. Mustoxydi, a learned Greek of Corfu. It will shortly be published.

The Count Zenowitsch, a descendant from the ancient Greek emperor Zeno, is now residing at Frankfort-on-the-Main—his eldest brother is governor of Minsk, in Russia. The colonel formerly served under Kosziusko, and since in France. The Zeno family still adopt the armorial bearings of their ancestors.

TURKEY.

To each mosque is attached one or more colleges, and each has its own professor, who instructs students and examines them from time to time to ascertain the progress they make. The professors, or *Muderris*, as they are called, like every one employed in the mosque, are dependent on the *Feli*, and may be dismissed by him, or by the *Nazir*, (inspector) if they neglect their duty. Different colleges have different ranks, and the students of inferior ranks are examined for degrees by the professors in presence of the mufti. Those of the graduates, who aspire to distinguished places in the law, continue their studies for seven years as *Muluggins*; this time being expired, they are again examined by the mufti, and, if they are found capable, they are created muderrises. All the colleges, being considered as religious establishments, are accountable to the *Kâsi-âsker* of Rumili, the second jurisconsult in the kingdom.

EGYPT.

The Canal of Alexandria last year received, in honour of the Sultan, the name of Mahmoudic. It terminates a few steps from Pompey's column, and begins near the Nile, and under the town of Saoué. Its length is 41,706 toises, its width 15 toises, and its depth 3 toises. One hundred thousand men began it in January, 1819; this number was increased the following month to two hundred and sixty thousand; the workmen received a piastre a day. In the month of May, thirty thousand other workmen, from Upper Egypt, were added to the number; and on the 13th of September the work was completed. Six European engineers directed the work.

SWEDEN.

About a year ago, a Bible Society for women was established at Stockholm, at the head of which is the Countess Lowenhjelm.

DENMARK.

Captain Wulf, translator of Shakspeare's works, has just translated into Danish Lord Byron's *Manfred*.

Mr. F. Faber, who resided during three years in Iceland, and minutely examined every part of that mountainous country, has made a large collection of birds and their eggs, which are now exhibited in the Royal Museum.

and Algarva, covering a space of 4,630. He lately published a Latin account of his discoveries, under the title of *Icelandic Ornithography*.

PRUSSIA.

There is an establishment at Bonn, supported at the expense of the Prussian Government, and an Indian printing-house, where the characters are engraved, under the direction of Professor Schlegel; who is also employed in a grammatical and etymological concordance of Sanscrit, Greek, Latin, and the ancient German dialects.

GERMANY.

There is now forming at Munich a Society for the Imitation of Oriental Manuscripts. The intention of it is to increase, by means of lithography, copies of the best works in the Turkish, Arabic, Persian, and Tartar languages, and to send them to the East, by the way of Trieste. Those who copy manuscripts, and those ornaments with which the Turks and Arabs like to embellish their writings, have, till now, prevented such a publication: but this difficulty may be overcome with the help of lithography. The low prices of this species of engraving will contribute to the dissemination of learning in the East.

Mr. Charles Runner, a Berlin artist, has made a globe, where the mountains are well executed in relief.—He has them of every size and price.

Upon the estate of Count D'Erbach, a Roman eagle has been found, thirteen inches in height, and weighing seven pounds.—It belonged to the 22d Legion.

There have been found near Stockstad, in Bavaria, some stones with inscriptions which indicate, that the funeral place of the 3d Cohort of the 23d Legion was at that place; where, also, have been discovered some coins of the time of Trajan, and pieces of sculpture.

Professor Zimmermann, at Giessen, has discovered, that all liquid atmospheric substances, such as dew, snow, rain, and hail, contain a combination of meteoric iron and nickel.—Rain generally contains salt, and a new organic substance, composed of hydrogen, oxygen, and carbon, which M. Zimmermann calls *pyrine*. These same ingredients are found in the *meteorolites*, which are supposed to be of *tellurick* origin, rather than *cosmique*.

Poetry.—Germany continues to enrich itself by translations from the ancient poets. The comedies of Plautus, Phædrus' fables, the odes of Pindar and Horace have been lately translated into German verse, and the translators have preserved, throughout, the merit

of the originals. It is difficult to appreciate the advantages which the German possesses over most European languages, in this respect. The French, in fact, have not a single translation of the ancient poets that is worthy of the name. Their prose gives only a distorted copy of them; and their poetry presents us with translations which are sometimes elegant, but never faithful. Among the Germans, on the contrary, wherever Pindar, or Horace speaks, it is the individual itself that speaks, and not the translator, who has only to substitute for Greek and Latin, German words of the same measure. No doubt, he requires, like all other translators, judgment and taste in the selection of words, that he may be at once elegant and faithful; neither can he more than other translators, attain this elegance, unless he be a poet himself. Hence it is that those who have distinguished themselves in works of imagination, are precisely those who have most happily succeeded in translating the ancient poets. To prove this, it is sufficient to mention the names of Voss, and to recollect that the author of *Louisa* has been the expounder of several eminent works. Phædrus has been translated by M. Vogelsang. His style, in general, is easy and elegant. As to Pindar, it is the first time that his odes have been translated into verse of the same measure. M. Tiersch has caused the Greek text to be printed opposite his translation, to which he has added a treatise on the versification of Pindar, and many learned dissertations which are equally interesting. Tiersch, indeed, is entitled to higher merit than that of a mere translator. That he has been endowed with the original spirit of poetry, appears evident from having naturalized the songs of Pindar in Germany. M. Schmidt, the translator of Horace, has followed twice for once the precept, *nonum prematur in aenum*; for he has been revising and polishing his work since 1802. He has nearly equalled Rammler, Eschou, and Voss. The last, indeed, is a formidable adversary before whom he seems to have yielded. He is also accused of having rendered his author unnatural by his excessive scrupulosity, and to have substituted the names of girls for boys in cases of a particular nature.

PORTUGAL.

The Portuguese Monarch has possessions in all the four quarters of the world, viz:—

In Europe, the kingdom of Portugal

square leagues, and 3,680,000 inhabitants.

In America, Brazil and Guyana 277,000 square leagues, and 24 millions of inhabitants.

In the Atlantic Ocean and Africa, the islands of Madeira and Porto Santo, 50 square leagues, and 91,200 inhabitants.

The Azores, 147 square leagues, 160,000 inhabitants.

The islands in Cape Verd, 216 square leagues, 36,000 inhabitants.

The islands on the Coast of Guinea, 58 square leagues, 35,000 inhabitants.

The Government of Angola, 70 square leagues, 75,000 inhabitants.

At Mozambique, 139 square leagues, 60,000 inhabitants.

Goa, 92 square leagues, 60,000 inhabitants.

Timor and Solon, 33 square leagues, 15,060 inhabitants.

Macao, 14 square leagues, and 33,800 inhabitants.

Total—282,144 square leagues, and 6,649,200 inhabitants, amongst which, are two millions of slaves.

The importance of this Power is equal to that of the Netherlands, and superior to that of Sweden.—The revenues of the Crown are from 80 to 90 millions of francs.—The military force consists of 25,000 troops of the line, and 33,000 militia.—In Brazil, there are 50,000 troops of the line and militia.—The Portuguese Marine consists of only 8 ships of the line and 6 frigates.

SPAIN.

The buildings of the Inquisition at Barcelona are demolished: and a public place, called Quiroga, established on the site.

CORSICA.

There has been recently discovered in Corsica a new mineral, full of particles of gold. Vases have been made of it, which, in beauty and colour, rival vermillion. It is called causicorani.

ITALY.

M. Joseph Masera, of Montefalcone, near Chiari, has made an ingenious discovery; he substitutes in organs and bird-pipes the horizontal movement and moveable points, for the rotary movement, and the fixed points of the cylinders; which improvement enables the performer to vary the music at pleasure.

Near the Forum of Pompeii, a public edifice, supposed to be the Chalcedium, has been discovered; an inscription, found there, shews that it was built at the expense of the Priestess Eumachia. A few days after this discovery, a statue of this priestess was found, in perfect

preservation, and which surpasses in size and elegance all the works of art in the ruins of Pompeii.

The Italians claim the priority of inventing mutual instruction, which the French attribute to Herbault and Paulet, and the English to Bell and Lancaster. This method of instruction has been introduced into Italy for more than three centuries, and it still exists now. Towards the middle of the eighteenth century, schools called *Della Dottrina Christiana* were established at Milan, and in 1532, a priest, named Castellino da Castello, improved them, and introduced mutual instruction, (*le Istruzione vicendevole*.)

The Chevalier Tambroni has in the press the most ancient document in Italy, upon painting; it is entitled, *Istruzioni Pittoriche*, by Cennino Cennini, a pupil of Giotto. This interesting work had remained unknown in the library of the Vatican. It is asserted in this MS. that oil painting was known in Italy before the time of John of Bruges, to whom that invention has been attributed.

The Professor Peyron, at Turin, has discovered, in the convent of Bobbio, several fragments of manuscripts, which contain Cicero's orations, by means of which those published by Professor Maji will be complete.

It has lately been resolved at Rome to adopt Copernicus's system of the world, and it is now permitted to write in favour of that system!

Père Jean-Baptiste Ancher, of Venice, translator of the celebrated Chronicle of Eusebius, has translated from Armenian into Latin a precious manuscript, which is at the congregation of Armenian monks of St. Lagacres, at Venice. This MS. contains several unpublished fragments of Philo the Jew; namely, three dialogues, two upon Providence, and one upon the soul of beasts; questions upon Genesis and Exodus; two Sermons upon Sampson and Jonas; and a dialogue upon the three angels who appeared to Abraham. This manuscript, which is of the thirteenth century, formerly belonged to Haiton, the second king of Armenia. The congregation intend to publish the said translation in one vol. 4to. similar in form, paper, and type to the Chronicle of Eusebius; the Armenian translation will run by the side of the Latin version; it will also contain some Greek fragments and notes to facilitate the understanding of the text.

Professor Maji has made recent discoveries of the lost works of some ancient authors, amongst which are several parts of mutilated books of Poly-

bis, Diodorus, Dion Cassius, some fragments of Aristotle, Ephorus, Timæus, Demetrius Phalaris, &c. some parts of the unknown works of Eunapius, Menander, Priscus, and Peter the Protector. Amongst the unpublished works of Polybius are the beginnings of some lost books, and the entire end of the thirty-ninth, in which the author takes a general review of his history, and devotes his fortieth book to chronology. The fragments of Diodorus and Dion are numerous and very precious. Amongst them is a summary of the wars of Rome, a narrative of Macedonia, Epirus, Syria, Spain, Portugal, and Persia. These writings were discovered in a manuscript containing the speeches of Aristides. The writing appears to be of the eleventh century. M. Maji has also discovered an unpublished Latin grammar that quotes a great many writers whose works have been lost, and an unknown Latin book on rhetoric, and moreover a Greek collection, containing fragments of the lost works of Philo, as well as other precious remains of antiquity.

SWITZERLAND.

A very useful machine has lately been introduced at Lausanne, and which is well worth imitation. This machine is for the purpose of making bread, or rather to produce the fermentation of the dough. It is simply a box made of wood, about one foot wide and two long; it is placed on supporters, on which it is turned by a handle, like that of the cylinder which is used to roast coffee. One side of the box opens by a hinge to admit the dough. The time necessary to produce fermentation depends upon the air and the degree of velocity with which the box is turned. But when the operation is finished, a loud hissing is heard; this noise is produced by the escape of the air, which is usually in about half an hour. The labour is very trifling, as a child may turn the box.

FRANCE.

The French Almanack for the clergy, for the present year, contains the following remarks on the actual state of the priesthood in France. The number of ecclesiastics in priests' orders is, 35,286, of whom 1,487 are above sixty years of age. Out of 4,156 persons who received ordination during the year 1821, as priests, deacons, and sub-deacons, there were only 1435 priests, and during the same period 1447 priests died. The number of pupils educating among the curates, colleges, and schools, amounts to 25,537.

M. Revillon, clock-maker, at Macon, has obtained a patent for the construc-

tion of large clocks, different from those in common use. All the wheels are made of copper, the pivots of steel, and every part is united with screws, and may be taken to pieces and repaired at pleasure. The greatest advantage of these clocks is their cheapness: being made for half the price of other clocks.

Madame Lebreton, a midwife at Paris, has improved artificial nipples, and discovered the means of preventing the creases formed in the breasts of females by suckling their children. These artificial nipples are preferable to those made of elastic gum, and are equally useful in remedying any defect in the shape of the breasts.

A discovery has been made in the department of Calvados, by which the finest strokes of the crayon or pencil upon porcelain may be infinitely multiplied in perfection. These strokes, traced with a particular metallic composition upon the polished surface of porcelain, are incrustated by a second application of fire without the slightest injury. The parts thus delineated acquire a sort of roughness, insensible to the touch, and only to be discovered by its perfect retention of ink, which is easily wiped off the other parts of the surface. This method seems to have decided advantages over lithography.

A patent has been granted to M. Gaspard Schwickardi, at Paris, for a new mode of lighting and heating by means of lamps and polychrestic utensils. The insides of these lamps never require cleaning, and will burn all kinds of oil. This mode can be used in foot-stoves, chafing-dishes, chamber lights, kitchen furnaces, baths, &c. it gives one-third more light than the common mode, and consumes the same quantity of oil.

AGE TURNED TO YOUTH!!—A lady proposes to establish, at Paris, baths for the renewal of youth, the removal of wrinkles, and all other traces of old age. To obtain these great advantages, a Sexagenary, or Septuagenary is to take twelve baths, which she calls the *Baths of Youth*, the price of which will be 60 francs each. These twelve baths are to be followed by twelve others, named the *Baths of Eucharis*, the price of which will be 600 francs each. The regenerating operation is to be completed by twelve other baths, called the *Baths of Calypso*, of which the price is 1200 francs each. In fine, for the small trifle of 22,380 francs, an old woman may recover the charms she possessed at the blooming age of eighteen!

LONDON REVIEW:

OR,

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

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 QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.  
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ENGLISH.

An Historical Review of the Spanish Revolution, including some Account of Religion, Manners, and Literature in Spain. By Edward Blaquiere, Esq. London. 8vo. pp. 656. 1bs.

The work before us affords ample proof that its author is possessed of powers of research and of acute observation, with vigilance and an indefatigable activity. Mr. Blaquiere's volume is written in the form of Letters. He entered Spain soon after the Constitution was proclaimed at Madrid, and his last Letter is dated Oct. 1820. In this intermediate period, he contrived to acquaint himself with the arcana of public affairs, with the designs and motives of the numerous partisans, the principles of the different political sects, the condition and feelings of the poor, and with the manners, sentiments, and degrees of information possessed by the middling and upper classes of Spanish society. This varied and extensive information Mr. Blaquiere has given us in a manner, often rambling and generally diffuse; but the number and importance of his facts, with the justice of his sentiments and the utility of his observations, render his work at once instructive and highly entertaining. Where Mr. Blaquiere leaves facts and indulgences in speculation, or in the expression of sentiments and opinions, we are disposed to place an almost implicit reliance upon him, for his political creed appears to us at once rational and free; his views are in unison with the spirit of the age, and with the improved condition of the human intellect; and whilst he justly discards ancient prejudices, and the narrow policy of the old courts and dynasties, he avoids all those extravagant theories of freedom and improvement, which might rather endanger than advance the great and only ob-

jects of the social compact—the security of prosperity, and the liberties of mankind. The work commences by giving an interesting detail of Ferdinand's writing from France in favour of the Constitution; his alternately swearing fidelity to it, and his abandonment of it: with his persecution of those whose heroism had secured to him his throne, and whose efforts were to correct those abuses, by which this weak and corrupt Monarch had ruined his country, and nearly brought it under the yoke of a foreign despot. The spirit of the times has prevented Ferdinand's committing any of the barbarities of the Gothic ages, but a greater mass of perfidy, meanness, ignorance, and vice, than is here evinced, has seldom disgraced the annals of Europe. The Spaniards deserve a better Prince; they are, as Sir John Moore describes them, a fine people; they afford the only example of a people suddenly emerging from the lowest state of ignorance, superstition, and tyranny, without the intoxication and excitement which leads to extravagant cruelty and bloodshed, and of which the English, of 1645, and the French, of recent times, have given so terrific an example. We trust, that neither a perseverance in error and oppression on the part of Ferdinand, nor aggressions from foreigners, will stimulate these people to the outrages and barbarity, which are the features of revolutions, conducted in a spirit of anger and resentment. Without justifying the usurpation of the Spanish throne by Buonaparte, our author pays an equitable tribute to the more efficient and enlightened government introduced by King Joseph. Mr. Blaquiere, with spirit and intelligence, sketches the abuses and errors of the old *regime* of the Bourbons of Spain; the persecutions heaped upon the Patriots, the Guerilla Chiefs, the Freemasons, and others; the betraying, trial, and final sacrifice of Porlier, and what may be called the legalized murder of the brave and patriotic Lacy; he details the fine

and happily successful eulogize of Riego; he gives the reader an accurate and heart-thrilling account of the principles and dreadful cruelties of that greatest of all enormities, the Inquisition; and discusses the baneful effects of celibacy, auricular confession, absolution, and the various follies, impositions, and errors of the religion of the country. Mr. Blaquiere says, that he is happy to bear testimony, that the great body of the Spanish clergy "contains as much of learning, virtue, and knowledge, as any in Europe." As the Spanish clergy are proverbially deficient, we must conclude from this, that our author has a greater contempt for the clergy of Europe, as a body, than most men would venture to declare, even in this unequivocal and semi-satirical manner of expression. An account of the Prado, the Bull-fights, the Amusements, the School of Painting, the Literature and Arts of the country, is given with spirit and accuracy. The limits and nature of our work prevent our doing more, than passing a favourable judgment, and giving this general outline or sketch of the design and execution of Mr. Blaquiere's volume; but there is no class of readers who can peruse the work without an acquisition of valuable knowledge, or without awakening in him a train of the most useful and pleasurable reflections.

The School Shakspeare; or, Plays and Scenes from Shakspeare, illustrated for the Use of Schools, with Glossarial Notes. By the Rev. J. R. Pitman, M.A. 8vo. pp. 596.

It is astonishing, that in the vigilance and activity of the literary world, a work of such indispensable utility as the present should not have been published before. The excellence of Shakspeare as an English classic, has long convinced all descriptions of instructors, that it was absolutely necessary to acquaint the English student with the purer passages of the great dramatist; but these standing so frequently in contact with parts of the grossest obscenity, the mode of avoiding the contagion has been to doom the student to a scanty perusal of isolated speeches in the Elegant Extracts, or in Enfield's Speaker. But Shakspeare, of all poets, ought to be read with judgment and discrimination, and as his principal excellence is his consistent and natural delineation of character, it is obvious

that no just conception of the merits of the bard could be formed from detached passages and unconnected dialogues. Thus the English student has hitherto been confined merely to a knowledge of a few beautiful metaphors and brilliant figures, and has finished his education in total ignorance of the mightier powers of his great national poet. To obviate this evil, there was published, about nine years ago, a selection of Shakspeare's plays, with the omission of the objectionable passages. But this work not succeeding, Mr. Bowdler published his Family Shakspeare, but on a scale so voluminous, as if it were designed solely for the shelves of the wealthy matron. Mr. Pitman has now supplied, and we think ably supplied, the great desideratum of our literature. He has, in the compass of an octavo volume, given us thirty-five of the plays attributed to Shakspeare, omitting the Titus Andronicus and the Pericles, the authorship of which is disputed, without the merits of the pieces being sufficient to render the dispute of interest. Mr. Pitman has preserved the beauties of each play, and has judiciously given sufficient to enable the reader to comprehend the plot and conduct of each drama, and the several characters of the piece. There are useful elucidatory notes to the plays, and the volume concludes with a selection of the best of Shakspeare's sonnets. We have no hesitation in pronouncing the work to be one of primary utility, and if it be an object with society and with individuals, that the highest models of poetic excellence should be amenable to youth without the alloy of wantonness and impurity, the work before us will be of incalculable advantage in the earlier age of one sex, and of equal advantage to the other sex throughout every age. We trust that Mr. Pitman's success will induce either himself, or persons equally skilful, to edit the works of Shakspeare's contemporaries, and of some of the writers of Charles the Second's reign, upon a similar plan.

Theatrical Portraits, with other Poems. By Harry Stoe Van Dyk. 12mo. pp. 151. London, 1822.

The pretensions of Mr. Van Dyk, as he expresses them in his preface, are so modest, that we think it impossible he should be disappointed—These "Theatrical Portraits," considered merely as portraits, are never absolutely untrue to nature, but we

think they are not always "striking likenesses." Perhaps this arises, in some measure, from a fear of offending, by limiting praise to the precise point of desert, and from several of the originals of his portraits being eminent in the same way; but we must do our author the justice to assert, that this species of gallantry in authorship is generally confined to the fair sex, and we know not any one who would have been less faulty in this particular.—Perhaps, then, it will scarcely be considered as censure, to say, that his portrait of Miss Carew would have done as well, possibly better, for Miss Stephens, and that, by a change of names, the portraits of Miss M. Tree, Miss Carew, and Miss Stephens, might each have been equally well adapted to either of the other. We think that our author should have been less unqualified in his praise, and have marked his distinctions more nicely.—His sketch of Matthews is, however, in the happiest manner, and we warmly unite in the author's wish, that he may ever be "At Home."—Young's portrait is critically just:—

..... "his passion's even-tide
Ne'er swells to grandeur, nor doth quite
subside;
Correct, not striking—skilful, but not
new;
Wanting in fire, and yet to feeling true;
In action graceful, and in judgment clear,
With voice that falls like music on the
ear;
And form and features, clothe them how
you can,
Which still shine forth, and shew the gen-
tleman!"

He could scarcely fail in the portraits of Kean, Harley, Farreu, &c., their merits being so decided and so different.—Indeed, the whole of his theatrical portraits are generally just; and if he sometimes err on the favourable side, if he be sometimes too lavish of his praise, we think it is scarcely to be regretted, and we almost envy him the happiness he must experience, in always looking on the bright side of human nature.—But now as to his merits as a poet. We do not see any very numerous marks of originality throughout his poems, but it would require a higher and a brighter genius than we have any hopes of seeing, to tread in the steps of Byron and Moore, and yet possess claims of originality. He is, however, a very agreeable writer, and frequently pours forth strains of delicious poetry. The lines on Miss M. Tree are excellent; he

writes feelingly, and his readers feel with him; but let him speak for himself:—

"Oh! I ne'er shall forget the moment,
when
Thou cam'st as lovely Imogen;
With maiden fear, and with down-cast
eye,
And a world of dear simplicity;
As if, of all assembled there,
Thou only knew'st not, thou wert fair;
And never leav' from a rose's breast,
When the day was past and the wind at
rest,
On the bosom of earth more mutely fell,
Than thy echoless footsteps—tried.

This is very prettily told, but scarcely surpasses the following:—

"Let others prize the Bacchana's rude
lay,
And turn from sadder, sweeter themes
away;
But, Oh! give me the tones that seem to
borrow
The soul of music from a harp of sorrow,
Which, like the words of lovers when they
part,
In broken whispers die upon the heart."

His portrait of Miss Brunton possesses the double merit of being very true and very poetic.—The songs are pretty, and very like Moore's, of whom he does not scruple occasionally to borrow.—Lord Byron, too, he lays under contributions; the words he certainly varies, but some of his best similes, &c. are almost verbatim what we have before met with. His idea of music breathing in a face is so well known, and has been so criticised in Lord Byron, that perhaps our author thought it unnecessary to place it between inverted commas.—Such plagiarisms are not of unfrequent recurrence, but we are tired of what may appear as censure, and ashamed, after the entertainment we received from the perusal of the work, to dwell so long upon its faults, that it was almost impossible to avoid, when we consider how well every department of poetry is filled, from the energetic and lofty style of Lord Byron, to the simply sweet of Coleridge and—anybody.—Notwithstanding the difficulties our author had to combat, and they are striking and numerous, his little volume of poems is a very pleasing addition to a library; and we doubt not, that the generality of his readers, who may chance to see our remarks, will only wonder we were not more warm in his praise.

Chinzica; or, the Battle of the Bridge; a Poem in Ten Cantos. By Henry Stobert. 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 271.

This poem is founded on that part of the history of the Pisan Republic, from which is said to have originated the celebrated triennial festival, called *la Buftaglia del Ponte*, a festival which continued to the close of the last century, in commemoration of an occurrence said to have happened in the year 1005, when Pisa was brought to the verge of ruin by foreign invasion and domestic treachery. Chinzica, the heroine of the poem, is a female of the house of Sismondi, of German origin and high rank in the Pisan republic, during a part of the middle ages. She is described at the opening of the poem as a female of great accomplishments, virtue, and piety, but pensive and melancholy. She has to mourn, not only the supposed death of her brother Rhodora, who had, two months before, commanded the Pisan army, but also the perilous situation in which her lover, Albino, was placed, being imprisoned for the supposed murder of her brother.

The republic of Pisa possessed at this time, as by the bye all nations do, whether republican, monarchical, or otherwise, a false patriot, named Catalca, who with all his pretended patriotism, his protestations, prostrations, and oaths to the unthinking multitude, failed in obtaining the command of the Pisan army, which was deservedly bestowed on Rhodora, and was again disappointed in another high appointment to which he aspired, and which was as deservedly bestowed on Albino. These repulses converted his patriotism, which was never genuine, into treason and treachery against the freedom of his native state; and he resolved on wresting by force what he could not procure by dissimulation and hypocrisy. To carry his purpose into execution, he found it would be necessary to remove Rhodora and Albino, the first for being the idol of the people and the defender of their liberties, and the last for being the lover of Chinzica, to whom he aspired himself. He therefore contrived means of inducing Albino to promise to meet him in disguise at a certain place, and without his armour. Albino proceeded to the place appointed, but no Catalca was there. He was arrested, however, before his departure, for the murder of Rhodora, who was found in his tent with a deadly wound in his breast. The

suspicion fell naturally upon Albino, as a person was seen quitting the tent a little before in his armour. Thus Catalca removed the two only opponents who stood in the way of his ambitious purposes, and at the same time secretly leagued with the Sard king, who had then invaded the Pisan territory. The evening before Albino's trial was to take place, he led his Arabs, with such Pisans as he could gain over to him, against the walls of his native city.

Chinzica, who had been, at this time in her tower lamenting the death of her brother and the anticipated fate of her lover, received a casket from the hands of a monk, in which she found the following lines, traced by the hand of her brother Rhodora:—

“Ask you who struck the assassin blow?
’Twas not my friend, *it was my foe.*”

It also warned her of the instant danger which threatened Pisa, directed her to watch and alarm the town the moment the foe appeared, and to strike the chains off Albino, and off all the prisoners, or otherwise that Pisa's freedom was at an end.

The attack, which took place at midnight, no sooner commenced than Chinzica flew to all parts of the town, alarming the citizens, who rushed to arms. Albino was set at liberty, but was obliged to disguise himself during the engagement, lest he should fall by the hands of the Pisans, so strongly did they suspect him of the death of Rhodora. He performed prodiges of valour, and so animated the Pisans by his example, that they obtained a complete triumph. They became now doubly clamorous to have him tried immediately, for Catalca, to screen his own treachery, caused the war song of the assailants to be, “Strike for Albino.” Albino was therefore not only suspected of Rhodora's death, but of this attempt on the liberties of Pisa. He returned to prison the moment the engagement was over, and was tried the next day, but acquitted of both charges by Rhodora's sudden appearance, who not only acquitted him, but charged Catalca with attempting his life, which was miraculously preserved by his aged parent. Catalca finding his villany exposed, threw off the mask of hypocrisy, and, supported by his Pisan partizans, was proceeding to sacrifice with his own hand Albino, whose chains had not yet been struck off, when he found his arm arrested by Chinzica, who clung to it to preserve her lover's life.

Catalea immediately aimed his dagger at her bosom, but the intrepid Storgo, the servant of Rhodora, rushed between them, and planted in Catalea's bosom the very knife with which he had himself attempted the life of Rhodora. Catalea fell, and peace was once more restored to the republic of Pisa.

The main action of the poem is connected with another which took place about two months before, in the island of Sicily. It is related by Storgo in an interview which he had with Chin-zica the morning after the "Battle of the Bridge." The scene of the main action is laid in the city of Pisa and its neighbourhood, and that of the episode along the east coast of Sicily and on Mount Etna.

Mr. Stobert informs us that he has attempted in this poem, "a medium between the formal stateliness of the ancient epic, and the grotesque wildness of the modern romantic tale." If he has succeeded in this attempt, we must confess it is greatly to the annoyance of his readers, who without the spirit of prophecy cannot possibly tell, in a thousand instances, to what the passage they are reading is applicable. We certainly flatter ourselves that we possess common understanding, but we must acknowledge at the same time, that we have not understanding enough to comprehend one-fourth of what we read in the "Battle of the Bridge," at the moment we are reading it. We see and hear, and hear tell of characters of whom we know nothing, and with whom the author does not think proper to make us acquainted. We are therefore obliged to guess as well as we can, or exercise our judgment in vain until we come to the *denouement*, or last canto. This is a false method of creating interest: for how can we be interested in the fate of characters of whom we know nothing. We are not even permitted to guess to what party these disguised and picturesque heroes belong;—whether to those who are struggling for independence, or those who wish to destroy the freedom and independence of a brave people. The poet who thinks to make us sympathize with characters, of whose designs and motives we are left totally ignorant, cannot boast of much acquaintance with the science of human nature. Such characters we treat as strangers, whom we know may be wonderfully honest men, but whom we think proper to treat with suspicion till we are first made acquainted with their character.

This is not the sort of pleasure which poetry is intended to impart. The feel-

ings will not be dragged into amusement, and require to be artfully enticed; nor will they suffer the understanding to be every now and then coming forward, with all the severe gravity of an Areopagite, to disturb their holiday amusements. They are not unlike children at play, who prefer their own manner of amusing themselves to that pointed out to them by their parents; and who rather than be annoyed by the presence of those whom they are conscious do not partake of their amusements, forsake it altogether. It is so with our feelings, or, in other words, with that instinctive faculty which attends us on all occasions; which sees, comprehends, approves and rejects, without a consciousness of being exercised for that purpose. If this faculty cannot be pleased without constantly referring to the understanding, it will, rather than do so, throw away the plot, characters, incidents and work, altogether, and leave the poet to plume himself in the depth and intricacy of his own conceits. There can be no possible interest, where there is not a full and perfect comprehension of the design, spirit, and winding of a poem as we pass along. We should be kept in the dark only with regard to futurity; but so far as we proceed, we should have no difficulty in perceiving what the author is telling us; for surely there can be no moral purpose, no object, either immediate or ultimate, in addressing us through the medium of print and paper, unless we understand what is told to us. To understand the "Battle of the Bridge," however, we must read the work twice over; so that if this mode of writing was to be pursued, we should take twenty years to acquire the knowledge which we might otherwise acquire in ten. We are far from supposing, that, in works of imagination and fiction, every thing that regards futurity ought to be anticipated. On the contrary, the more expectation is excited, and the less means are afforded us of guessing at the final result, the more curiosity is awakened, and, consequently, the more our pleasure is increased, but it is one thing to keep us in the dark, with regard to the fate of a character, and another to keep us in the dark, with regard to the character himself; for we cannot possibly take any interest in his fate, unless we know who and what he is, and whether or not he be entitled to our sympathies. Homer never leaves us in the least perplexity, with regard to the character of the persons whom he introduces to us. So far from study-

ing this sort of ambiguity, his highest merit is acknowledged to be the distinct and characteristic colours in which he portrays all his heroes, so distinct, indeed, that it is impossible to mistake one for another. The example of Homer, surely, is not beneath the imitation of the most favoured poets of the present day. At any rate, if we must be wild or mad, in God's name let us have some "method in our madness," and some regularity in our wildness, such as may be seen in the Giant's Causeway, where

——— "Pier on pier is piled,
In grand disorder, regularly wild."

We should not be much surprised, however, at the obscurity of narration that characterizes this poem, if it were a professed imitation of the modern romantic school, for, indeed, we seldom meet with anything in it but mystery and "confusion worse confounded." Our limits will not permit us to give quotations, in illustration of our remarks: they will appear sufficiently obvious, however, to every person who has read the work. We are persuaded, at the same time, that Mr. Stobert wants not the power of rendering himself understood, if he thought proper; and, we doubt not, but his own good taste would have pointed out to him the superior advantages and more rational delight of elegant simplicity and perspicuity of diction, had he only ventured to shake off the trammels of modern romance, and to think and judge for himself. Mr. Stobert has not done so, and though it is impossible not to admire the beauty of colouring and richness of drapery in which he has arrayed many of his poetic images, as well as the delightful harmony and structure of his verse; yet, unfortunately, we find him frequently stuck fast in the mire of the romances, and, what is worse, we always find him there through choice, and not through necessity. He could always avoid his situation if he pleased; he could always be smooth, or, at least, regularly wild; but lest he should be excluded from the romantic school, he is sometimes harsh, grating, and hobbling. In fact, he studies false and prosaic cadence, discordant sounds, and that dangerous simplicity which is mere childish nonsense. It is possible we may be as innocent as children, but it is impossible we can be so ignorant, without being fools at the same time. The language of children can interest only in children themselves. In advanced age, it is either affectation or idiotism,

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neither of which can have much claim to our attention. We can listen, without much uneasiness, to discordant sounds, if proceeding from a source where discord only is expected. We can "hear a brass candlestick turned, or an old wheel grate on its axletree," without irritation; but we cannot listen to a person unskilled in music, thumping a piano or violin, without feeling an irritable disposition to knock the fellow down. It is so with poetry, the object of the poet is to please, not to instruct, and the object of the reader to be pleased, not to be instructed; for prose is the proper language of science and instruction. Accordingly, experience teaches us that, in poetry, we are always pleased or displeased; there is no medium, and, therefore, Horace has justly observed, that

..... *Mediocribus esse poetis,
Non dicit, non homines, non concessere co-*
lumnae.

In poetry, the great object is to please the senses and the imagination; but while we are revelling in this intellectual luxury; while our hearts are vibrating in unison with the laws of harmony and sympathy, and our imagination feasting in the Elysian bowers of fiction, one discordant image, one unmeasured or guttural cadence, dispels the magic scene which had been created around us. The moment the harmony of our enjoyment is disturbed, the senses take the alarm, and like *Tam o' Shanter's* witches, "in an instant all is dark."

But whatever may be the defects of this poem, it possesses those beauties, of which one would redeem a thousand blemishes. Indeed, the author is every where beautiful, while he follows the bent and determination of his own genius; he fails only where he aims at imitating the vices of the modern school.

History of Cultivated Vegetables.

By Henry Phillips. Second Edition, 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 508.

The rapidity, with which this work has passed through its first edition, is a test of its merits, which we are happy to confirm by this record of our approbation. Mr. Phillips has given to the world a book combining great utility, with a source of much amusement and healthy occupation; and we have no hesitation in saying, that both the gentleman and lady, will find it difficult to make a more valuable addition to their libraries, than the work

now before us. The history professes to afford information upon the botanical, medicinal, edible, and chemical qualities of all vegetables: but except that the head of each article contains the natural order, the class and genus, with the latin, or scientific name of the vegetable, we have not much of the science of botany in the work. Nor does chemistry form a very decided feature; its contents are principally historical, with very useful information to both the agriculturist, and the horticulturist; and, indeed, to the political economist, who may obtain useful data as to the best means of increasing the number, and meliorating the condition of the population, by assuring the certainty, as well as augmenting the quantity, of the edible produce of the soil. We wish Mr. Phillips had either written less, or written with more judgment upon the medicinal qualities of plants. He speaks with a sort of enthusiasm of the knowledge which the ancients, and the savages of later time, possessed of simples and the medicinal qualities of the vegetable kingdom; now the numerous historical accounts which Mr. Phillips gives us of the powerful effects which were attributed of yore to various plants, and which we now know to be inefficacious and trifling, is in itself a proof of the worthlessness of the old vegetable pharmacy. Nothing is more mischievous than the quackery which is produced by this reliance on vegetable simples; a quackery which converts all its votaries, more or less, into imaginary valetudinarians—it is always either useless or dangerous. If little is the matter with us, abstinence, exercise, warmth, or depletion, are the only remedies. If much is the matter with us, the experience of mankind and the lights of science have proved, that resource must be had to the more powerful extracts of the mineral kingdom; and that nothing efficacious can be obtained from the vegetable, unless the juices of the plant be submitted to chemical agency. The day is happily gone by, when the conversation of the tea table was on the excellence of boiled dandelion, or the super-excellence of simmered thistle-down; and where the slightest allusion to ailing in any one of the company would conjure up some lady Bountiful, who would earnestly recommend some such medicament, and bring a catalogue of proofs

of its having been known to cure half the complaints of the parish.

Botany and horticulture, considering their paramount utility, and the thousand attractions they afford, are as astonishingly young amongst us. The earliest garden of science, that we have any accounts of, was that of old Gerard, who, in the reign of Henry VIII., produced vegetable wonders in his grounds, which formed the site of part of our present Holborn.

Fruits, and objects of more palpable delight,* were evidently attended to by the wealthy at a much earlier period. We all remember Richard the III. praising the excellent strawberries produced in the gardens of Lord Hastings, in Holborn, just before he ordered that nobleman to the scaffold. After old Gerard's garden, sprung up the public botanical garden of Oxford, laid out in the reign of the first Charles—the garden of the apothecaries at Chelsea succeeded. This garden, was brought into great eminence by the science and liberality of Sir Hans Sloane and by him who may be called his successor, Sir Joseph Banks. The King's garden at Kew, now the finest, perhaps, in the world, was not established before the accession of his late Majesty to the throne; since which the sciences of botany and agriculture have been pursued in England with astonishing success. Mr. Phillips's work may suggest, to reflecting minds, many trains of thought upon the whole, and prejudices to which all ages are now subjected, find, that plants which were once held in dread by mankind, are now used as food, and found not only to be all things serviceable, and those which we now disregard, as at best indifferent, were in times past considered nutritious, pleasant, and possessed of countless virtues. We all of us now reprobate the use of quassa by the brewers, and proclaim that nothing but hops is wholesome or pleasant; but we believe that there are brewers now living, who remember when hops were forbidden by law, and the use of them in the brewery held in great disapprobation. Some few years hence, quassa will be legalised, and approved of by the public, and the out-cry against it will be succeeded by some equally strong prejudice, against whatever substitute the trader may find it to his interest to adopt. Mr. Phillips tells

* Since the discovery of the New World, English gardens have produced 2,345 varieties of trees and plants from America, and more than 1,500 from the Cape of Good Hope, not to mention thousands that have been brought from China, and the East Indies, from New Holland, from different parts of Africa, Asia, and Europe. The list of plants positively cultivated in England exceeds 120,000 varieties.

us, that the potatoe was introduced into England by Sir Walter Raleigh, from South America. Gerard states, that in his day potatoes were eaten sopped in wine; that they were made into delicate conserves and restorative sweetmeats; and others, he tells us, "to give them the greater grace in eating, do boile them with prunes, and so eate them." The Queen of James I. considered them such a delicacy, that she had them supplied to her table, but in small quantities, the price being so high as a shilling a pound. But when it was endeavoured to introduce this root as a food amongst the poor, although it was the delicacy of Kings, the people declared it a narcotic, a poisonous and mischievous root, flatulent, and causing the leprosy and dysentery. This reminds us of the vulgar prejudice at present existing against rice, with the supposition of its causing blindness. We fancy that a vast number of our antipathies and partialities are as little the result of any ratiocinative calculation of cause and effect; and amidst the information which Mr. Phillips's work will be found to afford, the curious reader will be highly amused at the countless differences of opinion, which his fellow man has from time to time embibed, upon the qualities of the vegetable food which the bountiful author of nature has provided for his support.

Journal of a Voyage to Greenland in the year 1821, with Graphic illustrations. By George William Manby, Esq. 4to. pp. 143. London.

Very few names are better known, or are more likely to descend to posterity, than that of the author of the present volume. Captain Manby's invention for saving persons from vessels wrecked upon coasts justly entitles him to praise for ingenuity, and he may claim the still higher merit of applying ingenuity to the most useful and humane of purposes. But the enthusiasm of science and philanthropy has prompted Captain Manby, at an advanced age of life, to undergo all the rigours and privations of a voyage to the North Sea, in order to advance the plans he had invented of taking whales with a certainty, which might at once benefit the commercial interests of his country, and save the lives of those who are employed in the precarious and hazardous service of the whale fishery. His life on board of the *Baffin* during

the voyage, his adventures, the prejudices and feelings of the seamen, the chase and capture of whales, are described in this volume with the pen of "a ready writer," and in a manner highly interesting. We do not know that we have read any account of the whale fishery at once so interesting and instructive. Captain Manby's descriptions are precise without being tedious, and whilst he minutely describes all the process of the chase and capture of the whale, so as to give a technical knowledge of the subject, he interests the feelings, and carries the reader along with him as if he were reading the imaginary whale scene so vividly given in the novel of the "Pirate." However, it is time to observe, that in the usual manner of throwing the harpoon by the arm, not only is the object very frequently missed, even at the distance of nine or ten yards, but if it strike the whale, it penetrates so little, that the animal often escapes, or rises to inflict summary vengeance upon its aggressors. These facts, and the consequent shyness of the whales, added to the scarcity of them, which has lately been experienced in the North Sea, had injured the trade, and formed a subject of complaint with the captains of whalers, and with those who had embarked their capital in such speculations. Captain Manby had therefore contrived two methods of avoiding these difficulties—that of shooting the harpoon from a gun at the shoulder, and that of firing into the whale a shell, which, exploding in the animal, would destroy it without subjecting it to the protracted sufferings of the harpoon and lance, and without enabling the fish to be mischievous to the assailants. Captain Manby sailed in the *Baffin* in order to superintend his own experiments—but the prejudices of the seamen against innovation defeated his object—he had, however, the satisfaction of falling in with other vessels and of learning that his invention had been applied with decided advantage and success. We conceive that Captain Manby made rather an unfortunate selection of the captain of the *Whaler* with whom he sailed. This officer appears to have possessed none of the qualities which can secure the respect and obedience of seamen. He begins his voyage with what Captain Manby calls "an extemporary and impressive prayer," and he gives us this prayer in two quarto pages. For our parts we should designate this prayer by very different epithets, and unless Captain Manby was writing short-hand instead of praying,

we are at a loss to conceive how he could contrive to have given to us a copy of this long *extemporary* prayer.—But if this Captain had accompanied his religion by humanity, good sense, and vigour, he would surely have put a stop to the disgusting, silly, and inhuman and cowardly exhibition detailed in page nine—that of shaving and dipping novices in a manner similar to what is called “crossing the line.” We are surprised that any man of principle and feeling could stand by and witness the insolent injustice and brutal aggression, which the crew were allowed in this ceremony to practise upon the ship’s steward, because, as

Captain Manby says, “he was inveterately hated by the whole crew.” Where mens’ religion is confined to prayers and ceremonies, and to an observance of the sabbath, it brings great odium on that true religion of Christ, which consists in mercy and justice. Some of Captain Manby’s descriptions of the dreadful beauties of the frozen ocean are very happy—and his numerous plates of the fantastic shapes assumed by the frozen atmosphere and waters are worthy of attention. We recommend a perusal of the work as combining much information with very considerable entertainment.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE

GREAT BRITAIN.

Sketches of Field Sports as followed by the natives of India, with Observations on the Animals, are preparing for publication; also, an Account of many of the Customs of the Inhabitants and Natural Productions, interspersed with various anecdotes. Likewise the Late Nawaub Asoph ul Daulah’s grand style of Sporting, and Character—A description of Snake Catchers, and their method of curing themselves when bitten, with Remarks on Hydrophobia and Rabid Animals. By Dr. Johnson, Surgeon to the Hon. East India Company, and many years resident at Chittra, in Raughur.

The Extended and Practical Course of Lectures and Demonstrations on Chemistry, to be delivered in the Laboratory of the Royal Institution, by Wm. Thos. Brande, F.R.S., will commence on the Second Tuesday in October, at Nine in the morning, and be continued every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. Two Courses are given during the Season, which begins in October, and terminates in June.

Surrey Institution. The following Lectures will be delivered in the ensuing season:

On the History and Utility of Literary Institutions; by T. Jennings Esq.

On Chemistry; by Goldworthy Gurney Esq., in the course of November.

On Music; by Wm. Crotch, Mus. D. Professor of Music in the University of Oxford; and

On Pneumatics and Electricity; by Charles Woodward Esq., early in 1823.

A specimen of Palm-Tree Cordage, recently invented in North America, has been sent over to Liverpool from

New York. It is very beautiful, and from its appearance, much stronger and elastic than cordage manufactured from Hemp.

Preparing for publication. Truth against Falsehood, or Facts opposed to Fiction, in a series of letters addressed to Douglas, the Author of ‘No Fiction.’ By Lefevre.

How to distinguish Oxalic Acid (which is a poison) from Epsom Salt.

There is a very simple way of satisfying one’s self that the dose about to be taken, is not Oxalic Acid. Taste one drop of it, or else a particle of the suspected Crystals, and if it be Oxalic Acid, it will be found extremely sour, like most other Acids. The taste of Epsom Salt is quite different.

On the 19th of November will be published, with the Almanacks, Time’s Telescope for 1823; containing an explanation of Saints’ days and Holydays; Sketches of Comparative Chronology and Contemporary Biography; Astronomical Occurrences in every month, with a Description of Indispensable Astronomical Instruments, illustrated by Wood Cuts; and the Naturalist’s Diary, explaining the various appearances of the Animal and Vegetable Kingdoms, to which will be prefixed, an Introduction to British Entomology, with a Plate of Insects coloured after nature.

The first number of a new monthly work, called The Knight-Errant, will be published on the 1st January 1823.

Shortly will be published, in two vols 8vo. Fifty Lithographic Prints, illustrative of a Tour in France, Switzerland, and Italy, during the years

1819, 20, and 21, from Original Drawings, taken in Italy, the Alps, and the Pyrenees. By Marianne Colston.

Messrs. Colburn and Co. in conjunction with Messrs. Bossange and Co., have contracted for the purchase of the genuine Memoirs of Napoleon, dictated by himself during his Exile at St. Helena. They are editing by the Comte de Montholon and General Gourgaud; and the first two vols. may be expected in a few weeks.

It will be recollected, that the celebrated Count de Las Cases kept a regular Journal of his Conversations with Napoleon, during the whole time he remained at St. Helena. This Journal, which was seized with the Count's other papers, has been lately restored by the British Government, and will very shortly be also published in London.

We understand that some very curious Memoirs of the French Court, will shortly appear from the pen of the late Madame de Campan, the first Lady of the Bedchamber to the late Queen Marie Antoinette, and Directress of the celebrated Establishment of Economen, under Napoleon.

Shortly will be published, in one volume, 8vo. illustrated with a Portrait of the Rev. W. B. Collyer, D.D., his Lectures on Scripture Comparisons, forming the Seventh and completing volume of the Series, on the Evidences of Christianity. The Six volumes already published contain Lectures on Scripture Facts, Prophecy, Miracles, Parables, Doctrines, and Duties.

In an ingenious work lately published by Dr. Price, on the Beneficial Effects of Leeching, in the Cure of various Inflammatory, Febrile and Acute Diseases, he states that Leeches (which are a species of *Vermis Intestinalis*) will not only exist in the human stomach in a living state, but will take advantage of their situation, by commencing the operation of their natural functions. The Author adduces several instances which occurred amongst our troops in the Peninsular war, and in the French army, in the Deserts which separate Egypt from Syria, where spitting of blood, and other unpleasant symptom resulted, particularly to Lieutenant Mauberg, Commander of the 23d Regt. of Chasseurs, who swallowed two in the Deserts of St. Makaire, a days journey from the Pyramids, which so weakened him, that his convalescence was long and difficult. Water (except from springs of hard water as it is called, which is never inhabited by Leeches) should be boiled

previous to its being used as a beverage,

A work is in forwardness, in several Languages, with the following Title:—*Histoire des Superstitions, et des Cultes, avec des Notes sur les caractères des Prêtres de toutes les Religions. Par une Société des Philosophes.*

IN THE PRESS.

On the 1st of November will be published, embellished with a beautiful Engraving of Buonaparte passing the Alps, from the celebrated Picture by David, No. 1. price 2s. 6d. of *The Napoleon Anecdotes*; illustrating the mental energies of the late Emperor of France; and the characters and actions of his contemporary Warriors and Statesmen.

A new Novel, entitled, *Isabella*, will be published early in November, from the pen of the admitted Author of *Rhoda*, Plain Sense, &c.

An Essay on the Proof of the Inspiration of the Scriptures, deduced from the Completion of its Prophecies. By the Rev. Thos. Wilkinson, B.D. Rector of Bulvan, Essex.

Shortly will be published, *Outlines of Character*, 1 vol. 8vo.

Modern Geography and History; containing an Account of the present State of the Kingdoms of the World; with the Political Alterations determined by the Congress at Vienna—To which is annexed, a Series of Questions at the end of each Chapter; for the Use of Schools. By S. L.

Some Remarks on Southey's *Life of Wesley* will appear in the course of next Month.

On the 1st of December will be published, in 8vo. *the Loves of the Angels*; a Poem. By Thomas Moore.

A History and Description of Fonthill Abbey; illustrated by a Series of Engravings, comprehending Views, Plans, Sections, and Details. By John Rutter, Shaftesbury.

Travels in the Northern States of America, particularly those of New England and New York. By Timothy Dwight, L.L.D. late President of Yale College; Author of a *System of Theology*, &c. Reprinted from the American edition, with illustrative Maps.

Popular Stories, Translated from the *Kinder uns Haus-Marchen*, collected by Messrs. Grimm, from Oral Tradition, in different Parts of Germany. To be printed in 1 vol. 12mo., with numerous Original Designs, from the Pencil of Mr. George Cruikshanks.

A Series of Portraits of the Kings

and Queens of Great Britain, to be engraved in the Chalk manner, by Mr. R. Cooper, from the most authentic Originals. To be published in Numbers, each containing Four Portraits. Part I. will shortly appear.

The Fifth Edition of Granger's Biographical History of England, from Egbert the Great to the Revolution, 6 vols. 8vo.; consisting of Characters disposed in different Classes, and adapted to a Methodical Catalogue of en-

graved British Heads, with the addition of nearly Four Hundred New Lives, communicated expressly for this Work to the late Mr. William Richardson. By Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford, David Dalrymple, Lord Hailes, Sir Wm. Musgrave, Bart, James Bindley, Esq. and several other celebrated Collectors and Antiquaries. A few Copies will be printed in royal 8vo. to accommodate those who may be inclined to illustrate the Work.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

DIVINITY.

Queries addressed to those who deny the Doctrines of the Trinity and the Atonement of Christ; with Remarks on "Fripp's Evidence for Unitarianism, from Scripture and Ecclesiastical History." By W. Carpenter. 18mo. pp. 112. 1s. 6d. half-bound.

Treatises on the Life, Walk, and Triumph of Faith. By the Rev. W. Romaine, A.M. With an Introductory Essay, by Thomas Chalmers, D.D. 2 vols. 12mo. 9s. bds.

Genuine Religion, the Best Friend of the People. By the Rev. Archibald Bonar. 18mo. 1s.

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THE FINE ARTS.

HISTORY OF PAINTING.

During the season of the year at which the various Exhibitions of the Fine Arts in the metropolis remain closed, it is our intention to devote a portion of the space in our publication, which is usually allotted to that interesting subject, to a slight sketch of the history of the four great branches of the Polite Arts, namely, PAINTING, SCULPTURE, ARCHITECTURE, and ENGRAVING. Perfectly aware that we cannot communicate to the accomplished artist, or connoisseur, any knowledge of which he is not already in full possession, we yet think that there is a large portion of our readers to whom such a brief notice may be acceptable; relating as it does to topics with which probably they are hitherto not very familiar; but of which, nevertheless, a just conviction of their value would induce them to obtain some general information, provided it could be acquired without any great expense of time and trouble. We begin with PAINTING.

In commencing this rapid survey we shall abstain from dwelling on points of little importance, or at best of little importance to the Fine Arts. When the *Shiagram* gave place to the *Monogram*, or the simple *Monochron* was superseded by the complex *Polychron*, appears to us to be a matter purely of antiquarian research. We are by no means desirous of going back to those remote times of which little is certainly known, and in the accounts of which therefore conjecture necessarily supplies the chasm in fact. Whether Painting ever reached in ancient Greece to that perfection, to which Sculpture undoubtedly arrived, is a question on which the most learned men have differed; and it is one which must for ever remain in dispute. Leaving all such useless, though elegant speculations untouched, we hurry on until we can grasp something tangible and certain.

It is not until about the middle of the thirteenth century, when Cimabue, a noble Florentine, began

to revive the long-forgotten art, that any well-authenticated information is to be found with respect to the history and progress of Painting. Cimabue, although much superior to his contemporaries; and although he produced a work, which was treated by his countrymen with almost divine honours, was an artist of very moderate powers. His pupil, Giotto, far excelled him. Giotto acquired great skill in design and expression, and was evidently aware of the true foundation of all art; namely, the close study of nature. His fame spread widely; and he was liberally employed by Pope Boniface the Eighth.

A few years after Giotto's death, the Academy of St. Luke was founded in Florence, whence subsequently proceeded some of the greatest artists that the world ever saw. The earliest of these was Leonardo da Vinci, a man of universal attainment, and who added to what had until his time been achieved in Painting the new and important principles of *chiaro-scuro*, and depth of tone in colour. About the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth century burst forth that constellation of genius, by which the art of Painting was suddenly carried to an elevation never since equalled, and perhaps never to be surpassed; for then lived Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, and Correggio. These were the founders of the three great schools; the Florentine, the Venetian, and the Lombard.

To the Florentine School, (of which the Roman was only an emanation), belonged Michael Angelo, and Raphael. Its chief qualities are beauty of design, and purity of expression; and it is unquestionably entitled to the highest rank. The Venetian School, at the head of which stood Titian, indulged in all the fascinations of rich and beautiful colouring. Correggio, the great master of the Lombard School, principally distinguished himself by the union of subdued and harmonious colouring, with exquisite *chiaro-scuro*, and perfect grace.

At the time at which these great men lived there existed, fortunately for them and their disciples, as well as for the world at large, the strongest disposition among the noble and the opulent in Italy, to encourage and cherish the Arts. Among the chief of these dignified patrons were the family of the Medici, (particularly Lorenzo, surnamed the magnificent), Julius II., and Leo X.; and the period of the last-mentioned Pope is justly considered as that at which the Fine Arts arrived at the meridian of their splendour. From that period they gradually declined. Julio Romano, Parmigiano, and Tintoretto, although all men of extraordinary talent, were confessedly inferior to their highly-gifted predecessors.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century a School was founded at Bologna, under the auspices of Ludovico Caracci, aided by his nephews and pupils Annibal, and Agostino Caracci; in which it was attempted to combine the excellencies of the three Schools which we have already described. However laudable the effort, and however great the talents exhibited in it, (especially by Annibal Caracci) it was unsuccessful; for, although many fine pictures were produced by the Bolognese School, scarcely a single work can be pointed out which possesses what deserves to be called the highest excellence. It cannot be denied however, that a number of artists of considerable merit and renown sprung from this School. Among them were Guido Reni, Domenichino, Albano, and Guercino. After their time, the Arts rapidly sunk in Italy.

About the close of the fifteenth century, Albert Dürer began to revive the Art of Painting in Germany. His style of design was dry and meagre; but he occasionally produced compositions pregnant with genius; and his colouring was frequently admirable. When the works of Michael Angelo became known in Germany, the artists of that country were hurried away by their enthusiasm to "o'erstep the modesty of nature;" and the sublimity of the great Florentine was caricatured by Goltzius, Spranger, and others, until the German School of Painting became utterly contemptible.

Flanders and Holland were more fortunate. The Flemish artists in general, debarred by local circumstances from any intimacy with the refined beauties of ancient and foreign art, applied themselves to the study and imitation of nature in her every-day forms and appearances; in which they were eminently successful. The great luminaries of the Flemish School are Rubens and Rembrandt. The boundless imagination of the former of those great men can perhaps be compared only to that of our own Shakespeare. Of him it may also be said:

"Each change of many-coloured life
he drew,
Exhausted worlds—and then imagined
new."

He united the splendour of colouring of the Venetian School, with the grandeur of outline of the Florentine; although he was deficient in the harmony of the former, and the correctness of the latter; but the facility of his invention, and the rapidity of his execution are wholly unexampled. Early in the seventeenth century, Rembrandt also astonished the world by the exhibition of a style of art entirely original; the chief beauties of which were a powerful concentration of chiaro-scuro, and a brilliancy of colour, rivalling sunshine. Vandyke, the pupil of Rubens, although he did not possess the rich exuberance of his master's genius, evinced much more delicacy of taste, and was pre-eminent in portraiture. The works of Jordaens, Teniers, Metz, Netscher, Mieris, Dow, &c. in which are to be found the most happy imitations of common nature, and the most masterly powers of execution, were succeeded by others of less merit; and, soon after the commencement of the last century, the art of Painting became almost extinct in Holland and the Netherlands.

In the early part of the sixteenth century, the fame and the example of Titian excited a spirit of emulation among the Spanish artists, which, although it did not lead to any results of transcendent excellence, produced much of highly respectable talent. One of the most celebrated Spanish painters was Spagnoletto, whose style possessed

great grandeur and severity. Velasquez is decidedly at the head of the Spanish portrait painters, and frequently approaches Titian and Vandyke. The compositions of the historical painters of Spain, namely, Coello, Morales, Murillio, Carrero, Herrera, &c. seldom rise much above mediocrity. They are full of sweetness and simplicity; but can rarely boast of the highest qualities of art.

The first painter of legitimate character, who appeared in France, and the classical purity of whose taste, formed on the models of ancient art, will render his name immortal, is Poussin. He flourished in the reign of Louis the XIII. Poussin was succeeded by Le Sour, the French Raphael, a man of a refined and elevated mind, but who failed in impressing upon his countrymen the value of the chaste principles, on which his style was founded. The more ostentatious but less estimable qualities of the pencil of Le Brun, Le Sour's contemporary and competitor, were in closer accordance with French taste; and the exhibition which Le Brun made of his really great powers, debased as they were by the utter absence of simplicity and truth, in his pictures of the battles of Alexander, won the durable favour of Louis XIV.; and induced the French nation to consider him as the head of the French School. Against the false and theatrical feeling, which Le Brun introduced, the Art in France struggled in vain. With some exceptions, among the most exemplary of which was Sebastian Bourdon, the French painters, Mignard, Jouvenet, Champagne, Rigoud, Vanloo, Bouchet, &c. seemed solely intent upon excelling one another in affectation and flutter. Since the Revolution, the painters of France have gone into the opposite extreme; and are as dry and precise, as they were formerly florid and incorrect. There are among them, however, men of very superior talents.

England, owing probably in a great degree to the change of religion, and to the coldness and insensibility to the beauties of the Fine Arts, by which the advocates of the Reformation were most disadvantageously distinguished, was long before she manifested any native

genius in the art of Painting. The talents of Dobson, who flourished in the early part of the seventeenth century, were confined to painting heads, which, however, he executed with great skill. The first English historical painter of any celebrity was Sir James Thornhill, who was born in 1677. He was principally employed in painting the halls and staircases of our public edifices, and of the mansions of the nobility; and the meretriciousness of composition, and gaudiness of colour, incident to this decorative style of art, prevent us from judging how highly his powers, which were unquestionably considerable, might, under more favourable circumstances, have raised him. The names of Greenhill, Jervas, Richardson, and others, are unconnected with any works that deserve to be rescued from oblivion. In fact, the practice of Painting in this country seemed nearly sunk into desuetude, when the sudden, and almost simultaneous appearance of that glorious triumvirate, Reynolds, Hogarth, and Wilson, rescued us from the imputation of deficient genius, and abundantly proved the existence of a latent power, which required only opportunity for its full and splendid development.

Every one of those great men has left an immortal reputation. Profoundly learned in the principles of his profession, Reynolds communicated to that branch of it to which the taste of the times in which he lived, chiefly (and perhaps, fortunately) confined him, a character, which it is not too much to say, it had never before enjoyed; for his portraits exhibit all the elevation and selection of historical composition, while they are painted with unsurpassed faithfulness of resemblance, vivacity of expression, lusciousness of colour, and intensity of effect. To Hogarth, belongs the rare praise of originality. The idea of conveying a powerful moral on canvass, through a succession of pictures, was as new as it was felicitous; and the success of the execution, corresponded with the boldness of the design. In him, to use the eloquent language of Mr. Shee, "Britain may confidently boast of having produced one of those distinguished spirits, those daring

navigators of the intellectual ocean, who launch boldly forth in quest of new discoveries, and bring home unexpected treasures from territories before unknown." The chaste, though glowing tints of Wilson, and his simple breadth of light and shade, rank him with the most celebrated landscape painters of any age or nation.

In the list of eminent English artists, now no more, who obeyed the generous impulse given by the three extraordinary individuals to, whom we have just adverted, the names of Gainsborough, Barry, Romney, Opie, and West, are conspicuous. In subjects of rustic simplicity and beauty, Gainsborough had no equal. The works of Barry, although not free from incongruities, evince a mind absorbed by the contemplation of the intellectual qualities of the Art. Romney infused into his portraits, which were painted with almost miraculous dexterity of execution, a grace and expression peculiarly his own; and the cartoons which have lately been presented by his son, the Rev. J. Romney, to the University of Oxford, afford proof of his skill in historical or rather poetical composition. The pictures of Opie, simple

and unaffected, and possessing a force which enfeebled every other work that came in comparison with them, justly secured to him the character of being "a truly English painter." West, always respectable, and occasionally towering into greatness, devoted a long life to the incessant pursuit of his Art; and, towards the decline of his days, enjoyed the satisfaction of finding that homage liberally paid to his talents, which had been but sparingly bestowed upon them when they were in their meridian.

Of our living painters we abstain, for reasons of a very obvious nature, from indulging in any individual description; content with the performance of the pleasing duty which we have prescribed to ourselves, of calling the attention of our readers to their works, as from time to time they are presented to the public view. This, however, we may be permitted to say, and we say it with a perfect conviction of the truth of the assertion, that they form a mass of talent, in the various departments of the Art, of which they are the professors and the ornaments, which may fearlessly challenge the competition of the world.

FOREIGN FINE ARTS.

A Picture Gallery has been established at Madrid, by order of the Government; it consists of the works of Spanish Painters only.—The number of Pictures already amount to 332, and will be augmented by a great many others, taken from the different palaces of the King. This Museum is opened to the public once a week.

Bystrom, the celebrated Swedish Sculptor, has just returned from Rome, with the intention of passing short time in his native country. His studio is daily crowded by persons anxious to view a statue of "Hero," on which he is at present employed.

A Museum has been established in the city of Berlin, in which it is contemplated to unite the most noted statues, the most curious medals,

and the most celebrated paintings, distributed in different apartments. The King, who is the patron of this Establishment, has appointed the Minister Hut to take charge of the selection and arrangement of the different curiosities, which compose this collection.

M. Tauricus Euboens, member of the Berlin and Roman Academies, has published a Catalogue of Prints, engraved from Raphael's works.—The author himself, who resides in Germany, possesses nearly 600 prints, after the designs of Raphael.

The cast of the statue of the monument of Luther, at Wittenberg, is finished, as well as the iron canopy, under which the statue is to be placed. The pedestal and the four tables, bearing the inscriptions, now only remain to be completed.

An Italian, named Rosetti, is erecting, at his own expense, in the Church of St. Giusto, at Trieste, a monument to the memory of the celebrated Winckelmann, whose remains are deposited in the same church; and the sculptor, Bosa, has undertaken its execution.

The following is a list of subjects for the year 1823, offered by the Imperial and Royal Academy of Fine Arts at Milan; and for which premiums will be given. Foreign as well as Italian artists are allowed to compete.

Architecture.—The plan of a large and magnificent edifice, to be dedicated to the encouragement of the Fine Arts, to be erected on a space of ground, covering 21,000 square metres.—The edifice must contain Schools for Architecture, Painting, and Sculpture; a large hall, for the distribution of prizes: a gallery for pictures, statues, and the annual exhibition of works of art; a Museum for antiquities; and a hall for the meeting of the Council. It must, also, be able to contain apartments for Professors, Secretaries, Guardians, and servants.—The prize is a gold medal, worth 60 sequins.

Painting.—Dante, accompanied by Virgil into the infernal regions, conversing with the shades of Paolo, and Francesco da Rimini. The picture is to represent that period of time described in the latter part of the 5th Canto of the “Divine Comedy.”—

Mentre l'uno spirito questo disse,
L'altro piangeva sè che di pietade.
T'venni men cosè, com'io morisse,
E caddi come corpo morto cade.

The size is to be five feet by seven, and the premium, a gold medal, worth 20 sequins.

Sculpture.—Apollo, with the dying Hyacinthus. The group is to be composed of baked earth, 3 feet high, including the base of the pedestal. The premium, a gold medal, worth 43 sequins.

Engraving.—The subject to be taken from the work of some celebrated artist. The size to be at least 60 square inches. Premium, a gold medal, worth 30 sequins.

Historical Design.—Geta, introduced into the chamber of Julia to obtain an interview with Caracalla,

attacked by him and the Centurions, concealed for that purpose. The premium, a gold medal, worth 30 sequins.

Ornamental Design.—A Sepulchral Urn, to be placed by itself, on a pedestal. Premium, a gold medal, of the value of 20 sequins.

The celebrated Sculptor, Liborio Londini, of Rome, has imitated, in Palambino marble, the beautiful Trajan column, with its two thousand figures, its bridges, machines, buildings, &c. His work, which excites the admiration of all connoisseurs, is only of 6 palmes elevation.

A Milanese, Stephen Barozzi, has discovered the means of taking from walls paintings in fresco of every size, and can remove them any where without injury. He applies a prepared cloth to the wall, which draws the picture in such a manner that the artist can at the same time separate both the painting and cloth from the wall, so that the wall remains bare. The cloth is then spread out upon a frame, and another cloth applied to it, upon which the picture attaches itself without any alteration.

In making excavations at Quintoli, not far from Tivoli, a beautiful fragment of a Nereid and of a young man has been discovered. And at Tor Marancio a fine statue of Bacchus. The stair-case of the temple of Venus has been found between the arch of Titus and S. Francesca Romana.

It is said that Madame Murat, the *ci-devant* queen of Naples, has sold her precious collection of Etruscan and Grecian vases to the court of Austria for 100,000 florins.

The library of the Vatican has received a considerable addition of Egyptian antiquities, amongst which are ten epitaphs, one of the seventh, and the other of the eighth century. One, more modern and very interesting, is of the twelfth century, and contains the genealogy, perhaps the only one of its kind, of seventeen ancestors of the deceased in a direct line. The most remarkable sculptures are, 1st. three large sarcophagi, of black basalt, bordered round with hieroglyphics. This stone, which is very hard indeed, is worked with astonishing ability, as well in the drawing as in the precision of the chisel. These sarcophagi con-

tain three coffins of sycamore wood, enclosing the bodies of some persons of very high rank. Nothing of this kind had ever been seen before at Rome. 2dly, The colossal head of a man in red granite, covered with the sacred veil, and resembling the Isis of the capitol, with the ornaments well preserved, painted in different colours. It is a part of a whole figure designed to cover a coffin. 3dly, a sitting figure of a priest in alabaster. 4thly, the torso of an Egyptian divinity in marble, of an unknown but very beautiful kind. The work is in an elegant style and well preserved. 5thly, one of the great colossal figures which were at the gate of the temple of Carnae, near Thebes, ornamented with a great many hieroglyphics, eighteen palms high, and which is mentioned in the grand work of the French Institute upon Egypt.

STATUE OF LOUIS XIV.—This new statue, which is erected in the *Place des Victoires*, at Paris, is from the chisel of M. Bosio, and is worthy of the reputation of that able artist. Louis is represented on a refractory horse; but the attitude of the king is firm, and apparently incapable of being disturbed by the turbulence of his horse: the unruly animal seems to bend under the powerful weight of his rider. The king is clothed in Roman costume, an advantage which the artist doubtless availed himself of in order the better to represent the model and shape of the body. The physiognomy is replete with dignity, force, and

grace. In the left hand is the bridle, and in the right a marshal's baton. The statue is fourteen feet six inches high, and is supported by the two hinder feet and the tail. This bold attitude, which renders the monument as light as it is elegant, has been effected by making one part of the statue solid and the other part hollow. On one side of the pedestal is inscribed, *Ludovico magno*—to Louis the Great; and on the opposite side, *Ludovicus XVIII. atavo suo*—Louis XVIII. to his grandfather.

M. Dubour, a distinguished pupil of M. Gall, has executed a medal in honour of Dr. Pariset, one of the learned and courageous French physicians, who last year went to Barcelona to stop the ravages of the plague. On one side is the bust of the Doctor, on the other the following inscription:—*ire obvium Caden-tis miseris agris*.—Cadiz, 1819.—Barcelona, 1821.

A work has been published in France containing the representation and description of all the medals struck in honour of Napoleon during his reign, in the different countries then united to France, or under his subjugation. Thirteen of these medals were struck in 1796; in 1797, 30; in 1798, 24; in 1799, 13; in 1800, 25; in 1801, 33; in 1802, 29; in 1803, 20; in 1804, 30; in 1805, 59; in 1807, 35; in 1808, 20; in 1809, 36; in 1810, 29; in 1811, 13; in 1812, 17; in 1813, 17; in 1814, 11; in 1815, 9; twenty medals without date.—Total, 483.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

“VELUTI IN SPECULUM.”

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

THIS theatre opened for the season, since our last number, with the comedy of the *School for Scandal*. The interior of the house has undergone a total and magnificent change; the most prominent features of which are the reduction of the area, the enlargement of the stage in width, the removal of the stage-doors, and the institution of boxes in their room; the introduction of

a new drop scene; a profusion of gilding and colouring, very tastefully distributed, and the decoration of the pannels in the dress circle with paintings from Shakespeare's most celebrated scenes. The avenues have also been fitted up and embellished, and the saloon, which is absolutely lined with looking-glass from the ceiling to the floor, presents the most splendid object of

the kind to be found in this country. Our Readers will expect that we should say something, as to the effect of those alterations. And first with regard to the reduction of the area. Though not executed to any considerable extent, or indeed to any extent apparent to the eye of a casual observer, it has much improved the theatre in point of hearing; but the variations of passion expressed in the countenance, of which so much used to be thought in the days of Garrick and Barry, still remain undistinguishable to the greater number of spectators, in consequence of the inconvenient distance at which they are placed. For this reason, amongst others, the ambition which first led to the creation of those enormous buildings, in later times, has not only contributed to the embarrassment of all theatrical property, but to the injury of the fine art which it professed to dignify and encourage. So far as the size has been contracted, in the present instance, it affords matter for praise, and as the attempt, however cautiously undertaken, at least implies a tacit acknowledgment of the original defect on the part of managers themselves, the Public may look forward to its ultimate correction, when the spirit of enterprize catches fire from the rapid improvement of the age. As for the enlargement in the width of the stage, there are many who will not regard it in the light of an improvement at all. It is a general principle with theatrical judges, that the sooner a character disappears from the eye of an audience after the speaking is over the better, for the impression which a performer leaves behind. This is particularly observable in comedy, where an

abrupt visit has sometimes added to the humour and vivacity of a whole scene, by a sort of reflective operation. In tragedy perhaps, the circumstance is of less importance, but melo-drama is that species of representation, which is most likely to profit from the change to which we have alluded. The only objection to the paintings from Shakespeare is one that could not be avoided, the dimensions of the panels requiring that they should be executed on a scale too small for the size of the house. The idea itself was conceived in very pure taste, not only as it paid a just compliment to the greatest dramatic genius that ever delighted mankind, but as it was intended to combine, in one view, a more direct and sensible evidence of the variety of his poetical creations than could be accomplished, without the intervention of the sister art. A task more honorable or more congenial to the brilliant capabilities of painting can scarcely be imagined, than the effort of thus accumulating the recollections of an imperishable mind. But whatever qualifications may accompany our praise of the details, we cannot speak too highly of the general effect produced by this beautiful theatre. The cast of *The School for Scandal* with which it opened, introduced Mr. Dowton to the town after an absence of two years; and he, together with Messrs. Terry, Elliston, and Munden, have continued to keep them in good humour by their excellent acting. Mr. Young leads in the tragic department during the absence of Mr. Kean, who is not expected until next month, with which statement we may conclude our account of Drury Lane for the present.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

This theatre has also undergone alterations, but they are comparatively of a very trifling nature. The removal of the basket boxes, however, has added something to the appearance and not a little to the good order of the house. There has been but one new piece brought forward as yet, and that is scarcely deserving of any notice. It is called *Ali Pacha* and is a translation from the French by Mr. Plancha, but

though it betrays a manifest endeavour at fine writing in some passages, the execution is, upon the whole, languid and uninteresting. The character of *Ali*, serious, declamatory, and without any relief, was given to Mr. Farren, as if managers had determined that though there was no comic part in the drama, there should at least be a comic performer. Among the variety of new appearances which have gone

on at the rate of nearly one per night since this theatre opened, Miss Chester, in genteel comedy, and Miss Lacey, in tragedy, were decidedly the best. Miss Chester is one of the most beautiful women on the stage: her graceful movements qualify her to assume the airs of high life, while her vivacity supplies a constant power of entertainment. *Violante*, in *The Wonder*, and the *Widow Belmour*, in *The Way to Keep Him*, has already established a high reputation for this lady, who may be classed among the best actresses of the second rate. Miss Lacy has not the same advantages of person; but her talents are full as considerable in her line. She is the grand-daughter of Mr. Lacy, who was joint-patentee of

Drury Lane Theatre with Garrick; a circumstance which we thought was likely to create a warmer interest in her favour than the result has manifested. Miss Lacy came out as *Belvidera*, and was much applauded; but she has only repeated that character once since, and to a very thin house. A Mr. Evans made his debut in *Farmer Ashfield*, but after attempting a few other parts in Mr. Emery's line, it was evident that he was not destined to become a popular substitute for that truly comic genius. Mr. Mason, of the Kemble family, in *Young Norval*, was the last introduction; but though a youth of some promise, his effort does not afford us an opportunity of concluding our notice with praise.

FOREIGN POLITICAL DIGEST.

FRANCE.—His Majesty has commuted the punishment of death, to which Fradin and Senechault, participators in the conspiracy of Berton, were condemned, into imprisonment; Fradin to twenty years, and Senechault to fifteen. General Berton, Sange, and Jaglin, have been executed, according to their sentence. Caffé put himself to death some hours before the time fixed for his execution. Considerable sensation has been caused by the arrest of Mr. Bowring; and the compulsory departure of Sir Robert Wilson from Paris. Mr. Bowring is an English merchant, remarkable for his literary talents, and his friendship with many celebrated characters, both in France and England. He was arrested at Calais, in consequence of a telegraphic dispatch from Paris, his papers searched and seized, and his person confined: he was afterwards removed to the prison at Boulogne, where he still remains, charged with facilitating a correspondence among the disaffected part of the French people. Mr. Bowring is author of the elegant volume called the *Russian An-*

thology, and is much esteemed by a large circle of friends. As great interest has been made with the English Ambassador at Paris, it is expected that his case will be enquired into, as soon as possible, and no avoidable delay will be allowed to prolong without trial his present punishment, which is imprisonment *au secret*.

SPAIN.—The accounts from Spain, since our last, are by no means so decisive or clear, as to leave us without some uncertainty as to the actual state of the internal war now carried on by the advocates of arbitrary power against the constitutional forces. Though no doubt can be entertained as to the issue of the contest, the preparations making by the Spanish Cortes, and the manly exposition made by them of the impending difficulties, will not allow us to think lightly of the strength of their domestic enemies, aided by the hope of foreign assistance. In the Northern provinces, several actions have been fought between the Constitutional troops and the Insurgents, in which the former have been generally success-

ful. Regiments of regulars and militia from other parts of the kingdom have been poured into Navarre, Arragon, and Catalonia; and every exertion is made to root out the factious. Colonel Tabuenca, with a column of 800 men, was attacked, on the 18th of September, by 6000 Insurgents, near Tolya. The combat was very obstinate, and the Constitutionals retreated in good order, after spiking two pieces of cannon. They lost 101 men, and the Colonel, being surrounded on a height, was taken prisoner; and was afterwards assassinated in the most barbarous manner. It would be difficult to describe the sensation produced by this event in all the cities of Spain, and particularly in Madrid. On the 24th of September a grand fete took place at Madrid, in celebration of the installation of the Cortes in 1820. The Extraordinary Cortes, held a preparatory meeting on the 1st of October, and on the 7th the session was opened in form. The King attended in person, accompanied by the Queen and two Princesses, and delivered a constitutional speech. The Deputy Salvato has been chosen President, and the Deputy Dominech Vice-President. Both are distinguished liberals. The choice of the four Secretaries, who are likewise tried patriots, proves the spirit of the New Cortes. The day after the King's speech, two most important reports were read to that assembly; one from the Minister of War, Lopez Baños, the other from the Minister of Finance, Don Maviano Egoa. They proclaim in the face of Europe, that the troubles of Spain have been mainly produced by the machinations of despotism, which dreaded the example of freedom. They speak of the unavoidable suspicions of an attack from the Holy Alliance. They describe Portugal as a friend, and in case of need, a sincere ally—France, (or rather the Bourbon Government), as playing the unequivocal part of a foe, while hypocritically professing "peace and good understanding." The inefficient force, and worse appointments of the army, the progress of the Insurgents, the delapidated state of the finances, are all set forth with minute candour; and the Cortes are

shewn at once the extent, the sacrifices, and efforts necessary to preserve their own independence. The Ministers call for an augmentation of the regular troops to the number 100,000, the organization of the militia, and (to cover all deficiencies and these extra demands) a loan of more than 7,000,000*l*. This course is the only true and safe one for Spain; and the calm and consistent resoluteness with which the new Ministers have adopted it, makes us sanguine of success. The loan is the most arduous part of the business; but we do not fear its accomplishment. The security Spain can offer is the best in the world, provided the government be an honest one. It depends on no contingencies of commerce or manufactures. The ecclesiastical property, lands and houses, belonging to the state, are worth nearly double the amount of the national debt. There only wants time for the sales to be advantageously made; and the same vigour and honesty, which now call upon the nation to meet the crisis in this manly way, are the best pledges possible for the exact fulfillment of all financial obligations.

PORTUGAL.—On the 26th of September, the Constitution of the Portuguese Monarchy, as it has been amended and finally completed by the labours of the Cortes, was sworn to by the King. (To the *bases* of this Constitution, his Majesty had sworn, on his arrival last year, from Brazil.) The ceremony was very magnificent. The King offered four of his most splendid coaches to the Deputation of the Cortes, which was to present to him the Constitution. The procession passed from the Hall of the Congress to the Palace of Queluz, through multitudes of enthusiastic people, assembled in the streets of Lisbon. As the deputies passed the houses, white handkerchiefs waved from the windows, and the ladies, with which they were crowded, showered flowers of all kinds. Two ladies went down to the road to offer to the illustrious bearers of the new Social Compact, crowns interwoven with olive, laurel, and perpetuals—a demonstration that called forth loud and reiterated acclamations of the immense concourse. The King re-

ceived the Deputation very cordially, and M. Fernandez Thomas, addressing him in an eloquent speech, presented him a splendid copy of the constitution, written on sheets of parchment and bound in velvet. When the orator said, "Your Majesty is free to accept or not, on oath, the constitution," the King interrupted by telling him, "that he had already sworn to the bases of the same—that he would never be wanting to his oath, and that from that very moment he would swear to the Constitution."

On the 1st of October, the King went in state to the Hall of the Cortes, attended by the members of his family, and there, after delivering a speech expressing the most patriotic sentiments, took and subscribed the oath to the now completed Constitution. When the President and Secretaries ascended the throne, and presented the Bible, his Majesty said, he desired to pronounce it aloud, and he accordingly proceeded—"I accept, and swear to observe, and to cause to be observed, the Political Constitution of the Portuguese Monarchy, which has been just decreed by the Constituent Cortes of the same nation;" and he then added, "and with the greatest pleasure, and with all my heart." The Hall resounded with enthusiastic transports of joy, and cries of 'The Constitution for ever!' 'Long live the best of Kings, the father of his country.' His Majesty, descending from the throne, exclaimed with great enthusiasm, "The Sovereign Congress for ever," which was echoed by the acclamations of all present.

GREECE AND TURKEY.—By a letter from the British Consul at Cyprus, dated August 15th, we learn that sixty-two towns and villages, in this unhappy island, have wholly disappeared, and yet the rage of

these blood-stained monsters is not appeased. At Morphou, they destroyed every thing with fire and sword: the women and children were for the most part confined for days in private houses, without food. Those not destroyed by hunger were burnt with the houses.

A letter from Smyrna, dated Sept. 1st, states that in Cyprus, 25,000 Christians of all ages, and both sexes, have fallen under the hands of the Turkish soldiery. The children under four years of age have been killed or thrown into the sea. The churches and monasteries, in a district of forty square miles, have disappeared; the priests and monks without exception have perished in dreadful torments, *yet there has been no insurrection in Cyprus*; but the Sultan has sworn the extirpation of Christianity! The Turkish garrison of Corinth, on the 16th Sept., made a great effort to raise the siege, but were driven into the town with great loss. One thousand remained dead in the field, 3,000 wounded returned, and increased the difficulties of the garrison. The Greeks having made themselves masters of the town, the Castle surrendered at discretion, on the 24th September. General Colocotroni conducted these operations.

The grand Turkish naval Expedition, which has been so long lying at Patras, after an unsuccessful attack on Missolonghi, attempted to sail round the Morea, and return to Constantinople. It was pursued and harassed by the Greek fleet, continually losing ships; and at length was forced, on the 13th September, to enter the haven of Napoli di Romania, where the Greeks, collecting all their vessels from the islands, blockaded it. An attack was hourly expected when the accounts came away.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

Harvest was finished in the southern and forward districts during the course of the last month; in the northern and less favoured, during the present. A tolerably accurate general estimate may now be formed. On all the best lands, wherever situated, the wheat crop is considerably above an average, the quality uncommonly weighty and fine; and the straw, although not so bulky as in some years, substantial and extremely valuable. The oat-straw, as fodder, will almost equal the hay of some years. The spring crops, it is now confirmed, are generally defective, but the quality is generally good; upon moist and productive light lands, however, some of these crops have reached an average; and, with respect to barley, it is remarked in the barley counties, that the old stock on hand equals in quantity the new growth. Hays and grasses rather of fine condition than in very great plenty, with exceptions of heavy crops and plenty of green food, particularly after-math on various parts. Potatoes a universally productive growth, the quantity greatly enhanced by superior quality, the turnips defective in both; as to Swedes, scarcely any quotable crop. The eagerness of the farmers, and the two growths, occasioned part of the wheat almost every where to be carted and stacked prematurely; whence heating, and a necessity of preventive measures. A great hop and fruit year, even to pears, in some parts. The greatest grape season of the last forty. The live stock and flesh markets, as well as that of corn, have of late made some stand and some advance in price; but autumn, the season of plenty and of overflow, is at hand. The fallows are backward for want of rain, and very little wheat has yet been put into the earth. The state of the farming interest is truly lamentable, in which the poor labourer must necessarily share. The condition of a greater part of the yeomanry of Sussex is truly deplorable. Almost daily, sales of live and dead stock take place; and such is the scarcity of money, that in many instances they are literally given away. Ease, affluence, and plenty, which seven or eight years since so universally predominated among the Sussex yeomanry, have nearly disappeared,

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and penury, grumbling, and discontent prevail in their stead.

A fact has been communicated to us, on unquestionable authority, which strikingly exemplifies the unprecedented depression which at present overwhelms the agricultural interest. Very recently a drove of 300 Devonshire oxen travelled from South Molton, in that county, to every fair betwixt that place and London; and stood at Smithfield market: failing in a purchaser at all these marts, they proceeded forty miles beyond town. The proprietor, still disappointed, again turned their heads towards the metropolis; the cattle stood a second time at Smithfield; were at Reading and other fairs on their return; and on Thursday se'nnight by far the greater part were at Bristol market, but still they could not be sold, and were driven back to the place whence they came, after having travelled in this fruitless way not less than 400 miles.

In Ireland agricultural distress seems to be greater even than in this country; an intelligent correspondent informs us that, "the farming interest is ruined;" the fair of Ballinasloe has put the seal on the faint hopes of the farmer. Wethers at 14s., and ewes at 8s. 1 Sixpence in the pound on account of rents cannot be collected in Ireland this season.

The corn market has also declined in a corresponding ratio. In the Dublin market, the middle price of wheat is about 16s. a barrel. In the country, generally, it is scarcely 12s. Other corn in proportion.

Those prices would be enough to give the finishing blow to the farming interest, and more than sufficient to make the owners reel. But, unfortunately, the mischief does not stop here. The burning of farming stock is spreading. In Cork, Tipperary, Roscommon and Clare, the work of destruction is rapidly going on. Haggards and farm houses are burning every night, and we are informed by a gentleman well acquainted with the country, that at no period, during the disturbances last winter and spring, had so general an alarm spread itself through all the south of Ireland. It is now verging towards the west; and is creeping along the banks of the canal towards the

capital. All this part of the country is under the Insurrection Act, and a heavy police force is established in almost every district. How this calamity is to be arrested we do not know. The punishment inflicted by government has been exemplary—but neither

this, nor the still more exemplary clemency of the Lord Lieutenant, have produced the effects, which were so sanguinely and so rationally expected. The very roots of society are in the course of being torn up.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, Oct. 25.)

COTTON.—We have lately noticed a decided improvement in the Cotton market, and we have now to state an advance of $\frac{1}{4}$ d. to $\frac{3}{4}$ d. on East India descriptions, and from $\frac{3}{4}$ d. to $\frac{1}{4}$ d. on the other qualities.

SUGAR.—The prices of Muscovades are advanced 1s. per cwt. but there is little business doing.

In Refined Goods there are few purchases; the prices are about 1s. per cwt. lower, owing to the late fall in Raw Sugars, and the heavy market.—Molasses are 30s. a 30s. 6d.

In Foreign Sugars the purchases by private contract have been considerable, good yellow Havannah realised 28s, and one contract of fine reported at 30s. White Havannah and Brazil are enquired after, but the sales reported are inconsiderable.

COFFEE.—The public sales of Coffee this week are inconsiderable, consisting of ordinary rank and mixed parcels of the British plantations; the whole have sold heavily at a further reduction of 2s. a 4s. per cwt.; ordinary Jamaica 88s. a 93s., good ordinary 94s. a 98s. There have been very few parcels of fine ordinary or middling lately brought forward; the few which have appeared have sold freely, fully supporting the highest prices lately realised.

RUM, BRANDY, & HOLLANDS.—The holders of Rum have lately evinced a decided inclination to force sales; parcels have in consequence been sold privately at 1s. $4\frac{1}{2}$ d, and one large contract of about 600 puncheons Leewards under proofs is reported at 1s. 4d. The market may in consequence be stated heavy, and the prices a shade lower.—

There are very few actual purchases of Brandy lately, but the best marks of Cognac may be purchased at 3s. 1d., and as the new offer at such low rates the latter must either advance or the old decline to nearly the price of the new.—In Geneva there is nothing doing.

CORN.—The arrivals of Wheat this week are moderate; the fine runs sell rather freely at the late prices.—On account of the extensive arrivals of Oats, the prices must be quoted 1s. lower.—Barley is without variation; the samples for malting are much enquired after.—In Beans and Peas there is little variation; the request is rather languid.—In other articles there is no alteration.

There have been large supplies of Flour and Wheat brought to market; the fine runs of the latter sell freely, at rather high prices; the middling and inferior go off, but without any improvement in the currency. There is little fine Barley at market; the few parcels offering sell at the previous prices, but the middling and inferior, of which there are large supplies, are heavy and offered on lower terms without facilitating sales.—There were extensive arrivals of Oats; the heavy corn supported the late prices; the light and rough were dull; and fully 1s. lower.—The arrivals of Beans are chiefly left over unsold, no alteration in the prices can be stated.—White Peas were heavy, at the decline of 4s. per quarter.

There are several cargoes of Bonded Wheat reported for exportation, but the shipments are supposed to be on account of the previous holders, as

there is no demand in the market.—There has been little doing in Bounded Oats, and no purchases whatever of Barley are reported.

INDIGO.—There is no alteration in the prices since the sale at the India-House. The public sale at Liverpool this week attracts some attention, and it is probable there will be some fluctuation here after the event as to price, &c. is ascertained.

TALLOW.—The price of yellow candle Tallow is advanced to 47s. At

Petersburgh the quotation has risen from 110 to 120 roubles.

HEMP.—The demand for Hemp, which has been brisk and extensive, has rather subsided; the nearest quotation to-day is 39l. 10s.

SILK.—The sale at the India-House has gone off considerably higher than the prices of the last sale.

TOBACCO.—The arrivals are considerable, but the purchases continue confined to small parcels for immediate consumption; the market is exceedingly heavy.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF TRADE.

The *Secretary* to the SOCIETY of GUARDIANS for the PROTECTION of TRADE by Circulars has informed the Members thereof, that

Several bills dated "LONDON," are now in negotiation, purporting to be drawn by

MICHAEL COMPORT, on, and to be accepted by Ellis, Williams, and Co. of Oxford-street; the acceptance to which, on being presented, turns out to be a forgery, Messrs. Ellis, Williams, and Co. (who have left Oxford-street some time) having no knowledge of, nor dealing with, any person of that name.

JOHN DAVISON, (formerly mentioned) lately kept a baker's shop, the corner

of Hull-street, John-street, at the back of St. Luke's, Old-street, and now lives in Anchor-street, front of York-street, Church-street, Bethnal-green, where he is still connected with

THOMAS COULSON, alias JAMES CANT, frequently mentioned, and refers for character to

— M'KENNEL, 183, White Cross-street.

JOHN WRAY, formerly clerk to Messrs. Dorrien, Mageus, and Co. bankers, of Finch-lane, is now in the habit of obtaining money under the pretence that he is actually in their service, although he has been long since discharged.

LIST OF PATENTS.

To DAVID MUSHET, of Coleford, Gloucestershire, Ironmaker; for an improvement or improvements in the making or manufacturing of iron from certain slags or cinders, produced in the working or making of that metal. Dated August 20, 1822.

To WILLIAM MITCHELL, of Glasgow, Silversmith; for a process whereby gold and silver plate, and other plate formed of ductile metals, may be manufactured in a more perfect and expeditious manner than by any process, which has hitherto been employed in such manufacture. Dated August 24, 1822.

To THOMAS SOWERBY, of Bishopwearmouth, in the county of Durham, Merchant; for a chain, upon a new and improved principle, suitable for ships' cables, and other purposes. Dated August 29, 1822.

To ROBERT VASIER, of Chasewater-Mine, Kenwyn, Cornwall, Civil Engineer; for an improvement in the compounding of different species of metals. Dated September 3, 1822.

To HENRY BURGESS, of Miles-lane, Cannon-street, London, Merchant; for certain improvements on wheel carriages. Dated September 3, 1822.

LIST OF BANKRUPTS,

FROM SATURDAY, SEPT. 21, TO TUESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1822.

WITH THE ATTORNIES' NAMES.

Extracted from the London Gazette.

N.B. All the Meetings are at the *Court of Commissioners, Basinghall-street*, unless otherwise expressed. The Attornies' Names are between Parenthesis.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Richards, M. Hythe, Hampshire, ship-builder
Harris, J. Bristol, lithographer

Rix, G. Rix, C. and Rix, G. Manifold-place,
Newington-butts, corn-merchants.

BANKRUPTS.

Allwood, C. Waleot, Somersetshire, confectioner, Oct. 18, 19, and Nov. 16, Castle and Ball Inn, Bath. (Isaac Marshfield, Gloucestershire, and Stephen, G. Broad-street Buildings.

Brathwalte, W. Leeds, manufacturer, Oct. 15, 16, and Nov. 5, Court-house, Leeds. (Makinson, Middle-temple; and Fodeh, Leeds

Butcher, W. Sutton-in-Ashfield, Nottinghamshire, mercer, Oct. 8, 9, and Nov. 12, Swan-inn, Mansfield, Nottinghamshire. (Hall & Co. New Boswell-court, Carey-street; and Maw, Mansfield

Bradford, G. and A. Paradise, Bristol, brokers, Oct. 7, 21, and Nov. 16, White-lion, Bristol, (Williams & Co. Lincoln's-inn; & Browne and Co. Broad-street, Bristol

Burrow, T. Kendal, Westmoreland, grain-merchant, Oct. 31, and Nov. 1, and 23, King's-arms-inn, Kendal. (Addison, Verulam-buildings; and Wilson, Kendal

Blackband, G. Gonsall, Staffordshire, grocer, Oct. 28, 29, and Nov. 26. (Hicks, Gray's-inn-sq.; and Brookes, Newport, Shropshire

Bolton, E. Birmingham, victualler, Oct. 28, 29, and Nov. 26, Hen and Chickens Hotel, Birmingham. (Long and Co. Holborn-et. Gray's-inn; and Smith & Co. Birmingham

Chapman, G. Old Bond-street, fruiterer, Sept. 29, Oct. 19, and Nov. 5. (Swain and Co. Frederick's-place, Old Jewry

Cuff, J. Regent-street, Westminster, Jeweller, Oct. 18, 19, and Nov. 5. (Mayhew, Chancery-lane

Chandler, J. Jewry-street, Aldgate, flour-factor, Oct. 5, to Nov. 23

Clark, W. Maiden-lane, Covent-garden, soda-water-manufacturer, Oct. 19, Nov. 2, & 26. (Jones and Co. Great Marlborough-street

Eveleigh, T. Devonshire-street, Queen square, linen-draper, Sept. 21, to Oct. 31

Everth, J. Pinner's-hall, merchant, Oct. 12, 19, and Nov. 9. (Martindale, Bedford-place, Russell-square

Fletcher, T. Queenhithe, coal-merchant, from Oct. 8, to Nov. 23

Francies, S. and T. P. Liverpool, marble-masons, Oct. 28, 29, and Nov. 16, George-inn, Liverpool. (Topham, Castle-st. Liverpool; Adlington and Co. Bedford-row

Frost, J. sen. Bridlington Quay, Yorkshire, corn-merchant, Oct. 22, 23, and Nov. 26, Great-hotel, Bridlington-quay. (Wardell, Fiddlington-quay; and Grate, Blithin-lane

Fenner, T. and J. Why, Holborn-hill, laceman, Oct. 22, 23, & Nov. 26. (Smith, Barnard's-inn, Holborn, and Bethnal-green

Gray, J. Kingston, Surrey, linen-draper, Oct. 12, 26, and Nov. 19. (Reardon and Co. Corbet-court, Gracechurch-street

Gregg, T. R. and R. Phene, jun. Watling-street, wholesale-confectioners, from Oct. 12, to Nov. 30

Hart, S. G. Harwich, merchant, Oct. 8, 12 and Nov. 12. (Saunders & Co. Upper Thames-street

Herbert, T. jun. Great Russell-street. Bloomsbury, auctioneer, Oct. 22, 26, and Nov. 16. (Hewitt, Tokenhouse-yard, Lothbury

Howarth, J. C. Bath, dealer, Oct. 10, 24, and Nov. 19. White-lion-inn, Thomas-street, Bristol. (Adlington and Co. Bedford-row; and Scraze, Bath

Handscomb, J. H. Newport Pagnell, Bucks, lace-merchant, Oct. 26, 29, and Nov. 26. (Jupp and Co. Carpenter's Hall, London Wall

Hulton, W. jun. Chowbent, Lancashire, money-scrivener, Oct. 31, Nov. 5, and 26, Bridge-inn, Bolton-le-Moors. (Adlington and Co. Bedford-row; and Boardman and Co. Bolton le-Moors

Jacks, T. Bishopsgate, without, flour-factor, Oct. 12, 26, and Nov. 16. (Lee, Threecrowns-court, Southwark

Johnston, J. High-street, Wapping, grocer, Oct. 19, Nov. 2, and 23. (Smith and Co. Austin Friars

Leigh, J. Jeffery's-square, St. Mary-axe, merchant, from Aug. 17, to Oct. 5

Lacey, R. Lyncombe and Witcombe, Somersetshire, builder, Oct. 3, 10, and Nov. 9. White-lion-inn, Thomas-street, Bristol. (Adlington and Co. Bedford-row; and Scraze, Bath Lane, W. Alderton, Gloucestershire, cow-dealer, Oct. 23, 24, and Nov. 12, Hop-pole-inn, Tewkesbury. (Winterbottom, L. Tewkesbury; and Bousfield, Chatham-place

Martin, J. Oakham, Surrey, wheelwright, Oct. 5, 26, and Nov. 9. (Walter, Mitre-chambers, Fenchurch-street

May, W. Wellington-place, Goswell-st. baker, Oct. 5, 26, and Nov. 9. (Daere, Palsgrave-place, Temple

Musson, V. Gidding-street, Bermondsey, baker, Oct. 12, 19, and Nov. 9. (Wilkinson, New North-street, Red-lion-square

Mabson, Kelsale, Suffolk, farmer, Oct. 21

Middleton, J. T. Stone, Staffordshire, coach-proprietor, Oct. 21, 22, and Nov. 12, at the Office of Messrs. Wheatley and Co. Stone. (Barber, Fetter-lane; and Wheatley and Co. Stone)

Norris, T. Bishopstone, Wilts, shoe-maker, from Oct. 12, to Oct. 19

Oldfield, R. S. Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant, Oct. 18, 19, and Nov. 16, King's Coffee-house, Kingston-upon-Hull. (Shaw, Ely-place, Holborn; and Richardson, Hull)

Papps, G. North-street, Lambeth, horse-dealer, from Oct. 15, to Dec. 3

Prideaux, P. C. Plymouth, timber-merchant, Sept. 27, Oct. 4, and Nov. 5, Royal-hotel, Plymouth. (Squire, Plymouth; & Wright, King's-bench-walk, Temple)

Paltrey, W. Hinchwicke, Gloucestershire, Oct. 18, 19, and Nov. 16, Royal-hotel, Cheltenham (Tan, Stow-on-the-Wold, Gloucestershire; and Pitchard, Earl-street, Blackfriars)

Pearson, T. Walford, Staffordshire, malster, Oct. 25, 26, and Nov. 23, Bell and Bear Inn, Stow. (Harvey and Co. Lincoln's-inn-fields; Hubbard and Co. Cheadle, Stafford)

Rix, G. Rix, G. and Rix, G. late of Manifold-place, Newington-butts, corn-merchants, from Oct. 1, to Oct. 12

Spencer, W. Swansea, Glamorganshire, paper-maker, Oct. 17, 18, and Nov. 9, at the Public Rooms, on the Burrows, Swansea. (Price, Lincoln's-inn; and Collins, Swansea)

Smith, J. F. Regent-street, linen-draper, from Oct. 15, to Nov. 5

Tye, E. Siltton, Suffolk, farmer, Oct. 21, 22, and Nov. 16, Three-tuns-inn, Yoxford, Suffolk. (Woodhouse, King's-bench-walk, Temple; Sharpin, Buecles)

Wake, R. B. Morton, Lincolnshire, timber-merchant, Oct. 8, 9, and Nov. 5, Red-lion inn, Worksop, Nottinghamshire. (Hannam and Co. East-Redford; and Allen and Co. Carlisle-street, Soho)

Webber, J. Bath, currier, Oct. 18, 19, and Nov. 19, White-lion-inn, Bath. (Makinson, Middle-temple; and Hellings, Bath)

Wheeler, J. jun. Abingdon, Berks, grocer, Nov. 1, 2, and 23, Crown-and-thistle-inn, Abingdon. (Nelson, Essex-street, Strand; and Graham, Abingdon)

Watson, G. B. Rock Lodge, Durham, corn-merchant, Nov. 6, 7, and 26, Queen's-head-inn, Morpeth, Northumberland. (Meggison and Co. Verulam-buildings, Gray's-inn; and Bruemell, Morpeth)

Yates, W. Yate and Pickup Bank, Lancashire, dealer, Nov. 11, 12, and 23, Old Bull-inn, Blackburn. (Edleston, Blackburn; and Clarke and Co. Chancery-lane)

Yates, G. Eccleshill, Lancashire, dealer, Nov. 11, 12, and 23, Old Bull-inn, Blackburn. (Edleston, Blackburn; and Clarke and Co. Chancery-lane)

DIVIDENDS,

FROM SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, TO TUESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1822.

Boyers, J. jun Wansford, York, Oct. 23

Byass, H. Raleigh, surgeon, Oct. 26

Boyes, G. F. Anlaby, Kingston-upon-Hull, Oct. 23

Baker, T. Wolveshampton, Oct. 22

Browne, W. T. Liverpool, Oct. 23

Blackburn, W. Bedford, Lancashire, Nov. 2

Browne, J. & J. Gregson, Charles-street, Grosvenor-square, Oct. 29

Bryan, W. L. & R. G. Gunnel, Poultry, printers, Oct. 26

Buhal, J. Swansea, Oct. 31

Booth, T. Newark-upon-Trent, Notts. and A. Booth, Notting. tallow-chandlers, Nov. 14

Barton, J. Blackburn, Lancashire, Oct. 30

Brennand, T. Bread-street, Cheapside, Nov. 2

Bishop, J. Broad-st. Bloomsbury, horse-dealer, Nov. 2

Collier, T. Newport, Salop. liquor-merchant, Oct. 21

Copper, T. Warrington, Lancashire, Oct. 25

Coates, C. Stanton Drew, Somersetshire, Oct. 31

Chapman, W. Gravesend, provision-merchant Oct. 29

Clay, R. Stainford, Lincoln. scrivener, Oct. 29

Durtnall, J. Dover, Oct. 30

Drake, J. Lewisham, Kent, master-mariner, Nov. 5

Elgie, W. Ruwarp, Yorkshire, Nov. 5

French, R. Wimpole, Cambridgeshire, Oct. 24

Flint, G. London-wall, merchant, Oct. 26

Findley, J. L. Sparrow-corner, Minorities, Nov. 2

Garton, S. Wood-street, Cheapside, silk-manufacturers, Oct. 26

Good, P. P. Clapton, insurance-broker, Oct. 26

Griffiths, T. High-row, Knightsbridge, Oct. 29

Garnett, A. Liverpool, Oct. 31

Gough, J. Bath, painter, Nov. 4

Grant, William, Oxford-street, broker, Nov. 5

Haudley, J. Cotton, Staffordshire, miller, Oct. 19

Higgs, W. Strand, hatter, Oct. 19

Hudson, W. St. George's-terrace, Bayswater, ship-owner, Oct. 19

Hyde, D. Waltham-Abbey, Essex, Oct. 8

Harrison, J. Sandwich, Kent, Nov. 18

Haggart, J. Limehouse-hole, victualler, Nov. 2

Harris, T. St. Nicholas, Worcester, Nov. 4

Jopson, W. & C. Wignall, Liverpool, Oct. 16

Jones, E. Tatten-hall, Cheshire, Oct. 14

Judd, J. Derby, Oct. 28

Jopson, W. Liverpool, turpentine-distiller, Nov. 5

Kilshaw, E. Lancaster, Nov. 1

Kernode, W. Liverpool, Oct. 24

Knight, T. Chipping-Sodbury, Gloucester, Nov. 4

Knibb, B. Billinghamborough, Lincolnshire, grocer, Nov. 4

Leech, J. & J. Hinchcliff, Cateaton-street, Nov. 5

Massey, J. Heaton Norris, Lancashire, grocers, Oct. 22

Melhuish, G. Crediton, Devon, Oct. 24 & 31

Milne, A. G. Mitre-court, Fenchurch-st. Oct. 22

Millward, J. Redditch, Worcestershire, Oct. 30

Mills, J. Water-lane, Tower-st. wine-merchant, Oct. 26

M'Nair, Abchurch-lane, merchant, Oct. 26

Miller, J. C. & A. Bishopsgate-street, merchants, Nov. 2

Mawhood, R. jun. Wakefield, Yorkshire, money-scrivener, Nov. 11

Pritchard, J. D. Tipton, Staffordshire, Oct. 28 and Nov. 4

Pritchard, W. & E. Bevan, Bristol, Nov. 4

Plant, B. Birmingham, gun-barrel-maker, Oct. 26

Parker, J. Chapel-street, Edgware-road, Nov. 2

Peters, J. & F. Weston, Bristol, maltsters, Nov. 20

Pigot, W. Ratcliffe-highway, grocer, Nov. 9

Richardson, G. Horncastle, Lincolnshire, Oct. 21

Reddall, W. Liverpool, Oct. 29

Reddall, T. Liverpool, Oct. 30

Rainey, R. Spilaby, Lincolnshire, Oct. 31

Robinson, M. A. Red Lion-st. Holborn, Nov. 5

Robinson, J. Manchester, cotton-merchant, Nov. 2
 Skidmore, W. Sheffield, Oct. 21
 Salesbury, T. Preston, Lancashire, Oct. 21
 Stabb, T. Torquay, Devon, merchant, Oct. 19
 Stanley, T. Cottenham, Cambridgeshire, Oct. 23
 Sanderson, R. Doncaster, Oct. 23
 Symons, P. Plymouth, merchant, Oct. 26
 Seward, New Sarum, Wilts, clothier, Nov. 7
 Stromboni, J. Austin-friars, merchant, Nov. 2
 Slade, T. Bartholomew-close, Smithfield, oil-merchant, Nov. 6
 Tugwood, J. Lancaster, Oct. 21
 Trigg, H. & J. Ratcliff, Hertford, Oct. 23
 Taylor, William, Great Yarmouth, Oct. 23

Thomas, D. Carmarthen, grocer, Oct. 23
 Townsend, J. Ludgate-hill, laceman, Oct. 8
 Tabrum, R. & J. Barron, Walbrook, Nov. 5
 Vincent, J. Regent-street, victualler, Oct. 26
 Walters, J. Studham, Hertfordshire, Oct. 5
 White, J. Tarporley, Cheshire, inn-keeper, Nov. 5
 Webb, George, Cornhill, dealer, Oct. 26
 Wilkinson, W. Norton-hammer, Derby, Nov. 1
 Williams, S. Bristol, apothecary, Nov. 4
 Watson, H. Bolton-le-Moors, druggist, Nov. 5
 White, S. U. Edingley Cotton-mills, Nottingham, Nov. 6
 Young, G. New Sarum, Wilts, grocer, Nov. 7

INSOLVENCY REGISTER.

Notice of opposition to the discharge of any prisoner must be entered in the book at the office, 33, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, three clear days, exclusive of Sunday, before the day of hearing. The schedules are filed and may be inspected every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, between the hours of ten and four, up to the last day for entering opposition.

LONDON.

Petitions to be heard at the Justice-hall, Old Bailey, 15th Nov. at nine.

Brockhill, John, of Chatham, of the Kent-road, of Spencer-street, St. George's in the East, last of Deptford, hoot and shoe-maker
 Brooke, John, of Nusterton, Nottinghamshire, of Hull, of Barton, Lincolnshire, butcher, last of Beverley, stable-keeper
 Burdett, John, of 107, Aldersgate-street, of 27, Barbican, last of Red Cross-street, laceman
 Burdord, John, of Sugar Loaf-court, Leadenhall-street, porter, last of White Lion-street, Goodman's-fields, fruiterer and green-grocer, last of Sugar Loaf-court, Leadenhall-street, porter
 Clayton, Oliver, of Galway, Ireland, wine-merchant
 Dalton, Elizabeth, of Swansea, shop-keeper
 Fenn, Samuel, of 23, Bell-street, Mary-le-bone, baker
 Hammond, Levi, of 21, King-street, last of 18, Young-street, Kensington, bricklayer
 Johnson, Samuel, of Shuckton Manor-house, near Mugginton, Derbyshire, farmer
 Jones, George, of Edmonton, chandler-shop-keeper
 Kemp, John Eley, of the Grange, Worth, Sussex, farmer
 Orpin, Charles, of Upper Thornhaugh-street, Tottenham-court-road, grocer and cheese-monger, last of Portland-place, New-road, painter and glazier

Sansome, William, of 19, Litchfield-street, Soho of 9, William-street, Lisson-green, of 2, Pontipool-place, Blackfriars-road, last of 4, Webber-row, Waterloo-road, carpenter and coal-dealer
 Streeter, William, of Marlborough-place, Southampton-street, Canberwell, bricklayer and plasterer
 Sutton, William Samuel, of the White Hart, White Hart-yard, Drury-lane, victualler, of Stratford, Essex, last of 9, Kent-place, Old Kent-road, oilman
 Taberman, John Raymond, of Coal Harbour-street, Hackney-road, last of Caroline-place, Wilmore-gardens, Kingsland-road, merchant's clerk (sued as John Raymond Tableman)
 Tasker, Thomas, of 113, York-street, Commercial-road, grocer and Coal-dealer
 Thompson, Robert, of Woolthorpe, near Grantham, last of Deeping St. James, near Market-Deeping, Lincolnshire, victualler and cattle-jobber
 West, William, of Maidstone, fruiterer and horse-dealer
 Williams, Richard, of Bath, tailor.

COUNTRY.

Shire-hall, Shrewsbury, 14th Nov. at eleven.

Bayley, Thomas, of Preston-Brookhurst, last of Edgerley, Shropshire, farmer
 Hammonds, Thomas, of Clinton, Salop, farmer, last of Shrewsbury, victualler.

REMARKABLE INCIDENTS IN THE MONTH.

BIRTHS ABROAD.

The Lady of Lieut. Gen. Sir R. Jones, at Boulogne-sur-mer, of a son

The Lady of Rev. W. Roy, of a daughter, at Madras

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

Haverscoat, George F. Esq. Barbadoes, to Hendy Miss Rebecca Gittens

Graham, Henry, Esq. Trinidad, to Coleman Miss Sarah

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Boulogne-sur-mer, Mrs. Rebecca Buchanan
At Dieppe, Don Jose Tiburcis Echevarria

At Paris, Mrs. S. Milne, of Pedro River, Jamaica
At Trenton, New Jersey, Mrs. F. Weston

METROPOLITAN OCCURRENCES.

A Messenger has arrived at the Foreign Office from the Duke of Wellington, his Majesty's Representative at the Congress at Verona; but the particulars have not transpired. Letters from Vienna state that the Emperor Alexander will return to his dominions sooner than was expected. He has already caused it to be announced at Petersburg, that he expects to arrive there in a month at the farthest, having renounced the intention of travelling to Rome and Naples.

Lord Liverpool and the Chancellor of the Exchequer have determined to submit to Parliament, as one of their first measures of Finance, a plan for converting the old four per cent annuities into three and a half per cent. The result of a similar operation with respect to the fives, last year, occasions this experiment.

It is reported that the present intention of Ministers is to defer the meeting of Parliament until February, unless some unexpected occurrence should in the mean time occasion a change in their determination.

Lord Amherst is appointed Governor-General of India.

A grand mews is building at Pimlico in the room of those at Charing-cross, most of which, owing to the new street that is to face St. Martin's church, being obliged to be pulled down. It commences at the stables known by the name of the Duke of York's, and will proceed considerably higher than the Riding-house, which is to come down. The termination of the new mews will be very close to the palace at Pimlico. A great space of the garden is reserved for it.

St. Paul's Cathedral will, through the whole of the ensuing winter, be brilliantly illuminated with gas-lights, whenever it shall be necessary, during divine service. The candlesticks and chandeliers, by the help of which it has been hitherto partially lighted up, have been suffered to remain in case of accidents, but no use is otherwise intended to be made of them. The pipes have been some time since laid down, and traversing the crypt, ascend into the choir and body of the church where they are concealed by passing through the centre of eight elegant pillars of gilt brass, the summits of which are each furnished with three large burners. Four more pillars of a similar description, but of greater magnitude, adorn the railing in front of the altar; and by the brilliancy of the light they will afford, supersede the necessity of continuing the pair of tall wax tapers which hitherto have stood upon the altar.

NORTHUMBERLAND HOUSE, Strand.

—The repairs and improvements are all expected to be completed ere Christmas-day. The workmen have been obliged to under-pin the whole of the edifice. The grand marble staircase is completed; next to that of Chesterfield House, it will be the finest thing of the kind in London. The upholders are expected to complete the interior decoration by the 24th of March; and in the month of May a grand fête is expected to be given. His Grace is also making great improvements at Alnwick Castle. Sion is finished.

English newspapers may now be sent to India at an expense of only

one penny, paid at any post-office in the kingdom.

The Greenland Fishery has not been so unproductive as this season for many years. In 1820 the quantity of oil produced was 20,000 gallons;

in 1821, 17,000 gallons; and the present year less than 7,000 gallons.

It is an extraordinary fact, that the ship, Sir Godfrey Webster, is on the point of sailing for Bengal, with a cargo of Newcastle coal!

BIRTHS.

SONS.

The Duchess of Newcastle, at Clumber
Lady Boughcy, at Aqualate Hall
Lady A. Wardlaw, in George-sq. Edinburgh
The Lady of Alex. Monro, Esq. at Dr. Monro's,
Bushy, Hert
The Lady of J. W. Spicer, Esq. Hanover-sq.
The Lady of C. Richmond, Esq. Doughty-st.
The Lady of W. Lynch, Esq. Gloucester-place,
Portman-square
The Lady of the Rev. H. Bennett, Cadbury,
Somersetshire
The Lady of Lieut. Col. H. F. Cavendish, at
Chiswick
The Lady of Mr. Hebert, Arundle-st. Strand
The Countess of Longford, Rutland-sq. Dublin
The Lady of R. T. Hawley, Esq. at Upton
Grav, Hants
The Lady of Keith Douglas, Esq. Cavendish-
square
The Lady of J. H. Butterworth, Esq. Clapham-
common
The Lady of J. Stephen, jun. Esq. Chapel-st.
Grosvenor-place
The Lady of the Rev. Dr. Philpotts, Newcastle
Stanhop
The Lady of Sir A. Chichester, Youlston, De-
von of a son and heir
The Lady of Major Genl Sir J. Lyon, K. C. B.
The Lady of Lieut. Col. Tufnell, Laikhan-
house, Wilts

The Lady of the Rev. R. Salkeld, Fontwell-rec-
tory, Dorset
The Lady of E. Colston, Esq. Shepton-mallet
The Lady of J. Nethercoat, Esq. Haslebeech,
Northamptonshire
The Lady of Major Denshire, Upper Cadogan-
place
The Lady of Major Burrowes, Benarth, Car-
narvonshire
The Lady of the Rev. E. P. Bossier, Chelten-
ham
The Lady of Lieut. Col. Youngson, Bowsear,
Cumberland
The Lady of the Rev. Dr. Booker, Dndley
Lady Glammis, Paulswalden, Heris, son and
heir
The Countess of Minto, Minto-house, Rox-
burghshire
Lady W. Somerset, Ridge, near Sudbury
The Lady of J. H. Whitmore, Esq. Rome-cot-
tage, Monmouth
The Lady of T. Wenham, Esq. Brompton row
The Lady of I. Petty Musprat, Esq. Dulwich
The Lady of T. Abbott, Esq. Mornington-cres-
cent, Camden-town
The Lady of the Rev. E. Barber, Worlingworth
Suffolk
The Lady of Alex. Gordon, Esq. Clapham

DAUGHTERS.

The Lady of Col. Ross, Albany-barracks, Isle
of Wight
The Lady of W. Stuart, Esq. M. P. Hill-street
The Lady of J. C. Worthington, Esq. Newstone,
Tunbridge Wells
The Lady of A. Lavile, Esq. Oaklands, Devon
The Lady of W. Friend, Esq. Stoke-newington
The Lady of H. Russell, Esq. Sutton-park,
Bedfordshire
The Lady of Lieut. Col. Hogg, East India Com-
pany's Service
The Lady of T. Welsh, Esq. Upper Cadogan-
place
The Lady of E. Bughurst, Esq. Scarbro'
The Lady of Sir D. Erskine, Conway, North
Wales
Lady Paget, Fair Oak Lodge, near Petersfield
The Lady of Sir J. Fellowes, Adbury-house,
Hampshire
The Lady of J. Bishop, Esq. Woburn-place,
Russell-square
The Lady of W. Holmes, Esq. Brookfield, near
Arundle

The Lady of J. Cotton Worthington, Esq.
Newton, Tunbridge Wells
The Lady of R. Ballad Johnstone, Esq. Pro-
vender, near Faversham
The Lady of J. Woodford, Esq. Devonshire-st.
Portland-place
The Lady of E. Smith, Esq. Gordon-house
Kentish-town
The Lady of E. Forster, near Windsor
The Lady of Col. Woodford, Coldstream-guards
The Lady of Capt. James A. Murray, R. N.
The Lady of Henry Davis, Esq. Mecklenburgh-
square
Lady Elizabeth Toilemache, Englefield-green
Lady Augusta Fitzclarence, Kent-house,
Knightsbridge
The Lady of J. S. Jessopp, Esq. Albany-place,
Cheshunt
The Lady of the Rev. W. Roy, Chaplain at
Madras
The Lady of Mr. T. Bugden, Walworth

MARRIAGES

Ainsworth, Jesse, jun. esq. Wicken-hall, to
Lees, Miss Hannah, Oldham
Allen, Capt. J. R. N. Christchurch, Surrey, to
Shirley, Miss Mary
Arlington, Rev. J. Little Barford, Beds. to
Plumer, Miss Eliza, Canons, Herts
Adams, Capt. C. R. N. Minto-house, N. B. to
Brydone, Miss Elizabeth
Allan, Mr. Charles Stuart, Hay, to
Gardner, Mrs. widow of Major Gardner

Austin, John, esq. Clapton, to
Hobson, Miss Ellen, Markfield
Burrington, G. esq. East Dulwich, Surrey, to
Packer, Miss Elizabeth Treby
Brnen, Col. M. P. Oak-park, to
Kavannah, Miss Ann, Borris
Barlee, Rev. William, Barham, Norfolk, to
Lee, Miss Margaret, Dickleburgh, Norfolk
Bartlett, Rev. John, Buckingham, to
Reynolds, Miss, Bankhouse, Salop

- Bingham, Mr. John Courleher, Hull, to
 Jefferson, Miss Alathen, Hull
 Bicknell, Henry, esq. to
 Tabor, Miss Eliza, Walcot-place, Lambeth
 Brotherton, Mr. W. Salter Lane, Leyland, to
 Taylor, Miss Ellen, Chorley
 Browne, Lieut.-Col. 23d Foot, to
 Gray, Miss Louisa Anne, Durham
 Brenton, Sir Jahleel, Fetcham, to
 Brenton, Miss Harriet, Halifax, Nova Scotia
 Bradley, Rev. W. Prebendary of Wells, to
 Barker, Miss Frances Maria, Barbadoes
 Bourne, C. esq. Cranbrook, to
 Cook, Miss Mary
 Bruckshaw, Joshua, esq. Bredbury, to
 Prescott, Miss Susannah, Stockport
 Booy, Rev. W. Crawley, Flaxley Abhey, to
 Crawley, Miss C. Stowe, Northamptonshire
 Bannard, Mr. E. jun. Paternoster-row, to
 Chater, Miss Caroline, Cornhill
 Banks, T. Christopher, esq. Bank Newton, to
 Weston, Miss Harriett, Walsley, Kent
 Cave, T. esq. Yeovil, to
 Peupleman, Miss Mary, Buckland-street
 Campbell, F. Gardner, esq. Troup, Banffshire, to
 Dull, Miss Maria, Carnousie, Banffshire
 Clay, Wm. jun. esq. Russell-square, to
 Dickason, Miss H. Montagu-st. Russell-sq.
 Crawford, Matthew, esq. Mudd's Temple, to
 Montagu, Miss Louisa M. Lackham-house
 Coombs, Mr. Henry, Frome, to
 Payne, Miss Eliza, Frome
 Coombs, Mr. James, Frome, to
 Payne, Miss Sarah, Frome
 Cook, Samuel Green, esq. Colchester, to
 Luntin, Miss Eleanor Maria, Fotheringhay
 Cook, Saml. Aliest. Goodman's-fields, to
 Parker, Miss Elizabeth, Calver's-hall, Herts.
 Donald, Capt. J. Whitehall, near Glasgow, to
 Grahame, Miss Ann, Whitehall
 Durant, Rev. Thomas, Poole, to
 Chandler, Miss Mary, London
 Digby, Benjamin, Esq. Mountjoy-sq. Dublin, to
 Inghis, Miss Sophia, Auchindunny
 Davidson, Capt. Henry, in Cardiganshire, to
 Morris, Miss Jane, Carmarthen
 Dickinson, A. esq. to
 Allen, Miss Eliza, Lewisham, Kent
 Dunford, George, A. esq. 19th Foot, to
 Parly, Miss Emily Jane
 Dando, Mr. John Jones, Bucklesbury, to
 Cunningham, Miss Lydia, Bedford New-road
 Eastham, Rev. F. Chester, to
 Ward, Miss Jane, Chester
 Elgood, Mr. John Gerrard, Wimpole-street, to
 Luff, Miss Alice Simpkin, Long-acre
 Forbes, Capt. Henry, R.N. to
 Home, Miss, daughter of Sir E. Home
 Fallowfield, Rev. J. Oldham, to
 Gordon, Miss, ditto
 Fell, Wm. Walling-street, to
 Young, Miss, Great Surrey-street
 Gramshaw, Capt. R. of the Bengal Artillery, to
 Bunn, Miss Sophia
 Green, Rev. Thos. Fordham, Graveley Herts, to
 Lee, Miss Mary, Dickleburgh
 Grellier, Mr. P. J. Wormwood-street, to
 Goodall, Miss Margaret, Burton Latimer
 Gordon, Dr. Theodore, St. George's, to
 Barclay, Miss Elizabeth Bruce
 Gregory, Mr. John, Lambeth, to
 Henries, Miss E. Acton-place, Kingsland-rd.
 Girardot, Capt. C. A. Coldstream Guards, to
 Culnetto, Miss Margaret C. Waltham Abbey
 Homfray, W. King's Hill, Monmouthshire, to
 Thompson, Miss Eliza Lee, Chichester
 Harrington, Mr. Henry, to
 Wright, Miss E. Grenville-st. Russell-square
 Holland, Henry, M.D. Lower Brook-street, to
 Caldwell, Miss M. E. Linley Wood Stairds.
 Hillier, Henry Bentick Curry, esq. Rochester, to
 Lacey, Miss Ann
 Henderson, Thos. esq. Long Burgh, to
 Wilson, Mrs. Doughty-street
 Haydon, Mr. Edward, Islington, to
 Davies, Miss Maria Jane Hackney
 Hutton, Mr. Thos. Cheapside, to
 Morris, Miss Elizabeth, East Grinstead
 Hicks, Francis, esq. Bartlett's-buildings, to
 Owen, Mrs.
 Jones, Rev. Charles, Pakenham, to
 Quayle, Miss Mary, Bartonmore
 Kain, Joseph, esq. to
 Friend, Mrs. Clapham
 Kenrick, Rev. G. Larkhear, near Exeter, to
 Bowring, Miss Margaret
 Kenrick, Mr. Samuel, West Bromwich, to
 Kenrick, Miss Marianne
 Lester, T. Y. esq. at Dumbarton Castle, to
 Ferrier, Miss Mary
 Lyues, Rev. J. Elmley Lovett, Worcestersh. to
 Wynne, Miss C. S. Garthmeillo, Derbyshire
 Liverpool, the Earl of, Hampton-et. palace, to
 Chester, Miss Mary
 Lindsay, Mr. T. Dalby-terrace, City-road, to
 Short, Miss, Frederick-place, Hampstead-rd.
 Lester, Thos. Young, esq. Royal Fusiliers, to
 Ferrier, Miss Mary, Dumbarton Castle
 Littlewood, John, jun. Mr. Walworth, to
 Perkins, Miss Louisa
 Langton, Mr. Henry, Maidenhead, Bucks, to
 Stephenson, Miss M. William-st. Blackfriars
 Monk, Rev. J. H. D. Dean of Peterboro' to
 Hughes, Miss Jane, Nuneaton, Warwickshire
 Mahon, Dennis, esq. Norwich, to
 Henrietta, daughter of the Bp. of Norwich
 Mennons, J. esq. Greenock Douglas, I. of Man, to
 Mills, Miss Catherine Ann
 Mandeville, Viscount, St. James's, to
 Sparrow, Miss, daughter of Lady O. Sparrow
 Marson, T. F. esq. Newington, to
 Buckle, Miss Mary Ann, Mark-lane
 Marman, Capt. John Sidmouth, Devon, to
 Wilkins, Miss Elizabeth, Spitalfields
 McMillan, Donald, esq. Levenstrath, to
 Campbell, Miss Annie, Kintyre
 Mickle, Capt. Wm. 88th Foot, Dublin, to
 O'Dwyer, Miss Catherine Louisa, Dublin
 Medley, George, esq. Kensington, to
 Rich, Miss Elizabeth, Milton-next Gravesend
 Murray, A. esq. Gt. Russell-st. Bloomsbury, to
 Smith, Miss Ann, Aberdeen
 Moyston, R. J. esq. Calcot-hall, Flintshire, to
 Thomas, Miss A. Church Leigh, Staffordshire
 Morphew, Mr. John, East India Service, to
 Cullen, Miss Susanna
 Nokes, Mr. J. Woolwich, to
 Haden, Mrs. Rosa, Dumfries
 Powell, J. G. esq. Cambridge, to
 Kellam, Miss Frances
 Parker, Rev. John, South Petherton, to
 Treuchard, Miss, Taunton
 Parry, Rev. Frederick, Eastham, to
 Ward, Miss Jane, Chester
 Pusey, Philip, esq. Pusey, Burks, to
 Herbert, Lady Emily
 Potter, Mr. Cipriani, Mary-le-bone, to
 Thompson, Miss
 Prince, John, esq. Pentonville, to
 Smith, Miss C. Whitcross-st. Cripplegate
 Robinson, T. H. esq. Bury St. Edmunds, to
 Hutchinson, Miss S. Lower Clapton
 Rolle, Right Hon. Lord, Huish, Devonshire, to
 the Hon. L. Trefusis, sister to Lord Clinton
 Ripley, Wm. esq. Liverpool, to
 Parr, Miss Isabella, Fir Grove, Lancashire
 Rigby, Wm. esq. Hawarden, Flintshire, to
 Thomas, Miss Frances, Chester
 Russell, Mr. J. Lant-street and Nelson-sq. to
 Hoby, Miss, St. James's-street
 Row, Capt. T. Mevagissey, Cornwall, to
 McAdam, Miss H. St. George's in the East
 Rawthorne, W. H. esq. Doncaster, to
 Johnstone, Miss Eliza, Burr-st. Tower-hill
 Spedding, Mr. J. Penrith, at Gresna-green, to
 Burton, Miss Eleanor
 Spurway, Rev. John, Barnstaple, to
 Hole, Miss Elizabeth, Georgeham
 Skeggs, John, esq. Farnborough, Kent, to
 Morgan, Miss Mary, Crofton Hall
 Temple, Mr. George, Guildhall, to
 Weatherley, Miss Maria, Poultry

Vaux, Mr. Calvert Bowyer, Pudding-lane, to Brickwood, Miss, Sutton Wing, Thos. esq. Gray's Inn, to Paternoster, Miss Mary Ann, Norfolk-street

Whiskard, Mr. J. Mason, Aldgate, to Stern, Miss Jane, Roxton, Bedfordshire Young, Wm. esq. Harleburn, Mid Lothian, to Saumarez, Miss Amelia

DEATHS.

Aldis, Lady, in Nelson-square, 42—Abinger, Wm (the Ipswich Fortune-teller)—Adey, Mrs. D. Gloucestershire—Alexander, Miss E. Piccadilly—Ackroyd, T. esq. Bradford, Yorkshire—Axford, J. Ludgate-hill, 88—Atkins, Hugh, esq. Moniac, Inverness, 57.

Browne, Lady A. in Gardiner's row, Dublin, 87—Brownlow, C. esq. of Brook-st. Bath, at his seat Largan, Ireland—Besson, Lieut. Charles, of the Royal Hospital, Greenwich, 85—Bee, Mrs. of Bankside, 69—Beauvois, Louis Henri de Comte du Roure and Marquis de Grisiac, in Arundel-st. Strand—Brookbank, S. A. youngest son of the Rev. J. Brookbank, of Winkworth-buildings, City-road—Badeock, Mrs. S. at Sydenham, 60—Brewer, J. J. esq. at Glatville, near Havre de Grace, late Adjutant of Tilbury-Fort—Brewer, M. W. Ranelagh, 38.

Cornell, Mrs. E. of Lawrence-st. Chelsea, 56—Chester, R. eldest son of Sir Robt. Chester, of Bush-hall, Herts—Carne, C. at Truro, at the advanced age of 96—Conway, T. esq. New-place House, Southampton, 56—Collins, Rev. S. C. St. John, Exeter, 71—Cotes, Mrs. M. Peckham, 88—Cooper, Mrs. T. Henley-upon-Thames—Christian, Mrs. K. Wignmore-st.

Dunmald, The Countess of, at Hammer-smith—Dunn, A. of Bond-st. 57—Dowding, W. esq. of Upper Thornhaugh-st. 70—Douglas, Miss M. A. at Kaling—Du Sable, Capt. C. 47—Day, T. Sarraff, Herts, 13—Dulzill, W. Great James-st. Bedford row—Dickenson, W. esq. Cumberland-place, New-road.

Earlsm, Mr. R. Exmouth-st. Spa-fields, 80—Elliott, Rev. Wm. Wellford, Warwickshire—Evans, Mrs. wife of Capt. H. Evans, Knightsbridge—Elliot, B. Peckham—Edwards, Mrs. R. Castle-st. Holborn.

Fytche, L. D. esq. in Jermyn-st. 84—Farrar, Mrs. of Mecklenburgh-square—Fraser, W. E. only child of the Rev. H. Fraser, M.A. Rector of Woolwich—Forester, Rev. C. at Selby, 55—Founerau, J. Z. esq. at Donay, formerly of the 20th Foot, aged 35—Foxcroft, Mrs. E. Southgate, 69—Foster, J. esq. High-green, 71—Fitzherbert, Miss J. Chichester, 65—Fowler, T. C. Surgeon, Sheerness.

Gurdon, Mrs. relict of the Rev. P. Gurdon, of Assington-hall, Suffolk, 66—Griffiths, J. esq. at Charnmouth, Dorset, formerly Surgeon to the household of her late Majesty Queen Charlotte, and one of the Surgeons of St. George's Hospital—Griffiths, J. esq. of Stamford-hill, Middlesex, & Doctor's Commons, London—Greaves, Miss R. at Tottenham-high-croft—Godhold, J. esq. Bury-St. Edmunds, 93—Garrick, Mrs. relict of the inimitable David Garrick, Adelphi-terrace, aged 99 years—Gipps, J. fourth son of G. Gipps, esq. M.P. Howlett's, Herefordshire—Grace, J. esq. Aylesbury—Gill, B. C. esq. Wyndbury, Bucks—Goodwin, T. B. Angel-court, Skinner-treet—Gilpin, Wm. esq. East-Sheen Surrey, 61.

Hara, C. O. esq. at Nymphsfield—Hodgkins, Miss Mary, of Stoke Newington, 24, youngest daughter of the late Rev. G. Hodgkins—Hood, Mrs. wife of the Rev. R. W. Hood, of Roydon, Essex—Horton, Mrs. at Bango, widow of the late A. V. Horton, esq. of Dublin—Hume, Mrs. E. Grove, Bath, sister of the late Dean of Derry, and niece of the late Bishop of Salisbury—Haslam, Mrs. W. Greenwich—Howlett, Miss M. Kensington, 13—Hillam, H. esq. Newry, 77—Hamond, A. esq. Westacre-high-house, Norfolk, 81—Heopler, Mrs. Haxby-hall, Damaris-Hustler, J. D. esq. Stepney, 69—Heywood, Miss M. I. Bedford-place—Hankey, the infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hankey—Holloway, Mr. E. City-road, 20.

Ives, Mrs. at Bungay—Ingilby, Mrs. 1 J Dunsdale, near Guisborough, 63.

Jackson, W. at Hazlehead, Alpha, Cumberland, 91—Jacques, Mary, late of the bank in Leeds; at the Leeds Workhouse—Jones, Thos. Wilson-st. Finsbury-square, 54—Jones, J. Y. near Ross, Herefordshire—Jones, J. O. Leamington, formerly an eminent cook at Newmarket, &c. &c.

Kaye, C. J. the infant son of Mr. C. Kaye, Pentonville—King, Capt. G. (of the ship, James Laing) on his passage from Jamaica, 58.

Leitch, Mrs. S. Kensington, 85—Langton, R. esq. Newington-place—Lawrence, M. R. Bishop-Stortford.

Mavor, Mrs. A. at Woodstock—Milles, Mrs. H. Chesterfield-st. 65—Montmorncy, Viscount Frankfort de, at his Villa, near Clontarf a Privy Councillor, Trustee of the Linen Board, Vice-President of the Dublin Society, and Commissioner for Improving the Port and Harbour of Dublin—Manning, Rev. J. at High-Wcombe, 67—Mathias, Miss A. at Drumcondra, aged 16, daughter of the Rev. B. W. Mathias—Mackeller, D. esq. Ely-place—Mackintosh, Colonel J. on the retired list of the Royal Marine Forces.

Noverre, P. fourth son of C. Noverre, esq. of Gt. Marlborough-st.—Newman, J. esq. Colonel in the Russian Service, and formerly Russian Consul, at Hull, 43—Newcastle, The Duchess of, at Clumber, Nibbs, J. esq. at Upon-house, Southampton, formerly of Antigua—Nepean, Sh. E. bart. Loder, Devon, High Sheriff for the County, 71—Nmmo, Mrs. Kensington, 72—Newcastle, the infant son of his Grace the Duke, at Clumber—Nibbs, Mrs. J. Upton-house, Southampton, only survived her husband three days.

Ord, Mrs. A. in Conduit-st. widow of the Rev. J. N. Ord, late Rector of Wheatthampstead, Herts—Oughterson, Rev. Arthur, at the Manse of West Kilbride, 87—Oliver, Mr. J. of Canal-place, Kent-road, 67.

Pratt, Mrs. at Corny Castle, County Cavan.—Pace, Lieut. G. of the Admiralty Telegraph Establishment, (suddenly)—Parkin, R. at St. Wenn, Cornwall, aged 99—Petvin, Mrs. Eliz. Brouley, Kent—Pigot, J. Admiral of the Red, at Beddington, Surrey—Parker, T. Bush-lane, Cannon-st. 81—Parker, T. jun. Bush-lane, Cannon-st. 55.

Russell, R. esq. at Exmouth, 64—Rovedino, Signor Carlo, formerly of the King's Theatre—Row, T. esq. Mile-end—Ridge, T. esq. Yarmouth, 62—Read, G. Wandsworth—Robertson, G. esq. Royal Dragoons—Rivington, F. St. Paul's Church-yard, 78.

Scafe, J. E. esq. Gray's-inn—Steers, Mrs. Hastings, 70—Scott, The lady of Sir J. Scott, Great Barr-hall, Staffordshire—Street, Mrs. J. Kilburn, 28—Schroder, Mrs. Clapham-rise, 72, (relict of H. Schroder, esq.)—Shipley, Mr. Z. Whitley, near Tynemouth—Sykes, Mrs. C. Wandsworth, 82—Sealy, Mrs. Hastings, 38.

Trash, Rev. A. J. of Queens' College, Oxford—Tucker, I. at Westbury, Leigh, 64, (he was well known as a Musical Composer)—Thornton, Miss M. A. Fenchurch-st. 13—Trin, A. esq. Camberwell, 84—Thodey, S. Poultry—Tippett, Mrs. Spital-square—Travis, J. late of Hull.

Usborne, Miss M. A. Trinity-square, 21. Woodthorpe, V. Fetter-lane—Weall, J. of Hatch-end, near Pinner, 66—Wilde, Mrs. Burlington, Somerset, 62—Welch, Mrs. only sister of Sir R. Welch, Kilham, Kent, 74—Wolfe, Mrs. E. Saffron-Walden—Williamson, W. George-court, Piccadilly.

Yates, B. esq. of Marlborough-place, Walworth, 64—Young, Mrs. E. Old-st. 57.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

The town of Linton lately presented a scene of the utmost confusion, in consequence of a notice having been given that the wages of the labourers were to be reduced one shilling per week, a large body of whom, consisting of some hundreds, assembled by five o'clock in the morning, in a riotous and tumultuous manner, and expressed their determination to strike, unless their wages were continued at the old standard. They paraded the whole parish, preventing any business being done, unless at the old wages; but, on a threat of being sent to prison, they dispersed. Most of these misguided men have returned to their work, and the parish is restored to tranquillity.

DERBYSHIRE.

For many weeks such have been the quantity of apples brought into Mansfield market, that they have been hitherto sold at the rate of 3d. and 4d. per peck.

DEVONSHIRE.

The removal of the Post-Office packets from Falmouth to Plymouth has been finally determined on, and will shortly take place. It is said, the principal part of the vessels will be purchased of the owners by Government, by whom the Commanders, &c. will be appointed.—The Commissioners to inquire into Public Charities, commenced their labours at Barnstaple on Monday the 19th September.

DORSETSHIRE.

Copper ores sold at Pool on Thursday, 1787 tons—standard, 106l. 1s. Copper ores for sale this week, at Redruth, 2,402 tons. Copper ore sold at Swansea, Oct. 2, 162 tons.

DURHAM.

Mr. Lambton has bought the colliery at Newbottle, late the property of Messrs. Nesham and Co. for 70,000l.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

The tenantry of the Rev. Sir Abraham Elton, Bart. met his agent at Bristol, where his agent made the abatement of his rents 40l. per cent., when the tenantry cheerfully paid the amount of his demands.

HAMPSHIRE.

That branch of the Portsmouth and Arundel Navigation, which crosses the Island of Portsea, and terminates in a basin at the half-way houses, is opened for the reception of trading vessels and barges. The communication is now

open from Portsmouth to the city of Chichester, and but five hundred and fifty yards, consisting of excavation and embankments, remain to be completed in the main line of canal in Sussex, in order to effect the long desired object, that of barges passing by inland navigation from London to Portsmouth.

KENT.

An order has arrived at Chatham Dock-yard, to stop the further discharge of any more men from the naval yard; it is the intention of the Government, that the men shall continue working for five days in the week, and the same hours as usual, which will obviate the intention of a further discharge.—There lately accidentally met together, at the Castle Inn, Canterbury, eight persons, who, from their relative connexion with each other, form the following curious fact in consanguinity: There were four sisters, five daughters, one grandmother, one grandfather, three aunts, one grand-daughter, one brother-in-law, three sisters-in-law, one son-in-law, two mothers, one father, one niece to three aunts, one uncle, two wives, and two husbands.

LANCASHIRE.

Notice has been given by the Manchester and Preston bankers, that from and after the 29th of September next, the rate of interest charged on discounts, and charged and allowed on current accounts, will be 4 per cent. per annum, instead of 5 per cent. as heretofore.—With the view of carrying into effect the railway between Manchester and Liverpool, notice has been given of an application to Parliament next Session, for an Act with the requisite powers. It is also intended to have a rail road from Newton to Bolton, thereby connecting the communication with that town and Liverpool and Manchester, as the direct rail-road between these two places will pass through Newton. A notice for an Act for this purpose has also been given.—The Common Council of Liverpool has voted the freedom of the Borough, to the sons of the Right Hon. Geo. Canning, and General Gascoyne.—The assessment on houses, &c. in Liverpool, returned to the Select Vestry, is stated for 1822, houses and warehouses at 23,600; in 1820, 21,400; increase in two years, 1,600.

MIDDLESEX.

Depreciation of Landed Property.—Forty acres of land in the parish of Harmondsworth, which a few years since were let at 2l. an acre, were recently re-let at 5s. an acre.

NORFOLK.

Notwithstanding the united efforts of the magistracy and the peace officers, and the severe examples made by the Courts of Justice on offenders, the dreadful practice of machine-breaking has been again resumed by the deluded populace in this county.—A reward of 500l. is offered, for the discovery of the person or persons, who in the night of the 25th ult., set fire to a field barn, in the Wents, in the occupation of Mr. T. Pooly.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

A smart shock of an earthquake was distinctly felt at Dunston, near Newcastle, accompanied by a loud noise like distant thunder.—The oil (9 tons and 158 gallons), the produce of the whale which was taken a few weeks ago upon this coast, and the right to which had become an object of dispute between two great land-owners, upon whose property it had been cast, was taken possession of in behalf of the Crown, by a special order from the Admiralty.—Newcastle and the neighbourhood, in consequence of the stoppage of the keelmen on the river, are filled with soldiers like towns besieged.—Earl Grey has recently communicated to his numerous tenantry in Northumberland and North Durham, his intention to remit 20 per cent. of all his rents, from Martinmas, 1821.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Upwards of 200 navigators, lately employed on the Bude Canal, have commenced their operations on the projected Taunton and Bristol canal. They are immediately to open the ground at Fire Pool Weir, near Taunton. A party of the workmen are also to commence their labours at Creech, and a bridge near the present one at Bathpool, is to be erected. The line will terminate in the Paret, about a mile from Bridgwater.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

A Tread Mill in the county prison is now finished, and has been brought into full operation. The severity of the labour is certainly adapted to prevent the repetition of crime.—Died, on Wednesday, the 25th of September, aged 60, Charles Evans, better known by the name of Carolus the Hermit of Tong, where in a lonely and romantic cell on the domain of George Durant, Esq. he for the space of seven

years, by his manners and conversation, becomingly sustained the character he had chosen.

SUFFOLK.

On the 7th of October the Suffolk Bible Society held its eleventh Anniversary Meeting in the Guildhall, Bury. Lord Bristol in the chair. The Report of the proceedings for the year stated the satisfactory progress of the Society, and the great good it had effected. The Guildhall was not crowded, nor was the meeting attended, as far as we could see, by any of the resident clergy of the Established Church, and only by a very few from the neighbourhood.

SURRY.

The repairs and alterations at Claremont, since the departure of his Royal Highness the Prince Leopold, have been carried to a great extent. Most of the floors, with the exception of the state rooms, have been taken up and new ones laid down, owing to the dry-rot having affected them to so great an extent. The principal part of the house, with the out-buildings, have been fresh painted, and the state-rooms have received great addition of splendour. The servants have been on board wages the whole of the time, not one being dismissed owing to his Royal Highness's absence. Marlborough House has likewise been greatly improved. His Royal Highness is soon expected in this country.

SUSSEX.

On the Brighton road, not far from Reigate, is a notice on a large board of a farm to let "rent-free."—At the election of a Mayor for the town of Arundel, the Lect Jury returned Mr. Watkins and Mr. Parker to the Court. Each of these gentlemen were put in nomination, when a great shew of hands proclaimed the choice of the burgesses to be in favour of Mr. Watkins. No poll being demanded, he was declared unanimously elected.—The migrations from the villages in the west of Sussex to Brighton, this Michaelmas, have been incredibly numerous.—Some villages are said to have been almost deserted. This is a lamentable proof of the agricultural misery and distress. Many unfortunates, who, but a few years ago, were basking in the sunshine of affluence, have brought hither their last 50l. perhaps 20l., with the view of making an effort in some little way of business, to save themselves and families from pauperism, to which many, alas, too many! of their more wealthy neighbours have been already compelled to

submit. It is calculated that not less than 200 families of the above description have taken up their residence here since New Michaelmas-day.

WILTSHIRE.

Mr. Farquhar, the wealthy East Indian, has recently purchased Fonthill Abbey, together with all its appendages, for between three and four hundred thousand pounds. The timber on the estate is estimated at 100,000l; the building has not cost so little as 400,000l.; and since the present possessor came of age, he has laid out at least a million sterling in beautifying and embellishing this most splendid domain. Nearly 15,000 guineas are said to have actually been received for tickets of admission to the grounds and Abbey of Fonthill. — The remains of a Roman villa, with a beautifully tessellated pavement, have recently been discovered between Farley Castle and Iford. Indeed the existence of the remains have been known for a considerable time by persons in the neighbourhood. Several small coins have been found, bearing the name of "Tetricus," together with some other curiosities, which are now in the possession of the Rev. Mr. Richardson, rector of Farley.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

At a recent meeting of Worcester Dorcas Society, it was resolved to present a quantity of clothing to the destitute Irish. — By a recent arrangement the London mail will arrive in Worcester at half-past nine, and return at four; further alterations of the branch mails are in contemplation.

YORKSHIRE.

A machine for the dressing of cloth has recently been erected in Leeds, which does as much in forty-five minutes as two men could do in two days. — Dr. Burnaby and — Matthews, Esq. two of the Commissioners for investigating the state of charitable foundations for the purposes of education, have arrived at Hull, and commenced with an examination of those connected with the Corporation.

WALES.

Eisteddfod, or Congress of Bards at Brecon, excited considerable interest throughout the principality; was attended by several persons eminent in the literature of their country. Sir C. Morgan presided. The prizes were given as follows: for the best Ode, to

Mr. W. L. Jones, of Dolgelly. The prize for the Poem was bestowed on Mr. P. Jones, of Liverpool. That for the best Englyn on "The Rainbow," fell to the lot of Mr. W. Jones, Denbigh; and that for the best Essay, was awarded to Rev. J. Hughes, Brecon. The successful candidates were invested with the Bardic insignia by Mr. Edward Williams, the venerable bard of Glamorgan. The attendance was both numerous and splendid.

SCOTLAND.

A remarkably fine and very valuable marble bust of the late James Watt, Esq. has been presented to the Magistrates of Greenock, by his son, the present Mr. Watt, of Soho, as an expression of his respect for the birthplace of his illustrious parent. It is fresh from the chissel of Mr. Chantry. — For the first time, these sixty years there is a division in the corporation of Glasgow, respecting the choice of a chief magistrate for the ensuing year — In the Lothians they have now had five heavy crops of wheat in succession — a circumstance to which the oldest farmer living scarcely recollects a parallel. — The quantity of fruit and potatoes now exhibited for sale in Glasgow is scarcely creditable. In every corner they are seen lying in loads—heaps—and selling at prices which, some years ago, would scarcely have defrayed the expense of carriage from the place of growth to the market.

IRELAND.

As the winter approaches, and the long nights begin, the outrages of the Irish peasantry recommence. Ransacking houses for arms, setting fire to stacks, particularly to collections of tithe produce, and the murders which frequently result from those acts of violence, are coming into full activity again. — The subject announced by Dublin Trinity College, for the Vice-Chancellor's Prizes, at the ensuing commencement is: — "British Generosity to Irish Distress." — Lord Clanbrock, in the neighbourhood of Shanagolden, viewed each tenant's farm; to some he forgave large arrears, and reduced the rent to what it had been thirty years ago; to others he gave a second reduction of a fifth, forgiving arrears also.

EAST INDIA SHIPPING LIST.

Arrangement for the Season, 1822, 1823.

Ships' Names.	Consignments.	Tonnage.	Managing Owners.	Commanders.	First Officers.	Second Officers.	Third Officers.	Fourth Officers.	Surgeons.	Pursers.	To be in the Down.	To sail in the Down.
2 Royal George	Beng. & China	1333	John F. Timins	Chris. Bides	J. H. Buttant	R. H. Tieherne	A. C. Walling	William Cair	Thomas Hog	John Ward	1822	1822
5 General Kyl	Beng. & China	1200	James Walker	Alexander Nairne	Richard Apin	John Pearson	W. Mac Nair	William Muir	F. P. Alley	James Cannan	1822	1822
2 Kent	Beng. & China	1322	S. Marjoribanks	Henry Cobb	James Sexton	Francis Dancill	W. Mac Nair	William Muir	James Don	John Allan	1822	1822
5 Hersfordshire	Bomb. & China	1200	John Locke	William Hope	Robert Card	Richard Card	W. Robson	George Lloyd	Richard Boyes	E. Crowfoot	1823	1823
6 Ingis	Bomb. & China	1200	R. Boardale	Samuel Seale	Joseph Dudman	F. Oilebar	C. Pennington	George Lloyd	John Scott	George Adam	1823	1823
2 Farquharson	St. Hel. Ben.	1326	J. C. Lochner	W. Cruickshank	Edward Jacob	W. H. Walker	A. C. Procter	Charles Clarkson	R. Alexander	J. Thomson	1823	1823
2 Repulse	St. Hel. Ben.	1324	John F. Timins	John Paterson	A. W. Law	Mark Clayson	Felix Bontbee	Robert Robson	James Halliday	William Bruce	1823	1823
2 Hattie	Beng. & China	1333	S. Marjoribanks	J. P. Wilson	A. F. Procter	John Brown	G. T. Calvely	Robert Robson	James Halliday	William Bruce	1823	1823
2 Windsor	St. Hel. Bomb.	1332	George Clay	T. Haviside	H. Bustow	John Hay	Robert Patullo	T. Shearman	Robert Elliot	Richard Rawes	1823	1823
6 Bridgewater	and China.	1200	James Sims	W. Mitchell	Charles Shea	John Hay	Robert Patullo	T. Shearman	J. W. Wilson	Richard Rawes	1823	1823
4 Waterloo	Bomb. & China	1325	(Company's Ship)	R. Alagar	W. R. Bickley	John Hay	Robert Patullo	T. Shearman	J. W. Wilson	Richard Rawes	1823	1823
2 Scally Castle	Bomb. & China	1200	James Sims	D. Rae Newall	W. H. Ladd	John Hay	Robert Patullo	T. Shearman	J. W. Wilson	Richard Rawes	1823	1823
2 Scally Castle	Bomb. & China	1200	James Sims	E. Adams	W. H. Ladd	John Hay	Robert Patullo	T. Shearman	J. W. Wilson	Richard Rawes	1823	1823
6 Atlas	Mad. & China	1200	James Sims	C. G. Bynne	W. H. Ladd	John Hay	Robert Patullo	T. Shearman	J. W. Wilson	Richard Rawes	1823	1823
5 Vansittart	China	1200	John Castans	W. H. C. Dalrymple	Henry Cowan	William Allen	Robert Patullo	T. Shearman	J. W. Wilson	Richard Rawes	1823	1823

25th October, 1822.

VARIATIONS OF BAROMETER, THERMOMETER, &c. AT NINE O'CLOCK, A. M.

By T. BLUNT, Mathematical Instrument Maker to his Majesty, No. 22, CORNHILL.

1822	Bar.	Ther.	Wind	Obscr.	1822	Bar.	Ther.	Wind	Obscr.	1822	Bar.	Ther.	Wind	Obscr.
Sep. 27	29.29	45	N.	Rain	Oct. 6	29.18	50	W.	Rain	Oct 17	29.25	43	N. E.	Rain
28	29.34	41	N.	Fair	7	29.50	52	W.	Fair	18	29.51	40	N. E.	Fair
29	29.53	44	N. W.	Ditto	8	29.54	50	S. W.	Rain	19	29.38	48	S.	Ditto
30	29.61	43	N.	Ditto	9	29.61	55	S. W.	Ditto	20	29.37	46	S.	Ditto
Oct 1	29.65	41	N.	Ditto	10	29.79	49	W.	Ditto	21	29.60	50	S. S. W.	Rain
2	29.75	45	S. W.	Ditto	11	29.98	42	S. W.	Fair	22	29.69	48	S. W.	Ditto
3	29.78	50	E.	Ditto	12	30.05	41	S. E.	Ditto	23	29.52	42	E.	Ditto
4	29.70	55	N. E.	Rain	13	29.89	47	N. E.	Rain	24	29.30	45	S. E.	Ditto
5	29.66	61	E.	Ditto	14	29.84	45	N. W.	Fair	25	29.46	52	S.	Ditto
6	29.74	54	S.	Fair	15	29.61	43	S. W.	Ditto					
7	29.63	55	S. W.	Ditto	16	29.25	46	E.	Rain					

PRICE OF SHARES IN CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, MINES, &c.

OCTOBER 26, 1822.

	Price	Per Share.	Div. per Ann.		Price	Per Share.	Div. per Ann.
	£.	£. s.	£. s. d.		£.	£. s.	£. s. d.
Canals				Bridges			
Ashton and Oldham	100	100	4 10	Southwark	100	23	—
Barnesley	160	200	10	Ditto, New	50	67 10	7 1/2 pr. ct.
Birmingham (divided)	25	580	21	Ditto, Loan	—	—	5
Bolton and Bury	250	120	5	Vauxhall	100	20	—
Bucknuck and Abegay.	150	80	4	Waterloo	100	5	—
Canals	50	—	—	Water-works.			
Chesterfield	100	120	8	Chelsea	—	—	—
Coventry	100	1070	41 3	East London	100	97 10	2
Cromford	100	270	14	Grand Junction	50	58	2 10
Croydon	100	3	3	Kent	100	35	1 10
Derby	100	140	6	London Bridge	—	50	2 10
Dudley	100	63	3	South London	100	30	—
Ellesmere and Chester	133	63	3	West Middlesex	—	57	2 5
Erewash	100	1000	58	York Buildings	100	21	—
Forth and Clyde	100	470	20	Insurance			
Grand Junction	100	245	10	Albion	500	50	2 10
Grand Surrey	100	51	3	Atlas	50	5	6
Grand Union	100	18	—	Bath	—	575	40
Grand Western	100	3	—	Birmingham Fire	1000	300	25
Grantham	150	145	8	British	250	50	3
Hatfield and Gloucester.	100	—	—	County	100	40	2 10
Lancaster	100	27	1	Eagle	50	2 12 6	—
Leeds and Liverpool	100	365	12	European	20	20	1
Leicester	—	300	14	Globe	100	135	6
Leicester & Northampton	100	72	—	Guardian	100	10	—
Loughborough	—	3500	170	Hope	50	4 5	6
Melton Mowbray	100	221	11	Imperial Fire	500	98	4 10
Monmouthshire	100	170	8	Ditto, Life	50	11	9 6
Montgomeryshire	100	70	2 10	Kent Fire	50	57	—
North	—	410	25	London Fire	25	28	1 4
Nottingham	150	200	12	London Ship	25	20	1
Oxford	100	730	32	Provident	100	18	18
Portsmouth and Arundel	50	40	—	Rock	20	1 19	2
Regent's	—	40	—	Royal Exchange	—	265	10
Rochdale	100	60	2	Sun Fire	—	—	8 10
Shrewsbury	125	170	9 10	Sun Life	100	23 10	10
Shipshure	125	125	7	Union	200	40	1 8
Somerset Coal	50	107 10	7	Gas Lights.			
Ditto, Lock Fund	—	—	5 15	Gas Light and Coke (Chart			
Stafford & Worcestershire	140	700	40	Company	50	71	4
Stourbridge	145	200	9	Ditto, New Shares	50	65 10	3 12
Stratford-on-Avon	—	17	—	City Gas Light Company	100	117	5 12
Stroudwater	—	495	22	Ditto, New	100	62	2 16
Swansea	100	185	10	South London	100	131	7 10
Tavistock	100	90	—	Imperial	50	7 7 6	—
Thames and Medway	—	21	—	Literary Institutions.			
Thames and Severn, New	—	26	—	London	75s	27	—
Trent & Mersey	200	1910	75	Russel	25s	11	—
Warwick and Birmingh.	100	230	11	Surrey	30s	5	—
Warwick and Napton	100	210	10	Miscellaneous.			
Worcester & Birmingham	—	26 10	1	Auction Mart	50	23	1 5
Docks.				British Copper Company	100	52	2 10
London	100	118	4 10	Golden Lane Brewery	80	9	—
West India	100	138	10	Ditto	50	5	—
East India	100	8	8	London Com. Sale Rooms	150	16	1
Commercial	100	87	3 10	Carnatic Stock, 1st class	—	92 10	4
East Country	100	31	—	Ditto, 2d ditto	—	79	3

Messrs. WOLFE and EDMONDS, No 9, Change-Alley, Cornhill.

PRICES OF STOCKS, COURSE OF EXCHANGE, &c.

GOVERNMENT FUNDS.		Oct. 23.	IRISH FUNDS.		Oct. 18
BANK STOCK , div. 10 per cent.	248	9	Bank Stock		
3 per Cent. Reduced Annuities	81	$\frac{1}{2}$ a	Govt. Debents. $3\frac{1}{2}$ per ct.	95	$\frac{1}{2}$
$3\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent. Consols Annuities	93	$\frac{1}{2}$ a	Do. Stock $3\frac{1}{2}$	91	$\frac{1}{2}$ 2
4 per Cent. Consols Annuities	99	$\frac{1}{2}$ a	Govt. Debents. 4	101	
Long Annuities, expire 5th Jan. 1860	20	11-16ths	Do. Stock 4		
South Sea Old Ann. div. 3 per cent.			Paving Debents. 4		
3 per Cent. Consols Annuities	82	$\frac{1}{2}$ a	Govt. Debents. 5	107	$\frac{1}{2}$
4 per Cent. Ditto, New	102	$\frac{1}{2}$ a	Do. Stock 5		
5 per Cent. Navy Annuities			Gd. Canal Loan 6 per ct.		
India Stock, div. $10\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent.			Ditto ditto .. 4		
South Sea Stock, div. $3\frac{1}{2}$			Pipe Wat. Debs. 5		
South S. New Anns. div. 3 per cent			Do. do. do. .. 6		
3 per Cent. Annuities, 1751		a	City Debents. 5		
Imperial 3 per Cent. Annuities	53	a 51 pm.	Grand Canal Stock		
4 per Cent. India Bonds	5	a 6 pm.	Royal Canal Stock		
Exchequer Bills, £1000. 2d. per day	4	a 7 pm.	Exchange on London ..	7	$\frac{1}{2}$
Ditto £500.	7	a 9 pm.			
Ditto small					
Bank for Account, 15th Oct. 1822.			BULLION. PER OZ.		
India for Opening, 15th Oct.			Oct. 22. £. s. d		
Consols for Opening, 16th Oct. ..	82	$\frac{1}{2}$ a	Portugal Gold, in Coin ..	3	17 6
$3\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent. Consols	93		Foreign Gold, in Bars ..	3	13 6
3 per per Cent. Reduced	81	$\frac{1}{2}$	New Doubloons	0	4 9
Imperial			New Dollars	0	4 11
			Silver, in Bars, Standard	0	4 11

AMERICAN FUNDS.		FRENCH FUNDS.	
<i>London, Oct. 22.</i>		<i>N. York, Sept. 24.</i>	
Bank Shares	21 5 a	104	5 p.Ct. An. with div.
7 per Cent.	93 $\frac{1}{2}$ 4 ..	105 $\frac{1}{2}$	due March 21, and
6 pr. Cts. of 1812.		103 $\frac{1}{2}$	September 21
.... 1813	92 9 $\frac{1}{2}$	104 $\frac{1}{2}$	Bank Shares, div. 31
.... 1814		105 $\frac{1}{2}$	Dec. and 30 June
.... 1815		106 $\frac{1}{2}$ 7	Reconnois. of Liqui-
3 per Cent.	70	77 $\frac{1}{2}$	dation divid. due
5 per Cent. 1820 94 $\frac{1}{2}$ 5		104 $\frac{1}{2}$	Mar. 21, & Sep. 21
5 per Cent. 1821 95 $\frac{1}{2}$ 6		104 5	Exchange on Lon-
Exchange on London, 60 days.		13 pm.	don, 3 months ..
			Ditto 1 ditto ..

PRUSSIAN STOCK.	
<i>London, Oct. 16, 1822.</i>	
5 per Cent. Bonds, large 89 $\frac{1}{2}$ }	
Small ——— Div. due 31st March,	
and 30th Sept.	

RUSSIAN STOCK.	
<i>London, Oct. 16, 1822.</i>	
6 per Cent. Inscriptions, 82. — Ex-	
change 3s. 1d. p. Ro. — Div. due 28th	
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Ant. Canova

ZODIAC OF DENDERA.



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1. Leo. 2. Virgo. 3. Libra. 4. Scorpio. 5. Sagittarius. 6. Capricornus. 7. Aquarius. 8. Pisces.
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THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

NOVEMBER, 1822 :

WITH A PORTRAIT OF ANTONIO CANOVA, THE CELEBRATED SCULPTOR.

Painted from Life by John Jackson, Esq., R.A.

AND

AN EXCELLENT ENGRAVING OF THE ZODIAC OF DENDERA.

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[TWO SHILLINGS.]

The Proprietors of the EUROPEAN MAGAZINE have the pleasure to inform the Public that their *improved* Plate of "PSYCHE," drawn by Mr. Corbould from the Statue executed by R. Westmacott, Esq., R. A., for His Grace the Duke of Bedford, is now ready for delivery, at No. 13, Cornhill, and may be obtained through the medium of every respectable Bookseller in the United Kingdom.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The continuation of *Pulpit Eloquence* is unavoidably omitted this month—it shall appear in our next number.

We hope our fair Correspondent, "*Thisbe*," will forgive the mistake we made in her signature; and, if she will oblige us with some more of her poetical effusions, we promise to be sufficiently careful.

We have returned to our Publisher various Communications directed to their respective Authors.

THE
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,
AND
LONDON REVIEW.

NOVEMBER 1822.

MEMOIR
OF
ANTONIO CAÑOVA,

WITH A PORTRAIT PAINTED FROM THE LIFE, BY JOHN JACKSON, ESQ. R.A.
AND ENGRAVED BY J. THOMSON.

FROM the great celebrity of Canóva, we had for some time been solicitous of giving to the public a history of his life, and a description of those beautiful works of art, the emanations of his genius, which have at once achieved immortality for the artist, and have revived, in Europe, a delight in sculpture as intense as that which is said to have been felt by the Ancients. We had just acquired authentic Memoirs of this great man, when we received the unexpected and lamentable account of his decease. Few things can better attest the pre-eminence of Canóva than the rapidity with which the intelligence of his death has been conveyed to every part of Europe, and the earnestness with which the most exalted by rank, and the most celebrated for genius, have regretted the catastrophe.

Antonio Canóva was born in 1757, at Possagno, a small village about eight miles from Bassano, in the Marquisate of Trevisano, in the Venetian territory. His birth was humble, but at the age of twelve, he attracted the attention of the Lord of Possagno, it is said, by placing upon that nobleman's table a figure of a lion, ably modelled in butter.—At fourteen, he made his first *coup d'essai* in marble, and produced two baskets of fruit, which now ornament the staircase of the Palazzo Farsetti at Venice.—He was

now patronized by Falier, who sent him to Vienna, and placed him as a student under Foretti, and then with his nephew, and afterwards launched him into professional life upon his own account, in a small shop under the cloisters of St. Stephano, at Venice, from which he removed to the Traghelto di San Maurizio. At the age of seventeen, or, as some say, fifteen, he produced his first statue, a figure of Eurydice, of about half the size of life, and executed in a species of soft marble, called by the Italians *Pietra Dolce*. As we reserve our remarks upon his genius and productions to the latter end of this Memoir, we shall content ourselves, for the present, in observing, that his figure of Eurydice displayed no promise of superiority, and exhibited no germ of that character of Canóva's genius, which so decidedly pervaded all the productions of his maturer life. His next effort was his Orpheus, and this, with his Eurydice, are now in a villa near Asolo, about fifteen miles from Treviso.

He was now admitted into the Academy of the Fine Arts at Venice, and won many of the prizes; and when the Cavalier Girolamo Zulian, the Venetian Ambassador at Rome, invited him to that city, the Senate of Venice granted him a pension of 300 ducats, as a reward for a group, which he had made from the subject of Dædalus and Icarus. It is said,

that the notice, bestowed upon him by the Venetian Ambassador, was in consequence of an earlier appreciation of his merits by Sir Wm. Hamilton, who had also bestowed upon him pecuniary favours. It is not always possible to decide with certainty the contest, which men of rank frequently maintain, for the honour of having been the first to discover and reward the incipient genius of those who subsequently rise to eminence; but Canova always acknowledged, with gratitude, that, at this period of his life, he had received many important favours from Sir William Hamilton, then our Ambassador at Naples. The Cavalier Zulian commissioned him to execute the group of Theseus and the Minotaur, and his success at Rome was decided, although it must be confessed that, for the first years of his residence in that capital, his principal employers were our own countrymen. He acquired the esteem of all persons for his modest, unassuming manners, and for his generosity to poorer students of the Arts, and to the widows and orphans of unfortunate artists.

In 1784, he executed the Mausoleum of Pope Clement XIV., the celebrated Ganganelli, and which was engraved by Vitelli. At the bottom of this engraving, Canova paid an extravagant compliment to the Cavalier Jerome Zulian, the Venetian Ambassador to the Porte, but which he subsequently thought proper to moderate. In this engraving he takes the title of the Sculptor of Possagno, and tells the Cavalier Zulian,—

"Vostre sono le opere mie, perche vostra sono."

This alone will be considered by many as conclusive, that the patronage of the Zulian family was original, and not secondary to that of Sir W. Hamilton.

His next production was his *Psyche*, executed by the order of Sir H. Blundell. The subject is taken from Apuleius, and represents *Psyche* and *Cupid* recumbent. This is unquestionably a beautiful work, and if not the first, is, at least, one of the most successful efforts of Canova's genius. Canova subsequently

produced a statue of *Psyche* standing and holding a butterfly with one hand, the flight of which she restrains by gently compressing the wings with the other. The figure is of the natural size, and there is a fine engraving of it by Bertini, under which Canova has placed the following philosophic lines from Dante:—

"Non vi accorgete voi che noi siamo
vermi
Nati a formar l'Angelica farfalla?"

At the age of thirty-six he finished his *Venus and Adonis*. This group has been engraved by Bertini, and is now at Naples; but the whole of his works were executed in the following order:—

Mary Magdalén weeping—A statue of small size, and one of the best of Canova's works. It is now in the gallery of M. Sommariva, at Paris.

Cupid and Psyche standing—These two figures are of natural size, but there is a defect in the figure of *Cupid*, which is made more delicate and feminine than that of *Psyche*.—The group is now at Malmaison. Canova executed a copy for the Emperor of Russia.

Perseus, with the head of *Medusa* just severed from the body. This statue was dedicated to Joseph Bosio, a painter of Milan who had purchased it, but it afterwards became the property of Pius VII., who placed it upon the pedestal of the *Apollo*, of which it resembled the contour and attitude, but the recollection of the Greek figure deteriorated from the merits of the *Perseus*. When the works of art were restored from the French by the Allies in 1815, the *Apollo* resumed its station.

Ferdinand IV. of Naples, in roman costume, with the helmet on his head, and with a large mantle covering the left shoulder and arm. This colossal statue was modelled in 1797, but not begun in marble till 1803, and the work was again suspended during the occupation of Naples by the French. It was eventually finished by the special order of Murat, who with much magnanimity accompanied the order by the observation, that "it was a

monument which belonged to the history of the kingdom.

Krengan and Damaxenes Athletes.—These figures are of the natural size. They were dedicated to Cardinal Consalvi, and are now in the Vatican.

Hebe pouring out the nectar. This figure is of the size of nature, and belongs to the Emperor of Russia.

Hercules dashing Lycas against the rock.—This colossal group is now at Rome in the palace of Torlonia Duke of Branciana.

Napoleon, with the sceptre in his left hand, and in his right hand a globe, upon which is seen a genius holding a crown and a branch of palm.—This statue, after the battle of Waterloo, became the property of the Duke of Wellington. The engraving of this statue by Racciani was dedicated by Canova to the republic of St. Marino, in gratitude to the senate for having enrolled his name amongst their citizens.

Mausoleum of Maria Christina, Arch-duchess of Austria.—This is esteemed one of the finest of Canova's works, and is now in the church of the Augustins at Vienna.—The figure of Beneficence was engraved separately, and dedicated to Count Verri, the author of *Les Nuits Romaines*, and of *La Sapho Italienne*.

The mother of Napoleon, of the natural size. This is an imitation of the celebrated statue of Agrippina at the capitol, and is now at Chatsworth, being the property of the Duke of Devonshire.

Venus Victorious.—The goddess is lying down and holding the apple. At the sight of this beautiful statue, Lord Cawdor, to whom it is dedicated, engaged Canova to execute another statue of a nymph lying in a different attitude; Canova represented the nymph raising herself to listen to the lyre of love. The statue of Venus Victorious is a likeness of Pauline Buonaparte, Princess of Borghese.

Venus rising from the bath. The form and position of the head are almost the same as in the Venus de Medici.

Theseus overcoming the Centaur.—This colossal group of two fi-

gures was carved out of two immense blocks, or rather rocks of marble, and was destined for the city of Milan.

The three Graces.—The figures of this group are of the utmost beauty. It is now the property of the Duke of Bedford.

Religion crowned and surrounded by rays of glory. The statue is holding a cross and a shield, on which are the figures of St. Paul, and St. Peter in relief. Canova offered this colossal statue to the Pope, as a mark of his homage and gratitude. Difficulties having been raised as to the placing of this statue, Canova sold his property, and withdrew himself from the Papal territories. In his native country, he built a temple for the reception of this figure of religion. The building was a rotunda, with a frontispiece of the exact dimensions of the parthenon at Athens, and resembling it in every respect, except that the materials of the copy are stone, the original being of marble.

Mars and Venus.—A group designed for his Majesty. Canova was very unfortunate with this statue, having successively found three blocks of marble defective within, after considerable progress had been made in the work.

Peace and the Graces.—In possession of His Majesty.

Hector holding a naked sword.

Ajax seizing his Faulchion.

An infant St. John.

Polyhymnia—sitting.

Terpsichore.—This statue is the property of Count Sômmariva, at Paris.

A winged figure of Peace trampling upon a Serpent.—In the right hand is a branch of olive, and in the left, a sceptre.—Upon the pedestal is engraved Peace of Abo, 1803. Peace of Camadsgy, 1804. Peace of Frederickscham, 1809. The statue is the property of Count Romanzoff.

Concord.—a resemblance of Maria Louisa. The figure is seated, and holding a sceptre and a discus.

Piety.—A figure enveloped with veils, and her hands joined, but solely by the extremities of the fingers.

Gentleness.—A female figure seated.

ed, the likeness of Leopoldina Peterhazy Lichtenstein. There is a second female figure also seated.

A female Dancer, supported by the trunk of a tree.

Paris presenting the Apple.—These two statues were formerly at Malmaison. They are now the property of the Emperor of Russia.

Two Dancers (females) of the natural size, one holding the cymbals, and the other a crown.

A Statue of Washington—designed for the hall of the senate of South Carolina. The individuality of this great man is lost by Canova's attiring him in a roman costume.

A Mausoleum ordered by the Marchioness of Santa Cruz, for her daughter, but containing now both the parent and child. Inscribed upon the tomb is the simple and affecting epitaph *mater infelicissima filia et sibi*.

The Mausoleum of Alfieri, with the figure of Italy weeping over the ashes of this celebrated genius.

The Mausoleum of Volpato, with a representation of Canova himself weeping at the loss of his friend.

The Mausoleum of Count Souza, Portuguese Ambassador at Rome—of Frederick Prince of Orange, and of Lord Nelson; and finally, a cenotaph to the memory of John Fallieri, a senator of Venice.

Canova likewise executed a colossal statue of himself, and a figure of a horse larger than any now extant. He had modelled for this horse a colossal figure of Napoleon, looking backwards, which, said the artist, "is a proof that he is the first of all." Murat appropriated this equestrian statue to himself; and Charles III. of Spain, subsequently designed it for his own figure, but it appears destined to bear a colossal statue of Ferdinand of Naples.

We believe we have given a complete list of this artist's works. In 1798, and 1799, Canova visited Austria and Prussia, and in 1802, he repaired to Paris, at the invitation of Buonaparte, then first Consul; at this time he executed the colossal bust of Napoleon. In 1815, he was sent to France with the title of Ambassador of the Pope, his sole object, however, was to superintend the restoration of the monuments of

art to the different Italian states; an office which he executed strictly to the letter of his instructions. This work of restitution completed, he visited this country, and received from the Prince Regent a snuff box richly set in diamonds. On his return to Rome, he was received with honour by the academy of St. Luke—the Pope constituted him prefect of the Fine Arts, conferred upon him the honor of knighthood, afterwards created him Marquis d'Ischia, with an annual pension of 1000 (roman) crowns. Finally, on the 5th of January, 1816, the Pope, in council, enrolled his name in the book of the capitol.

On the evening of the 4th of October last, Canova repaired to Venice, being extremely ill. He alighted at the house of his friend, Antonio Francesconi, but was so weak that he could scarcely ascend the staircase. In the course of the night he was seized with violent vomitings, which were succeeded by convulsions. His friend, Counsellor Aglietti, now thought it advisable to communicate to him the approach of death. He received the news with firmness—ordered that his body might be buried at his native town of Possagno, and that his heart might be deposited at the Imperial and Royal Academy of Fine Arts at Venice, of which he was the President. He lingered until the 12th of October, and, at forty-four minutes past eight on the morning of that day, he breathed his last. A cast was taken of his countenance, and on Wednesday the 14th his body was conveyed to the cathedral of St. Marks, attended by the Governor of Venice, and the President and Society of the Fine Arts, the public authorities, and the members of the University of Padua. The body was placed upon a temporary cenotaph; a funeral dirge was then performed, and, the body being removed to the hall of the Society of the Fine Arts, an oration was pronounced over it by his friend, Count Cicognara, President of the Society. The next day he was buried in the patriarchal church of St. Mark, at Venice, and the following inscription was engraved to his memory:—

Over the Door of the Church.

ANTONIO CANOVA

Sculptorum Maximo

Ad Propagationem Veneti Nominis
Nato

In Venetorum Sinu

Nuperrime Extincto

Funus et Lacrymæ.

In Front of the Cenotaph placed in the Nave.

En Exuvie Mortales

Antonii Canovæ

Qui Princeps Artium Solemniter

Renuntiatus

Scalpri Sui Miracula Per Europam

Et Ultra Atlanticum Mare

Diffudit

Qui a Magnis Regibus

Præconiis Honoribus Præmiis Adactus

Nunquam Humanae Sortis

Inmemor Extitit

Quotquot Estis Pulchri Rectiq.

Amatores

Pias Preces ad Tumulum Fundite.

On the Right-hand Side.

Templum

Quod In Possanei Clivo

Incredibili Sumptu

Deo Opt. Max.

Extruendum Curabat

Sua In Religionem Observantiæ

Erga Patriam Charitatis Eximia

In Architectura Excellentia

Ingens Argumentum.

On the Left-hand Side.

Tanta In Eo Amplitudo Ingenii Ac Vis

Ut Quum

In Simulacris Effingendis

Ad Phidiae Laudem

Consensu Omnium Pervenisset

Picturam

Per Otium Excolendo

Maximorum Artificum Præstantiam

Fere Assequeretur.

Behind the Cenotaph.

Si qua Pietas Fides

Effusa In Egeros Beneficentia

Morum Suavitas

Et in Summo Gloriae Fastigio

Modestia Incomparabilis

Fatorum Ordinem Morari Possent

Jam Non Te Antoni

Anima Sanctissima

Inopinato Funere Sublatum

Nunc Veneti Tui

Mox. Roma Et Universus Orbis

Luctu Mœrore

Prosequerentur.

Canova's fine talents were enhanced by his virtues, and the generosity of his disposition. He was modest and unassuming; candid and sincere; disinterested and benevolent, in the extreme. He was free from petty professional jealousies, and equally free from national vanity and prejudice. He had studied from the Italian models, and particularly from the works of Michael Angelo. — These he held up as the perfection of art; but when in the latter part of his life he had an opportunity of seeing the Elgin Marbles, his elevation of mind soared above all his former prepossessions, and national partialities: and, alive to the beauties of these surprising monuments of Greece, he at once pronounced that they would infallibly throw all other antique statuary and sculpture into comparative disrepute.

Canova's attempts at painting are said to have been abortive. As a sculptor, his genius reached the correct and beautiful rather than the sublime. He had not formed his early studies in the severe school of Grecian art; fancy and an elegant imagination pervade his works, and it is singular, that, although he was acutely sensible to all the softer emotions and tender sympathies of life, he never made any figure which can be cited as an example, or even an attempt at the pathetic. Canova had no rival, and it is, at least, premature, to oppose to him an artist so little known to Europe in general, as Thorvaldsen, the sculptor of Copenhagen. All comparisons, between Canova and our own celebrated artists, are rendered nugatory by the different schools in which they respectively excel.

Canova's genius was not precocious, and his first works not only did not afford any promise of future excellence, but they did not display any of that character of mind which is so decidedly stamped upon his mature productions. His two baskets of fruit were certainly finished in an elaborate manner for a boy of fourteen; his next work, Eurydice, was without any decided character, and of little merit; and his Orpheus was by no means a happy production, even for a student. His Daedalus and Icarus was esteemed a tame imitation of a bad model injudiciously selected. The cast from

this group was preserved by Canova in his gallery, whether from any esteem for it we do not know, but it certainly may serve as a proof of the immeasurable superiority to which he afterwards attained. The composition of the Mausoleum of Pope Clement XIV. is but indifferent, but the fine head of the old man offering the bust of the Pope was a decided ray of his awakened genius. His next work, Cupid and Psyche, was graceful, but it betrayed labour and study — faults from which all his subsequent works were free. Psyche standing, Venus and Adonis, and Mary Magdalen followed in succession; this last statue is one of the happiest productions of Canova's chisel. His next work, Cupid and Psyche standing, had the unpardonable fault of Cupid's figure being more delicate than that of the female. His Perseus, with the head of Medusa, was always undervalued by its having been destined to replace the Apollo Belvidere, after that antique had been carried to Paris by Buonaparte. His Athletes, Krenan and Damaxenes, never produced much effect upon the public. His Hebe has been justly admired by all Europe. His statue of the Mother of Napoleon is a noble work; it carries in it a conviction of its being a correct likeness of the individual, and yet bears that stamp of mighty power which would lead the beholder to mistake it for a work of high imagination, were you not acquainted with the exalted mind and character of her whom it is designed to represent. It is beyond our limits, however, to indulge in criticism upon each individual work of this great man. If we cannot give him the fame of a Phidias, a Praxiteles, or even of a Michael Angelo, we must acknowledge, that he is destined to occupy a distinguished place in the line of great masters. He had beauties peculiarly his own; for grace of posture and of action, for that perfection of parts and harmony of union which produce the effect of loveliness, and for that animation which deludes us into a belief of reality, his nymphs are unrivalled; they create what may be called a chaste voluptuousness, and revive in the mind some of the fictions of the ancient poets.

THE TRAGIC DRAMA.

THE Drama, from its first appearance in the heroic days of ancient Greece, down to the present era, has occupied more attention than any other department of literature. The great productions of Hesiod, of Herodotus, of Thucydides, or even the Father of Poetry, the immortal Homer, attracted a less powerful attention than the tragedies of Eschylus and Sophocles, the effusions of the pathetic Euripides, or the comedies of the licentious Aristophanes, and the more chaste and elegant Menander. This was to be accounted for by their embodying feeling, which were at issue with the deepest sensations of the human soul, and the publicity of appeal to the passions of the assembled multitude on representation. History and poetry have to make their way in the solitude of leisure, and the silence of the closet; they form their impressions, not so much by striking on the senses, and acting on the passions, as by being approved by our judgment, and agreeing with our feelings. The Drama, though it demands to be censured in judgment, awakes the senses to judge. It addresses itself to thousands, who come with feelings too strongly excited for mere sober narration, or beautiful imagery, and which require to be sustained by powerful and continued incident and action. If the author flag, or the actor prove unequal, the spirits of the auditory become cold and languid: the tension of interest requires to be supported to the last, and the crowded audience to be dismissed with feelings too much warmed for discrimination, and too rapturous for the niceties of critical coldness or reproof.

In Ancient Greece, the Drama had its commencement in religion: the Feast of the Goat, the Song of the Vintage, and the Hymns in Honour of Bacchus, sung by the rustic revellers, who appeared with their faces stained with the lees of wine, shew the humility of its origin.—It was enlarged by the dark genius of the terrible Eschylus, and the divine Sophocles, and those harrowing representations brought forward,

which appalled the audience, in the presages of fate, the presence of the furies, and the awful visitations of the gods. To them succeeded the mournful and tender Euripides, less terrible in his imagery, but with more of nature; lofty hymns, in honour of the gods, mixed with the chorus, which intimated the moral of the play, and instructed and warned the beholders. The Altar to the Divinity, which appeared upon the stage, supported the religious spirit of the performance, and gave solemnity to the representation.—The interest excited in Greece by these exhibitions was intense; in this colder climate, and more advanced state of civilization, the appearance of actors on an immense stage, disguised with masks, formed at the mouth like trumpets for the enlargement of the voice, and elevated on the lofty buskin to supernatural stature, could, from their want of resemblance to any thing like human life, create neither interest nor effect: but in Greece, in those days of mythology and heroic daring, the impression was different. In that delightful climate, the vast theatre, whose roof was the cloudless heavens, was crowded with spectators, who sat whole days at its lengthened representations. They were delighted to see embodied before them the resemblance of Hercules, of Theseus, of those victors and heroes who had become immortal by their valour, and lived in the songs and annals of their country. They looked on their attendance as a worship due to these, their great progenitors, and grateful to their divinities, as a sacrifice offered at their shrine. In Greece, the profession of an actor carried with it respect, and honour, and reward: the generals and warriors who commanded in their armies, and their fleets, often appeared after on their stage; it was consecrated by the incense of religion, and supported by the fervour of popular veneration. So enthusiastic and devoted was the attachment of the people to it, that one of their historians relates, that, on the fatal intelligence arriving at Athens of the disastrous

failure of an expedition against Messina in Sicily, at a moment when the people were assembled at the theatre, and when, independent of the loss sustained by the country, each individual almost of the thousands then present had to mourn a relative or a friend; they disdained to quit their seats, or retire from the theatre, but spread their cloaks in mournful silence before their faces, and then desired the representation to go on.

The power and influence of Pericles, in latter days, was preserved almost as much by the large sums devoted by him to the support of the theatre, as by his victories in the Archipelago, on the coast of Ionia, or the spoils of those triumphs which he devoted to the erection of the Parthenon, and those works of immortal art and genius with which he embellished Athens, and which have handed his name to all succeeding ages. It is true, that when wealth and corruption had brought effeminacy and slavery into Greece, and virtue and valour were nearly no more, that the theatre became one of the principal sources of enervation and luxury. The comedies of Aristophanes were directed to slander and ridicule every thing that still survived of patriotism or public virtue in Athens; and its inhabitants are reproached by Demosthenes, in one of his imperishable orations, for being found crowned with garlands within its walls, when the arms and policy of Philip were triumphing throughout Greece, and carrying conquest and dominion to their very gates. But with the slavery of Greece came on the slavery of genius also; and on becoming a province of the Roman empire, the reign of the Drama departed altogether. To the tragic poets and historians of former days succeeded a race of miserable sophists, and the product of a frail and false philosophy.

On the Greek Drama itself, it may be necessary to dwell shortly, to account why, possessed as it is of all the splendour of diction and the beauty of poetry, praised by the profoundest scholars and the ablest critics, it yet never could be popular on any modern stage. The foundation of ancient tragedy is its endless

mythology; which, though then beheld by the majority with awe and veneration, could scarcely now afford a theme for the youngest school-boy, and would be ridiculous as the subject of a modern tragedy. What, according to the celebrated Gibbon, was even in that day viewed by contemporary philosophers with cold and scrutinizing scepticism, would now be beheld with incredulous disdain. The mythology of the Ancients, always at war with sober reason, was deeply at issue with morality beside. Those beings, whom their fancy had raised to a rank of supernatural power, they yet represented as possessed of passions, and stained with crimes, which on earth would be visited with execration and horror. They are all drawn as darkly malignant, meanly vindictive, and jealous to the last degree of their individual privileges of sacrifice and worship. Always present, either visibly or invisibly, they constitute the great material of the Drama, presenting characters, which, as mortals, we should be sure to execrate, and which, as divinities, only excite in us deeper abhorrence and detestation. If one dark and overpowering impression of the power of those deities (abstracted for a moment from their benevolence and justice) were the result of a representation of this kind, the grandeur of that impression might, in some degree, atone for its falsity and immorality. But nothing like this awful singleness of effect can follow the exhibition of Greek tragedy. The gods appear with passions debased far below mortals; in power, and its exercise, as far and fatally above them; in their mutual intercourse, there is all the littleness of mortality amongst them, and their hatred to each other appears heavier, if possible, than that they delight to heap upon their human victims.—One final remark may be necessary on the Greek Drama, founded like the preceding ones, on that false and licentious mythology, which forms its entire essence. There is no view we can take of the sufferings of humanity, amidst its various miseries, more appalling than that, in which it is denied all the comforts of conscious virtue, and all the consolations of future happiness and

reward. The deities of the Greek mythology and Drama are so intent on spreading universal wretchedness around them, and aggravating all the endurance of human existence, that they appear neither to have thought nor inclination to give their favourites or victims a hope or prospect from futurity. Around the hapless personages of that Drama, all is suffering, all beyond obscurity and darkness, presenting to the despairing mind a moral desert, without one green spot to cheer or enliven, or even the deception of a mirage, to allure, for a moment, by the brilliancy of its seduction.

Rome, that adopted the mythology and religion of Greece, and formed her philosophers and poets on her model, did not as warmly adopt and revive her Drama: dominion and conquest were the Roman principles, and to these they thought the combats of gladiators and the bloody exhibitions of the Circus better suited. The tragedies of Seneca, the works of Plautus, and the comedies of Terence, formed on the model of Menander, may be cited as instances that the Drama flourished and was cherished in Rome; but these exceptions amid the current of centuries only prove the assertion, that among the Romans it never found a genial soil. The tragedies of Seneca, even now, are little known, and in Rome were never popular. The works of Plautus seldom appeared on the stage, and, though the comedies of Terence were more familiar to the people, they never succeeded so far as to change the general taste and feeling for other exhibitions. The great Roman actor, Roscius, the friend of Pompey and the first Patricians in Rome, has been mentioned as an instance of the celebrity attendant on histrionic genius, and the eminence it was sure to attain. But though a few of the enlightened citizens, educated in the arts and philosophy of Greece, were able to prize that distinguished portion of its earliest literature, and to give due merit and protection to the actor who gave it life and being on the Roman stage, yet the general feeling of the people of that vast city, or the great capitals spread throughout the empire, was any thing but favourable to its

growth or display; to them the dying gladiator, fed on succulent herbs that his blood on each wound might flow more freely, was an object of far more interest. The bloody combats of wild beasts within the arena of the Circus, or a naumachia, a sea fight, awakened far deeper feelings. The licentious populace of Rome, fed with the measures of Africa, were cruel and sanguinary; and though Nero attired as a singer, amid his appalling atrocities, appeared in the theatre and sought in that garb for popular applause; the presence of the savage Commodus in the amphitheatre, and the slaughter of animals by his mooned arrows, were more congenial to the feelings of a Roman populace, and were received with louder expressions of triumph and approbation.

With the removal of the seat of empire to Byzantium, by Constantine, the Drama did not follow: with an eastern capital oriental manners and customs (long prevailing) were also adopted. The freedom of the Drama seems unsuited to Asiatic tyranny and debasement, and China appears to be almost the only country in Asia where any representation of the kind was known to prevail. In Constantinople the vast Hippodrome and its chariot races superseded all other popular exhibitions—there were originated those factions distinguished by their respective emblems of green or blue, which divided the feelings of the spectators, and subsequently carried faction and bloodshed through every quarter of Byzantium. It was in the free ages of Greece that the Drama had its origin, and that its sublimest efforts were matured, and it fell with the liberties of the country which had raised and strengthened it; Roman freedom had ceased for centuries before the western capital was deserted; and the transfer of the centre of empire to the shores of the Bosphorus brought with it little of science or of genius. Greece and Byzantium both were debased under a succession of oriental despots, and contained little at the fall of the eastern empire beyond a crowd of trembling slaves, incapable alike of virtue or of science: with the capture of Constantinople by Mahomet II. and the sabre of his savage

janissaries was extinguished the last spark of eastern literature and genius—they fell with Paleologus on the ramparts of the city. Turkish despotism is like the blight of heaven, which withers all beneath its influence; virtue and science and freedom all perish together wherever its fatal and destructive fury is known to prevail; the first act of the barbarian Mahomet was the destruction of a work of art by a blow of his battle-axe, and his savage followers were found breaking the marble pavement of the fine church of St. Sophia, in pursuit, as they alledged, of hidden treasure beneath: while all beside has been progressive in Europe, Turkish ferocity and ignorance have stood still—their knowledge does not extend beyond the mystified jargon of the fraudulent Koran, that code upon whose inspiration the fanatic Omar destroyed the Alexandrian library, and gave to the baths and furnaces of the African city those inestimable treasures of philosophy and science which the regrets of posterity have been unable to redeem. Should Greece, which has at length thrown off the yoke of the infidel, and raised its cross in the front of battle, succeed in the great and holy struggle, and the crescent be trampled to the earth, with the enfranchisement of her people, and the achievement of their liberties, the reign of science and the Drama would again revive.

The Greeks are known to have a taste for luxury and refinement. The beautiful picture given by the first poet of our day of a Grecian festival, in one of its now lonely and desolate isles, is but a portrait, with that richness of colouring which immortal genius gives to every thing its fairy finger touches, of the manners and enjoyments of the retired and hapless Sciotes, before Turkish desolation had printed her shores with blood, and made a sepulchre of her once beauteous plains—there luxury and refinement held their peaceful reign before the fell barbarian burst upon them; the song of the poet resounded to the lyre, and the dance of her maidens spoke joy and happiness, until the spoiler came—until her sons were cloven down by the scymitars of the ruthless moslems, and her daughters

dragged from amid the blood of their fathers to drug the markets of Constantinople, and stock the harems of their murderers throughout Asia!

If in Greece and the eastern empire the Drama and Science fell with the extinction of freedom and independence, Rome and the western portion were visited by the same calamity in the swarm of barbarians, Ostrogoths, Vandals, Lombards, and others, who burst like a torrent on Italy and the surrounding countries, sweeping away in the inundation every trace of civilization before them—a long dark night of ignorance throughout Europe succeeded. It was not until the middle ages that the Drama, which owed in Greece its origin to religion, was indebted to the same cause for its revival in Europe. The monks, who then possessed the only limited share of learning in existence, anxious to impress the truths of religion on their hearers, or to break through the unvarying gloom of conventual dullness, brought forward dramatic pieces illustrative of the mysteries of religion—these moralities were the rude form in which the Drama re-appeared—like the Grecian representations to which they had a faint resemblance, they were exhibited in the open air, and their plots, if any they possessed, and their dialogue were founded on some miracle or mystery of the faith their authors professed, and were anxious to inculcate. In this way was early produced by St. Augustine a Drama called *Christos Pascon*, or, the Suffering Christ; and pieces of the same description by St. Gregory and others; but it was soon found, even in that age, by these indefatigable authors of conversion, that their exertions had failed, in dramatizing the scenes of the Bible, or even the legends of their saints they took from their sanctity and elevation; to form dialogues for representation they were obliged to mingle colloquial language, and every day occurrence with the sublimest records of their religion and the deepest suffering of their holiest martyrs; they found that what they had rendered familiar was not esteemed, and that what was venerated when wrapped in awful mystery was disregarded the moment it appeared

shrouded in a less imposing garb ; their representations wanted dignity and their morality was without effect.

At the era of the Reformation, which created so momentous a change throughout Europe and in England in particular, when men's minds were heated by all the virulence of controversy, and every department of literature was seized on and exhausted in pouring out the stores of acrimony and contention, the Drama, among the rest, was one of those engines seized on by the reformers, and its thunders sought to be turned against those who had revived it. Bayle and others appeared for the first time in that singular department of literary controversy ; their comedies, as they were termed, framed from the Bible, and proceeding from the Book of Genesis down to the very period of Gospel revelation, were clothed in the dark garments of Calvinistic theology, and presented to audiences who, with pious patience, sat out the representation through all the stages from man's temptation and original sin down to his redemption by an Almighty Sufferer. In their progress were exhibited characters which it would now be deemed blasphemous to attempt to personify, and impious to bring forward in any scenic representation. It is strange to reflect that even in such an age such subjects and characters could be selected for dramatic exhibition. It is true that these sorts of plays were then oftener brought forward in the palaces of bishops and the halls of colleges than in regular theatres ; like the mysteries and moralities which preceded them, they have been defended on the ground that they taught the great truths of religion to men who had not, or could not then read the Bible ; but it was impossible the sublime truths of holy writ could be respected in that garb. Incidents from the Old Testament of Jewish history, in themselves most licentious, were brought forward, which had been handed down by the sacred writers, not as examples to follow, but as instances of individual wickedness visited by the wrath of the Almighty, and a warning to all others to avoid ; tales such as these

arrayed in dramatic garb served only to inflame, in place of serving the great cause of religion and morality, they taught only impiety and grossness ; and the sacred names attached to them, in place of consecrating, increase and aggravate the profanation. In many of these plays, as in the Greek tragedies, which they seemed in a great degree to copy, religion and morality were completely passive ; the deities and personages brought forward are often made to suggest and cover the foulest crimes, while their indignation seldom appears excited by the violation of great moral duties ; all the excitement attendant on the influence of the passions or the distinction of character is necessarily withdrawn. It is not so much the agitation of the human mind, and the consequences resulting from it, that we are called on to witness, as the agency of a divinity and superior beings ; predestination and fate bind every link of the Drama, the fates of the various personages and agents are decided, and almost seen from the commencement of the piece, and leave nothing to anxiety or conjecture. But though these Dramas, from the ignorance of the age, prevailed for a while, though audiences assembled to witness the attributes of the Deity, or his covenant with mankind, made the subject of theatrical exhibition, or sat to be delighted with the repetition of their own opinions, or confirmed in their doctrines by the records of martyrs and confessors, as men gradually became more enlightened these religious performances gave way, nature and genius assumed a better garb, and appeared in all the originality of native force and colouring ; the dark and adventitious drapery fell from the tragic muse, gorgeous tragedy at length appeared, " and came sweeping by in her own sceptred pall," and the Drama was restored to her legitimate rights and purpose, that of delighting and instructing by the living representation of the passions, enriched by all the splendour of poetry, and chastened by the accompaniment of moral instruction.

The first rude effort of the English Drama now remembered, is the piece called " Gammer Gurton's

Needle," written by Still, afterwards bishop of Bath; the plot of this play is simple, and the incidents equally so; the unities of time, place, and action, are as strictly preserved as by the most devoted disciple of Aristotle, or the most servile of his followers among the French writers. The whole progress takes place before the door of Gammer Gurton's cottage, and the plot turns on the loss of the needle which was to repair a rent in the garment of her serving-man, Hodge. It is curious to trace the effects of genius in that age from this first simple production down to the splendid effusions of the immortal Shakspeare, and the glorious band of dramatists that followed, in Jonson, Ford, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, Shirley, and others.

With the Reformation, a new era burst upon mankind: it was the splendour of meridian day, compared to the intellectual darkness which had preceded. With it came unbounded freedom of thought, and access to stores of disquisition and knowledge, previously unknown or prohibited,—subjects, before then the most awful were stripped of their mystery, and rendered familiar; they became objects of public discussion, or of lonely meditation. The same access was obtained to every thing the anxious or enquiring mind could seize on or retain. The keys of knowledge, long rusting in the hands of the Romish monks and priesthood, were dragged from their unwilling grasp; the gates of the great temple were thrown open; all were invited to enter and worship, and thousands entered, and obeyed the call. From among those men of bold and fearless minds originated the English Drama; brought up amid religious contests and opposite opinions, and appearing in a new period of innovation and knowledge, they learned to think and write for themselves; they were bound by no rules, and fettered by no restrictions; they were themselves the authors and founders of dramatic literature, and the English stage. Though many of them were scholars, imbued with all the knowledge and literature of that day, not one, perhaps, except Jonson, thought of taking, as a precedent,

the Drama of Greece and distant days. Human existence and human passion were what they sought to picture and develope; they placed them before the eyes of their auditors, in their darkest forms and most tumultuous aspect; they searched the hidden heart to its bottom, and laid its secret workings bare to the gaze of the beholders. Ambition, avarice, love, hatred, all take their change and turn in their giant hands.—Mental energy and mental derangement are presented in their fiercest and most appalling forms; their scenes are not compounded of phrenzied rant or flowery declamation; hatred does not appear in the boisterous violence of theatrical rage, but in the compressed and settled purpose of the soul, which thinks and acts together. If the development of the drama require change of time or place, they do not turn from it; their progress is not staid for an instant; they bring before you the personages in the fervour of youth, the prime of manhood, or the imbecility of age; they transport you to distant regions and remote scenes: the lapse of years, and the change of scenes is alike disregarded: nature and truth was what they sought to copy, and the approval of ages and the stamp of posterity have shewn how well they judged. This was the age of Shakspeare,—the era of the intellectual triumphs of that wonderful man, which time has only served to increase and strengthen. At a period when almost all was darkness around him, the star of Shakspeare appeared in the heaven of literary glory, with scarce a ray of intervening twilight to shade its brightness, and through succeeding ages of increasing civilization and accumulated knowledge, it has since continued glorious and undoubted Lord of the Ascendant. No feelings of admiration excited within us can be too intense, when we contemplate the powers and productions of this wonderful writer. By him, though comparatively uneducated, the choicest stores of literature, in his intellectual efforts, were culled and made his own. He chose his scenes and history from every age, and placed and conducted them through every clime and country; the whole maze of the human heart,

its darkest passions, and its deepest aspirations, seemed known and open before him. His was the powerful wand of the magician, which, after subduing and exhausting all that was human, brought the beings and spirits of another world to add awe and terror to his matchless descriptions. At one moment he conducts us through flowers and scenes of fairy witchery:—at another, we tread in gloom and horror, with demons and smoking cauldrons around.—Here is all the lightness and beauty, the sky and colouring of the enchanting *Claude*; there, the lurid terrors of *Lutherbourg*, or the startling bandits, dark woods and overhanging rocks of the terrible *Salvator*. Less educated than *Jonson*, and without those accumulated stores of knowledge, which *Milton*, with equal powers of diction, drew on in a succeeding age, he has yet surpassed them, as he has every other poet and writer, in the beauty of his imagery, and the matchless strength and eloquence of his language; his feelings and passions all spring fresh and bursting from the human heart: no writer has ever yet drawn his pictures of love with half the truth and beauty given to them by *Shakspeare*. In *Romeo*, as in the artless *Juliet*, it is poured forth warm and unstudied, with all the ardency and attachment of youthful feeling. It rises to the height and rapture of cherished possession, or sinks to the depths, in exile and privation, of unutterable despair and woe. In *Othello*, the noble, unsuspecting Moor, it burns, when roused, with all the fierceness of an African sun, scorching in the excited rage of furious jealousy, and leaving all bare and desert around it, it rises to sublimest confidence and love, or changes to the fury of ungoverned hate. It is like the flashing of the volcano, that terrifies, while it lightens. The genius of this great Dramatist is as varied as it is splendid; through all the great productions with which he has adorned his country, his characters are all different and unlike; all marked, all natural, all striking; no one resembles or imitates the other; they are as dissimilar as if sketched by a different hand. The dark and excited ambition of *Macbeth* is not

that of the more daring *Richard*; and both are different from the gloomy *John*. The rich and transcendent colouring of *Falstaff* attaches to no character beside. The powers of this immortal Poet stand single and alone; they have, in past ages, triumphed over those of every other writer; they stand pre-eminent throughout the civilized world, and will, probably, while intellect maintains its sway and genius is worshipped, preserve their glorious ascendancy to the latest posterity. While, in every other department of literature, the most successful progress has been made, and every exertion used to stimulate and gratify the appetite for improvement; while history has, in England, to boast her profoundest labours and researches, and poetry has been enriched with all that genius could bring with it to diversify or adorn, the Drama still rests its fame and character on the early productions of the great masters, and the efforts of all others have only served to establish and consolidate the triumphs of *Shakspeare*.

The French stage has been opposed to the English; and the genius of *Racine* placed in competition with that of our immortal Bard.—No comparison can be more unequal; the laws and management of both stages are not more different than the bursts of mighty mind and condensed passion in *Shakspeare*, and the tame but classical productions of the elegant and equitable *Racine*. The genius of *Shakspeare* was full to overflowing; he could not confine its superabundant fertility within the bounds of *Racine*. The number of characters appearing on the stage in any French play never exceeds twelve:—several of the historical pieces of *Shakspeare* have from thirty to forty, exclusive of the plebeians, soldiers, attendants, and others, with which he delights to crowd his scenes. This difference arises, perhaps, as much from superior powers, as any difference of taste in the author. *Shakspeare* took his rules from nature, and not from *Aristotle* or *Bossu*; he saw that, in every-day life, great events are generally brought about by a variety of agents, with each distinct parts and characters. His Dramas

present great panoramas of real existence, which are never seen in the reduced characters and formal dialogue of the French stage.—Great genius, unquestionably, prevails throughout the writings of Racine and Corneille; and several of their plays, *Athalie*, *Andromaque*, *Titus*, *Bajazet*, *Semiramide*, and others, are classical and very beautiful productions; but they have all that fault which attaches to every thing on the French stage:—they are full of affected sentiment, but, for the greater part, devoid of all real passion. Founded on the principle of the Greek tragedy, with the strict preservation of the unities of time, place, and action, heroes declaim, in speeches of fifty lines, on love, on passion, and duty; and heroines reply, in an equal number of verses. Every thing is stated with the utmost minuteness, and every conflicting argument brought forward, that can forbid, justify, or excuse. In these plays, it is not a victory of passion or feeling, but a conquest of words. The heroines all rant, while the heroes are tamer, and only sigh and whine; and she who exceeds her lover in length of declamation, as well as in argument, can never hope to yield, or be conquered. Love is almost always the passion which occupies the French Drama; and to it is owing the superior interest which females are permitted to assume; but it is not that love, that ardent, all-pervading and consuming passion, so exquisitely drawn by Shakspeare, which takes unrivalled possession of the human heart, and pours forth its fulness in all the depth of feeling and intensity of solicitude. The love of the French poets is selfish and glaring; a physical passion, whose incitement is appetite, and fruition its great object. Fate and destiny are constantly appealed to, and accused as the cause of their misfortunes, and the parents of all their woes. There is no real virtue, and little moral in any of their plays. Chance usurps the place of the Deity; and a kind of court honour is substituted for real morality and religion. Yet by this school of authors was the chair of criticism usurped, as if exclusively their's; their productions were held forth as the only pictures

of what the Drama ought to be, and, with an assumption more suited to their vanity than their real merits, they declared every theatre in Europe barbarous but their own.

The puritans were from the commencement opposed to the entertainments of the stage, and the progress of the Drama in England; the unsocial gloom of their religion, and the morbid austerity of their manners proscribed every thing, either elegant or social; we find one of them proposing to secretary Walsingham, in 1586, to levy a tax from the receipts of the theatres for the support of the poor, that, as he stated, "*Ex hoc malo proveniat aliquod bonum.*" This tax, now amounting to one-tenth of the produce, is levied by the government on the French theatres, acting from a different principle on the suggestion, perhaps, of the English puritan. This party, which rose with the Reformation, and first ventured to show any decided opposition in the lower house of parliament during the reign of Elizabeth, was gradually gaining ground during the two succeeding reigns, and at length, under the semblance of justice and religion, overturned the government in the blood of the monarch. During the sway of the fanatic Cromwell and his party the Drama was suppressed, and its representation proscribed; the independents, who declaimed against popish tyranny and monastic gloom, covered the country with a darker despotism, and with a gloom tenfold more oppressive; soldiers were constantly employed to hunt the actors off the stage, and the motto was then common, of "Enter, red-coat: exit, bat and cloak." With the death of Cromwell, and the fall of the Commonwealth, the freedom of the stage was restored and the Drama again revived. But if gloom and fanaticism prevailed during the influence of Cromwell, with the return of monarchy the tide of immorality and licentiousness overflowed both the court and capital. Charles in his exile is described as having been "poor, scandalous, and merry," and the same license which the king had indulged with his followers he introduced on his restoration into England. The manners of the duke of Buckingham, of Lord Rochester,

and others, the immediate favourites and courtiers of Charles, were notoriously profligate and corrupt. While abroad, he had contracted a taste for French habits and foreign licentiousness, and they pervaded the court and theatres during his reign; the King often selected his mistresses from the stage, and his example was followed by several of his courtiers and nobles; women in that day appeared in masks at the theatres, and language and equivoques were heard and tolerated which would not now be endured by any modern audience. Dryden, whose name must ever rank on the first roll of British poets, was unfortunately obliged from his poverty to become a court pensioner, and reduce his genius to its licentious standard, in writing for the stage; he was one of the first to defer to the judgment of the French authors and critics, and to form his plays on their model: many of his pieces are bombastic and licentious. From the abundance of his resources, and powers of language, he was enabled to suit the prevailing taste, and clothe his dialogue in verse; but his Dramas, with few exceptions, are inflated, strained, and unnatural; the jingle of rhyme is utterly unsuited to the delineation of passion or feeling on the stage, and those who look for either in most of the plays of Dryden are sure to be disappointed; his "Conquest of Grenada," the "Indian Emperor," "Aurengzeb," and others of the versified pieces which he wrote and delivered by contract may be cited as examples; his style was imitated by Sir Robert Howard and others, but the stage had now sunk into a court appendage, and its caterers into court panders; they possessed nothing of the independence of character, and exhibited nothing of the vigour of thought, or the daring originality that distinguished the early dramatists; they were no longer the men who gratuitously gave the effusions of their genius to the public, and fearlessly committed them to the judgment of posterity; they had sunk into venal parasites, dependent on the frowns or favour of corrupt and licentious men in power; content with the fleeting notoriety of the day, they dealt their fulsome adulation to powerful wick-

edness, and bartered their talent and independence for a wretched pittance, which was often withheld by caprice, or embittered by the tauntings of insult. If, in the masterly productions of Beaumont and Fletcher, or others of the earlier dramatists, some licentious scenes and dialogue now and then appear, they are atoned for by a thousand beauties; the plays of these associated poets are rich in a number of passages of exquisite imagery and nature; the exceptions are like the tall weeds starting up on a fertile soil beneath the ardent rays of a tropical sun, and shaded by the finest foliage and flowers; when they wrote for the stage females never appeared upon it, their parts were sustained by boys in female costume; it was not until the time of Charles that actresses began regularly to devote themselves to scenic representation. Countenanced by royal favour, and supported by the minions of court profligacy. The "Spanish Friar" of Dryden, which he himself regretted at a subsequent day, and sought to atone for by his theological poem of the "Hind and Panther," with the profligate state of the stage and the comedies of Congreve, roused the fierce zeal of the intrepid Jeremy Collier, who attacked it with the united weapons of religion and invective; the answer of Dryden is weak and inefficient: the railings of Rousseau at a later period (the result of envy and a morbid feeling), found an abler refutation from the celebrated D'Alembert, who defended the stage with equal ability and judgment. The fact is, the Drama has been praised or abused according to the prejudices of parties, not from a just estimation of its deserts; by one it has been elevated as the source of all improvement, the standard of refinement, a school of elegance, and a court of morals—by the other it has been denounced as an arena of profligacy, a propagator of false principles, and a cause of the pollution of both morals and religion; perhaps the middle course is that we may take most safely—neither to praise it too highly for its merits, or censure it for vices which scarcely attach. To it we unquestionably owe much that is delightful in our poetry and language, and

some of the most splendid effusions with which genius has adorned the literature of any country—many of the most moral poets in our history have devoted themselves to write for the stage. It has been said, that society has been injured by its lessons, and a false standard of feeling and principle introduced from its scenes; but we do not believe, though *Gay* has been called the *Orpheus of highwaymen*, that pillage was multiplied by the representation of his piece, or that infidelity became more frequent from the reconciliation of the husband to a penitent wife in the *Stranger of Kotzebue*. The fact is, men do not go to the theatre as a school of virtue and morality—they go to be interested and amused; their principles are neither altered nor shaken by any thing the stage presents; they delight in seeing illusive passion and fictitious grief clothed in all the force and poetry of language, and illustrated by all the efforts of histrionic genius; we will not say that the picture of the despairing, dying *Beverley* may not have reclaimed, before now, an infatuated gambler, and we know that the sufferings of the ill-fated *Shore* and the hapless *Belvidera* have drawn tears of sympathy from many a softened eye; but the excitement disappears with the illusion, and the theatre is quitted with the same passions and principles they possessed on entering, and the only feeling remaining is pleasure or disappointment, according to the amusement received, or the failure complained of. With *Dryden* was contemporary the elegant and pathetic *Otway*, the son of misfortune, and the victim of want, without those condensed and powerful representations that distinguish the writings of *Massinger* and others, he has all the tenderness of *Forde*, with the greatest richness of poetry and language; his scenes of conjugal love and misery are most exquisite and affecting; two only of his plays, "*Venice Preserved*," and "*The Orphan*," now keep the stage, and they are each marked by the finest genius; *Jaffier* and *Castalio* both whine too much; the character of *Pierre*, the bold and dauntless conspirator, is drawn with great force and strength of conception, but his females are those that attract and interest us

most; the grief of *Belvidera*, and the sorrows of the hapless *Monimia* sink deeply in the heart: these plays still possess the fault of the age in which he lived—periods too extended, and grief too laboured and highly wrought for pictures of real life; the appeal of the fair Venetian "to the high heaven and every ruling planet of that boundless love with which her bosom's fraught," is too far stretched to be any thing like natural; but there are scenes of the most soul-subduing distress and thrilling pathos in both these plays; and the miseries of the life of *Otway*, and the appalling catastrophe of his death, are the disgrace of those who suffered genius like his to pine in want, and to afterwards perish in absolute destitution.

We should not have omitted the dramatic writings of the great *Milton* in a preceding age, and yet they scarcely come within the limits of the tragic muse. In "*Samson Agonistes*," founded with its chorus on the Greek Drama, there is some fine imagery and description: the lament of the benighted and once mighty *Nazarite* to heaven, and the "first created beam," on the privation of sight, is mournfully pathetic and affecting: as a sacred Drama there is great solemnity about it; and it bears, all through, the impression of the magnificent genius of its great author. But his "*Comus*" is a poetic arcadia. Nothing can be more simple, and at the same time more enchantingly poetic. He wafts us from the dull scenes of every day life to a region of close embowering woods, with every thing sylvan and rustic around it. His descriptions are so vivid, that we seem to "live, and move, and have our being" in this fairy retreat, "amid alleys green" and "bushy dells of the wild wood." His scenes are like some of the paintings of the great masters of antiquity—too impressive ever to be forgotten. His forest scenery strikes upon us like that in the "*Pietro Martyr*" of *Titian*, where the night-breeze seems to rustle amid the foliage, and the tall trees to shiver in the blast, while the companion of the murdered monk looks round him in his flight with agitation and dismay, and spreads his dark drapery to the evening sky.

The school which was formed by

Dryden, though fettered by all the external rules of the French stage, was yet illuminated by successive gleams of his sublime genius, and distinguished, at intervals, by productions full of force and feeling. Amid all the phrenzied rant of Lee, there is some animated descriptions, and fine poetry. His "Theodosius" and "Alexander," with all their faults of vehemence and bombast, abound with scenes which are true to nature, and bear the impress of the greatest talent: he was himself unfortunately visited with that awful calamity of insanity, which breaks out through all his pieces. The pathetic Southerne succeeded, whose writings are distinguished by their touching tenderness, and the deep effect they have upon our feelings: amid those scenes of familiar and vicious dialogue, which taint his plays, exquisite pathos still breaks forth. His "Oroonoko," and "Isabella," stand high upon the stage, and are written with the deepest knowledge of the human heart. It is impossible to have seen his *Isabella* represented, and her overwhelming sorrows pourtrayed, by the genius of Mrs. Siddons, or the charming actress who so lately adorned our boards, without being deeply affected. The story and close of this play are almost too mournful for the stage: the early rupture of her vows to heaven, and her flight from her cloister, by the hopeless *Isabella*, with her marriage with the ill-fated *Biron*: his absence, caused by a father's prejudice and a brother's villainy: his capture at *Candy*, and the story of his death: the sufferings of his mourning wife, and her almost compelled union with the attached and generous *Villeroy*: her reluctance before she can submit to it, and her reply to his intreaties:

"Oh! I have heard all this,
But must no more—the charmer is no more.

My buried husband rises in the face
Of my dear boy, and chides me for my stay.

Canst thou forgive me, child?"

are finely conceived and given.—The return of her husband, and her supreme wretchedness, and the delirium which follows. Her exclamation of agony—

..... "Where am I going!
Help—help me, *Villeroy*!—Mountains
and seas
Divide your love, never to meet my
shame!"

are too overpowering for the feelings; they sink subdued beneath it. Some of the scenes of "*Oroonoko*" are equally impressive.—The picture of the noble African in chains, and his devoted attachment, can never be witnessed without a renewal of execrations on that abominable traffic, which dealt in the sighs and groans, the tears and blood of thousands, which was the curse of Africa, and the disgrace of England and the civilized world. With Southerne, the reign of nature and of feeling may be said to have ceased. Tragedy has since walked in the trammels of art and restraint, or, if some exceptions have appeared, they did not change the general current. Rowe, who, in his first performance, the "*Ambitious Stepmother*," shewed great powers of animation, in all his subsequent productions sacrificed feeling to declamation, and nature to strained images, and forced and unnatural contrasts. He was, undoubtedly, a finished scholar, and a very polished writer; and throughout his "*Jane Shore*" beautiful passages of grief and feeling burst through all the restraints of rules and coercion.—The plays of Lillo form a most striking contrast to such productions as these; they are written with the greatest possible simplicity of language, and depend wholly for effect on the moral they convey, and the incidents of every-day life on which they are founded. "*George Barrowell*" is still the annual warning of the London apprentice, and *Milwood* appears, in her garb of meretricious seduction, to instruct and affright the youthful citizen. But the appalling close of his second tragedy of "*Fatal Curiosity*" was too terrible for the nerves of his audience: the picture of a sleeping son perishing by the avaricious hands of his unconscious parents, was too dreadful for stage exhibition:—a shriek of horror burst from the auditory, and the curtain fell on the unfinished performance.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE READING-ROOM,

MR. EDITOR,

In the classical retreat from which I had the honour last to come, there is an Institution, unparalleled for public utility, and which boasts great antiquity of foundation beyond what most establishments of the same kind possess. It is, perhaps, with a few exceptions, singular in the kingdom. It is a large and well stored public library, accessible at all times to all ranks of persons, without any recommendation or introduction, or the aid of any patronage. The founder was a pious old gentleman of the sixteenth century, of great local distinction, and possessed of large property, who certainly evinced much wisdom in originating an Institution, which, in this shape, has conferred such a benefit on succeeding generations. The library forms but a part of the entire establishment, which is one designed for the education, and maintenance, exclusively of poor unfriended children, for whom, to this day, the brightest fire blazes, the most portly joints smoke, and the long tables in the large and echoing hall groan with substantial cheer. The edifice is enclosed in a court, bounded by high walls, and is approached by a narrow but open passage, terminated by a small antique arch of stone, which appears to dread the threats of every whistling blast. The fabric is built entirely of stone, in an ancient order of architecture, and exhibits a long range of buildings, which comprehend the various extensive apartments, included in the idea of a structure erected for the purposes of general benevolence. These consist of the spacious kitchen,—an apartment that was never forgotten by our ancestors in their foundations,—the lofty hall, flagged with stone, in which the daily meals are apportioned, and a variety of other smaller rooms used in subordination to these two. At the top of an ascent up a flight of stone steps, the observer meets with the several apartments appointed for the superintendant of the library, and the suite of rooms devoted to the conservation of the books and curiosi-

ties. For beside the reverend piles of ancient labour, bound in two vast sides of pasteboard, and embrowned by the hand of time, these sacred galleries shelter many invaluable relics of years gone by, which erect the Institution partly into a Museum. Under the whole is a range of cellars, well stored with the exhilarating juice both of the hop, and the kinder grape. The young pensioners for whom these disinterested provisions were made, are habited in a peculiar, and at present, antiquated livery; from which, however, no deviation has ever been made, as may be gathered from ancient representations preserved.

But to confine my attention to the subject of the library, that part included under its denomination which form the chief matter of curiosity in it, is the Reading-Room, whither the students under these roofs carry for perusal the books procured from the classes adjoining. For it requires to be mentioned, that lest the benefit should be abused, the rules of the Institution forbid books to be taken from within the walls of the edifice, and prescribe that they shall be consulted on the spot; terms with which persons possessing a real thirst after learning feel no difficulty in complying. And this is the general character of the town in question, where, in consequence of the minds of all being cultivated, their ideas liberalized, and the general conversation kept chaste and classical, with the toleration of habits, too, formed only on a model innocent and improving, numbers of men with feelings inclined to nothing but wisdom for her own sake, and with desires directed to nothing but the increase of literature, resort to enjoy the treasures of departed sages. This room is wainscoted with dark black oak, polished by age, and diversified with a variety of portraits and representations hung on its venerable sides. On a spectator's entering it, all looks strange:—strange chairs, strange tables, strange windows, a strange clock, strange maps, and strange pictures pour on his astonished view. You shall see here the portrait of

the founder, and the portraits of the various successive benefactors who sprung up in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; representations so characterized by gentility and amenity, so smiling and so engaging, and setting off so advantageously "the human face divine," that ladies, who have by chance strayed into this retreat of Trophœnius, have been known to be enamoured of them, and to waste their lingering affections upon a canvass image.

Dispersed by the sides of the different windows, or assembled in winter round the bright coal fire, you are struck, at your entering, with the appearance of a number of phlegmatic, pale, emaciated students, with eyes bent down on the book beneath them, and as unconscious of your approach, as though between you and them there were a vacuum incapable of transmitting sound. A man, Mr. Editor, of your reading, must have heard of those temples in the East, dedicated to the worship of the Brahm Deity, and in which the Lamas, the priests of their ceremonies, preside; wherein, by an edict having the sanction of religion, eternal unbroken silence reigns through the aisles, and those who minister and wait upon the revered rites have sacrificed their tongues to their office. A fanaticism, much of the same sort, binds the temporary tenants of these walls. The philosopher who enters with his folio in his hand, carried by volition acting upon the muscular arrangement across the boarded floor, subsides by the force of gravity into one of the wool-stuffed chairs; and, from that time to the time when he rises to depart, fixes his eyes magnetically upon the pages, and speaks not, whispers not a syllable. Here is no friendly communication of sentiment, no amicable discussion of any extraordinary passage, no conversation to sweeten, relieve, and refresh the dull process of reading. It were verily worth the while of the present trustees of the establishment, to appoint a number of beardless boys in different sections of the room, to strike these philosophers on the pate, when their attention was required to something said, and to

communicate at the proper times the intelligence brought by the "Deputy," when he comes to announce to the company, "One o'clock, gentlemen," or "Four o'clock, Sir."

I mentioned that in the same repository, that contains the books, are preserved a variety of curiosities, the gifts of time and accident. These furnish an ostensible object to the strangers from the surrounding villages, and various distant parts of the country, to visit the building; to minister to whose gaping curiosity and astonishment the pensioned urchins, in just succession, attend on the bench on the outside; and, as they make the tour of the rooms, vociferate with shrill and immelodious voices the names of the several wonders: they describe the object with such rapidity as doubly to puzzle the spectator, and perform the task so perfectly like a scholastic lesson, that they can repeat it only in uninterrupted course; and, if accidentally interrogated, are lost beyond recovery. Nor are the intrusions, described, confined to the precincts of the classes only, but the lad approaches with sacrilegious step to point out the wonderful pictures, and wonderful furniture, in the hallowed room,

"Where heavenly pensive meditation dwells"

Not, however, do the monotonous and oft repeated accents disturb the reveries of Diogenes's sons. To sounds to which they are accustomed they feel no sensation: but if by chance a whisper to his neighbour proceeds from one of their own body, insufficiently initiated, each student with the uniformity of machinery raises his "o'ercharged head," stares for a moment with both his eyes at the irreverent violator of the chartered silence, and, having thus conveyed a reproach to the offender to his satisfaction, drops it again, like one of the Chinese images in a grocer's shop, and relapses into primeval inaction. All the men, whom you shall see of this sort, are of a figure sufficiently denoting their habits: their faces are meagre, and colourless, save that the jaundiced yellow mingles with the white. Had Horace lived and seen them, he would have sworn by his household gods, that they had been drinking

"exsangue cuminum." Their hair is long and thin and deserves, as much as Sir Andrew Aguercheek's, to be well spun off by the dainty fingers of some domineering matron. Their limbs are nerveless,—their general faculties live not in their native vigour, and their dress is of a colour that once was black, but which has been whitened by the pages of books, or the action of the fire, which they have found necessary to impel the frigid current of their blood. The asthma debilitates their lungs, and when they walk in the streets, or rise from the Reading-Room to depart, you shall observe them envelop their necks in a handkerchief that obscures the lower half of their face. Spirit of Democritus, arise and laugh them into action: vociferate in their ears, if thy transports will permit thee, the spring of thine own conduct, *"omnis virtus in actione consistit !"*

The greater number of the students have before them pen, ink, and paper, with which an accurate observer may see them, continually, transferring from the book passages here and there, in detached parcels, most suitable to their taste, or their purpose. Here sits the dry mathematician, with a paper before him filled with hieroglyphics worthy of an Egyptian sarcophagus, and all the volumes of Euclid, and all of Newton, and two or three other folios and quartos, illustrative of his subject. Here comes a man with the ancient books of Chaucer, and Webster, and Floyer, and a quire of paper in his hand, whom thence I knew immediately to be a writer for the "Retrospective Review," or the "Examiner." One sat half hidden by an atlantean pile of Greek and Latin classics, which he had industriously congregated together; representing in his person the plagiarist, whom Dr. Blair describes as endeavouring to lace the meanness of his own discourse with the tattered shreds of Cicero and Virgil. Another sat with Aristotle, and Machiavel, and Grotius, and "Oh, Oh!" said I to myself, "you are a writer for the daily papers:" and such he really was, to judge from the string of detached sentences which he kept adding to his sheet. A fifth was busily drafting from Hip-

pocrates, and James, and Philosophical Reports, whence it was obvious he was endeavouring to cook up some new work, to come out in only four folio volumes, and six and thirty numbers—(to ensure him at once eternal fame and competence) either *"de morbis mulierum,"* or *"de formatione et secretione facium."*

It results from these horrid symptoms, that my favoured town, once pure and delicate, the elegant retreat of half the muses and all the graces, threatens to become a mere workshop of literature, equal almost to the calamitous condition of the northern metropolis. A great majority of the attendants on the Reading-Room are young men, just exulting on their emancipation from parental leading strings, and in the newly-acquired masterdom over the operations of the pen. While beardless striplings frequent this room for intellectual metal, and then dispatch their lucubrations, warm from the mint, to the public press, we shall have no sound reading, and no sound learning in the country. "Patience, Good Heavens!" as Syphax says, shall old men be taught by their juniors, and worse than all, not know it or suspect it? this is inverting the order of nature. And it is actually a fact, that a day or two after I had visited this Reading-Room, I was struck with the sight of articles in the different publications of the day, corresponding to those which, from the books before them, I had judged to be in preparation by the literati whom I had seen. The mathematician—in the G—— Magazine, had presented to the world a sum of new Algebraic calculations, and added a system of solutions not his own. Another work had given publicity to the pseudo-antiquary's criticism on "Floyer's small pieces." The hireling politician, callous to patriotism, had set half the country in flames with an article, laboured out of his brain with perfect calmness over an oak table: nay, and in two months afterwards, I was solicited by a little dirty affected man, to subscribe to a medical work, which I knew to be the same as he was manufacturing from old materials in the Lemnos of learning.

To so terrible a height does this

passion run, that the mind is unable to assign limit to its progress; and I am afraid the town will soon be as notorious for the fabrication of literary goods, as it is at present for that of stuffs, useful as articles of apparel. What then is the object, or the purpose to be served by this remonstrance? it is, to state it shortly, to represent, to the trustees or governors of this Institution the propriety of adopting certain regulations in their precincts, to stem the swelling tide. *Imprimis*:—let pen and ink be absolutely forbidden and banished from the room, and if any student shall be observed to draw a pencil from his pocket-book, or to dip a pen into an ink bottle, which he has smuggled in by suspending it within his breast pocket, let him be served by the Deputy with a notice not to trespass again on the ground, on pain of an action of law being commenced against him. Let the students be also forbidden to have out of the classes

more than one book at once, unless they be books of consultation or reference only. And provided also that, if it be a book in one of the learned languages, the “gentle reader” shall be indulged with a dictionary to make out the words, and an interpretation to lead him to the meaning. By these rules, and by confining them strictly to the simple process of reading, it is probable that they may benefit their minds, without exposing their littleness, or saturating the public taste with their milk and water beverage. If these suggestions are adopted, I shall hope when I make my next review of them, to be able to report to you, Mr. Editor, that there are much better prospects in future for the public palate; and that my honest friends are in a course, much more likely than before, to make them worthy of assuming the oracular tone to the younger generation.

CRITO.

LINES

TO THE MEMORY OF A LATELY DECEASED FRIEND.

Go, bright example of the Christian's life,
 As friend, as sister, daughter, mother, wife!
 By all these ties Heav'n bade thy worth be known,
 Then call'd thee hence to make that worth its own.
 Go, then, on angel's pinions borne, to live
 Where sister spirits shall a welcome give;
 Where those, who here thy home's pure circle blest,
 Await thy coming to their realms of rest:
 While they, who now thy early loss bemoan,
 Suppress the selfish tear, the murmuring groan;
 And while thy virtues still their thoughts employ,
 Not on their sorrow dwell, but on thy joy;
 And hope to meet thee on that smiling shore,
 Where souls whom Heaven had join'd shall part no more.

 AMELIA ORIE.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS IN LONDON
AND PARIS.

LETTER V.

From Sir Charles Darnley, to the Marquis de Vermont.

Paris.

MY DEAR MARQUIS,

YOU have had the goodness to send me so many letters of recommendation, that since they arrived I have found my whole time nearly occupied in delivering them. On one of these occasions I met with so singular an adventure, that I cannot help relating it, as it is truly characteristic of national manners.

When I stopped at the splendid but delapidated hotel, in a distant part of the Faubourg St. Germain, of the Duchesse de ———, (to whom you will recollect having written an introductory epistle in my favour,) I was informed that her Grace was at home, and would receive me. I, of course, obeyed this summons, and delivered my credentials. She welcomed me with all that urbanity, which your ladies of the old court know so well how to assume when they wish to please. — She first spoke of you, and next of England, judging, very rightly, that my friend and my country were precisely the subjects on which I was most open to flattery.

I will not shock your modesty, by repeating all the civil things which she expressed on the former of these topics. I shall content myself with observing, that she was most *lauditory*. Her commendations of Great Britain and its inhabitants were equally enthusiastic. *We were* the saviours of the world, the restorers of peace, good order, and religion, while of her own government she spoke in very different terms. The poor King was mentioned with contemptuous pity, and said to be the dupe of *Jacobinical* ministers, who were ruining both his affairs and those of the nation.

After this exordium, which disclosed to me her politics, the Duchess gave me a pathetic description of the sufferings to which she and the Duke, in common with all other persons, *comme il faut*, had

been exposed, during the too well-known events of the late Revolution. "While, at length," continued she, "we saw our legitimate Sovereign restored, we naturally expected, not only that the property of which we had been robbed would be given up, but that we should be, in some degree, indemnified for our personal wrongs, by peculiar marks of royal favour. — Think, then, of our disappointment: — of several of our estates which at different times had been made the prey of the spoilers, (except this hotel, which having been made a public office, during the usurpation, happened not to be sold, and was, therefore, given back,) not one has been returned; and even what little fortune, during these tremendous times, chance or prudence had preserved, is not left at our own disposal; for, by a democratic law, passed for the express purpose of destroying the importance of ancient families, parents are compelled to divide their lands, as well as their money, nearly equally among their children of both sexes."

After expressing herself in this manner with great energy, and shedding many tears, the Duchess proceeded to tell me, that for those who, like herself, were desirous of propping the falling honours of an illustrious house, but one means was left—that of restoring its wealth by advantageous marriages.

You will believe how much surprised I felt, at having such a philippick addressed to me; she saw what was passing in my mind, and added,—"Have patience, and I will explain why I have taken the liberty of troubling you with these remarks. — Many French persons of exalted rank have set the example, under similar circumstances, of allowing their sons to give their hands '*a des riches haïtières de votre pays*,'—even though of inferior pedigree, and not of the orthodox faith.

"The Duke and I, after many struggles (struggles which it was difficult for us to surmount, for our families on both sides are yet *uncontaminated by a single Mis-alliance*) have at last resolved to adopt this painful remedy. I apply, therefore, to you, M. Le Chevalier, for information on this important subject, and, perhaps, you will be glad of an opportunity of procuring for some female relative of your own, the advantages of becoming our daughter-in-law. You are sufficiently acquainted with the history of France to know, that there is not recorded in its annals a more illustrious name than that which my son will inherit; and, certainly, the wealthiest heiress of Great Britain would be much the gainer in an arrangement, by which, in exchange for her riches, she obtained so proud a title."

She then recapitulated the list of archbishops, marshals, prime ministers, and cardinals, which her pedigree exhibited; and assured me that I should find it clearly proved by the same indisputable evidence, that the family derived its origin from the emperors of ancient Rome. I had some difficulty in listening to this heraldic harangue with becoming gravity, while she added, she had no doubt of receiving various applications as soon as her intentions were known. She mentioned the circumstance first to me, wishing, out of respect to you, to attend first to my recommendations. When at length she paused for a reply, I assured her how grateful I felt for this mark of her attention, and that I regretted it would not be in my power to avail myself of her flattering preference, as I did not count among my relations any young lady possessed of the requisite qualifications. "*Mais cependant,*" (rejoined the Duchess, with seeming surprise and disappointment) "*on dit que vous êtes tous si riches en Angleterre; est il possible que vous n'ayez pas une seule parente, jeune, jolie, et aimable, avec un dot de cent à cent cinquante livres sterling: c'est tout ce que nous demandons.*" Retaining my gravity as well as I could, I repeated that really no relation of mine possessed even half the very moderate sum, at which her grace was pleased to value the hand of her son. "If you have no relations

so circumstanced," continued the persevering Duchess, "have the goodness to name some lady of your acquaintance whom you think worthy of being placed on the list of candidates."

Here my sincerity got the better of my prudence, and pressed in this manner I could not help answering, that I knew of no English girl, though enjoying a much smaller fortune than that which she had named, who, in spite of the temptations she held out, would consent to enter into a negotiation of this kind, and renounce the privilege claimed and generally exercised by all my countrywomen, of choosing for themselves.

"Nonsense, nonsense!" exclaimed the Duchess, interrupting me; "foolish girls may be indeed romantic enough to sacrifice all for love, but surely no sensible parent would undervalue such an opportunity of elevating a beloved daughter; and it is only with parents that I wish to treat."

I in vain tried to explain the difference of our manners from those of France, and the obstacles which opposed themselves to the realization of her grace's wishes.

Finding that I had neither relatives nor friends to recommend, she insisted on my giving her the names of such young ladies as were generally considered the richest heiresses of England.

To get rid of her importunity, I mentioned two or three individuals who, according to public fame, stood in this predicament; when, to my great surprise, the Duchess took from an adjoining shelf a memorandum-book, and recorded every particular of my information with the accuracy of a merchant; and while she complained of the difficulty of pronouncing, and the still greater difficulty of spelling our barbarous names, enquired again and again the letters which composed them; and did not quit her task till each reported *héritière* was duly entered in her ledger with her appropriate appellation; adding thereto the part of Great Britain where she resided, the supposed amount of her fortune, and whether in land or money, in possession or reversion.

This ceremony occupied no inconsiderable time, and I in vain tried

to save the Duchess so much useless trouble, assuring her, that I only spoke from hearsay evidence, and that my information might, after all, prove very incorrect.

"*N'importe,*" said she; "you have kindly given me some useful hints, it is my business to do the rest." She did not close the book till I had certified, by an exact examination, that the names were correctly written, and till she had again tried to draw from me some further materials for matrimonial speculation. Finding at length that I persisted in saying that my memory could go no further, she offered me a thousand thanks and apologies; and, after innumerable offers of services, allowed me to take my departure. Though perhaps this letter is already too long, I cannot help, before I conclude it, relating a conversation which occurred on the same day, at the table of our ambassador, where I happened to dine. Being seated near a lively English girl, I related to her my dialogue in the morning with the duchess. "What you tell me," observed my fair neighbour, "was calculated to excite the surprise of an Englishman newly arrived at Paris; but had you inhabited this town as long as I have, you would have known that nothing is so common as this kind of hymeneal jobbing. On my *début* in this gay city, I was persecuted by the attentions of a marquis, who was by no means agreeable to me, but whom I did not immediately disavow, because his egregious vanity and many other absurdities afforded me constant amusement; besides, too, I felt that I was in no danger of losing my heart to one whom I so thoroughly despised. This intercourse had existed some time, when, after one of those long visits, in performing a round of which a Parisian beau wastes at least two-thirds of every day, '*Dites-moi franchement,*' exclaimed my enamoured swain, '*à combien estimez-vous votre dot?*' A little surprised at the unceremonious question, I determined to answer it in such a manner as would lead the enquirer into still farther absurdities. I replied, therefore, that though it was rather contrary to our usages to disclose our pecuniary circumstances, I would candidly tell him, that being one of

four children, my father had only left me 5000l.

"Only 5000l. sterling! *et une fois payés?*" exclaimed my calculating lover, "*qu'est ce que cela fait en argent de France?*" and taking out his pocket-book, he sat down and counted the precise value at the current exchange. "*Diable,*" exclaimed he, after an arithmetical conference with himself of some minutes; "*cela ne fait pas plus que cent vingt cinq mille francs bien comptés:*" then pocketing his memorandum-book, giving a sentimental sigh, and taking his hat, he assured me that he preferred me to all the world, and if I had had the requisite fortune, he would not have hesitated to offer me his hand—" *mais avec vos 5000l. La chose n'est pas possible.*" So again sighing and bowing profoundly, he flew out of the room with all the agility of his country; and as I have never seen him since, my female vanity has been not a little piqued in being deprived of the opportunity of telling him that I was only laughing at him." I shall not apologize for repeating this little story; for whether it was literally true, or the ingenious invention of the clever girl from whose lips I drew it, I think it will make you smile. Fortune-hunters are certainly to be found in all countries, but marriage seems to be here made a regular traffic; and it is no disgrace to the most respectable individual to engage in this kind of speculation. Moralists, I believe, have not determined whether unions formed through prudential considerations, or from the affections of the heart, conduce most to private happiness and public decorum. I am not so illiberal as to deny that many patterns of conjugal felicity may be found in France, but if examples of such felicity are rarer among you than among us, the question is practically decided. If the fact is contradicted, and we are to argue the question theoretically, I can only say with my Uncle Toby, that much may be said on both sides. Pardon the impertinent liberties which I have taken with your countrymen and countrywomen, and return the compliment by speaking as freely of all you see and hear in England.

Always yours,

C. DARNLEY.

LETTER VI.

From the Marquis de Vermont to Sir Charles Darnley, Bart.

London.

MY DEAR DARNLEY,

IN your last Letter you have drawn a very ridiculous picture of my good friend, the Duchess de ———; and though the likeness is not a flattering one, I must acknowledge the resemblance. — I forgot to tell you, that, with a thousand good qualities, she is an enthusiast; and that her zeal, in whatever she undertakes, often leads her, with the best of all possible intentions, to commit the grossest absurdities. She has two children, a son and a daughter; and though fondly attached to both, so anxious is she at this moment to restore the fallen dignity of the family, that I am persuaded, did she possess the power of doing so, she would force the latter into a convent, in order to leave to the former, without any defalcation, the small remnant of the Duke's once enormous fortune. As our laws not only deprive her of this resource, but have, also, entitled the brother and sister to nearly an equal distribution of the effects, which she and her noble husband may leave behind them, all her thoughts are now directed to the acquisition of a wealthy heiress for her son, in order that the riches of his wife may indemnify him for this lamented deduction.

Now, certainly, it is not very fair to accuse a whole nation of similar faults, on account of the extremes into which one individual may have fallen. Still, I must acknowledge, both in spite of all the changes our institutions and manners have undergone during the last thirty years, that what we call *marriages de convenience*, that is to say, marriages contracted rather from prudential considerations than from those of affection, though rarer than they were before the Revolution, are still common among the higher classes of society. French parents, indeed, consider it their duty to seek out advantageous matches for their children, from whom, on such subjects, they con-

ceive themselves entitled to implicit obedience. Whether, in doing so, they act wisely, and whether the experience of age is, or is not a better guide than the passions of youth, are questions which I shall not attempt to examine. But I must be permitted to make two observations, — first. That as your acquaintance becomes general in France, you will find innumerable instances of domestic happiness and moral propriety of conduct among persons, who were brought together in this manner, and but few examples of such matrimonial broils and dissensions, as I am told are very common in England; and, secondly, that though in this country heads of families do not meet and plan such arrangements for their children, neither parents nor young people seem by any means inattentive to worldly considerations, in forming similar connections; and, in pursuit of this grand object, indelicacies and improprieties of the most extraordinary kind are daily committed.

It appears, indeed, most extraordinary to the eye of a foreigner accustomed to the extreme strictness with which unmarried females are treated on the Continent, to observe the much greater freedom which young ladies enjoy in this island, the manners of which are represented as so particularly correct.

In all the promenades and public exhibitions of London, I see the daughters of your most distinguished families escorted by crowds of single men; and though, it is true, that they never appear unattended by a matron, (styled here, I know not why, a *chaperon*.) the latter, whether the party be on foot or on horseback, is frequently left by her younger companions at a convenient distance.

At your balls and assemblies I observe persons of opposite sexes, in the hey-day of life, seated in windows and corners of the room, deeply occupied with each other, and engaged in the most animated conversations. This kind of inter-

course, which in other countries would be thought highly indecorous, here passes uncensured in the most respectable circles, and is styled, in the jargon of fashion, an *innocent flirtation*. Apropos, the said word *flirtation* cannot be translated into French by any corresponding term, probably because the trait of manners which the phrase expresses is unknown to us. On such occasions, I find, that the most prudent mother thinks it quite unnecessary to interfere, provided always that the gentleman, whose assiduities the young lady appears to encourage, possesses what commercial men call the one thing *needful*.—I mean, a sufficiency of wealth; for character, temper, and corresponding tastes, are minor considerations, which seldom claim the attention of speculating parents. To ascertain the fortunes in possession, or expectancy, of the single men presented to her becomes, therefore, the business of your female heads of families; and while the utmost pains are taken to draw the rich and noble into the vortex of their daughters' attractions, equal care is observed in keeping suitors of an opposite description at a respectful distance.

A handsome and lively lad of twenty, with whom I lately became acquainted, has amused me much with the history of his adventures in this town, where he only arrived from a distant county at the commencement of the present winter.

It seems, that having brought with him a few letters of recommendation to persons of respectability, he found himself treated with the most extraordinary kindness and unlooked-for distinction. His acquaintance was courted by the leaders of the fashionable world. Fathers invited him to dinners, and dowagers to balls, while their young and pretty daughters received his attentions with the utmost complacency. Indeed, civilities were lavished on him with so profuse a hand, that he found it impossible to accept half the invitations which he daily received. Surprised at making so brilliant an *entrée* into the circles of London society, he began to suspect, though a modest man, that he possessed, unknown to himself, some wonderful merit, which, hitherto, had re-

mained undiscovered, when the scene was suddenly reversed: the warmth with which he had been every where welcomed, was succeeded by the most chilling formality: the list of engagements rapidly diminished; and the smiles, which lately lighted up the countenances of the fair when he addressed them, were converted into the most forbidding frowns. The cause of his present disgrace was as inexplicable as that of his early good fortune. A letter from the country, at length, unravelled the mystery. It appears he had a neighbour and a namesake, who, on coming of age, had lately taken possession of a very large estate; and, on that occasion, had given some magnificent *fêtes*, a pompous account of which had for several days filled the columns of the London newspapers.

For this favoured individual my friend had been mistaken; and it was to this circumstance that he owed the favourable reception which he had experienced at the houses of the great. As soon as it was discovered that, instead of being the rich R—, of the county of —, he was simply a law-student, with a fair reputation, and a moderate patrimony, he was no longer importuned by the donors of splendid entertainments, and was left to pursue his studies, uninterrupted by the allurements of offered pleasure.—Indeed, during the short time which I have already spent in England, I have had many opportunities of remarking, how soon unmarried girls are taught to deal in matrimonial speculations.

The advantages which I derive from my knowledge of the English (an advantage, for which, my dear Darnley, I am indebted to your instructions and encouragement while we travelled together in America), not only enables me to partake of many pleasures in the town, of which other foreigners are insensible, but has, also, been the cause of my making some very extraordinary discoveries.

Frenchmen so seldom speak or understand your language, that conversations are often carried on in my presence which were never intended for my ear, and I am made the unwilling depository of important

secrets. Thus, at a ball which I lately attended, having left the supper-table sooner than the other foreigners, I returned to the drawing-room, and finding the ladies seated in groupes, I took a chair by the fire-side, when my attention was drawn from my own reflections to the following dialogue, between a veteran dame of quality and her daughter, which, though conveyed in a suppressed tone of voice, I distinctly overheard:—"I cannot express, Louisa," said the Dowager-Countess, "how much you have provoked and disappointed me to-night!" "What have I done, dearest Madam!" answered her pretty companion with some surprise.

Countess.—Why did you refuse to dance with Mr. Charles Mandeville, whom I had taken the greatest pains to get introduced to you?

Lady L.—Because I was engaged to Lord Randepole.

Countess.—Engaged!—nonsense.—That is justifying one fault by another. Have I not told you, a thousand times, that when asked to dance, you should never give a positive answer; it is quite time enough to declare your intention when the quadrille begins; and however desirable the first partner who offers you his hand may be, it is very foolish, by a precipitant acceptance, to throw away the chance of a better.

Lady L.—But how is such a question to be evaded?

Countess.—By saying that you have not yet made up your mind whether you shall dance:—that should you determine to do so, you are partly engaged; but when the music strikes up, should the tune please you, and the person to whom you had previously given a half promise should not claim its performance, you would comply with the request now made to you.

Lady L.—But why, my dear Madam, should I break my engagement with Lord Randepole, who is one of the most agreeable men in London, in order to please Mr. Mandeville, who is, in every respect, the reverse of his Lordship?

Countess.—For the best of all possible reasons: because Mr. Mandeville is in possession of ten thousand pounds a year, besides still

greater expectancies, and this Lord Randepole is the son of an Irish Earl, without sixpence.

Lady L.—Is it then necessary, by way of giving elasticity to his steps, that one's partner in a quadrille should have his pockets loaded with gold?

Countess.—Be so good, Louisa, not to be quite so flippant, and to recollect, that no step which a young woman takes in life is unimportant; that all her words, motions, and even looks, should be directed to one grand object,—that of getting comfortably and respectably married.—You were, therefore, very wrong, in treating Mr. Mandeville with so much indifference. Such a man is not to be had every day.

Lady L.—But would you really wish to see me the wife of Mr. Mandeville, who, besides being at least fifteen years older than myself, and one of the ugliest and most disagreeable men in England, is said to be also one of the most profligate.

Countess.—Splendid diamonds, an equipage, a house in Grosvenor-square, an ample settlement at present, and a ducal coronet in reversion, will soon reconcile you to Mr. Mandeville's age and ugliness; and if he is profligate it will be your business to reform him. I hope you are not turning Methodist, and, for a silly scruple of this kind, disposed to reject such a prize.

Lady L.—I am no Methodist; but indeed, Madam, Mr. Mandeville is a prize which I am by no means desirous of gaining.

Countess.—You are quite intolerable; and if you continue to act and talk in this manner, I will send you down to your old aunt Deborah's manor-house, in Wales, where you may undisturbed enjoy the retired pleasures of mending stockings and reading the family Bible.

So saying, the dowager walked off in sullen dignity, and left the warm-hearted lady to her own meditations.

On another occasion, I was at no great distance from a young couple who had for some minutes been engaged in rather an animated conversation, when the mother of the young lady entered the room, and drawing her away exclaimed, in a loud whisper,

"How can you be so absurd as to throw away your time in this manner? Don't you know that Mr. — is only a younger brother?—I must once again repeat what I have told you frequently before—never to allow any man to monopolize your attention till I have given the signal by holding up my fan."

I lately, too, received a lesson for my vanity I shall not easily forget: I danced at a ball with a very pretty girl, who, having visited the Continent, and travelled even as far as Naples, possessed a fund of conversation very superior to that of the generality of unmarried females whom I meet in society. She received my attentions so favourably, that I ventured to hand her to supper, and to keep by her side during the remainder of the evening. In going away I was introduced to her parents, and was invited to their house, where I soon became a constant visitor. This intercourse had continued some days, when calling one morning at our ambassador's, I learnt that a near relation of the young lady, on the day after the ball, had made the most particular enquiries there respecting the extent of my fortune and the antiquity of my family. I found, too, that great anxiety had been expressed to ascertain whether I was the *identical* Marquis de Vermont, who possessed the hotel in the *Rue Foubourg, St. Honoré*, whose garden, opening in the *Champs Elysee*, had so often excited the admiration of the person who asked the question. In short, I found that the young lady and her family were fond of Paris, and that all the civility, which they had bestowed on me, arose from a selfish speculating on the advantages of a possible matrimonial union with a rich inhabitant of their favourite city. Need I add, that, after making this discovery, the sweetest smiles of the fair fortune-hunter could not induce me to repeat my visits.

While on this subject, will you permit me to observe, that, in spite of the supposed reserve and diffidence of the females of this country, I perceive no backwardness, when those who address them are the known possessors of large fortunes, or the immediate heirs of persons so circumstanced.

Wherever I go, I see mothers impatient to display the showy, useless, and often but imperfectly acquired accomplishments of their daughters. Equal anxiety is manifested to get them seated, at dinner and supper parties, near those single men, whose expectations are supposed to be the most promising; and, when the manœuvres for carrying such arrangements into execution fail of success, I often see the prettiest faces disfigured by the expression of anger and disappointment.

Indeed, no greater contrast can be exhibited than that, which may be traced in the countenance of a London *belle*, when she listens well pleased to the silly nonsense of a youth of fashion in possession of the requisite qualification, and when she is doomed to bear the annoying attentions of a *single quiz*, or married bore. In the one case she assumes a thousand smiles, and her behaviour is easy, polite, and almost too condescending. In the other her answers are cold, monosyllabic, and repulsive. In short, it seems to me that your young women come into society as into a market; and that every moment not so employed as to tend in some degree to their views, end, and aim, is considered both by them and their parents as lost and thrown away.

While, therefore, you blame French parents for entering into negotiations for the union of their children, you should recollect, that, though such is not the habit of this country, here, too, interested considerations are not forgotten.

Perhaps, too, the open manner in which we transact these affairs in France is preferable and less indelicate than those secret schemes and match-makings which are so common in England, and in which the youngest girls are often taught to play a part.

This letter is already too long, but I cannot conclude it without observing, that both sexes are equally culpable in this respect. Among the subjects of conversation universally introduced at your tables after the departure of the ladies, I know no one more common than the fortune of reputed heiresses: nor is it at all unusual to hear young men

on such occasions declare themselves willing to give their hands to women, no matter how old or ugly, provided they possess the means of gilding amply the matrimonial pill. Nor are such speeches merely made in the exuberance of spirits, for I have met with several instances of boys married to women old enough to be their mothers.

Think not, however, as you read these remarks, that I think ill of England, or feel disposed to caricature her manners: my sentiments and my intentions are quite the reverse.

The longer I live here the more I find to admire, but when you attribute to national peculiarities those faults and foibles, which, though

met with in France, are common to human nature, justice compels me to call your attention to similar imperfections found on this side of the Channel.

Pecuniary considerations must every where be the motive of many marriages, but I will candidly acknowledge, that, generally speaking, the inclinations of the heart seem to me more attended to in England than on the Continent, and the reason of this is obvious; you are the richest nation in the world, and have therefore less reason to allow the voice of love and nature to be stifled by the dictates of cold-hearted prudence.

Adieu.

SNORING.

I AM somewhat addicted to snoring—start not, my good reader, at this extraordinary assertion; I am fully awake now. Indeed I may be wrong; I have never had the pleasure of hearing those musical sounds issue from the tubes of my olfactory organs; but I may not presume to doubt the words of Mrs. Cinna, who declares that the noise proceeding from my chamber in the night-time resembles, for all the world, that of a herd of elephants soundolizing under a palm-tree. This is very extraordinary!

Snoring, delicate reader, according to the best authorities, is that sound or noise which is heard, or supposed to be made, in the passage between the palate and the nostrils—that boiling or bubbling noise which in respiration proceeds from the larynx or head, or orifice of the *aspera arteria*: thus having given the anatomical definition of the cause, I shall proceed to the explanation of the effect.

It has been my unfortunate chance to be thrown into situations where this my failing (if indeed the world will hold it one) has brought me into peculiar ill will. Indeed, it has procured me also the cognomen of “*Stertor*,” an epithet which, like King Richard’s “*Sluggard*,” I am by no means ambitious of being distinguished by.

It is indeed an unfortunate propensity. Mr. L. H—, mine especial friend, would not speak to me for a month owing to a singular circumstance, which took place at his house some years since, and which gave me great discredit by reason of his misrepresentations among my literary acquaintances. I was invited with Mr. S—, who was then in England, Messrs. P—, K—, and a few other choice spirits, to hear the first private reading of his new poem. It had been an extremely warm summer’s day; and as we sipped our delightful, qualified bohea, the cooling breeze, which, as Keats has somewhere observed, “kissed our ivory fronts,” was excessively pleasing and grateful. It certainly is a most exhilarating beverage;* and upon this occasion it did its office to a t—. Wit and repartee dropped from the mouths of each as fast as the queries and retorts of Jonson, and I felt inclined to burst my sides with laughter—this seemed auspicious—alas! the calmest sky is often the forerunner of a storm. My friend L—, on account of my years, had assigned to me a venerable arm-chair, which, like Gay’s, was hereditary; it had an extremely soft back—“fearful annunciation,” you exclaim; you are right; that delicately tender soft back was my undoing. After discussing three

* He was a crabbed man that wrote,—*Non Amo To*.

cups,—I never exceed that limit,—I reclined my head—heavens! what a luxury; I had been broiling on the outside of a coach to Hampstead in the morning. The refreshing coolness was exquisite—I once more reclined—I closed my eyes—the wind gave a gentle puff—I would not have changed places with Mahomet. Yes, dozing reader, I felt the silver seal of Morpheus upon me; I found myself gradually sinking and sinking; I began to open my mouth—terrible thought! but I was relieved—I gave a nod—the vision was dispelled—the servants entered—things were removed. Mr. H— undid a manuscript traced in beautiful characters, and smelling sweetly of the perfumes of the east, and delivered it to Mr. S—, who, glancing his dark and troubled eye around, proceeded to read it in a pompous tone. I listened awhile to the twilight breathing softness of this exquisite poetry, but the irresistible tempting chair-back recurred to my imagination—I tried it again; it was even more soft than before, and the wind sighed more gently and coolly; I thought I could listen better with my eyes closed; I might as well, at least, try the experiment; I shut them gradually—the lines were sweeter and more beautiful, and Mr. S—'s voice grew more soothing every instant; my sensations were wrapt in a dreamy elysium—this lining, thought I, must be made of lamb's wool; I never knew any thing so amazingly soft. Mr. S—'s voice now began to grow extremely faint—I could scarcely hear him—how very odd, he had a very clear voice—how strange that it should become thus indistinct; he must have drank too much tea—now I don't hear him at all—oh! they are applauding some passage, I suppose—“Excellent! excellent! that is excessively good, H—,” said I, and the effort I made broke my slumber; all stared at my exclamation, and the poet did not look over and above pleased.

I now became singularly attentive; but sometimes the thoughts of the chair and its tender back would intrude—like visions of bye-gone days of happiness, of rest, of sleep—and then the poetry was so slumbering—so soul-becalming—who could

resist its influence?—and the chair—I am perfectly clear that this time the back advanced towards my head, and not my head towards it; but be that as it may, they did meet again, and seemed mutually rejoiced at the re-union of such approved friends—my eye-lids, too, seemed to have imbibed an unusual affection, for they kissed and toyed with each other unceasingly. Mr. S— now left off reading, and sat himself down upon the cieling, to gaze about at his leisure; I somewhat wondered how he did this, but as I saw K— standing upon his head, and P— getting into the looking glass, I thought it was a trifling circumstance, and so I would not disturb them. It was about this time, I believe, that Mr. S—, arriving at a particularly sleepy passage, began to be rather alarmed at hearing a low groan somewhere beside him—as this gentleman is remarkably nervous, he shook like an aspen leaf at the violence of his own emotions, and swallowing a glass of cold water, he asked them if they had heard any thing? a reply being given in the negative, he read on; the groaning sound was now heard deeper and more guttural than before, and all were astonished—“What—what is that?” was echoed from every one; even as they spoke the sound became harsher and more prolonged—it was my other voice—they laughed so—but I am sure you will not wish me to reveal the extent of my shame.

Well, if my nasal powers were mistaken for those of a spirit, they have at least some resemblance to those of animate beings, as the following instance will prove:—one afternoon a small party of ladies were sitting in a leafy bower at Vauxhall, holding a most interesting chat; when suddenly they were petrified by sounds which, to their weak ears, appeared the roarings of some wild bull, or the growlings of a bear which had burst from the shackles of its keeper—they shrieked and screamed—and cried—“Oh, the monster!” said one—“We shall be ruined—we shall be devoured!” screamed another; “Oh! that my brother Richard were here with his gun, he'd shoot its brains out,” said a third. This commotion served to

awaken a gentleman who was reposing in an alcove behind. "Oh dear! I believe it's gone now," said the first lady, "for I don't hear its dreadful howls;" I—I mean the gentleman—conjecturing what had been the matter, walked off as quietly as he could.

I must also relate an instance of the unwarrantable authority exercised by the holy fathers of the church. I rode over,—being then upon a visit at my friend G——'s,—to R——, and it happening to be Sunday, I attended divine service; the weather was somewhat oppressive, and the seat commodious; the text, I believe, "*In that day shall they be awakened as from a sleep.*" But I heard not the arguments—I must acknowledge, I slept. In a field adjoining this sacred place grazed a "solitary ass;" this animal occasionally uttered that sound which is denominated braying; and upon the present occasion—Oh!—must I go on?—as I unconsciously snored peculiarly loud, the brute fancying, (I suppose) for he fancied like an ass, that it was the voice of a comrade, set up a hideous roar—the clergyman and congregation were astonished—the junior part were convulsed with laughter—a dreadful response echoed from my nose to this donkeyish ebullition—and he, not to be behind-hand in politeness, returned the compliment with interest; this was too much—but the mirth was, if possible, increased, by the clergyman's calling gravely to the *parateur*, "turn that beast out to his brother."

Thus you see, Mr. Editor, I was born under a most malignant star; to think that I have been mistaken for a ghost, (I really possess a grave appearance) a polar bear, and an ass—an ass!!! oh! gentle reader, I almost snore at the thoughts of it.

But if it has been injurious in some respects, it has been really beneficial in others. Some thieves once broke into our house, and were ransacking the next room, when they took to their heels at hearing what they mistook for the unearthly

bellowings of the devil, but which was in reality my voice during a sound sleep.

I never dream; and it is certainly better to snore than to dream; I have none of the nocturnal spectra—no incubi, or headless monsters floating in my disturbed slumbers; I lay me down and rest; sleep steals upon me almost the instant I couch my head—sleep the most tranquil and profound. Perhaps one reason may be I eat no supper; I go to bed soon and rise early—but oh, my unfortunate lungs!—my most unusual larynx!—I am no sooner placidly laid in the arms of Somnus, than a piping arises which would frighten his Satanic majesty himself—a noise not unlike that of a bassoon, or a hymn chaunted in a country church. Would that I might sleep in a vessel during a rough and boisterous sea—my nose has a natural antipathy to any thing more sonorous than itself; I will hold a wager, let the winds roar and the rain pelt as they would, it shall out-storm them all.

CINNA.

L'ENVOY.

I understand that there have been several questions concerning my identity. Now, as this is an affair in which I may, I hope, be allowed to take a part, I beg leave to declare, for the satisfaction of all such querists, that my name is really and *bona fide*, Cinna. Being introduced once to a young lady, she smiled, and whispered to a sprightly bean near her, "Lord! what a heathenish unchristian name!" I am sure the ancient family of the Cinna's were much beholden to her—I am also much perplexed by the fooling manner in which my friends of Cockayne pronounce it. "How came you," said P—— to me one day, "to get so appropriate a name as *Sinner*?" This was too bad. How would he approve of my saying, "I like the last scene in *Mirandolier*?"

ANALYSIS OF THIRTY LETTERS UPON SOME OF THE SWISS CANTONS.

(Concluded from page 321.)

THE Canton of Berne is divided into Bailiwicks or Prefectures, as they are now called; each of these Prefectures elect two deputies to the Sovereign Council, and every town the same number. The elections are made by the majority of suffrages of the citizens, and on the nomination of the Magistrates, Overseers, and other public officers. The candidates must be thirty years of age at least, and possess ten thousand Swiss francs, or fifteen thousand French francs (about 625*l.* sterling). These elections produce eighty-six Councillors, a number, doubtless, sufficient to represent such a small population and so confined a territory, particularly as the elections, being held in the respective jurisdictions, are not so liable to be perverted by foreign suggestions or influence.

To complete the third part of the National Representation, there remains about sixteen places to be filled. The nomination is left to the Council; and such power was, undoubtedly, granted by the Legislature, with very generous intentions. It affords to indigent merit, precocious talent, and obscure virtue, an opening to public offices, and that in the quickest, surest, and most honourable manner; for in a Republic, the free, spontaneous suffrage of the Magistrates is to a citizen the most flattering distinction. Several elections of this nature prove, that the Bernese Senate was imbued with the spirit of the Constitution; and it is evident, that in making these elections, public opinion, rather than private suggestion, was attended to. But as the best institutions are not perfect, and as those, which appear irreproachable in theory, are often defective in practice, because men, and generally passionate or prejudiced men, execute them, it may be easily conceived, that this, also, is subject to some inconveniences; as, for exam-

ple, being destined to favour merit in the lowest ranks of the people, it only perpetuates old prejudices and obsolete pretensions; and thus a measure, calculated to render a government more popular, only tends, on the contrary, to strengthen aristocratical influence.

The Grand Council is the Legislative Assembly of the Canton. It discusses and promulgates the laws; regulates the police; contracts political alliances and treaties; appoints the Foreign Ministers, Deputies of the Diet, and the Officers of the Federal Contingent; examines the public accounts, and superintends the expenditure of the public revenues. But it exercises no authority over the different branches of the Administration:—this authority is vested in the Little Council, whose members, taken from the Great Council, and appointed for life, are, in reality, the heads of the Republic. These magistrates are 27 in number, including the two *Avoyers*, who are perpetual Presidents, and who divide between them the advantages and honours of the supreme power.—The same popular spirit which modified the old Constitution, relative to the Great Council, prevails also in the composition of the Little Council, in which the inhabitants of the cities and country are allowed to sit; and there actually are, at the present time, *two peasants* in the Little Council,—a progress towards democracy, which may appear very slight, but which, in reality, is very remarkable in an aristocracy so inflexible as that of Berne, and which, it must be allowed, had acquired the right of considering itself in possession of the wisdom, as well as the confidence of the people.—The Little Council, or Council of State, is charged with the detail of the Administration, the nomination to all the civil employments of the Canton, judicial and military, with the receipt and expenditure of the

revenues; it proposes the subjects to be submitted to the deliberation of the Great Council, and all the propositions relative to the laws. All matters are discussed in common, and carried by the majority, which does not prevent some special commissions, such as a *Secret Council*, charged more particularly with the care of the police, political negotiations, and those affairs which require more than usual discretion. The *Council of War*, in which the levy of troops and orders concerning military service and discipline are decided, is also a particular commission in the Council of State.

The state revenues are considerable, in comparison with the other Cantons of Switzerland. The greatest part of the revenue consists in the property belonging to the State, in quit-rents and tenths. This last tax, which the State raises upon its lands, as proprietor, is rather a rent than a tax; some private property is, in reality, in the same situation, and the people prefer, in this country, so moderate a tax, the receipt of which being always proportioned to the harvest is as simple and easy as other methods are expensive.—There are also indirect taxes at Berne; and the toll duties, which existed under the old government, are also exacted under the new, as well as the rents, the produce of which, according to our author, is considerable.

The government of Berne, though in general unfavourable to modern inventions, does not appear inimical to that of tolls, which have proved very beneficial to the State. Besides the old duties that have been re-established, the government has created new ones. That upon timber is most certainly an abundant source of riches to the Exchequer. Another concession to the opinions of the age, which the government appears, to our author, to have made, is the zeal with which it encourages a military spirit, as prevalent as that in the other Helvetic Republics.

The events which occasioned the fall of the Confederation have made Berne, as well as the other Cantons, feel the necessity of maintaining a more respectable, regular, and permanent military force. "It does

not become me," the author modestly says, "to blame precautions, too well justified by the reverses this Republic has already met with." Passing by the principal question, he is not sure whether, in the end, the Canton of Berne may not experience more inconveniences than advantages in these military establishments. The national militia of this Canton is composed of eight battalions of 800 men each—in all, 6,400 men. These battalions are exercised by turns, at Berne, where they form a garrison for a short time, and only receive pay during their service. Now, it appears to the author, that if the consequence of this service is to produce more uniformity in military instruction, and more regularity in manœuvres, yet these corps must also contract vices incompatible with agricultural inclinations and occupations. To keep alive public spirit in the Canton, and that is, in truth, the best safe-guard of the State, is it not better to concentrate the means of instruction in the Capital, rather than run the risk of infecting the population of the country? Would it not be more natural, wiser, and more conformable to their ancient maxims, which were those of liberty, that the local inhabitant should be exercised in the defence of his own fire-side, without ever losing sight of it, with the exception of the officers, who stand more in need of a war-like education, and who can more easily do without morality than the soldier? The people of Berne are naturally war-like; and that martial spirit which laid the foundation of their State, contributed to its growth, and which, in our days, retarded its fall, is too generally spread throughout the higher classes of society, to be in danger of falling off. Foreign service gives the Bernese youth the means of acquiring practical instruction, which could not be acquired at their own houses; and this, no doubt, would be sufficient, if the Republic always maintained an excellent school for officers; as good soldiers amongst the lower class would be found, who would be the more willing to devote themselves to their country, if their affec-

tions were not alienated from their families. The government of Berne ought, then, to strengthen public spirit, by a better organization of the lower class, rather than form garrisons and people barracks,—a reform more easily effected there than in other States, because the foundation of it is already laid.

A people long estranged from public affairs, by a rigorous aristocracy, is able to take any interest in them, proportioned to the part allotted by the Constitution; but, whether through long habit or a confidence (without doubt justifiable), this people do not seem disposed to enjoy all their rights, and it is now its indifference that must be overcome after their liberty is well secured. Here, as in Friburgh, the Electoral Assemblies are little frequented.—The countryman, unwillingly, goes to the Council, and it is with great repugnance that he quits his cart to place himself at the helm of the State. Even those, with whom patriotism supplies the place of ambition, and who consent to quit the government of their farms for that of the Republic, are satisfied with paying the tribute of submission to the laws of their country, instead of enlightening it with their knowledge, and vote servilely, and, in spite of themselves, are more attached to old recollections than new prerogatives. This disposition, though honourable in itself, ought to give way to public interest; and if the magistrates do not abuse the confidence of the people, the people, in their turn, ought to justify the confidence of the magistrates.—It appeared to the author, that if the disquiet, which there, as well as in France, was the necessary consequence of a long and violent shock, had not ceased with the cause that produced it, the letter of the law not being till now precisely established, the meaning which might have been given to it, and the use that might have been made of it by a thousand petty interests and passions, might have created a revolution in one day, that years only could have quelled. A secret discontent pervades every quarter of the State. The noble families, whose glory is confounded with

that of the old government, probably regret a diet which was so favourable to their aggrandisement and that of the Republic; and, if considered dispassionately, these regrets may be more patriotic than they appear interested. The nobles of Berne may well think, without injustice, that a Constitution, under which their country was free, flourishing, and respectable, for five centuries, was not, in reality, vicious; and our author thinks, that the majority of the citizens, if they were permitted to express their wish, would willingly return to a Constitution, which procured them the rights and advantages of a free people.

The heads of the State, more united here than at Friburgh, would not counteract the will of the people, but they govern with the majority of the Councils, who have not the same inclination. On the other hand, the poorer citizens, who are, perhaps, more susceptible of popular spirit than the nobles are of regrets for the old order of things, are but little satisfied with their share in the new Constitution, as a recompense for the loss of numerous petty offices occasioned by the separation of the Pays-de-Vaud and Argovia. More interest in the Council is required; but private interest here, as well as elsewhere, is concealed under the pretext of public good. The citizens of Berne, as well as Friburgh, openly aspire to a Democratical Constitution; and though, in these two Republics, the majority of the government, as well as the people, repel this, there is always a vague and disquiet feeling, which prevents the prosperity and happiness of the State. The jealousy and distrust which the different orders manifest towards each other, spread weakness and timidity in the Councils, and causes a sort of uneasiness in the political body.—It is difficult to foretell what will be the result of these struggles between contrary interests and prejudices. Another source of embarrassment to the government of Berne is the acquisition of the Catholic part of the bishoprick of Basle, in virtue of the new regulations of the Congress of Vienna. The difficulty of

reconciling the interests of a Catholic country with a Protestant Administration, and the disagreement of the two religious creeds, add every day fresh obstacles to a government already sufficiently controlled in its proceedings.

The progress of knowledge, if in reality it has made any progress, has had no influence on the morals of the people, and, perhaps, these two things have nothing in common. The morals of the Bernese are what they were before the Revolution, and, it appears, that the Republic, or rather the heads of the government were never at any period very strict in their principles. It does not appear, since the distant period of 1414, that reform has given to the people many virtues in exchange for their former credulity. Incredulity is no rare thing at Berne, and profligacy is no less common. Few strangers have visited this city and not convinced themselves of the truth of these facts, in that quarter of the town which is built upon the borders of the *Aar*, where the baths are situated. It is very remarkable, that Berne, which is equal in this respect to the most enlightened Capitals of Europe, produced, perhaps, the first atheist. The author here recollects having read in the works of the celebrated historian Muller, that one Loeffer, who, to use Muller's own words, *professed that opinion which is called atheism*, was burnt in 1375, at the request of the official of the bishop. When he was conducted to the place of execution, with all the ceremony usual in such cases, "My friend," said he to the executioner, "there is not wood enough;" and he died with the same indifference. What more can the philosophers of the nineteenth century do, says the author, than the freethinkers of the fourteenth have already done!

The author terminates his interesting account of Berne, by a description of the fête celebrated on the anniversary of the battle of Laupen, fought on the 25th of June, 1339. On the eve of the day, the people assemble in a large field, and celebrate, with music and patriotic songs, the annual return of this interesting festival. At the break of day, the whole multitude set off, with the sound of instruments and

shouts of public joy. Children, women, and old men, present the affecting union of every age, as well as every wish, with love of liberty and their country. Even the confusion that necessarily prevails in so large a multitude increases the interest of the spectacle:—no bayonets, which intimidate rather than protect the peaceful citizens, are to be seen: they all walk at their ease, with no other order than what nature prescribes to every age. Flowers are in every hand, and songs in every mouth; and in all this long procession there is but one weapon, the sword, which, in the hands of the hero of Laupen, had dispersed the enemies of the State.

Arrived at the sacred field of battle, after having silently indulged those feelings which it must naturally excite, they assemble round the venerable pastor, whose sacred mouth alone is thought worthy to recount the particulars of the glorious victory. His simple harangue produces a profound impression upon his hearers; and when they hear, for the thousandth time, the details which they learned in their infancy, the emotion of every heart is painted on every face. The sword of Rodolph d'Erlach, carried by the chief of this illustrious house, was raised over the field of battle, that all eyes may behold the instrument of public liberty; and the hand of the pastor crowns it with laurels, in the midst of the acclamations of the people, and every one bows before the trophy of Laupen. Why should these scenes give rise to painful as well as tender emotions? History records, with grief, that some time after the battle of Laupen, when the saviour of Berne retired to his fields, like the Roman Consul, enjoying the respect of his fellow-citizens, he was assassinated by his son-in-law, with that very sword which was hung on the wall of his apartment; but the stain imprinted on the steel is lost in the splendid renown which has for so many ages attended the fame of the hero of Laupen.

"It is by such fêtes," judiciously observes the author, "celebrated in several parts of Switzerland, that these wise Republicans formerly kept alive the sacred fire of patriotism in the bosom of rising generations; it is by endeavouring

more and more to form such institutions, that their successors may prevent the decay of public spirit.—
 "Happy the people," says he, with great sensibility, "who can found,

upon the wrecks of their ancient customs, the edifice of new liberties, and who need only assist at their national fêtes to learn how to honor and cherish their country."

EXTRACTS FROM THE SUICIDES.

HER blue lips quivered, and her restless eye
 Was fired with desperation; but the beam,
 The radiant beam of beauty, lingered there,
 Like sun-shine on the desert; o'er her cheek
 The jetty tresses of her flowing hair
 In loose disorder hung, or, lightly thrown
 Across the snowy shoulder, careless lay
 On that soft bosom's undulating swell,
 Concealing not the loveliness it veiled.
 With frenzied action and delirious mien,
 She pointed to the clouds and thus began:—
 "The Spirit of the Tempest stalks abroad,
 Frowning destruction o'er the tortured globe,
 Whilst Nature groans in sympathetic horror;
 My brain is all on fire:—before my eyes
 Appalling phantoms dance; shadows of hell,
 That have no being, till the busy mind
 Bodies them forth in colours all its own.
 I search the gloom around, but they are there;
 I gaze upon the sky, and they are there;
 I close my eyes, and cannot shut them out,
 For darkness is their element; the mass,
 The solid mass, teems with the liquid spirits
 That come and go, and will not be dispelled.
 My soul is sick, and low, and languishing;
 Waning in early spring,—darkened ere noon;
 Exiled from hope,—the captive of despair.
 Oh! for the shadows of eternal night,
 To shut me out from being, life, and light,
 To quench the fever of exhaustless thought,
 That burns, but not consumes."
 Annihilation is the Atheist's heaven;
 He seeks no joy beyond this dark terrene,
 Where all is barren as the mountain's brow,
 Topped with eternal snow; in vain for him
 The gospel-promise and the gospel-curse
 Allure, alarm. Existence is a boon,
 To use it at his will, or cast away;
 All weal or woe is undirected chance;
 His creed, a blasphemy:—his hope, to rot.
 He stops not here (the poor deluded wretch!)
 He stops not here,—drunk with iniquity
 His daring mind arraigns Omnipotence;
 Calls Inspiration an invented lie,
 And, with delirious fury, madly cries,
 "There is no God!" Thought shudders, Mercy weeps;
 E'en bold Impiety recoils aghast
 At his apostacy. Say, Godless man!
 Say, whence this wondrous edifice, the globe?
 Say, who impels it through the abyss of heaven?
 Who guides it through the eternity of space?
 Who bids the vernal zephyr shew his flowers
 Upon the enchanted lap of smiling Spring;
 Leads glowing Summer from the sun-scorch'd south;
 Loads bounteous Autumn with the wonted store,
 And draws chill Winter's dark and icy veil
 Across dead Nature's countenance? Or, who
 Breathes on the earth, and all is life again?

ON THE GENIUS OF SPENSER, AND THE SPENSERIAN SCHOOL OF POETRY.

(Continued from page 341.)

IN estimating therefore the relative merits of any poet, we must never take into consideration whether he possesses the wit of Swift, the humour of Smollet, the classical correctness of Pope, the occasional strength and energy of Dryden, the sublimity of Milton, the enthusiasm of Homer, the tenderness of Virgil, the courtly refinement of Horace, the judgment of Quintilian, the elegance of Politian, the fire and rapidity of Ariosto, the simplicity of Fontaine, the *navetè* of Bruyere, the philosophy of Young, or the luxuriance of Rousseau. The question to be considered in estimating his poetic excellence is, not whether he possesses all these qualities in a high degree, but whether he possesses those particular qualities which properly belong to the design and spirit of his undertaking. To what purpose would we ask whether he possessed the wit of Swift, if the nature of his subject would not suffer him to display it. Every writer imbibes a particular turn or character of mind, from the nature of the studies to which he devotes himself in his youth, while the feelings are, as I have already observed, susceptible of every impression. This cast of mind can never be supplanted by any subsequent studies, because his feelings are not afterwards so pliant in yielding to impressions of any kind. If he read tender and pathetic works, they attune his soul to congenial sympathies, and he rejects ever after through life every thing harsh and offensive to the feelings. The sensible plant is not more instantaneously affected by the touch, than such a person is by coarseness and indelicacy; and, therefore, let critics talk what they please about the versality or universality of genius, such a writer would not excel in a subject which required wit and broad humour, had nature endowed him with the collected intelligence of the human race. No genius will

enable a writer to excel in subjects which do not accord with the spirit which he imbibes from his youthful studies, and therefore the pre-eminence of every writer should be estimated by the degree of excellence, which he has attained in the particular style and line of subjects which have exercised his pen.

It may still be maintained, however, that certain subjects or styles of poetry are more congenial to our feelings than others, and that the poets who write on such subjects should rank before all others. What these subjects or styles are, I do not know, but so far as I do know, I have reason to believe that no such styles or subjects are to be found. What pleases one man, will please another, and another, though not all men; and it is evident, that on whatever subject a person writes, it must be pleasing to him, for if it were not, he would have chosen some other subject. Whatever law of our nature has rendered it pleasing to him, will render it equally so to others, and accordingly we find many prefer the wit of *Hedibras*, to the philosophy of *Blackmore*. Every style has its own class of admirers, not that they are insensible to the beauties of other styles, but that they do not find them so congenial to their own taste and genius. When one class, however, stands up and maintains that the style and manner which they admire is superior to all others, and should consequently be preferred to all others, they are only exposing their ignorance at the very moment they affect to be enlightening the world. Every style has its own charms for its own admirers: the feelings and emotions which it awakens in the breast, are those which are most congenial to their natural dispositions: other styles excite other feelings in other minds, and the highest merit of any production is, to call into existence those identical sympathies and affections, which the poet intended to create.

What more can be effected by this particular style which is to exclude all others? Will its admirers maintain its superiority because it pleases them most. The admirers of every other style can make use of the same argument, and therefore every style can be proved best and worst at the same moment. Besides if we cultivate only one style of poetry, we shall have neither poetry nor poets in the course of a century. This effect I believe, has not been anticipated by the most sagacious legislator in any of our modern schools; but without pretending to the spirit of prophecy, I feel confident that this would be the result. Let us suppose the *Lake School* were to exclude all others, it is obvious that every person who had not a genius for this species of poetry, should desist from writing altogether, and that our poets would consequently be limited to a very small number. The poetic spirit which is at present communicated from mind to mind, that spirit which is purified by communication, and strengthened by expansion, would, in this case, instantly perish. In whatever style a poet writes, he is continually, though often unconsciously, taking his illustrations, associations, images, sentiments, shade and colouring, from the great poetic spirit which is already abroad and diffused through an endless diversity of styles, and peculiarities of manner. But this diversity would be at an end, this spirit would die of itself, if only one style of poetry were once cultivated. It would not, therefore, be cultivated long, because it would soon lose that peculiarity of manner which characterized it at the moment, being only a certain ramification of the great poetic spirit of the age. This spirit may be aptly compared to a great river, which branches into different directions, and supplies each branch with the waters of its parent stream. As none of these branches can exist unless supplied from the main river, so can no particular style or school of poetry exist, that attempts to exist by itself, and that does not draw its strength and vigour from that poetic spirit which is diffused, as I have just observed, through an endless diversity of style and manner.

If this circumstance, however, could not totally extinguish an exclusive style or school of poetry, it would receive its death blow from another quarter. There can be no poets unless there be readers of poetry, for without readers no one would publish. The readers of poetry, however, would now be so comparatively few, being confined to the mere admirers of the *Lake School*, that the sale of poetic works would not defray the expenses of publication, and publishers are too wise to publish at a certain loss. Perhaps it may be said, that the *Lake poetry* is at present confined to its admirers, and still enriches the publisher and the poet. This however is not the fact: for one real and unaffected admirer of the *Lake poetry*, there are perhaps ten readers, and consequently ten purchasers. One half of these readers at least, are merely pretended admirers of the *Lake School*, people who, having no judgment of their own, blindly admire whatever they find admired by such of their friends as appear to have wiser heads than themselves. The other two fifths are probably composed of those who read or purchase all the poetical productions of the day, some through a laudable curiosity of becoming acquainted with whatever is excellent, and others, through a fear of being found ignorant of any new publication. It is obvious, however, that if the *Lake School* once became an exclusive one, those who read it at present merely to shew their judgment in preferring it to all others, would immediately fall off, for as there would remain no opportunity of giving it a preference, there would be no pretension consequently to the exercise of a superior judgment, and no one would continue to read the *Lake poetry* who did not really admire it.

Though no school of poetry has as yet succeeded in putting down the rest, there is a mistaken opinion, which has, more or less, infected all the schools, or, at least, a portion of each, and this opinion is, I believe, peculiar to the present age, that there must be some certain style of poetry, some certain measure, some certain manner, some certain class of subjects and of images, superior to all others, and that, consequently,

all others should give way to them. We all seem to forget, that neither style, measure, nor manner, constitutes a particle of the essence of poetry, and that the proper forms are as capable of being poetical as any measure that can be pointed out. Some writers have gone so far, as to place Ossian at the head of all poetic productions, but to judge of poetry by the squabbings of modern critics, it would not be poetry at all. We must seek for the essence of poetry, therefore, in sentiment, passion, imagery, diction, invention, sublimity of conception, &c. And the greatest poem is he who excels in these; not the tame and starched advocate of the married style and manner. In the days of Pope, we hear of no disputes relative to measure, style, and manner, because they had sense enough to perceive, that the best style was that which was most accordant to the genius of the poet. In comparing a poem written in hexameter verse with one written in the *Ottava rima*, no critic thought of preferring one to the other, in consequence of the measure. This was not the criterion by which they estimated poetic pre-eminence. The same observation applies to subject, images, &c. It never once occurred to them, that to appreciate the true merit of a poem, they should take into consideration the subject and images. They did not go thus mechanically to work, for they had not, as yet, invented a scale and compass, by which the merit of all poems whatever might be ascertained at once, without the trouble of judging every poem by laws peculiar to itself. It was, then, imagined, that what constituted the excellence of one poem, was not what constituted the excellence of another; that each required a treatment, a class of images, a disposition of parts, and a light and shade, peculiar to itself; and they, consequently, judged it necessary to enter into the design and spirit of the poet, before they could venture to determine its comparative worth. At present, an easier road lies open to the critic: he has only to run over a poem, and see whether the subject be of a romantic character; whether the images be scrupulously and studiously selected from natural

objects; whether it be written in *Ottava rima*, in the stanza of Spenser, &c.; whether the phraseology possess a certain antiquated form and turn of expression, and a certain infantine simplicity and carelessness of manner, which not only leads us to suppose it was written without the least thought or reflection, but inclines us to fall in love with the baby innocence of its author. These matters can be ascertained in a trice; they may be taught to a child at the age of nine, and, consequently, we can now be better critics at nine, than we could formerly at forty, with the additional advantage of being able to hold the merit of any poetical work, in one-fortieth of the time.

It would be an insult to the intellectual character of the present age, to prove, that our modern poetic scales and compasses tend only to the perversion of true taste and sound judgment, and that the critic who would confine a great genius to the stanza of Spenser, or to any other stanza, to subjects, images, styles and measures of a certain character, is actually labouring to complete this perversion. Every school of poetry is, therefore, a nuisance, because they all draw certain lines around them, beyond which the poet must not venture his excursive flight. It is useless, however, to prescribe laws to the poet. Of all men, he pays least obedience to the precept,—"hither shalt thou go, and no farther." He wanders wherever imagination solicits his presence: he tramples under foot every obstacle which impedes his career; he wings his majestic flight beyond the niggard empalement within which critical sagacity would confine his flight. Ocean is only a drop, and the earth a speck in the immensity of his creation; and if even space had bounds, he would spurn its empalement, and explore new regions of "untried being." The poet, who exults in the security of his own strength, either laughs at or pities the solemn gravity and affected wisdom of those who "write receipts how poems may be made." A mechanical critic, prescribing laws to a poet, is like an apothecary prescribing medicine to a physician. The apothecary has only one receipt

for curing his patient; the physician has a hundred, so, also, has the pseudo-critic only one way of arriving at excellence, while the poet, gifted with the eyes of Argus, perceives, at a glance, a hundred approaches to the temple of fame.

It seems obvious, then, that the rage for particular modes, styles, subjects, measures, images, phraseology, &c., which characterize the present age, is not the offspring of improved taste, and that, instead of enlarging the career of genius, as we pretend to do, we only circumvent its excursions, and enchain its energies. This rage must, therefore, have been brought about by one of those revolutions in literature, which works itself into existence by slow and imperceptible degrees. How this revolution has been effected, is not unworthy of our attention.

Formerly, a classical and liberal education was confined to a small portion of society. There were no means of acquiring it, but by a close and unwearied application to books, and an acquaintance with the best writers, ancient and modern. The mind, therefore, became naturally enriched with the treasures of classic literature, and classic taste; and whoever united to these acquirements that original susceptibility of impressions, which constitutes genius, naturally took his images, illustrations, sentiments, and conceptions, from that extensive magazine of literature, which was bequeathed to him by the most illustrious writers and poets of every age, and of every clime. The poet, thus furnished with classic knowledge, was, therefore, enabled "to trace the naked nature and the living grace," because he viewed nature, not only with his own eyes, but with the eyes of others. His ambition was, therefore, to equal the great models which he had studied in beauty of expression, delicacy of sentiment, luxuriance of description, richness of imagery, purity of style, sublimity of conception, elegance of selection, perspicuity of arrangement, and splendour of illustration. He knew, that without these qualities of poetic excellence, it mattered little what subject he chose, in what measure he wrote, or what audiences he observed; and

that where these were attained, excellence was also attained, whatever might be the subject that exercised his pen. In examining, therefore, the merits of his contemporaries, he never inquired whether the subject was plaintive, amatory, heroic, elegiac, romantic, or pathetic; he knew, that Gray's "Elegy," though it had not a particle of romance, was not inferior, in point of merit, to Spenser's "Faerie Queen," and that of Shenstone's "Pastoral Ballad," though written in *Ottava rima*, was a better poem than Blackmore's "Creation," though written in heroic verse. His whole attention was, therefore, directed to the treatment of the subject, or those qualities of excellence which I have just mentioned; and in deciding the merits of a poem, he never inquired whether it was romantic or not. He, consequently, never thought of forming a poetical creed, or a poetical school, which confined all excellence to a romantic subject, or a romantic manner. But in subsequent times, when literature became extended to a greater portion of society, the knowledge, which was heretofore acquired through an intimate acquaintance with the best writers, became partly supplied by conversation, and the advantages of a more enlightened society. In the days of Pope, every man was a profound scholar, or an ignorant clown: there was scarcely any medium.—These two classes never mingled with each other, so that little knowledge was acquired through the mere intercourse of society. The first class, accordingly, were almost all writers or critics, and the latter class knew they had no pretensions to be either. At present, the matter is quite otherwise; we have so many classes, that it is impossible to distinguish them from each other. We have few who can be called perfectly ignorant; and the profoundly learned are, perhaps, as few as ever. But between these extremes of knowledge, we have intelligences of all shapes and sizes, men, whose knowledge is less acquired from books, and a regular classical education, than from an intercourse with those who have acquired their knowledge through the regular channel. In conversation it always happens, or at least generally so, that men who

appear nearly on an equality in treating any subject, are at an immense distance from each other, in point of real information. A learned man, or a man of profound thought and extensive views, cannot, in the rapidity of conversation, bring forward the whole chain of reasoning that lies unconnected in his mind, but which he is capable of connecting at his more retired and contemplative moments. Unable, therefore, to say all he wishes to say, and feeling he cannot do the subject that justice of which he knows himself capable, he often speaks less to the point than he who has a most superficial knowledge of it. He has so much to say, that he is at a loss, for the moment, where to begin; while he, who views the subject only in one point of view, feels no loss whatever in expatiating upon it. The little he knows he has always ready, and out it pops, whether it be applicable or not. No wonder, then, that men of superficial knowledge, and who owe the greater part even of this knowledge to mere conversation, should think themselves qualified to appear before the public in print, when they find such little apparent difference between themselves and men of profound and acknowledged ability.

The consequence of such men engaging in authorship is easily anticipated, had we no experience to confirm the speculations of theory. They are continually mingling the more abstract parts of science, of which they have only glimmering conceptions, caught up hastily from conversation, with those more obvious and plainer truths which are placed within the comprehension of ordinary minds. Hence, they cannot descry the "naked nature" through the chaos of thought, and the rubbish of ideal knowledge or of "nameless somethings," which they have thrown over it themselves, and which, accordingly, conceal it from their view. He, who is totally ignorant of things, has a great advantage over him who has a smattering knowledge of them. From knowing them in part, he is led to believe that he knows them entirely, and consequently his general idea of each of them is false and confused. This confusion and

false perception of things extend to every new subject which engages his attention, because we invariably, the learned as well as the unlearned, make use of the knowledge which we already possess, or imagine we possess, in judging of every new subject to which we apply ourselves; and where this previous knowledge is false and confused, it must, necessarily, lead us into a similar confusion and false perception of every thing, which we subsequently view through the medium of it. The man who contents himself with knowing nothing that he cannot know perfectly, who prevents his attention from straying to objects which are placed beyond the sphere of his comprehension, is seldom confused in his ideas, or mistaken in his judgment. Where he cannot decide clearly, he does not venture to decide at all: his judgment is not confused, by resting it on that heap of false knowledge which deceived the other. So far as he knows, he knows clearly, and, therefore, he rests every new judgment on this clear and accurate knowledge. If it be too contracted to enable him to judge, he suspends his judgment altogether, and, therefore, escapes the deception and confusion which unavoidably ensue from imaginary knowledge.

It is obvious, at the same time, that where the facilities of acquiring knowledge without recourse to books are increased, where conversation supplies the place of study and mental application, this confusion and false perception of things must necessarily extend to a greater portion of society. If every man we converse with were a Newton or a Locke, it would be impossible for us to derive any advantage from it, unless we first prepared ourselves to analyse and digest the knowledge which is acquired through the medium of conversation by previous study, and an unwearied application to books. Without this previous preparation, we take every thing for granted that is told us, because we are ourselves too ignorant to discover whether it be true or false. Hence we store up a thousand errors which to us are as true as demonstration itself, and accordingly they become the data of our subsequent reasoning. But this is not the only

evil: without the preparation of which I have spoken, we are not qualified to understand what we hear in conversation, and, therefore, even when we are told what is true, we convert it into what is false by understanding it differently from what the speaker intended. It requires but a slight acquaintance with the history of English literature to perceive, that youth receive a more superficial classical education, and that their course of studies is more lightly and more quickly got over, at present, than during the three last centuries, though education of one kind or other is imparted to a much greater number of individuals now than formerly. It is now become a popular doctrine, that we should study men, not books, and accordingly we throw away our books, and enter early into society to acquire a practical acquaintance with the world. This is a grand mistake;—here, as well as in the sciences, theory should always precede practice; and he, who begins with the practical part, will always remain ignorant of both theory and practice. He who would be a man while he is yet a boy, will remain a boy when he ought to be a man; and he who begins to study men and manners before books and intellectual acquirements have enlarged his ideas, and taught him to distinguish between appearances and realities, will always remain a novice in the science of human nature. It is certain, however, that we have more writers of this latter class at present than we ever had before, and the causes which I have mentioned sufficiently account for the effect. A writer of this stamp, consequently, obtrudes on the public that “*reds heap of wit*” which is generated by the confusion and false perception of things which I have just mentioned. His blunders and perpetual inconsistencies are immediately exposed by the critics. He perceives, though he may be unwilling to acknowledge, the justice of the chastisement with which they have visited him. He strives to reform; and particularly he strives to avoid the errors which they have pointed out; but in doing so he runs into the opposite extreme, believing that the opposite to deformity must necessarily be beautiful.

He does not perceive that what is proper in one place is absurd in another, and that the beauty and propriety of every thing depends not on its being the opposite to something else, but on a thousand circumstances of which he is ignorant. He is again chastised, and again transgresses, and at length, becoming desperate, he leagues with some of his fellows who are suffering under the same lash. They see their only resource, and they eagerly embrace it. Aware that while poetry is subjected to critical rules, they have no chance of success, they come forward in a body, and maintain that all true poetry consists in writing *as the spirit moveth*. This is the origin of the romantic school of poetry; for those who produce merely what the spirit moveth, without ever inquiring whether it be a good or an evil spirit, whether it be clothed in light or in darkness, must unavoidably produce something wild and romantic. To prove that they have not recourse to this species of poetry through their inability to write what would stand the test of classical criticism, and that it is the real spirit that moved them, and not an affected inspiration, they frequently imitate the simple and innocent language of children, a simplicity which they know cannot be affected, an innocence which cannot be feigned. Here, however, they have been seldom successful, for a discriminating mind will easily distinguish between the simplicity of a child and the simulation of a literary sinner who is hoary with age. Fearing, however, that this romantic licence of sentiment would not entirely screen them from the tribunal of criticism, and that though they succeeded in screening the absurdity of their sentiments under the veil of inspiration, they might still be exposed, if their number and versification were not sweet and musical, they went a step farther, and maintained, that true poetry ought not to be restricted to any certain measure, and that musical cadences were only good when they came of themselves, that is, when the spirit gave them birth. Accordingly, much of our modern poetry is mere prose, but when the spirit so willeth, what right have we to complain?

The romantic school has generated others, for every thing founded in error is subject to fluctuation, and prone to work itself into different directions. It is restless and uneasy from a sense of being fixed on a sandy foundation. The term romantic, however, may be justly applied to every school of poetry at variance with the classical school, so far as romance may be considered at variance with truth and nature. Those who cannot attain to excellence by copying truth and nature, are obliged to have recourse to other means. The object of poets who are thus put to their shifts is, like unskilful painters, to produce effect by one means or other. Some copy the stanza of Spenser, thinking by so doing they must come in for some portion of his fame, without reflecting that Spenser owes no part of his fame to the stanza in which he wrote, and that he owes it entirely to the richness of his imagination, the splendour and variety of his imagery, the unaffected simplicity of his diction, and his close adherence to nature. These would have served to immortalize him, let him have chosen what stanza he would, but the fact is, that if he had chosen any other stanza, these creatures, who live by the breath of others, would have doffed this celebrated stanza, as they call it, and have preferred any other that had the sanction of his name. But it is not the stanza of Spenser alone that is devoured by these poetic gluttons: they live upon his very words. They know they have little chance of surprizing their readers by sublimity of conception, splendour of diction, or any other quality that constitutes true excellence; and therefore they hope to surprize them by obsolete words and antiquated phrases, to which those who are only acquainted with the English language, in its modern improved state, are utter strangers.

Having now endeavoured to account for the nature of the revolution which has generated poetic schools, and having shewn that they do not arise from the improved taste of the age, the next question to be considered is, whether, admitting the phraseology and diction of Spenser to be as poetic as it is represent-

ed, it would be proper to adopt this phraseology and diction at present.

I admit, then, *in limine*, that certain words are more poetic than other words, and that the poet should always prefer the former to the latter; but I deny that, however happy Spenser might have been in the selection of his words, such of them as have been since antiquated should appear in our modern poetry. In admitting that certain words are more poetic than others, it is necessary to ascertain why they are so, before any inference can be drawn from it in favour of Spenser's diction. There is only one circumstance, then, that can render any term more poetic than another; and that is, that it convey a more poetic idea. The poetic charm is not in the word, but in the idea, for the most musical word in the English language is not poetic if it convey not a poetic idea, while a word composed of the harshest combination of syllables is poetic if it present a poetic image to the mind. It is true, musical words have always the preference, when the ideas for which they stand are equally poetic; but without this condition, their melody has no charm to a poetic ear, however exquisite they may be to a musical one. In the change which the English language has undergone since the days of Spenser, a great number of the words then in use has since become obsolete; but can the admirers of Spenser's diction point out a single antiquated term for which we have not at present a substitute. The substitute then must be as poetic as the term which it has superseded, as it stands for the same idea, for the poetry of both depends on the ideas for which they stand. If any objection can be made to the substitute, it must be, that it is not as smooth and musical a term as that which it has displaced. This, however, is an objection which never can be made, because the only reason that can possibly be assigned for substituting one term for another is, the harsh and ungrateful sound of that which is exploded. It is obvious, then, that however happy Spenser is in the choice of poetic terms, they cannot be more poetic than those which we have substituted for them, nor yet more musical.

There are three reasons, then, against their adoption in modern poetry;—the first is, that they have no advantage over the terms in common use, so far as regards their poetry; the second, that they are not so musical; the third, that their meaning is not so well known to the generality of readers, who are frequently obliged to consult their dictionary to discover it. This is a very important objection to the use of them, because the beauty of a passage is lost to him who cannot understand as fast as he reads. I admit that the terms borrowed from Spenser arrest the attention of common readers more than their modern substitutes; but this does not prove them more poetical. It merely proves what requires no proof, that we are less apt to attend to things with which we are long familiar than to those which are novel to us. A person, come from any of the country parts to London, is more apt to turn round and gaze at a Turkish or Persian habit than at the most elegant English dress; but does this prove the Turkish dress more beautiful than the English? Certainly not. With all our predilection for novelty, we pass by a Turkish habit unregarded after becoming once habituated to it, while no length of time can prevent us from admiring an English dress when elegantly adapted to the human frame. It is so with the dialect of Spenser; it arrests attention because it is not known; but if it came once into common use, we should get as sick of it as our ancestors did. The poets, therefore, who make use of it, are those who, being destitute of novelty of idea, seek to make amends for their deficiency by novelty of words.

It is obvious, then, that every school of poetry at variance with the classical, is founded on a perverted taste and an erroneous view of true excellence; and that instead of enlarging, as it affects to do, the career of genius, it completely enchains it. It places poetic beauty in certain styles, measures, turns of expression, &c. while the classical school, that school which is so falsely said to restrict the imagination of the poet, gives an unlimited sanction to all styles, measures, subjects, cadences, images, modes of treatment,

shade, and colouring, &c. &c. provided that we copy nature in each, and despise the low artifice of producing effect by overcharging her, by covering her with gold and jewels, and placing her on a gorgeous throne, to create admiration at the sumptuousness and splendour of her appearance. This, however, is not describing nature, but a prostitute idol which we have placed in her stead. The classical school imposes no restrictions whatever on the poet but that of following nature, which is

At once the source, and end, and *test* of art.

But is nature confined to one style? does she delight only in one measure? can she sympathize only with one class of images? is she always in a romantic mood, incapable of feeling the heart-felt joys of domestic bliss, and domestic scenes? do not our own laurels and evergreens, our own native hills and oft frequented bowers, the shades of our own oaks, the wanderings of our own rivulets, the echoes of our own vales, impart to a virtuous mind pleasures which it would not exchange for the uncertain raptures communicated by bowers and shades which exist only in imagination, and in the very contemplation of which the heart often

—distrusting asks if this be joy.

Nature is not so limited in her enjoyments. Pleasure flows to her from every point of the compass. She throws her own charms over every object, and has the art of turning bitterness into sweets. Even the painful emotions of tragic scenes become a source of her highest and divinest pleasures. The cadences which please her are innumerable, and the poet who adheres to nature will produce sweeter music from inharmonious sounds, than he who disguises her in gold and jewels can from the most harmonious and musical.

"Ten thousand warblers cheer the day,
and one
The live-long night;"

yet every warbler has cadences of his own, and each of these cadences is musical to man. Even the scream-

ing of the kite is music to his ear when his soul is in harmony with nature, but where this harmony is destroyed, the notes of the nightingale are more discordant than the cawing of the rook. The poet, therefore, who places nature before us, is always musical, because when his cadences are even inharmonious, he drowns their discord in charms of a higher and superior nature, for while we are alive to these charms, even discord is music to us. Thus it is that the kite, the owl, the jay, &c. are musical when the soul is enraptured with the music of other scenes.

—“Nor these (birds) alone, whose
notes
Nice-fingered art must emulate in vain;
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim
sublime,
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pyc, and even the boding
owl
That hails the rising moon, have charms
for me.
Sounds *inharmonious in themselves, and
harsh,*
Yet heard in scenes where peace for
ever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their
sake.”

COWPER.

The poet, then, who adheres to nature, is always musical, whatever be his cadences, but if his cadences be also musical, the poetic beauty is proportionably increased; while the poet who cannot copy nature, and pursue her through all her disguises, who gives us an ornamented counterfeit instead of the naked original, is always discordant, however musical his cadences may be, because our feelings are kept continually on the rack by one violation of nature or another. The classical school of poetry, then, is the only school which gives an unlimited range to the career of genius: it acknowledges every thing to be stamped with the impress of excellence which is a true copy of nature, and the only reason why it is supposed to be the most rigid of all the other schools, is simply because, with all the latitude it allows, it gives no latitude whatever for deviating from nature. Here, however, is the great difficulty. The disciples of the romantic school are well aware that it is easier to

follow a thousand rules and a thousand laws of their own formation, than this one rule of the classical school.

“First follow nature, and your judgment frame

By her just standard, which is still the same.”

It will be contended, however, by the advocates of the romantic school, that the classical school exercises too scrupulous a severity in point of language, severity and purity of diction, &c. but it should be recollected, that she does so merely in obedience to that fundamental law on which all her principles of excellence rest—*first follow nature*; for it is evident that we cannot follow nature without the severest purity of diction. The shades of nature are endlessly diversified, and we can copy her faithfully only so far as we distinguish one shade from another, for if we confound them we represent things which are perfectly different as one and the same thing. Again, if we give a false portrait of nature, though we should even distinguish the shades, unless we express every shade by a word appropriated to itself, for if we express different shades by the same word, we either confound or throw a veil over things which are different in their nature, so that they are made to appear either as one thing, or concealed altogether from our view; and in either case we give a false transcript of nature. To attempt to describe nature, therefore, without the greatest precision in the use of words, and even in their collocation, would be as unavailing as it would be to attempt producing various lights and shades by one die and one depth of colouring. Wherever the classical school, therefore, is more precise and observant of rule than the romantic, it will always be found, that it arises from that law of *following nature* to which all her other laws are subservient. To this rule she admits of no exception, and therefore it must be considered not as a general, but as a universal law to which she admits of no exception whatever.

It appears, then, that the admirers of Spenser ought to be divided into two classes, those who admire him as a true copier of nature, and those

who admire him only because he chiefly confined himself to romantic subjects, because he wrote in a certain stanza, and all the other arbitrary *et ceteras* which characterize the romantic school of poetry. The former of these classes admire Spenser because he is worthy of their admiration, and because he excelled in that species of poetry which he cultivated. Hence it is that no person admired Spenser more than Pope, though considered the model or founder of the classical school in England; but the defenders of the romantic school admire him because he has happened to fall in with their particular system, because he happened to write upon subjects to which they confine all excellence, and for many other reasons founded on their own crazy system of poetical pre-eminence. Their admiration, then, should not, evidently, be attributed to the improved taste of the present day, so far as this taste coincides with the romantic school, and it must therefore have arisen from the circumstances and causes which I have already described.

I now leave the romantic school of poetry, to conclude my observations on the genius of Spenser. Having shewn that he failed in the pathetic, the first quality of excellence belonging to the subject of his "Faerie Queen," that he pre-eminently excelled in that species of invention without which he could not attain to excellence in a subject of a romantic nature, I now come to inquire how far he succeeded in that happy simplicity of description which portrays nature as it presents itself to our view, and how

far he has avoided the glitter and ornament of unskilful painting. Of this little need be said. Spenser is simplicity itself, but his simplicity is not the affected simplicity of the modern school. He is simple, not because he wishes to appear so, for it would seem that he is totally unconscious of it, but because he endeavours to describe nature as he found it; not, it is true, in its ordinary appearances, but in its most picturesque moods. What can be more picturesque, and at the same time more simple and unaffectedly natural, than the following description of a hermitage?

"A little lowly hermitage it was,
Down in a dale, hard by a forest's side.
Far from resort of people that did pass
In travell to and froe: a little wyde
There was an holy chappell edifyde,
Wherein the hermite dewly wont to say
His holy things each morne and even-
tyde;
Thereby a chrystall streame did gently
play,
Which from a sacred fountain welled
forth away."

It is a common expression to say "the wide canopy of heaven," but how much more sublime, and at the same time how much more simple is the expression of Spenser,

"Nought is there under heaven's wide
hollownesse."

In his description of the gardens of Adonis are united that simplicity in the description of external nature, and that luxuriance and richness of imagination which is the very soul of descriptive poetry, and in which Spenser perhaps has never been excelled.

M. M. D.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

The conquests and splendid career of Alexander the Great were compressed in the short term of twelve years.

The destruction of Thebes was in the year before Christ..... 335

The passage of the Granicus in 334

The battle of Issus in..... 333

The taking of Tyre; the foundation of Alexandria; and the journey to Jupiter Ammon, in 332

The battle of Arbella in..... 331

The assumption of the title of King of Asia in..... 330

The punishment of Philotas and the assassination of Parmenias in..... 329

The murder of Clitus and the condemnation of Callistenes, in..... 328

The passage of the Indus and the defeat of Porus, in..... 327

The sedition of the army, the dismissal of the veterans, and Alexander's return to Babylon, in..... 325

The death of Alexander the Great in..... 324

FOREIGN.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS,

AND

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

THE ZODIAC OF DENDERA,

(With a Plate.)

THIS highly interesting monument of Egyptian learning, at a time long antecedent to the Christian era, is the envied property of the King of France, who purchased it of M. Saulnier, for the benefit of the French nation. Although it has been for some time exhibited to the public, it still attracts a crowd of curious admirers to the *Museum*, where it is for the present deposited; it will, however, soon be removed to the Royal Library, where it is to remain. The most learned of all countries, who visit Paris, are not less anxious to study, than the public in general are to view, this venerable remain of antiquity. The elucidation of the Zodiac of Dendera employs the pens of many of the ablest antiquaries on the Continent of Europe, among whom may be particularly mentioned M. Sickler, who has published a dissertation in the *Algemeine Literatur Zeitung*; and M. Fabbe Halma, who has published three memoirs, at Paris; M. Biot also has read at the Academy of Sciences, and communicated to the Academy of Inscriptions, a very elaborate work on the same subject. M. Fourier is also preparing a memoir; and M. M. Saulnier and Letorrain, to whose enterprising and indefatigable exertions Europe, and especially France, is indebted for this zodiacal monument, are publishing a new engraving. M. Franœeur has also given to the world a notice of this antiquarian curiosity in the *Revue Encyclopedique*.* Although all these disquisitions are very erudite, they are also very different; we have therefore thought that an engraving of the

Zodiac of Dendera, accompanied with a brief historical and descriptive account of it, would not be unacceptable to our readers; our endeavours may probably gratify curiosity or stimulate research.

When the French, who were pursuing the course of the Nile to penetrate into Upper Egypt, under the command of General Desaix, arrived at Dendera, the ancient Tentyris, scattered ruins announced to them the site of an ancient city, but the rubbish they at first perceived did not allow them to form an idea of the state of preservation of the edifices they were to behold. At the sight of the great temple of Dendera they were all struck with a general sentiment of admiration, and the whole army rent the air with applause. A singular homage paid by the French to the civilization and genius of men who had preceded them by three thousand years!

In surveying the halls of the temple, General Desaix first discovered the Circular Zodiac which is now in Paris; he informed the learned men who attended the Egyptian expedition, and they exhibited the greatest anxiety to become acquainted with this wonder of *Thebais*, the palaces of Louqsor and Karnac, and a cluster of monuments that attested the ancient splendour of regions at this period almost a desert. M. Deon hastened to Dendera to admire these superb edifices, and to take a copy of the Zodiac. Among the learned, who attended the expedition into Egypt, were several students under the superintendence of the celebrated professors M. M. Berthollet, Monge,

* We cannot suffer this opportunity to pass without giving our unqualified approbation to this monthly publication. The *Revue Encyclopedique* possesses the very rare quality of being devoted exclusively to Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts. Politics and Religion are alike excluded, and it is for that reason as well as others, like the *European Magazine* under its present management, an acceptable visitor in all families. The *Revue Encyclopedique* is divided into four Sections:—1st, *Memoirs, Notices, and Miscellanies*—2nd, *Analyses of and Extracts from the most approved Publications*—3rd, *Bibliographical Bulletin*, containing notices of the best works recently published in all countries—4th, *Scientific and Literary Intelligence* from every part of the globe.

and Fourier. Among these young students were, Malus, Laucet, Jonard, Samuel Bernard, Corabœuf, Jollois, Devilliers, Dupuis, &c. To the last three we are indebted for the discovery of another Zodiac at Dendera, which is on a much grander scale than the former. Scarcely had M. M. Jollois and Devilliers heard, at Syout, of the discovery that had just been made of these monuments of Thebais than they formed the project of exploring them; they went to Gene, a modern town, two leagues from Dendera, situated on the opposite border of the Nile. General Belliard, who commanded their journey, and promised them an escort every time they should go to Tentyris; but these visits became so frequent that they were unwilling to make such constant use of this favour. A boatman, whom they bribed at a high price for the additional risk in trespassing on the General's orders, carried them to the western border of the Nile; whence they proceeded to the examination of the monuments they intended to take drawings of, in defiance of the heat and the pestilential vapours of a burning climate, and the privation of repose, so desirable near the torrid zone, to which may be added the fear of encountering the Arabs.

The last danger was perhaps the greatest, and it was to guarantee their safety in this particular, that General Belliard ordered them not to leave Gene without an escort. One of them, descending into a gloomy and encumbered hall, shuddered with horror at finding his feet resting on a dead body. By the light of his flambeau he discovered that a man, with his hands bound, had been strangled about two years since; he was most probably some unfortunate traveller, who had been robbed and assassinated by the Arabs, and then precipitated into this vault to prevent all traces of the crime. This man had perished in this inhospitable clime a victim to the admiration he felt on beholding this ancient monument! These sorrowful reflections did not cool the zeal of the young students, and it is to their exertions we owe the only faithful copies of the Egyptian Zodiac.

When they had penetrated through the rubbish that surrounded the temple, which did not promise anything to indemnify them for the trouble of their journey, a new appearance suddenly presented itself; which we give in the words of M. Dubois-Aymé:—"I was slowly advancing, when, at the mo-

ment of attaining the eminence, I raised my eyes and beheld six female heads of a colossal size. My imagination thus suddenly awakened did not permit the perception of any other object; I remained for an instant motionless with astonishment. I knew that I should find a temple in this place; this was all I had remembered; I had no anticipation of the dimensions and figures that were before me. When I recovered my surprise, I perceived on farther advancing, the majestic facade of the temple, and the numerous ornaments that form its decoration. I cannot describe my feelings; I exclaimed aloud, "How beautiful!" and repeated it to my *Qaouâs*, as if they could understand me."

After passing a door, the effect of which is grand and imposing, the portico of the grand temple is discovered. The entablature is supported, sixty feet high, by the six colossal figures of Isis before mentioned. The beholder feels as if he were suddenly transported into a fairy region, and is struck with admiration.

All the walls, interior as well as exterior, according to the Egyptian custom, are ornamented and entirely covered with sculpture; even the columns are so decorated. These sculptures were formerly stained with different colours, and part of them is still in a good state of preservation. It was thus, undoubtedly, the Egyptians recorded their remarkable events—these impressions were their sacred language, the walls were their books. On these monuments were found two inscriptions, which led several persons to attribute them to the Greeks or the Romans.

The Gothic architecture, the elevated vaults arched on the outside, and the shape of the columns, resemble the Roman and the Grecian, rather than the Egyptian edifices. As the Greeks were unacquainted with hieroglyphical symbols, how could they have covered thousands of square feet of surface at an enormous expense? The whole of the edifice is constructed of a fine and compact freestone, and has survived the lapse of ages. The Zodiacs, of which we are treating, do not resemble the modern. The Egyptian Virgo has no wings; it is a female figure, holding an ear of corn in her hand, the presage of harvest.

The Sagittarius of the Greeks is not winged, neither has it two faces; and the Bull is without the posterior part of the body, &c. It is not possible to be deceived; no one of its parts bears the impression of the Grecian chisel.

The whole forms a mass of architecture made to triumph over time; and while these ancient monuments still exist, those built since the time of Alexander are buried in the dust.— Besides, how are we to believe in the non-existence of these superb edifices, which Herodotus represents as very ancient even in his time? And is it possible that, unknown to the universe, a vanquished nation should receive from its conquerors, without their having deigned to speak of them, monuments, that in splendour and extent surpass all that is most admirable elsewhere? The two inscriptions do not prove, that we are indebted to the Grecians and Romans for these temples; they are, simply, the dedications of flattery to formidable enslavers. What would be said in future ages to the men, who should affirm against historical evidence, that Napoleon constructed the Louvre, grounding his belief on the cyphers that are engraved on every part of the palace?

But this is too seriously discussing an opinion, that does not bear even the appearance of truth; and which, after all, decides nothing, with regard to the antiquity of the Egyptians. But supposing this Zodiac to have been invented by them, and afterwards imitated by the Greeks, of which the spheres of Eudoxus and Eratosthenes are examples, still the glory of the invention must be conceded to the Egyptians, and the distant period to which we are compelled to recur, in order to interpret the astronomical facts they represent, is an additional proof of their high antiquity.

The whole of the buildings consist of several interior halls. A staircase, that is impassable on account of the fallen rubbish, leads to the terrace, on which has been built, by the Arabs, a village, consisting of a few miserable huts; the terrace can only be ascended by means of a steep eminence, composed of heaped-up rubbish. The village was built in this asylum, because the horses of the Bedouins cannot climb the dangerous path.

One of the Zodiacs is placed beneath the portico. It is carved on the sides of the ceiling; six of the signs commencing with the Lion, are on a fillet, and appear retiring from the temple; while the other six, on a parallel fillet, seem entering; so that these twelve signs, in the order they are represented on the Zodiac, and a crowd of other emblematic devices that are mixed with them, form a grand procession. We are indebted to Mr. Fourier for an ingen-

ous remark, which serves to explain the whole scene, which represents the appearance of the heavens at the heliacal rising of Sirius, the Sun being in the Constellation of Cancer. The symbolical figures are evidently intended to represent the characteristic epoch of the inundation of the Nile; this phenomenon, which occurs annually, shortly after the Summer Solstice, is the cause of the great fecundity of the soil; in every age, the inhabitants have celebrated its return by festivities; and it is one of the events represented by the Zodiac.

On the terrace of the temple is a pavillion, with three divisions: the first is without a roof, and leads into the second, which has two windows, and thence into the third, which receives light from the door only; all the walls are covered with beautifully carved figures; the painting has yielded to the influence of time, or has been destroyed by the smoke of the flambeaux used by travellers in their researches. It is in the middle division that the *Circular Zodiac* is situated. The ceiling of this hall is divided into two equal parts, by a figure, carved in a kind of cylindrical niche, and its feet are in the very finest style of sculpture. Along each side runs a border of hieroglyphies; and in the left space is the Zodiac we are going to describe,—an Engraving of which we have inserted in the present Number.

A medallion, covered with sculpture, is supported by twelve figures, each in the attitude most appropriate to the action represented, a circular band or border, on which hieroglyphies are engraved, entirely surrounds the medallion; on its circumference, is a row of figures, with their heads turned towards the centre; they are all of the same height, and form a circular procession, about five feet in diameter. In the interior of this circle are a great number of symbolical devices, the greater portion of which are representations of the Constellations, the most conspicuous being the twelve signs of the Zodiac, with precisely the same forms and attributes as they are represented on the Great Zodiac of the Portico. And as the ranging them in a circle would prevent the possibility of distinguishing which of the signs took the lead, the artist, in order to shew that the Lion is the conductor or chief of the procession, has turned the figures of the Twins and of Cancer, that bring up the rear, so as to draw them nearer the centre. Thus, the curve of the twelve Constellations is very nearly

spiral, with a single revolution, and the Cancer and the Lion are placed on the same radius of this circumference.

It is obvious, that the signs of the Zodiac in this representation are intended as a fac-simile of those carved on the sides of the portico; it is, also, a procession, in which each figure faces the back of the preceding; and this order is equally observed with the unknown figures that are on the Zodiac. They are so placed, that the Sun performs his revolution, commencing with the Lion, and terminating with the Cancer.

In the two Zodiacs of Dendera, the Constellations do not bear any relation to the size and distance observed in the celestial hemisphere. It is evident, that the astronomical figures, here represented, are not intended for images of the heavens: the Circular Zodiac is not a planisphere, though that name has been frequently given to it. But it is not the less certain, that the subjects transmitted to posterity, by the aid of the chisel, are astronomical, and that the Zodiacal Constellations are of Egyptian invention: and that, at Dendera, the Lion is the sign that in ancient times presided in the heavens at the commencement of the inundation of the Nile. Among the twelve large figures, that appear to sustain the Zodiac on the outside of the medallion, are two emblems, that greatly assimilate to the beams of a balance. They are placed at the opposite extremities of a diameter, that pass from the Scorpion to the Bull. These emblems are evidently intended to indicate the two signs of the Equinox. In the same contour there are two hieroglyphical devices, also, opposite to each other, that square with a diameter extending from the Lion to the Water-bearer, which were then the Solstitial signs. These four emblems are the only ones carved in the spaces left between the twelve large figures. The position in which they are placed is too remarkable to leave a doubt, as to the intention of the artist, which was to indicate the Solstices and the Equinoxes. Though the medallion is not a planisphere, all the signs, that characterise the state of the heavens at the period it was constructed, are there assembled.

It was exceedingly difficult to copy on the spot the multitude of figures represented in these two compartments. To say nothing of the danger of the enterprise, it was necessary to remain in a very irksome position, to observe carefully all the proportions of

size and distance between unintelligible and fantastical figures, and to work only during those hours, that a proper light was thrown upon the sculpture. We ought not, therefore, to reproach M. M. Denon and Hamilton with the frequent misrepresentations found in their copies; but we must pay our tribute of applause to M. M. Jollois and Devilliers, whose designs were executed with extreme fidelity, which is the more praiseworthy, because, while they were occupied in this dangerous undertaking, they could have no idea, that France would one day possess these very Zodiacs, and that their works would be tried by so rigorous a test.

The antiquity of this monument, or rather of the time to which we must refer to find that state of the heavens represented in these works, is very easily ascertained. We know that the changes produced in the celestial appearances of the heliacal risings of Sirius are the effects of the precession of the equinoxes. We must go back, at least eight hundred years, perhaps more, before our era, to find the celestial phenomena represented in these monuments. We are led by these observations to a most remarkable historical fact; that Egypt, thirty centuries ago, was in the very highest state of prosperity, and that the arts and sciences were there cultivated with the greatest success. But the temples of Isis prove a still greater antiquity.

The circular Zodiac of Dendera is, as has been before mentioned, carved in a kind of compact freestone, the ceiling of the hall is composed of three great stones, so admirably cemented together, that the places where they were joined were not discovered until measures were commenced to remove them. One of these stones bears almost the whole of the zodiacal medallion, besides eight of the twelve large figures which seem to support it: the whole forms a long square, about twelve feet in length, and six in breadth; the second stone, which occupies the middle of the ceiling, is of finer and more dense free-stone, it contains the remainder of the Zodiac and the four other large figures that sustain that part, the grain of the stone being closer, the sculpture is more delicate and better preserved. The same stone, when it formed part of the ceiling, contained also the beautiful figure of Isis, that reaches along the small axis of the hall, and a part of the hieroglyphical figures of the remainder of the ceiling that is covered by the third stone. These three stones are of very

nearly the same dimensions, three feet in thickness, and each of them weighing about forty thousand pounds weight. France is actually in possession of the first, and part of the second stone, containing all the Zodiac, the twelve large figures that appear to attach it to the ceiling, and the hieroglyphics that belong to them.

M. Lelorrain furnished by M. Saulnier with saws and other engines and instruments, made at Paris expressly for the occasion, was employed by him to convey the circular Zodiac, as uninjured as possible, from Egypt into France, his letters of recommendation procured him an introduction to the Pacha, from whom he obtained a firman, and commenced his undertaking with the utmost ardour. He laboured to reduce the thickness of the stones by about a foot, and sawed off the piece he wished to possess by sacrificing some ornaments of very little importance. He had intended to possess himself of the whole of the ceiling, but the fear of failing in his principal object, if he attempted the execution of so grand a project, led him to secure the Zodiac: his prey would certainly have escaped him, but for this precaution. An attempt to convey it from the terrace of the temple by means of the stair-case, which was rendered impassable by the fallen rubbish, would have been useless; M. Lelorrain therefore caused it to be drawn on a machine down a steep declivity, which is used instead of a road to reach the terrace. The larger stone of the two is about eight feet long, and six wide; the other is only half the width, but about the same length. The whole is about six thousand pounds weight.

Mr. Salt, the English Consul-general in Egypt, who conceived that he alone had a right to any part of the monuments at Dendera, made use of his diplomatic authority to seize the prize, that had nearly cost M. Lelorrain his life; for his health had been unequal to the heat of the season and the labour necessary to ensure the success of his enterprize. The Pacha of Egypt was constituted judge of the dispute by the complaining parties, and he decided in M. Lelorrain's favour. The Pacha was astonished that Europeans should so warmly dispute for that which is a matter of perfect indifference to the inhabitants of Egypt, and he declared, laughingly, that if the stones of his country were often to cause such high disputes, he must beg of the Porte to send him an assistant to terminate them. It is very probable that M. Lelorrain

would have totally failed in his undertaking had he persisted in his attempt of carrying away the whole ceiling. While he was at work an Anglo-American Envoy arrived at the temple as a virtuoso; M. Lelorrain naturally presumed that this person would not fail to speak of what he had seen on his arrival at Cairo, and this intimation would have proved a great impediment to his success. He therefore only secured the Zodiac, and the event justified his caution. The remainder of the ceiling might surely be obtained; and as the King of France has purchased this interesting remain of antiquity, and has placed it in the Louvre, where it is fixed for the benefit of the public, surely he will not fail to possess himself of every thing appertaining to this extraordinary specimen of the prosperity of ancient Egypt.

The Temple of Dendera was also visited by that enterprising traveller, M. Belzoni, and we will give his interesting account in his own words.

"On the 18th July, 1816, at night, we arrived at Dendera.

"On the 19th, early in the morning, my curiosity was at a high pitch, the noted temple of Tentyra being the only thought I had in my head. Accordingly we set off on asses, as usual, and proceeded to the ruins, nearly two miles from the Nile. Little could be seen of the temple, till we came near to it, as it is surrounded by high mounds of rubbish of the old Tentyra. On our arriving before it, I was for some time at a loss to know where I should begin my examination. The numerous objects before me, all equally attractive, left me for a while in a state of suspense and astonishment. The enormous masses of stone employed in the edifice are so well disposed, that the eye discovers the most just proportion every where. The majestic appearance of its construction, the variety of its ornaments, and, above all, the singularity of its preservation, had such an effect on me, that I seated myself on the ground, and for a considerable time was lost in admiration. It is the first Egyptian temple the traveller sees on ascending the Nile, and it is certainly the most magnificent. It has an advantage over most others, from the good state of preservation it is in.

"This is the cabinet of the Egyptian arts, the product of study for many centuries, and it was here that Denon thought himself in the sanctuary of the arts and sciences. The front is adorned with a beautiful cornice, and

a frieze covered with figures and hieroglyphics; over the centre of which the winged globe is predominant, and the two sides are embellished with compartments of sacrifices and offerings. The columns that form the portico are twenty-four in number, divided into four rows, including those in the front. On entering the gate the scene changes, and requires more minute observation. The quadrangular form of the capitals first strikes the eye. At each side of the square there is a colossal head of the goddess Isis with cows' ears. There is not one of these heads but is much mutilated, particularly those on the columns in the front of the temple facing the outside: but notwithstanding this disadvantage, and the flatness of their form, there is a simplicity in their countenance that approaches to a smile. The shafts of the columns are covered with hieroglyphics and figures, which are in basso relievo, as are all the figures in the front and lateral walls. The front of the doorway, which is in a straight line with the entrance and the sanctuary, is richly adorned with figures of smaller size than the rest of the portico. The ceiling contains the Zodiac, enclosed by two long female figures, which extend from one side to the other of it. The walls are divided into several square compartments, each containing figures representing deities and priests in the act of offering, or immolating victims. On all the walls, columns, ceiling, or architraves, there is no where a space of two feet, that is not covered with some figures of human beings, animals, plants, emblems of agriculture or of religious ceremony. Wherever the eyes turn, wherever the attention is fixed, every thing inspires respect and veneration, heightened by the solitary situation of this temple, which adds to the attraction of these splendid recesses. The inner apartments are much the same as the portico, all covered with figures in basso relievo, to which the light enters through small holes in the walls: the sanctuary itself is quite dark. In the corner of it I found the door, which leads to the roof by a staircase,

the walls of which are also covered with figures in basso relievo. On the top of the temple the Arabs had built a village, I suppose to be the more elevated, and exposed to the air; but it is all in ruins, as no one now lives there. From the top I descended into some apartments on the east side of the temple. There I saw the famous Zodiac on the ceiling. The circular form of this Zodiac led me to suppose, in some measure, that this temple was built at a later period than the rest, as nothing like it is seen any where else. In the front of the edifice there is a propylæon, not inferior to the works in the temple; and, though partly fallen, it still shows its ancient grandeur. On the left, going from the portico, there is a small temple surrounded by columns. In the inside is a figure of Isis sitting with Orus in her lap, and other female figures, each with a child in her arms, are observable. The capitals of the columns are adorned with the figure of Typhon. The gallery or portico, that surrounds the temple, is filled up with rubbish to a great height, and walls of unburnt bricks have been raised from one column to another. Farther on, in a right line with the propylæon, are the remains of an hypæthral temple, which form a square of twelve columns, connected with each other by a wall, except at the doorway, which fronts the propylæon. The eastern wall of the great temple is richly adorned with figures in *intaglio relevato*: they are perfectly finished, the female figures are about four feet high, disposed in different compartments. Behind the temple is a small Egyptian building, quite detached from the large edifice; and from its construction I would venture to say, that it was the habitation of the priests. At some distance from the great temple are the foundations of another, not so large as the first. The propylæon is still standing in good preservation. My principal object did not permit me to stay here any longer; but I do not know that I ever quitted a place with so much regret and so much wish to remain."

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Histoire des Révolutions, &c.—History of the Revolutions and Wars of Greece, from Cyrus to the Successors of Alexander. By M. de la Grave. Svo. pp. 414. 7s. 6d.

THE author intends, in a work of three volumes, of which the first is before us, to comprehend a period of time including three centuries, which he considers, and with reason, to be most abounding in extraordinary events. His first volume relates the exploits of Cyrus, the wars of the Greeks with the Persians, and the celebrated battles of Marathon, Thermopylae, Salamis, and Plataea. These events acquire additional spirit and interest when described by a man who is himself well initiated in all the arts of war, for he must necessarily be the better judge of the detail of expeditions and battles.

The style of the history of the *Révolutions de la Grèce* is equally simple and natural; the author's reflections are not numerous, but they are clever, just, and expressed in a tone of moderation, and he usually avoids all unnecessary discussion. The subject he treats of is rich in interesting facts, which cannot be condensed into three volumes without brevity. In a preliminary discourse, placed at the commencement, he gives a rapid sketch of the contents of the three volumes. We give an extract of the author's description of Alexander, and this will suffice to give an idea of his general style and opinions.

"There is a certain set of men who, affecting to think little of high-sounding names, delight in lessening and degrading the genius of Alexander, and in describing him as an adventurous and cruel conqueror, worthy only of contempt and horror.

"On the other hand, there are many, whose opinions are of infinitely greater weight, who agree with the ancients in wondering how, at an age when the powers of mind are scarcely unfolded in other men, his principles were fixed and his judgment accurate: they are agreed that, whether in council or in the midst of peril, he in an instant decided, and decided rightly; that his combinations, however hastily formed, however vast and daring, were yet always the best to be pursued in similar circumstances, and the most likely to insure success; and that he excelled in the grandeur of his designs and the

rapidity of his exploits; that he was without an equal in noble sentiments, in courage, and in renown.

"Tradition attests to this day, that, on the borders of the Nile, the Euphrates, and the Indus, and throughout Asia, his march has left recollections equally honourable to himself, and advantageous to the respective countries—there, as elsewhere, his name is coupled only with valour and heroism. Assuredly no one pretends to approve the spirit of conquest and its deplorable consequences, or praise an insatiable ambition, or excuse a guilty excess; but if Alexander had been faultless in these particulars, he would have been a god, not a man."

The military career of the Macedonian chief has perhaps a little dazzled our author; his work, therefore, is not to be read without caution. Nothing is more pernicious to youth than that blind devotion which is generally paid to the heroes of antiquity during their classical education. False ideas of virtue and justice are imperceptibly inculcated by the admiration of false models of excellence; and so thoroughly has the page of ancient history been perverted to serve the purposes of anciently existing power, that perhaps no real benefit can be derived from it, unless we are content to read the greater part of it as a work of imagination. This observation particularly applies to the History of Alexander the Great, as related in the entertaining *Romance* of "Quintus Curtius." Has the character of Nero ever been set in its true light? Are we quite sure that he was that monster of iniquity as described by the venal pens of party? or rather, could we not, even from these very histories, produce evidence sufficient to prove, that in many respects he was vastly superior, and in no respect inferior to many of the Roman emperors who succeeded him. This opinion may appear novel, but neither Lord Bolingbroke nor Sir Walter Raleigh would call it unworthy of grave consideration.

Lettres sur le Bosphore, &c.—Letters on the Bosphorus; or, Travels into different Parts of the East, during the Years 1816 and 1819. Svo. 9s. 6d.

These Letters, which are anonymous, appear to have been written by a lady of distinction, who accompanied the

wife of the French Ambassador to Constantinople. They have, in a great measure, the peculiar charm, which so eminently distinguishes the letters of Lady M. W. Montague. Arrived at the place where Iliou stood, the author thus speaks:—

“Will you now accompany us to the sacred ground we are going to travel over? Take with you Homer; follow him in his poetry, in his exquisite and accurate descriptions, and your heart will beat like our’s, at the aspect of these noble ruins, and your imagination will restore to these desolate shores the superb palaces which embellished them, and the demi-gods who made them illustrious. The most ordinary object acquires interest in this place, where every thing breathes love, glory, and poetry. This stone, perhaps, has been wetted with the tears of Andromache; here repose the ashes of Diomedes; farther on, Old Priam embraced with his trembling hands the knees of the implacable Achilles. M. de Chateaubriand, during his stay at Tunis, heard the sound of a French violin floating over the ashes of Dido and the ruins of Carthage. I am witness, now, of the giddy gait of some young officers, on the ruins of Iliou.—The Ambassador and myself, mounted on a carriage, resembling the cars of the Ancients, the wheels of which, are plain boards, without spokes. This carriage is drawn by two oxen, that, in swiftness, rival even horses. A feeling of admiration filled our minds at going out of the village of Yeni-Keny, when the plain of Troy offered itself to our eyes, anxious to see the theatre of so many battles, the history of which three thousand years has not effaced. We saw the canal, made by the orders of Assan-Pacha, then Capitan-Pacha. We passed by the country-house inhabited by this Pacha, whose father, wishing to try the courage of M. Choiseul-Gouffier, the then French Ambassador, caused a tame lion to appear suddenly before him. The Ambassador, without betraying the least fear, coldly regarded the enormous beast, and said to his host, ‘You have a beautiful animal there.’ The Pacha could not help exclaiming, ‘The French are brave.’”

The author of these Letters has contrasted several charming descriptions, with anecdotes upon the Plague; on this subject and says:—“Here, we had the sad conviction, that the plague is, indeed, a terrible scourge.—A very handsome young man, nephew of the Neapolitan Minister, who was travel-

ling, in consequence of having committed some political faults, died yesterday of this fatal malady. Some think he caught it in a Turkish bath, which he went into without taking any precaution; others say, he caught it at the house of a Jewess, which he often visited. What renders this last supposition more probable is, that water is a powerful preservative against the plague. On returning from this woman, he felt the most acute pain, which soon brought him to the grave. When M. Choiseul-Gouffier was Ambassador, a young man attached to the embassy met his death from a bunch of flowers, sent to him by a beautiful Jewess.” “Can we think of danger,” says the author, “when we love?” He inhaled the perfume of those flowers with delight; the unfortunate man was far from foreseeing, that his fate was enclosed in the *calix* of a rose. “The plague,” observes the author, “is still more dreadful, as the sufferer must die without those consolations that generally soften the last moments of existence; no friend is there to close the languid eyes; the tender mother cannot receive the last sigh of her beloved child. Delivered over to mercenary hands, the victim of this horrible disorder is transported to a hospital, where death brandishes his menacing scythe; Religion alone, celestial maid! superior to every fear, watches at the foot of the death-bed, with treasures of charity and ineffable consolations, when every other earthly feeling is extinct.”

Otti Giorni a Venezia. — Eight Days at Venice. By Antonio Quadri. 12mo.

This work is intended as a guide to foreigners who visit Venice. The author with infinite precision and method points out every object that merits the stranger’s attention. The work is divided into two parts. In the first is described all that is remarkable in this ancient and unhappy city; the second, contains an abridged history of Venice. Each part contains eight divisions, which the author calls days in the first part, and epochs in the second. It is impossible to read this work, without experiencing a feeling of horror and compassion in comparing the ancient state of this republic with its present degraded condition. It would be useful and interesting, if every principal town in Italy possessed a similar work, which, in pointing out to foreigners every remarkable object,

would at the same time remind the inhabitants of the liberties they formerly enjoyed. Comparisons thus drawn could not fail of being useful and instructive, and in the end might lead to a better state of things.

Sei Mesi, &c.—Six months in Spain; in Letters from Giuseppe Pecchio, to Lady G. O. Madrid.

These letters treat of the actual condition of Spain, at least such as it appears to an emigrant Italian, who travels all over the kingdom, and who is grateful for the hospitality he receives and is an attentive observer of the manners and condition of the people. The principles of the new government, the present public administration, the character, manners and prejudices of Spaniards, the interest direct and indirect that they take in the general constitution, and still more in the independence of the nation, and even a certain excess of confidence in their own strength and resources, which might expose them to dangers they affect to despise; in a word, every thing that relates to the grand interests of the nation is described with equal spirit and truth. The author in his last letter says, "The Spaniards are ignorant, they do not know that the sound of bells attracts lightning, they do not understand the use of the thermometer and the barometer, nor the utility of vaccination &c." They possess, nevertheless, sufficient good sense and discrimination to discern that a government, however imperfect and irregular, is preferable to the yoke of a foreigner, and that civil war is the most dreadful evil as well as the worst of crimes, unless waged for the purposes of ensuring general prosperity, and consolidating public liberty!

Lettres écrites d'Italie, in 1812 and 1813, to Mr. Charles Pictet. By F. L. Chateaubieux.

The author treats of Italy principally in an agricultural sense. He compares the condition and present state of agriculture beyond the Alps, with that of Switzerland, France, and other European countries. Those persons, who study the science of natural philosophy, will read with pleasure and interest the description of several large farms in Piedmont, Lombardy, and several other provinces of Italy. Though agriculture appears to have

been the principle incentive to M. Chateaubieux's journey, he has not forgotten to make frequent mention of the antiquities and manners of the country. We think the perusal of this work absolutely essential to those who wish to be thoroughly acquainted with the present state of Italy.

Poème Lyrique sur la Mort de Napoléon.—A Lyric Poem on the Death of Napoleon. By Pierre Lebrun. Svo. Paris.

He, who for five and twenty years held the destinies of Europe in his hands, exists no more; his life now belongs to history. But how difficult is it, while the fame of his elevation and the remembrance of his fall are yet fresh in the memory of man, and while his astonishing influence yet exists, to judge this extraordinary being, and to venture either upon praise or blame! Such, however, is not the intention of M. Lebrun. "I wrote these verses," says he in his preface, "because I could not resist the impulse; I have written them in solitude, in the country, the instant that the surprising news reached me; I neither chose nor meditated on my subject, I felt touched, my emotion was expressed in verse, and thus my poem was written." In touching on this subject, the author has sought neither to awaken dangerous remembrances nor to nourish culpable hopes; nor has he, while the earth is yet fresh that covers the tomb of the hero of Marengo, dared to add his reproaches to those of men, who, by their perfidious counsels and slavish adulation, contributed greatly to his fall. But the fact of a soldier, in an age of civilization, conquering and obtaining one of the finest nations in the world, and then proving by his fall, that "vaulting ambition oft o'erleaps itself," his dying on an isolated rock apparently forgotten equally by his friends and enemies, an astonishing contrast of the highest elevation and the most dreadful reverse, are subjects well calculated to excite the imagination of the poet. M. Lebrun has yielded to an involuntary enthusiasm, and he found in his subject the most eloquent inspirations. This poem is well worthy of perusal, and the versification is beautiful. The author with laudable gratitude, from the recollections of his youth, has related some particulars of a brighter hue, which form a kind of episode in his poem. Perhaps he may be said to have pub-

lished his poem with too much precipitation, some few faults and inequalities might certainly be objected to which he might easily have avoided. It would be sufficient to name them, but our limits will not permit us to enter into details.

Relation des Evenemens, &c.—Narrative of Military and Political Events that occurred at Naples in 1820 and 1821; addressed to His Majesty the King of the two Sicilies. By General William Pécé. Paris, 1822.

This narrative is written with infinite moderation. It contains remarks and explanations of the conduct of the Neapolitans in general, and of the author in particular, during that epoch. A supplement is added, containing a number of official documents, the greater part unpublished, which serve to verify the history of the times. The author is very patriotic and zealous in his endeavours to defend his fellow countrymen from the reproaches bestowed on them in consequence of the late events.

La Scandinavie vengée, &c.—Scandinavia vindicated from the Charge of having produced the Barbarians who destroyed the Roman Empire. By J. Graberg de Hemso. 8vo. pp. 250. Stockholm, 1822.

The learned author of this work was employed in a diplomatic situation for several years on the coast of Africa, and it was during this voluntary and patriotic exile that his thoughts and labours were incessantly directed to-

wards the Scandinavian kingdoms; the more especially as they were his birth-place. The preface is dedicated to M. de Wetterstedt, and is dated from Tangers, Feb. 15, 1821.

M. Graberg wishes to prove that the people of Scandinavia, whom we have been so long accustomed to consider as barbarians from the assertions of historians, were really possessed of a very high degree of civilization at the period of the fall of the Roman empire. This civilization, as our author has it, though extremely different from that of the Greeks and Romans, was yet equally apparent and infinitely more calculated to polish the public manners. In the second place, M. Graberg asserts, and we have no doubt proves by historical testimony, and in fact by the nature of things, that it was not from Scandinavia, but from Asia, that emanated that host of barbarians who deluged the civilized countries of Europe, and who, in the end, caused the destruction of the Roman empire. It is impossible here to give an analysis of the very learned researches of M. Graberg. It will be sufficient to say, that he presents some of the most important facts of the middle ages in a new point of view, and that he elucidates the primitive history of all the northern nations of Europe. The author does not, as is usually the case in works of erudition, indicate his authorities by notes placed at the bottom of the pages, but by giving a list of the authors cited, and the simple inspection of this list is alone sufficient to prove his vast reading concerning the antiquities of the north, which cannot but be read with a feeling of deep interest. M. Graberg writes French with clearness and precision, though he occasionally uses a mode of discussion that has fallen into disuse with regard to scientific works.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

AMERICA.

An able mechanic at New York, named Isaac Jennings, has invented a new fire-arm: it is a gun barrel, mounted in the ordinary manner, capable of containing twenty charges at one time. Each discharge may be made at discretion, and if necessary they may succeed each other every two seconds. The necessary machinery may be applied to guns in common use, and even to pistols, which may be made to discharge twelve times without any other

inconvenience than an additional weight of five or six ounces. A soldier thus armed may make twelve or fifteen discharges on the enemy at the commencement of an engagement, and his musket differs from those in common use only because it does not require priming. Cavalry, being provided with pistols of this description, can make head against the infantry much longer than they have been hitherto able to do. This fire-arm is not less useful in ships, when boarded by an enemy;

and it has been examined by many military and naval characters, and generally approved: its use is acknowledged to be free from all danger.

ASIA.

On the 16th of Sept. 1821, a ship from the Sandwich Islands entered the port of St. Peter and St. Paul. The captain, by an express order of his sovereign, entertained the governor and his staff. Presents were exchanged on both sides; two rein deer, male and female, and one young bear, were sent as presents to the king of the Sandwich Islands. The Captain received one of the most beautiful cows of this country for his own use. On his departure, the 18th of December, the vessel gave a salute by a discharge of all her artillery: she was well equipped, the crew were entirely composed of natives of the Sandwich Islands, and were good humoured and great favourites with the Kamtchatkans. Their clothing is not yet very uniform, one wears a sailor's jacket, another a frock coat, and others a silk coat, but without any stockings; and few of them had any shoes.

PERSIA.

Mirza Djalilar, a young Persian, published at Tauris, last year, a handsome edition of *Gulistan de Saady*, the types, which are small and elegantly formed, were cut by himself.

ISLAND OF HAYTI.

The *Telegraph* being the only journal in this capital, some Haytians have thought that the actual state of the Republic required a more extended periodical journal; and for this purpose they have united to conduct a new journal, under the title of *Haytian Propagator*. The first number of which was to have been published on the first of last June. By the prospectus, which is composed with great ability in French; we find that the editors will insert articles on politics, sciences, literature, and the useful arts.

This journal, which is to contain sixteen or twenty octavo pages, will appear the first and fifteenth of every month.

DENMARK.

The *Royal Society of Sciences at Copenhagen* have published a general chart of North Jutland; they have not abated in their geographical researches, and as their advancement in the sciences has been very considerable since they undertook the *Atlas of Denmark*, the charts which are to be published of

Holstein will be executed according to the latest discoveries; and the King has provided for the expense of this national enterprise. The Chevalier Schumacher, to whom the execution of these charts is confided, is at present occupied in taking a mathematical survey of Holstein and Lauenburg.

SWEDEN.

The publications of *Swedish Botany* and *Swedish Zoology*, which were discontinued in the year 1816, are now to be resumed by the Academy of Sciences, at Stockholm, at the expense of the Government.

SPAIN.

A pamphlet on the private life of Ferdinand VII. will shortly be published at Madrid.

EGYPT.

A Turkish and an Italian press are being established at Alexandria, and also a Lyceum, under the superintendence of Nureddin Effendi.

PRUSSIA.

The lovers of antiquity have to deplore an irreparable loss. General Menn, of Minutoli, had succeeded under the protection of Mehmed-ali-Pacha, in collecting a great number of Egyptian antiquities; he had them carefully packed up in ninety-seven cases, and brought them as far as Trieste, where they were re-shipped for Hamburgh, and insured for the sum of 27,000 marcs, but the vessel sunk in a gale of wind, between Heligoland and Cuxhaven. Some of the cases, however, were cast ashore on the Duchy of Bremen, which the peasants opened. Their consternation when they discovered the mummies may be easily imagined; they, however, ventured to give them a burial-place in the village church-yard, where they remained until the Prussian authorities had been informed of the circumstances by those of the Duchy of Bremen.

The King of Prussia has issued an ordonnance, dated the 12th of April last, containing the following regulations:—that professors, whether civil or ecclesiastic, who, yielding to the evil influence of the times, oppose, in the minutest particular, the commands of the King, or interfere with politics, will be instantly deprived of their functions, and banished. The partisans or propagators of democratic principles are to receive no employment or relief throughout the Prussian dominions. Before a professor can be admitted to a situation, he must obtain from the Minister of the interior an

approbation of his conduct for the last five years preceding!

RUSSIA.

The Bible Society of St. Petersburg has caused to be printed and published, in the Mogul and Calmuc languages, the Four Evangelists with the History of the Holy Apostles, which will be followed by the whole of the New Testament. These Editions will be distinguished for the beauty of their type.

The Church of Isaac at St. Petersburg, which has been raised at an enormous expence, and is nearly finished, is to be pulled down, because it does not reach the idea which the Emperor had formed of its grandeur and magnificence. It is to be re-built, from a model of the Cathedral of the Virgin Mary, at Cassan, with much greater magnificence. To effect this, the plan has been completely changed. The new structure will be commenced in the ensuing Spring, provided a war with the Turks should not intervene.

GERMANY.

The Topography of Bohemia, by Scheller, published about thirty years ago, will no longer satisfy the wishes of the inquisitive reader, on account of the number of changes which have taken place in that kingdom. Therefore, Mr. Edward Ponsikl has undertaken a new work, under the title of *A Statistical Topography of the Kingdom of Bohemia*. The first part will be occupied with general matter, and will contain researches on the name, and the most ancient epochs in the history of Bohemia, its boundaries, soil, climate, and the state of the Arts. The author will also treat of the language, religion, and manners of the inhabitants; and include memoirs of learned men and of artists, whose works are known in Bohemia. In the second part, a particular description will be given of every city, village, or lordship, with their several dependencies enumerated and described. This work of Mr. Ponsikl is looked for with great impatience.

The History of the French, by M. Simonde de Sismondi, has been translated into German, by Mr. Stecon-Luden, Professor of History. The first volume has already appeared, with notes by the Translator.

A Society of Natural History is about to be formed at Friburgh; the members are to assemble every fifteen days, when lectures and memoirs will be delivered. This Society will particularly endeavour to derive all possi-

ble advantages from the productions of the country. The Memoirs are to be published annually; and the Grand Duke honours this useful institution with his special protection.

Dr. Dorrow, Aulic Counsellor, and a learned Archeologist, director of the administration for the preservation of Roman and German Antiquities, in the departments of the Rhine, has transported to Bonn a very curious *Basso-Relievo*, which was found in 1811, in the small river, called the *Inde, Dend*, or *Ingue*, near the village of Treinz-Lamersdorff (in the ancient department of the Roer.) This piece of sculpture is 4 feet 4 inches in length, 2 feet 2 inches in height, and 1 foot 8 inches thick. Whilst it stood for some time in the square of that village, the figures were considerably mutilated, by the mischievous wantonness of boys, and the affected delicacy of an old religious prude, who actually employed a stone-mason to mutilate certain parts of the male figures. The rest were suffered to escape their savage fury, and are in good preservation. Between the columns a temple is seen, from which a female is advancing at a quick pace, bearing a small image of Diana in her hand, and on each side are two naked male figures. They are armed with small swords, and one of them is carrying two darts. Behind these figures a burning altar is seen, at the foot of which the Holocaust, or burnt offering, is extended. The history of this subject is not doubtful; it is Iphigenia of Tauris, accompanied by Orestes and Pylades, carrying the image of her goddess. Although this piece does not appear to be highly finished, yet enough remains to place the artist high in the estimation of the connoisseur. The style differs essentially from all the other pieces of Roman sculpture, which have been lately discovered in the department of the Rhine. The proportions of the naked figures are perfect, the head of Iphigenia is full of expression, and the drapery light and graceful. M. Dorrow has discovered, in the same river, twelve other pieces of sculpture, which he safely landed. On the bank of the same river, he dug up the capital of a pillar, which bears the marks of great antiquity.—This stone does not differ in quality from those found in the quarries near Aix-la-Chapelle. No doubt remains, but that the *Basso-Relievo*, the Capital, and the others yet remaining in the river, are only the fragments of an ancient temple. But what temple this was, or at what period it existed, re-

main a question, which the German antiquaries have yet to solve.

PORTUGAL.

The *State of Public Instruction* is not so defective in this country as we might imagine, from the imperfect accounts of travellers. Portugal contains not less than 873 Elementary Schools; in 266 of which, Latin is taught, and in 21, Greek and Rhetoric; in 27, Philosophy, Natural and Moral. —At Coimbra, there is a University, directed by six of the Faculty, and a preparatory College for students. —The University and College together contain, annually, from 1280 to 1600 students. In 1819, all these establishments were attended by 31,401 pupils. Besides these National Institutions, there are several others, where youth are educated for particular professions, —such as the Marine and Commercial Academies at Porto, which contained 315 students, in 1820; and the Academy at Lisbon, in which there were 315 students, in 1821. The Commercial Academy at Lisbon is attended annually by 150 pupils; and the Royal Military Academy for Artillery and Fortification by 80 pupils. The Military College of Luz, near Lisbon, has 200 students. The Royal Military Schools of St. Vincent de Foon, at Lisbon, are attended annually by upwards of 200 students. In the same city there are, the Royal College of Nobles, the Royal Academy for the Arabian Language, the Royal School for Civil Architecture and Drawing, a Royal School for Sculpture, another for Engraving, an Institution for Music, and several other public Institutions of less note. Exclusive of the Professors' Chairs at Coimbra, Surgery is taught by the Royal School of Surgery, annexed to the Grand Hospital of St. Joseph, at Lisbon, and by those at Porto, Elvas, and Chaves. The Military School for Mutual Instruction, to which are admitted the children of citizens, had 2518 scholars in 1819, and this number has much increased since. The Royal Academy of Sciences at Lisbon has published, annually, since it was founded, memoirs that are not less learned than useful, on every branch of human knowledge, which are printed at their own Academic press. The Portuguese have formed several literary Societies, among which may be noticed, *The Patriotic Literary Society*, and *the Society of Encouragement*, at Lisbon. The annual average of books printed in Portugal, since 1805 to 1819, inclusive, amount to 94.

GREECE.

Janina, in Albania, that now performs so distinguished a part in the history of Greece, and whose inhabitants, to the number of 40,000, are eminent for their knowledge and industry, is, at this period, possessed of two Schools, where the Dead Languages are taught. The first was founded 130 years ago, by *Ghioni*, a rich merchant, who had placed a considerable sum in the bank of Venice for its support, but of which the French possessed themselves, during their occupation of Venice. Since that period, this establishment has been supported at the expense of a Greek family, named Zosima, and contains more than 300 pupils; the other, established within 30 years, contains 100. These institutions possess two libraries, and a cabinet of natural history. Lately the method of mutual instruction has been adopted, and several pupils have already left these schools to finish their education at the German Universities.

ITALY.

The clergy at Rome consist of nineteen cardinals, twenty-seven bishops, 1,450 priests, 1,532 monks, 1,464 nuns, and 332 seminarists. The population of Rome, with the exception of the Jews, consisted, in 1821, of 146,000 souls. The births during that year were 4,756, the deaths 5,415, and the marriages 1,265.

A circular, issued by the Piedmontese custom houses, has placed new restrictions with regard to the admission of books into Piedmont; each list must be accompanied by a duplicate account, containing the name of the author, the title of the work, date of publication, number of the edition, the number of volumes or sheets printed, the separate price of each work, also the net weight of engravings and books, whether stitched or bound.

SWITZERLAND.

The censorship at Lausanne has ordered that the proprietors of reading rooms in that city shall not lend out the works of Sir Walter Scott!

FRANCE.

The equinoctial tides in the autumn of 1820 discovered at the mouth of the Saane, several coffins of gypsum, containing human skeletons in good preservation, with Roman tiles, fragments of earthen vessels, arms, and armour. M. Sollicoffre, inspector of the customs at Dieppe, has placed these antique fragments beyond the reach of

the sea, and offered to the academy of Rouen all the information respecting them in his power. The account that he received from the country people in the neighbourhood was, that they have found in their fields medals and constructed fragments, which warrant the opinion that some city, which was visited by the Romans, formerly existed on these grounds. A second discovery, more recently made, for which we are indebted to M. Sollicoffre, leaves no doubt that the Romans sojourned on the coasts of Normandy. One of the inhabitants of Saint Margaret's, ploughing a field on the ridge of a little eminence, not far from the sea, and west of the village, encountered, very near the surface, a perfect *piece of Mosaic pavement*, which arrested the plough. M. Sollicoffre found that this piece of Mosaic pavement was enclosed by a square wall of two fathoms. He drew a sketch of his discovery, which, with a memorial, he transmitted to the French Institute and the Academy of Sciences at Rouen. It appears by this sketch, that this Mosaic pavement represents concentric circles of different colours, of a rose shape, of which the exterior circle is six inches, and the central circle two inches in diameter. These roses are placed beside each other in such a manner, that the intervals form a lozenge of divers colours, the sides of which are curved with points in contact with the segment of the exterior circle of each rose. The material of this Mosaic pavement is neither marble nor granite, but a composition of argillaceous earths. The small pieces, when joined together, form a cubic shape, from an inch and a half to two-thirds of an inch, the exterior forming a trapezium; the various degrees of desiccation, which these earths appear to have undergone in the progress of manufacture, appear to account for their durability or friability. Their colours are red, white, yellow, and blue, approaching to violet, but tarnished. The cement, which unites the component parts, is composed of pulverised flint, lime, and sand. At some little distance from this spot the researches of M. Sollicoffre led him to suppose the continuation of this Mosaic pavement, and that it formed the floor of some spacious hall. The cement which holds it

is laid on a bed of Roman tiles, then a layer of marl or chalk, and this last layer on a bed of marine pebbles cemented together. M. Sollicoffre wished to pursue his investigations further, but the proprietor of the land prevented him. About twenty yards from the place where this Mosaic pavement was discovered, a coffin, formed of gypsum, was found, resembling those discovered in 1820: this led M. Sollicoffre to believe that the Mosaic pavement belonged to a temple, or some place of worship constructed by the primitive Christians in that country.

UNIVERSAL POPULATION.

The total number of the inhabitants of the globe is estimated at 632 millions; 172 millions in Europe, 330 millions in Asia, 70 millions in Africa, 40 millions in America, and 20 millions in the Southern regions.

The *births* in Europe are 6,371,370 a year; 17,453 a day; 727 an hour; 62 a minute, and 1 every moment.

The *deaths* in Europe are 5,058,822 a year; 13,860 a day; 577 an hour; 66 a minute, and 1 every moment.—Throughout the universe, the Births are rated at 23,407,407 a year, 64,130 a day, 2,672 an hour, 148 a minute, and 8 every moment.—The Deaths, 18,588,236 a year, 50,927 a day, 2,122 an hour, 135 a minute, and 7 every moment. The number of persons who had attained to the age of a hundred and upwards, in the year 1800, according to Larrey, in Cairo, 35 individuals.—In Spain, during the last century, at St. John-lo-Pays, 13 old men received Communion, the youngest of whom was 110 years old, and the eldest 127; their united ages amounted to 1,499.—In England, one man in 3,100 attains the age of a hundred. At the commencement of the present century, in a part of Ireland, there were 41 individuals from 95 to 104 years old, where the population only amounted to 47,000 souls.—In Russia, among 891,652 deaths in the year 1814, there were 3,531 individuals from the age of 100 to 132.—In Hungary, the family of John Rovin has furnished the most astonishing instances of longevity; the father lived 172 years; his wife 164; and they had been married 142 years, and the youngest of their children was 115 years of age.

LONDON REVIEW:

OR,

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

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QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE, QUID UTILE, QUID NON.  
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ENGLISH.

Russian Anthology; or, Specimens of the Russian Poets. Translated by John Bowring, F.L.S. London. 12mo. pp. 239. 7s.

This is, indeed, a curiosity, and we cordially invite the lovers of what is rare and elegant to its inspection. We have fruits and flowers imported from the Frozen Regions of the North, which we have been hitherto taught to believe bloomed and ripened only under southern suns, equal in flavour, nor inferior in hue and fragrance to the productions of the Tropics. But to speak without a metaphor, the little volume before us deserves the particular consideration of all, to whom intellectual development is an object of interest—of every one, who has the magnanimity, in a selfish age and generation, to encourage the efforts of genius, struggling for emancipation from the thralldom in which ignorance and vassalage would confine it. We hail this specimen of Russian literature as the pledge and promise of a speedy liberation from her long intellectual bondage; as the day-spring, visiting the protracted night of her mental darkness and moral degradation.

To Mr Bowring we are indebted for an agreeable introduction to the general literature of Russia, and for a particular acquaintance with her poets.—How gracefully and how well he has performed his part, it remains for us to shew.

The poets, with whose writings it has been Mr. Bowring's attempt to familiarize us, are thirteen, of various degrees of merit and interest. Of the extreme difficulty of doing justice to the subject, every one, conversant with the Slavonic or modern Russ, must be sensible: there are many words, the meaning of which can only be partially given by lengthened compounds and circumlocutory phrases. We are thoroughly disposed to concede, as much as seems to be demanded of the perfect

translator, in the following passage from Mr. Bowring's well-written introductory observations:—

"No one can be more alive than I am, to the extreme difficulty of communicating to a foreign version the peculiar characters of the original.—The grace, the harmony, the happy arrangement, the striking adaptation of words to ideas; every thing in fact, except the primary and naked thought, requires, for its perfect communication, a genius equal to its first conception."

Pope has asserted, that critics as well as poets, must be born such; and Mr. Bowring, very properly, puts in a similar claim for translators also.

Fully aware of the difficulties the translator has to encounter, we do not hesitate to say, that, so far as we have had opportunities of comparing the poems now rendered with the originals, Mr. Bowring has not only performed his task with fidelity, the first duty of a translator, but with an ease and elegance, which exhibit a mind largely gifted with the poetical temperament, and a genius closely allied to the fine spirits, whose language and sentiments he has clothed in the most harmonious English versification. We may be here permitted, by way of digression, to state a fact, which cannot be generally known, but which deserves to be widely circulated. A venerable minister of the Church of Iceland cultivated his native poetry with success, and enriched it with a translation of our divine Epic—*The Paradise Lost*. He presented his MS. to the library of the Literary Fund. This version is stated, on competent authority, to be executed with uncommon spirit, and, in many instances, to rival the original. We have been tempted to the communication of intelligence so interesting, from a conviction that it will prove acceptable to such of our readers as have been accustomed to associate sterility of poetical intellect with frigidity of climate.

But to proceed to the work before

us. The first poet, in order as in talent, is Derzhavin.—His compositions breathe a sublime spirit. His Ode on God is singularly impressive. It is a compressed selection and beautiful arrangement of the established but sublime conceptions of the Deity. It is stated to have been rendered into Japanese by order of the Emperor, and to have been hung up, embroidered with gold, in the temple of Jeddo; it has also been translated into the Chinese and Tartar languages. The last paragraph, beginning with "Creator, yes," is remarkably impressive.

From Derzhavin's Poem of the Waterfall we extract the following beautiful passage:—

"Thou parent of the Waterfall! proud river!
Thou northern thunderer, Sana! hurrying on
In mighty torrent from the heights; and ever
Sparkling with glory in the gladdened sun,
Now dashing from the mountain to the plain,
And scattering purple fire and sapphire rain."

To Derzhavin succeeds Batiushkov, and his very interesting Poem, "To My Penates," has been as touchingly rendered by the translator, and reminds us of L'Allegro of Milton.

From the father of Russian poetry, Somonosov, we have a short poem as original as profound. But we must waive this formal ceremony of particular introduction, and bring before our readers "Karamsin," of whose genius we have here some fine specimens. He has been styled, the Nightingale of Poetry, and it is meet that we should be indulged with a strain. We have selected a little plaintive poem, not so much for its superiority to the others, as from its convenient adaptation to our limits.

LILEA.

"What a lovely flower I see
Bloom in snowy beauty there!
O how fragrant—and how fair!
Can that lily bloom for me?
Thee to pluck be mine the bliss;
Place upon my breast and kiss!
Why, then, is that bliss denied?
Why does heaven our fates divide?
Sorrow now my bosom fills;
Tears run down my cheeks as rills:
Far-away that flower must bloom,
And in vain I sigh "O come!"
Softly zephyr glides between
Waving boughs of emerald green.
Purest flowrets bend their head;
Shake their little cups of dew;
Fate un pitying and untrue,

Fate so desolate and dread,
Says, "She blossoms not for thee—
In vain thou sheddest the bitter tear;
Another hand shall gather her:—
And thou—go mourn thy misery!"
O flower so lovely! Lilea fair!
With thee I fain my fate would share,
But heaven has said, "It cannot be."

Page 114.

Of the national songs, that in page 201 is remarkably happy,—but we can no further indulge in extracts from this interesting volume.

In recalling the memory of our readers to the fact, that this volume is a representative of the unformed and infant literature of Russia, we may confidently ask, if, even through the imperfect medium in which our short Review has exhibited these talents, they have, for one moment, found such apology necessary—or, whether they have felt disposed to qualify their praise, by any reference to the immaturity we have noticed. If this be the infancy of Literature, a gigantic manhood is indeed to be anticipated.

We should not do justice to our own feelings, did we not apologise to Mr. Bowring for the tardy honours we have bestowed upon his work, which, by its own intrinsic excellence, has already reached a second edition; nor can we refrain from the expression of our high admiration of the healthy tone and the manly vigour which distinguish these productions. The torch of Russian poetry has been kindled by "a ray from heaven;" it burns with a lustre as brilliant as it is steady.—The Muse stands here invested with her sublimest attributes, and faithful to her trust, and true to her allegiance, the interests of virtue are her joyful theme, and the aim and object even of her more rapturous aspirations.

Sir Marmaduke Maxwell, a Dramatic Poem; the Mermaid of Galloway; the Legend of Richard Faulder; and twenty Scottish Songs. By Allan Cunningham. 12mo.

There is in the poets and original writers of Scotland, as well as in their critics, an untamed energy, a remnant of that original ferocity which characterizes human nature, before the softer charms of science have tempered its grossness, and refined the harsher elements of its constitution. Scotchmen, in general, reason closely and acutely, but they feel coarsely and palpably: their sentiments are seldom impressed with the characters of mind or unearthly

sympathy. To that divine communion which exists between kindred spirits, to that sympathy which is the offspring of mentalized and spiritualized feelings, and to all the milder affections which give them character and expression, he is a perfect stranger. His sympathies are what naturally results from his physical propensities, or constitutional temperament, and therefore, the Scotch poets are generally natural, but seldom refined. They write, it is true, as they feel: so far they are right, for feeling is the soul of poetry; but as their feelings are gross, their poetry must be equally so. Such was the poetry of Burns, and such is now the poetry of Cunningham. Mr. Campbell is the only exception, we know of, to the observations which we have made, for, however intimate the Scotch baronet may be with the fairy lands of imagination, he is a true sawny with regard to delicacy and refinement of feeling. In general, Scotch poets will be found to resemble Dutch painters: they excel only in describing low life, or rather, in caricaturing it. It is not human nature they describe, but some ludicrous deviation from it. They describe manners, not passions, but so far as the description is true, it must be considered natural, however widely the originals which they copy may be at variance with nature. We do not mean to say that the northern poets do not sometimes describe natural as well as national manners, but we mean to say, that they excel more in the latter, and that they seldom give us a picture of natural manners without enriching it, as they think, with national sentiment. At any rate, whether they describe natural or national manners, they always describe low manners, and consequently the resemblance between them and Dutch painters will always hold good; for Sir W. Scott himself, the most favoured of their bards, is a mere describer of low national manners.

We are not therefore to be surprised, if Mr. Cunningham has not surmounted this predilection for low manners, which characterises all the poets of his country, Mr. Campbell excepted. We are far from wishing to depreciate his talents: his genius is original, though confined to one species of poetic excellence. We do not know that he imitates the style or manner of any of his countrymen, but he has caught the downward spirit that animates them all. The subject of all his songs, are the love-sick breathings of the Scotch peasantry; but we must confess, we could never discover much nature or true

feeling in professed amatory writers. Perhaps the reason may be, that in love there is no medium between beauty and deformity. The language of love is the language of passion, and passion always tells truth. A real lover, therefore, never speaks but what he feels, though he generally feels more than he can venture to express. He, who imitates the true lover, must use the same language, though he wants the same feelings. But how difficult is it to express feelings which we do not feel, and with which, consequently, we must be unacquainted. He, who describes love without feeling it, resembles a blind man describing colours. Both describe what they know nothing about, and, consequently, they have no certainty of being right but while they travel in the footsteps of others. In mere imitation, however, there can be no novelty, and without imitation there can be no certainty. Now admitting that an amatory poet, such as Mr. Cunningham, should possess from nature a considerable portion of natural feeling, how is it possible that he can be in love with every new lassie and bonnie lady to whom he professes an attachment? True love is constant and fixed to one object, and, therefore, there is much reason to doubt the sincerity of him, who is in love with a great many at the same time. Hence it is that those, who make a trade of love-songs, seldom succeed in them; they generally substitute false sentiment and unnatural feeling for the genuine effusions of the heart, because these effusions can only be described by those who feel them. We must confess, at the same time, that though these observations apply more or less to Mr. Cunningham, as well as to all other love-poets, (if we make any exception, it must be in favor of Moore) many of his songs are extremely tender and affecting, and as refined as we can expect them to be, coming from Scotch shepherds and swains. But still he frequently out-steps the modesty of nature: he makes his lovers say; or he says himself for them, what no person who really felt the passion would ever think of saying. A lover never thinks of saying any thing but what his passion suggests; as passion, then, would have never suggested the following far-fetched idea, it is ridiculous to suppose it the language of love. Indeed the whole stanza is a true specimen of the false sublime.

“ My love’s two eyes are bonnie stars,
Born to adorn the summer skies,

And I will by our triste-thorn sit
To watch them at their evening use ;
That, when they shine on tower and tree,
Their heav'nly light may fall on me."

Whenever Mr. Cunningham falls into an error of this kind, it arises from the untamed energies of a restless and obtrusive imagination, which perpetually seeks to carry him away from the direct object of his affections to remote images and fanciful situations. Thus he confounds the intense pathos of love with the luxuriant associations of imagination, but in doing so, he only deceives himself, not his mistress. A woman immediately begins to suspect her lover the moment he begins to raise her to the skies. She knows well, she has no claim to so elevated a situation, and she also knows, that true love deals not in images of any kind. The feelings of the heart bear no analogy to, and consequently cannot be typified by, sensible representations. If the creations of fancy be at all tolerable in a love-song, it must be in the opening of it, were it may serve as an introduction to the ensuing scene. But when passion once begins to speak, imagination must be silent. For this reason we admire the following stanza, with which our author commences one of his love-songs.

"The shepherd seeks his glowing hearth,
The fox cubs from the mountain,
The folded flocks are white with rime,
Swans seek the silent fountain ;
And midnight starless is and drear,
And Ae's wild waters swelling,
Far up the lonesome greenwood glen,
Where my fair maiden's dwelling."

When we say that the creations of fancy should be religiously excluded from the language of passion, we confine our observation to shorter pieces, such as songs, &c. for the lover who has not much to say, should reserve it all for his mistress, and not waste it in idle and gratuitous declamation : and even in poems of greater length, fancy should never be indulged except where it seems to force itself upon the lover, and to heighten the depth and intense-ness of his misery. Whenever it appears to result from a light and buoyant imagination, instead of heightening it destroys the pathetic, and consequently the poetic effect.

We have dwelt on Mr. Cunningham's songs, as we believe he owes to them the greater portion of his poetic fame. In Sir Marmaduke Maxwell, it is true, there are many beautiful passages ;—at least we should call them beautiful,

if we were permitted to take the poem in pieces, and judge of every member by itself. But, unhappily, considering it as a whole, there is little dependance on harmony between its parts. He excels more in execution and colouring than in original design, and his mind seems never to wander beyond the immediate scene before him. Neither in the classification of facts, nor in the union, harmony or proportion of parts, does he manifest himself a skilful artist ; and without these qualities of dramatic excellence, all others are thrown into the shade.

The subject of this poem is the murder of Sir Marmaduke Maxwell, by Halbert Comyne, one of his own kinsmen and retainers, who usurped his castle and estate, but afterwards fell by the hand of his son, the Young Sir Marmaduke. The story derives a considerable portion of its interest from the amours of Sir Marmaduke with the beautiful Mary Douglas, the parliamentary war in Scotland, Mag Morison, the pretty waiting-maid, and Mabel Moran, the witch. The scene is laid in "the beautiful but ruinous castle of Caerlaverock, on the Scottish side of the sea of Solway ; and the time of the story is the close of the Commonwealth, under the Second Cromwell."

Instead of the language of true passion, we have cold and inflated sentiment. The author is continually in the clouds, even when his business is to describe the secret workings of love, and we have no hesitation to say, that there is not a poem in the English language of equal length, except the subject be astronomy, in which the "stars" are so frequently introduced, though we cannot see what analogy there is between love and the stars. —Sir Marmaduke, however, seems to have been of a different opinion, for he counted nearly all the stars in the West while he was waiting for his mistress. This, to us, would not appear as a test of his affection ; and we think, also, he paid his mistress no compliment in telling her of it ; for if his thoughts were fixed upon her, he certainly could not employ them in counting the stars. Mary Douglas seems also to think the stars busy themselves in love-affairs, for she apprehends they may "turn tell-tales," and disclose their secrets. —Again, she is afraid some star has fallen in love with Sir Marmaduke ; and Sir Marmaduke tells her, that he will be to her

"True as these stars are to the cold,
clear sky."

For our parts, we are strongly inclined to think, that real lovers seldom go so far as the stars in search of images, and that they find within themselves all that they have occasion to express. Perhaps Mr. Cunningham thinks, that whatever is sublime in nature must be equally so in description. What is improperly introduced cannot be natural in description, even though it be an image taken from nature; and whatever is unnatural, can neither be poetic nor sublime.

Lectures on the Art of Writing.
By J. Carstairs, Writing Master.
Svo. pp. 189. 12s. Fifth Edition.

This very useful book has arrived at the fifth edition, and, although it is not usual with us to notice new editions, unless they contain much additional matter, on this occasion we think we consult the interest of our readers by so deviating from our usual course. This volume contains, amongst other matter, observations on the impediments that retard the progress of pupils who learn to write by means of the old method. It includes a brief history of the art, and of the materials that have been in use from the earliest ages to the present time. There are twenty-two plates, which are elucidated by pertinent observations.

Among the multiplicity of improvements that are continually introduced into our mechanic arts, the improvements in the art of penmanship, by Mr. Carstairs, ought to be mentioned with unqualified approbation—by the assistance of his method, which principally consists in the joining of letters and words together, any person however bad his writing, will acquire purity, precision, and celerity in a very few lessons. We should like to see this book introduced into all respectable academies, being assured that the principles of writing inculcated by Mr. Carstairs could not fail to be beneficial to the rising generation, as well as to the majority of adults. We are glad to hear that this new system has been found successful wherever it has been tried; and we hope the industrious author will not be less benefitted than he ought to be, for he has evidently bestowed much labour, and exhibited great ingenuity in maturing a system which teaches pupils of all ages, and both sexes, to write *well* in one-twentieth part of the time they usually consume in learning to write *ill*. We recommend our readers to examine the

work, for we are persuaded they will be amply gratified, the process of instruction is so peculiarly simple, novel, and curious. Instead of writing from left to right, the mode constantly pursued in schools from the commencement to the end of instruction, Mr. Carstairs' plan is to make the learner begin at the top of the page and write in a perpendicular direction down the whole length of the page, without lifting the pen, in columns of single letters, and gradually increasing the number of letters from left to right, until the pupil becomes a proficient in the art, which mode must counteract the natural tendency which beginners have of leaning too heavily on the right arm. Mr. Carstairs' method of holding the hand and pen is surely a desideratum in the art, and will tend to lessen the labour of teachers in making their pupils hold the hand and pen correctly. From our own observations on Mr. Carstairs' Lectures, we feel no hesitation in recommending his valuable system to the notice of all, especially those who are employed in teaching penmanship in our scholastic establishments.

Confessions of an English Opium Eater. 12mo. pp. 206. 5s.

This work is the offspring of an accurate and vigorous pen; it is divided into two parts, of which the second alone has any relation to opium-eating, and it may be described as ingenious, and containing descriptions of actual sensations, which will, we apprehend, pass with most as the mere fictions of a vigorous fancy: but of the first part we must acknowledge, that, if to awaken the most lively feelings of curiosity and tenderness without effort, and without matter adapted to pathos, be a proof of superior genius, the author of these confessions is undoubtedly entitled to a high degree of commendation from the critic. The first part of the Confessions relate to the author's boyish days. The death of his father, his being left to the care of four guardians, his precocious proficiency in classic lore, and his contempt for his masters. At sixteen the author feels an unexampled fervour to enter the classic halls of Oxford, but sues in vain to "the haughty, obstinate, and intolerant" man, who, of the four nominated guardians, was the only one who would consent to act in that capacity. According to the dramatist and novelist, a crabbed guardian of a young lady is in *natura rerum a causa*

of a love elopement, and it would appear from the history of our Opium-eater, that a "haughty, obstinate, and intolerant" guardian of a young gentleman is in *natura rerum* a justification of the said young gentleman's running away from school and plunging into vagrancy and the lowest vice. The Opium-eater, being thwarted by his guardian in his desire of going to college, runs away from school with ten pounds in his pocket, and lives in a Welch cottage. As he describes his guardian as "a worthy man in his way," we cannot but reprobate the elopement as a very unworthy way of treating a worthy man—or indeed of treating any man placed in such sacred authority over him. We can, however, view this as a mere boyish indiscretion, whilst he was living in a Welch cottage, amidst innocence, cleanliness, and health, and beguiled by the enthusiasm of letters, and by a keen sensibility to the beauties of nature; but soon his untoward disposition induces him to quarrel with his mountain hostess, and flying to London, his resources are exhausted, and rather than return to his guardian, he listlessly becomes a mere vagrant—the strolling companion of the most filthy and abandoned of the worst class of outcasts. We can relax our moral rigidity, and enter into the feelings of a proud, but misgoverned youth, who rather than be conquered by adversity, and submit to return to that discipline from which he had contemptuously fled, would prefer marshalling himself in the ranks, or resorting to the wretched support of his pen—but we can make no allowances for the disposition, which would prefer to even the mortification of a return to duty, a life of idleness and vagrancy amidst filth, vice, disease, and wretchedness. Genius and talents may sometimes shield, if not gild obliquity of conduct, but no genius can bestow upon such a course even the equivocal palliation of eccentricity. Dr. Johnson roved houseless about the streets of London with Savage, but they avoided vice, and solaced themselves by intellectual converse: when our Opium-eater, however, tells us that he roved for nights through Oxford-street the friend, the companion, and lover of one of the very lowest class of the most abandoned, and when he tells us that her lips had no pollution in his eyes, we can apply to such a tale but terms of strong reproof. Having thus completed our moral criticism, we are bound, as intellectual critics, to bestow very high praise on the work. The author's description of the lonely child, the neg-

lected orphan whom he found in care of a large untenanted house, in which himself was allowed by charity to repose, is touching to a degree of exquisite pain; it awakens the mind to reflection upon the countless evils to which so many are exposed in large cities—the orphan stunted by want and misery—almost unknown to human association—her face deformed by ceaseless woe—suffering from hunger, and a prey to cold—and left for months alone in this large and gloomy house, a picture which must wring the heart—the heart at least of a parent—it is a picture exquisitely drawn in the work before us—the author has been so intent upon natural feeling, that he has never even thought of effect—and hence the effect is doubly powerful. These observations may be applied with equal truth to his tale of Ann, the unchaste companion of his night rambles. The reader for a time forgets her vices in her woe—but reflection upon the realities of so vicious a life at length dissipates the sympathy, which the author so powerfully raises in her favour. The second part of the volume is a description of the author's motives for eating opium, the exhilarating effects it had upon the mental and corporeal system—the excess to which he carried this habit, the manner in which it at last vitiated the constitution—the difficulty of abandoning the vice, and the diseased vigour of fancy which it produced. All this is related in a manner which rivets the attention and interests the feelings exceedingly. The narrative or description is also accompanied by associations of thought, which evince power of intellect—and the Confessions of an English Opium-eater may safely be pronounced a very entertaining duodecimo.

Stories after Nature. 12mo. pp. 251. 6s.

We have perused these stories with much pleasure, but we think the epithet of "odd," is that which can be applied to them with the least chance of contradiction. Whether the term of odd be one of praise or of dispraise, or what degree of either it may convey, will very materially depend upon the dispositions and tastes of readers. For our parts, we are much inclined to like them for this qualification—for they lift the mind from scenes and thoughts of worldliness into fresher regions of chaste and simple fancy. We cannot agree with the author, that they are by any means stories after nature; on the contrary, they are stories after

what nature ought to be, or after the nature which a utopian mind can create, but resembling no state of manners, of feelings, or of action which have ever yet existed. The stories are destitute of any ingenious complexity of plot or arrangement, and void of any discrimination of character, or of interest in the circumstances and events, but they are conceived and told in a style so simple and so unsophisticated by worldly modifications of conduct or of motives, that the reader is in a world of a new creation, where he is at once delighted and invigorated by the novelty and freshness of every thing he witnesses. Each story has a good moral, and cause and effect are made to have an ethical relation to each other. On reading much at a time, however, the style has the unpleasant effect of mannerism, and the author, in his effort to keep up the tone of original simplicity, frequently degenerates into inelegance, and sometimes into vulgarity. In an age so advanced in civilization, the character of all composition necessarily becomes polished, but at the same time tame and uniform, yet we have no doubt the public will appreciate these tales as

evincing at least the feature of originality.

—
Isn't it Odd. By Marmaduke Merrywhistle. 3 vols. 12mo. pp. 847. 21s. London.

If Democritus be right, that laughter is the sovereign good of life, or even if old Montagne be sound in his opinion, that laughing is excellent policy, we must be bound to give Mr. Marmaduke Merrywhistle's bust a niche in that part of the temple of fame allotted to the benefitters of mankind. Mr. Merrywhistle in these three volumes gives us his ancestry and parentage, and runs through his life, "c'en from his boyish days" up to that awful period which usually terminates a novel—the marriage of the hero.

Mr. Merrywhistle possesses what may be called jocose wit, rather than wit itself, or that broader member of the same family, termed humour—and, in narrating his adventures, he diffuses his fertile vein of odd joke much to the amusement of the reader, and to the benefit of his own pretensions as a writer of this species of novel.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

GREAT BRITAIN.

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*Literary Notices and Lists of New Publications are requested to be sent before the 20th of the Month.*  
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We are happy to find, that the Second Part of the Naval History of Great Britain, by Mr. James, will soon be published. It will be comprised in two thick 8vo. volumes, with a 4to. volume of Annual Abstracts of the British Navy.—Mr. James has obtained the most interesting materials from "The private correspondence of Napoleon with his Minister of Marine," which has thrown a new light upon the early transactions of the war of 1803, has betrayed the falsehood of many a gravely asserted fact, and has laid open to view such a system of fraud, practised upon the public by means of the press, not merely of the

French and Dutch press, but, unwittingly, of the English press too, as must greatly detract from the credibility usually attached to documents of state.

Mr. William Davis is preparing fresh materials for a Second Journey round the Library of a Bibliomaniac, on the same plan as his former Journey.—Mr. D. would feel obliged by the contributions of really useful and curious information.

A Treatise on Navigation and Nautical Astronomy, adapted to practice, and to the purposes of elementary instruction. By Edward Riddle, Royal Naval Asylum, Greenwich.

A Second Number of the Liberal

will probably appear on the 1st of January, 1823; and it will possess considerable variety both of matter and style.

A letter has just been received by Mr. William Bankes from Mr. Salt, dated at Cairo, in August last, with the following curious information:—A roll of Papyrus, measuring about eleven inches in length, and five in circumference, has been discovered in the island of Elephantina, and purchased for Mr. Banks. It is found to contain a portion of the latter part of the *Iliad*, very fairly written in large capitals, such as were in use during the time of the Ptolemys, and under the earlier Roman Emperors. The lines are numbered, and there are Scholia in the margin. A copy is to be made from this valuable MS. at Cairo, that it may serve as a duplicate, in case of any accident in its voyage to England. The person who procured this treasure for Mr. B. is a young man, who has been in his employ for some years to explore such parts of the antiquities and geography of the East as were left unascertained by Mr. B. himself.

Mr. L. Cohen, of Exeter, proposes to publish, by subscription, *Extraordinary Astronomical Discoveries; by which he will endeavour to shew the true causes of the Tides, on mechanical principles, founded on the laws of Hydrostatics.*—The work will be completed in 1 vol. 8vo. 10s. 6d. bds.

Shortly will be published, a Volume of Sermons. By the Rev. Samuel Clift, of Tewkesbury.

A Poem, entitled, *Zaphna, or the Amulet*, will shortly appear, by Miss Isabel Hill, Author of the *Poet's Child*, a Tragedy, and *Constance*, a Tale.

Mr. Watson, of Hull, is preparing for publication a work upon the Trees and Shrubs, that will live in the Open Air of Great Britain throughout the year; to consist of Coloured Figures and Descriptions, under the title of *Dendrologia Britannica*, of which the First Part will appear in January.

The Portrait of Mrs. Hannah More, lately painted by H. W. Pickersgill, A. R. A., and which was last season exhibited at the Royal Academy, is now in the hands of an eminent Engraver, and will be shortly published.

The Rev. John Fawcett, A. M., Rector of Scaleby, and Perpetual Curate of St. Cuthbert's, Carlisle, will shortly publish a Third Edition of his *Sermons, chiefly designed for the Use of Families*. 2 vols. 12mo.

Part First, of *Original Views of the most interesting Collegiate and Pa-*

rochial Churches in England, will appear early in 1823. By Mr. J. P. Neale.

John Bayley, Esq. F. S. A., one of his Majesty's Sub-Commissioners of the Public Records, and Author of the History of the Tower, is engaged in making Collections for a complete History of London, Westminster, and Southwark, which is to be enriched with a great variety of Engravings of General Views, Public Buildings, Antiquities, and Portraits.—The work is to form three folio volumes, published in Quarterly Parts, and the First will appear in the ensuing Season.

Messrs. W. Deeble and J. A. Rolph propose publishing, by Subscription, a highly-finished Engraving they have nearly completed, of St. Ethelbert's Tower, Canterbury.—Its dimensions will be 14 inches by 9½.

The First Number of Mr. Fossbrook's *Encyclopadia of Antiquities, and Elements of Archaeology*, dedicated, by permission, to his Majesty, and the first work of the kind ever edited in England, will very speedily be published.

The new Edition of the *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth* is in considerable forwardness. Two volumes are already printed, and the Third is so far advanced, that the whole may be expected early in 1823. The volumes are entirely new arranged, and will be accompanied by proper Indexes.

A separate Volume of the *Progresses of King James* is also preparing for the press, by Mr. Nichols.

On the First of January, 1823, will be published, No. I. of the *Biososticon; or, Journal of Public Health.*—To be delivered on the First of every Month. Each Number will contain 32 pages of Letter-press, printed with a new Type, on demy 8vo. paper. 1s.

IN THE PRESS.

Mr. J. Major's highly-illustrated Edition of Walton and Cotton's *Complete Angler*; with the various River Fish, given in the highest style of Wood-Engravings, from Original Paintings, by A. Cooper, Esq. R. A., and Mr. W. Smith, besides a great variety of other entirely novel embellishments, will be published in the course of the present month.

A Collection of Poems on various Subjects. From the pen of Helen Maria Williams. The volume will also contain some Remarks on the present State of Literature in France.

A Letter to Mr. Canning on the Com-

mercial and Political Resources of Peru; setting forth the Claims of that Country to be recognized as an Independent State.

A Mother's Portrait; sketched soon after her Decease, for the Study of her Children, by their surviving Parent. With a beautiful Engraving. 12mo.

Scripture Fragments, in Prose and Verse. With numerous Cuts.—For Sunday Schools.

The Progress of Infidelity. By the Rev. G. C. Smith, of Penzance.

Christian Prudence; consisting of Maxims and Proverbs, Divine and Moral; collected from the Sacred Scriptures, the Writings of the Primitive Fathers and eminent Divines; together with many others, never before printed. Embellished with many Wood-cuts.

An Alpine Tale; suggested by some circumstances which occurred at the close of the past Century. 2 vols. By the Author of Tales from Switzerland.

Automatical Camera Obscura; exhibiting Scenes from Nature. Illustrated with Sixteen neatly executed Engravings. 11 vols. By the Rev. T. Towne.

The Second Volume of Sermons, publishing by Subscription. By the Rev. Dr. Styles, of Brighton.

The Scripture Characters of God; or, Discourses on the Divine Attributes. By the Rev. Henry Forster Barker, M.A.

Tales from Switzerland. 1 vol. 12mo. Neatly printed.

The Hopes of Matrimony; a Poem. 1 vol. crown 8vo. Embellished with a finely executed Engraving, from Corbould's design. By John Holland.

Early in December will appear Illustrations of Mr. Moore's "Loves of the Angels." From designs by R. Westall, Esq.; engraved by Mr. Charles Heath.

A Narrative of a Journey from the Shores of Hudson's Bay, to the Mouth of the Copper-mine River; and from thence in Canoes, along the Coast of the Polar Sea, upwards of 500 miles, and of the Return of the Expedition over land to Hudson's Bay. By Capt. John Franklin, R.N., Commander of the Expedition. 4to. Illustrated by Charts, and numerous Plates, from Drawings by Lieut. Back, and the late Lieut.

Hood. With an Appendix, containing Subjects of Natural History. By John Richardson, M.D., Surgeon to the Expedition.

Montezuma, a Tragedy; in Five Acts. And other Poems. By St. John Dorset, Author of the Vampire.

Architectural Illustrations of London, embracing Plans, Elevations, Sections, and Views of the principal and most interesting Buildings in the British Metropolis.

The History of Roman Literature, from the earliest Periods to the Augustan Age. By J. Dunlop. 2 vols. 8vo.

Don Carlos, a Tragedy. By Lord John Russell. 8vo.

Memoirs of Mary Queen of Scots, with Anecdotes of the Court of Henry the Second, during his Residence in France. With a genuine Portrait, never before engraved. 2 vols. 8vo. By Miss Beuger.

The History of England; embracing the Middle Ages. vol. 3. 4to. By Sharon Turner, F.S.A.

Fifteen Years in India; or, Sketches of a Soldier's Life; being an Attempt to describe Persons and Things, in various parts of Hindostan. 8vo.

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A General History of the County of York. By Thomas Dunham Whitaker, LL.D. &c. Complete in 2 vols. folio. With Plates engraved from beautiful Drawings, by J. M. W. Turner, Esq. R. A. and the architectural subjects by Mr. Backler; and Wood-cut Vignettes by Mr. Brauston.

The Annual Biography and Obituary for the Year 1823, vol. 7. Containing Memoirs of celebrated Men who have died in 1821-22.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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A Memoir of the Life and Character of W. Venning, Esq. By R. Knill. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

FINE ARTS.

Portraits of the British Poets, Parts XVI. and XVII. containing Sidney,

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VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

A Journal of a Tour through the Netherlands to Paris, in 1821. 8vo. 8s. By the Author of the Magic Lantern.

THE FINE ARTS.

HISTORY OF SCULPTURE.

THE origin of SCULPTURE, like that of many other arts, is completely lost in obscurity. It is frequently alluded to in the Old Testament. Mention is made of images in Genesis and Exodus, and the description of the Cherubim in Solomon's Temple sufficiently shews that the Hebrews were acquainted with Sculpture. Ancient historians speak of the sculpture in Syria, in Babylon, and in Persia. The mutilated figures discovered in Persepolis are of a very rude character, and are remarkable only for their gigantic size.

There can be no doubt that Sculpture was known at a very early period among the Hindoos. The caverns of Elephantis and Ellora, and the banks of the Ganges, abound with sculptured illustrations of the Brahmin mythology.

But the most stupendous remains of Sculpture are to be found in Egypt, which was unquestionably the most intelligent and refined country of antiquity. Herodotus describes statues of Sesostris, who lived a thousand years before Christ.—Among the existing relics of Egyptian Sculpture, the colossal statues of the Sphinx and the Memnon are perhaps those which most forcibly seize the imagination. They both prove (and especially the former) that the art was highly cultivated at the era of their production. There are many other fragments of colossal statues in Egypt. The great Egyptian* temples, which are all now in ruins, are covered with specimens of Egyptian Sculpture; among the most admirable of which are those on the walls of the city of Dendera.* The sepulchres of the Egyptian kings are also highly and deservedly celebrated. Almost the whole of Egyptian Sculpture is sacred in its character. It exhibits some excellent first principles of art. The proportions of the figures are natural; but there is not much anatomical detail. The Egyptian Sculptors were also evidently deficient in the expression of motion;

so that their single figures are much superior to their attempts at grouping.

The Greeks are generally considered to have derived their earliest notions of Sculpture, as of all other knowledge, from Egypt. The first Grecian Sculptor, of whom the ancient historians speak in praise, is Dædalus, a man of royal blood, who lived thirteen hundred years before Christ. One of his works, which is noticed with peculiar applause, was a naked Hercules, in wood. Dipænus and Scyllis, Cretans, who lived seven hundred and seventy-six years before Christ, were celebrated for their statues in marble. After their time, elaborate finishing was carried to excess, which is manifested in some of the earliest Greek Sculpture now in existence; among which are the colossal busts of Hercules and Apollo, in the British Museum. We omit a dry list of the names of Grecian Sculptors from the time of Dipænus and Scyllis to that of Phidias, during which period the art of Sculpture was gradually acquiring that perfection which then became fully developed. When the abasement of the Persian monarchy gave to the Greeks, and particularly to the Athenians, a degree of power which communicated itself to the whole of their moral and intellectual character—at that memorable period, nearly five hundred years before the Christian era—when Athens was rendered illustrious by the wisdom of her statesmen and philosophers, the genius of her dramatic poets, and the bravery and skill of her commanders—Phidias appeared, and was engaged by Pericles in decorating and superintending the decoration of the Temple of Minerva and other public works in the city of Athens, in which he exhibited a grandeur of composition, a grace in grouping, a softness in his flesh, and a flow in his draperies, until that time unknown. The works of Phidias were very numerous. One of the most celebrated was an extra-

* The most extraordinary specimen of Egyptian Sculpture is the Zodiac of Dendera, of which we have given an accurate Engraving and description in the present Number: page 441.

ordinary statue of Jupiter, at Elis, of which Pausanias furnishes an elaborate description. Praxiteles, a successor of Phidias, excelled in representing the highest graces of youth and beauty. A Venus from his chissel was so esteemed by the citizens of Gnidos, that they refused to part with it to King Nicomedes, who would have forgiven them an immense debt on that sole condition. It is probable that this statue gave the first idea for the Venus de Medici. The colossal statues now on the Monte Cavallo in Rome, one of which (as we noticed in a late number of the European Magazine) was the model for the magnificent bronze cast recently erected in Hyde Park, are ascribed to Phidias and Praxiteles. The Apollo Belvidere, that singularly sublime and beautiful statue, is believed to have been the work of a sculptor called Calamis. The Farnese Hercules is attributed to Glycon. Three sculptors of Rhodes (an island which was one of the greatest schools of Sculpture) Apollodorus, Athenodorus, and Agesander, are said to have produced the Laocoon. But it would be a departure from the slight character of this sketch, and indeed would be incompatible with our limits, if we were to attempt to enumerate the various splendid works which emanated from Grecian genius during the era of the perfection of Sculpture. The art did not appear seriously to decline in Greece until the reign of the Antonines; and, although great compositions of Sculpture were no longer required, the Greeks, down to the fifteenth century, continued to execute small works with the utmost elegance.

It is evident that the early Sculpture of Italy, from the period at which it at all deserved to be noticed, was the produce either of Greek emigrants, or of their immediate scholars. After the ravages of the Romans at Corinth and at Athens, they filled their palaces, villas, theatres, and other public places, with the spoils of Grecian art. All the nobler works of Sculpture executed at Rome were also the productions of Greek artists. Among them, the busts of the twelve Cæsars, from Julius to Domitian, inclusive, are the finest specimens existing of portrait-sculpture. When Constantine

changed the seat of empire from Rome to Byzantium, he took from the ancient capital of the world as many of the finest works of art as could possibly be removed. The Greek artists were also employed, in their own country, to assist in the decoration of the new capital, of which the sacred volumes of Christianity afforded them the subjects. The successors of Constantine, however, influenced by a bigotted zeal for religion, abolished the schools of Athens and Alexandria, and, at various periods, issued orders for the removal and destruction of pagan idols. It is believed that, in the fourth and fifth centuries the Olympian Jupiter at Elis, by Phidias, and the Venus at Gnidos, by Praxiteles, with others of the most distinguished productions of Sculpture were destroyed, either by the imperial mandate, or by the ravages of barbarians. Subsequently, the irruptions of the followers of Mahomet nearly annihilated the remains of the finest Grecian Sculpture, in the East as well as in western Europe.

From this brief review of ancient, we proceed to one, equally rapid, of modern Sculpture. In the fourth and fifth centuries the art of Sculpture was in the lowest possible state of degradation throughout Europe. Nor indeed was it until about the eleventh century that the arts in general began to revive. In the commencement of that revival the Pisans led the way. Taking the remains of the ancient *bas-reliefs* as their guides, Nicolo Pisano and his scholars produced at Sienna, at Pisa, at Lucca, at Orvieto, and in other parts of Italy, a number of works evincing great simplicity, and in some instances much expression. John Pisano, the son of Nicolo, deviating from his father's rigid imitation of antiquity, imparted a more waving line to his figures, and broader folds to his drapery; and in the general character of his productions there is much grace and delicacy. The establishment of the Florentine Academy, in 1550, which was subsequently encouraged and patronized by the princes of the House of Medici, soon brought the various branches of the Fine Arts to perfection. Of the Sculptors of ability who speedily appeared in Florence, Lorenzo Ghiberti, Donatello, Bru-

neleschi, Andrea Verrochio, and Dominic Ghirlandajo, were the most celebrated. The advance of modern art was also greatly accelerated by the progressive discovery of those miraculous productions of ancient Greek art, which had been buried for many ages, and which were by degrees restored from the bowels of the earth. At length, in the year 1474, was born at Florence, Michael Angelo Buonarrotti. He was warmly patronized by Lorenzo de Medicis, who made him his companion, gave him an apartment in his palace, and allowed him a pension. In return, Michael Angelo adorned Florence with many works of inimitable beauty, energy, and grandeur. Subsequently, Julius II. sent for him to Rome, where he was liberally employed both by that Pope and by his illustrious successor, Leo X. Among the Sculptors of merit who succeeded Michael Angelo, John of Bologna was one of the most eminent. His groups are remarkable for their good composition, and the fine undulation of their lines. Benvenuto Cellini also distinguished himself very much at Florence. But soon after his time, the Florentine school sunk into insipidity.

During the papacy of Urban the VIIIth. Bernini, who was originally a painter and educated in the Lombard school, executed a number of figures and groups in sculpture. Sometimes manifesting considerable powers of invention, his style, nevertheless, was very depraved and flimsy, in consequence of his departure from the severe simplicity which is the true character of sculpture, and of his endeavouring to introduce those minor graces, which painting alone can attempt with advantage. The disciples of Bernini pushed his defects to excess; and sculpture was at a very low ebb in Italy, until about the middle of the last century, when the Italian sculptors again applied themselves to the study of nature, and of the principles of ancient art. Canova, who was born in 1757, was chiefly instrumental in this second revival. He was, beyond all comparison, the greatest sculptor that Italy had for many years produced, and has left a number of works, which, on the Continent, are considered even to

rival the antique. But, with the most unfeigned admiration of Canova's genius, it may, perhaps, be permitted us to say, that there is, occasionally, in his compositions—we will not use so coarse a word as affectation, but—an absence of that perfect simplicity and purity which constitute the highest charm of sculpture.

France derived the greatest part of her knowledge of the Fine Arts from Italy. In the reign of Francis the First, Leonardo da Vinci, Benvenuto Cellini, and Primaticcio, established in that country a School of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. Soon after that period, the French sculptors Pilon, Cousin, and John Goujon, distinguished themselves very much, especially by their *bas reliefs*; and from their time a respectable School of Sculpture has been maintained in France.

To Italy Spain also owes whatever has been achieved in that country, in Sculpture as well as in Painting.

In Germany, Sculpture has not been wholly neglected. One of the most extraordinary and magnificent specimens of sepulchral sculpture, in the world, is the monument of the Emperor Maximilian, father of Charles the Vth. in the Church of St. Anthony, at Inspruck, by Alexander Collins, of Mechlin.

England originally drew from her Roman conquerors her scanty knowledge of the arts, which she subsequently improved by her communication with Italy. Down to the period of the Reformation, the English sculptors equalled, in point of talent and acquirement, their continental contemporaries, of which a number of proofs still exist, and no where more unequivocally than in the remarkably fine sculpture which decorates Henry the Seventh's chapel in Westminster Abbey. Unhappily, the Reformation, however conducive to the interests of true religion, was most destructive of the Fine Arts. The slenderness of the encouragement given to sculpture having damped the exertions of native artists, their place was supplied by foreigners. Of those, the most celebrated were Cibber, Roubiliac, and Scheemacher; none of whom produced any works of

extraordinary excellence. The establishment of the Royal Academy, however, and the impulse thereby given to the public feeling, in favour of the Fine Arts, had the effect of stimulating our native artists to fresh exertions. Of the English sculptors, who flourished during the last thirty or forty years, Bacon and Banks were among the most distinguished. — The latter, especially, has left many works of very superior character. At the present moment, sculpture is experiencing great encouragement in this coun-

try; and well it deserves it. The same motive of delicacy which forbade us in our last Number to advert to our distinguished living painters, in any manner which might wear the appearance of an invidious comparison of individuals, of course, operates as forcibly, with respect to our distinguished living sculptors; otherwise it would be easy for us to mention, not a few, some of long-established, others, of rising reputation, whose productions are calculated to reflect lasting honour on their country.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

On the last two days of October, the Students of the British Institution having completed their labours for the present season, the public, or at least those who were favoured with tickets, were admitted to see the various studies that had been made from the different works of the old masters, left in the gallery for that purpose. They are very numerous, and, upon the whole, do great credit to the talents and industry of the students, several of whom, (as we observed on a former occasion), are ladies.

Without, however, entering upon the ungracious task of individual criticism, which, indeed, under the circumstances of the case, would scarcely be fair, we may, perhaps, be allowed to make a few observations, which are prompted solely by anxiety, that the evidently good tendency of this part of the plan of the Governors of the British Institution may be rendered as productive of benefit to the young artists as possible.

It does appear to us, then, that many of the students—there are several admirable exceptions, but that many of the students—do not exactly aim at that which ought to be one of their principal objects, namely, the acquisition of the mechanical skill exhibited in the works of the great masters placed before them. It does appear to us, that they are too frequently (we again beg leave to guard ourselves from being supposed to say universally), satisfied

with producing something approaching to the general effect of those works; and that they do not look with sufficiently inquisitive eyes into the means by which that effect has been produced.

To us, it seems, that when a young student plants his easel by the side of a fine Titian or Vandyke, he ought to suspend the recollection of every thing, that he conceives he has hitherto learnt. By whatever modern master of ability he may have been instructed, whatever may be the way in which he has been hitherto taught to set his palette, on whatever ground he may have hitherto commenced his pictures, whatever may be the process which he has hitherto pursued, whatever may be the vehicle which he has hitherto used, however much he may have hitherto been accustomed to paint solidly, however much to glaze, however much to scumble, of all this knowledge, and of all these habits, he should, for the time, as much as possible, divest his mind, and endeavour to resolve the plain and exclusive question—"How did Titian or Vandyke do this?" There are only two, and those conjoint modes of ascertaining:—close inspection, and multiplied experiment. Instead of attempting to copy the whole picture in his own established method, which is too often what Sir Joshua has happily termed "laborious idleness," let him fix upon some small part of it, which comprehends all the desirable felicities of tone and execu-

tion. Let him make twenty little studies from that part; all with some definite intention; all upon some principle that he may believe he has detected in the original. By degrees, and especially if he carefully notes down as he proceeds the changes that he introduces in his process, he will approach more and more nearly to his object. His mind will not be fatigued by a great deal of useless exertion, (for of the best picture a large portion is utterly useless in the way of instruction), and, by comparing the result of his various essays, he will gradually acquire a knowledge of that, which he goes to the British Gallery to acquire, much more profound and extensive than by any means more imposing in their appearance.

For what is it that a student does go to the British Gallery to acquire? Drawing he learns from the antique, and from the life:—Composition,

and Chiaro-scuro from prints. It is colouring, and above all it is execution, that he should try to obtain. We by no means object to slight sketches, serving as memoranda of the general disposition and harmonious arrangement of colours in a fine old picture; but we contend, that the best way to make a young artist colour and execute well, when he comes to paint from nature, is the mode of study which we have taken the liberty to recommend. Nor, we trust, shall we be answered by any affected depreciation of “mechanical skill.” The acquisition of mechanical skill in the art of Painting requires great mental power; and we are persuaded, that no artist can ever devote himself advantageously to what we most readily admit are higher purposes, until he has obtained this technical, but valuable facility.

INTELLIGENCE RELATIVE TO THE FINE ARTS.

We understand that the Right Hon. Sir Charles Long has, by the command of the King, intimated to F. L. Chantrey, Esq., R.A. his Majesty's desire that he should undertake the execution of the equestrian statue to be erected in commemoration of the Royal Visit to Scotland.

The equestrian statue of his late Majesty, executed by R. Westmacott, Esq., R.A., is elevated on its pedestal, in London-road, near Liverpool. It is of fine bronze, but of a tint less dark than Nelson's monument—is of the size of life, and an excellent likeness of the late King.

On the 4th instant, a General Assembly of the Academicians was held at their apartments in Somerset-House, when Mr. Jeffrey Wyatt, Architect, and Mr. George Jones and Mr. H. W. Pickersgill, Painters, were elected Associates of the Royal Academy of Arts.

The new monument to the memory of the late Mr. Fox, executed by Mr. Westmacott, on the north side of Westminster Abbey, has been within these few days opened to the public view, as have the old monuments of Queen Elizabeth, and Mary Queen of Scots, which have lately undergone a thorough repair, and been beautified.

The celebrated Brentford Election Pictures, painted by Hogarth, and the theatrical portraits and dramatic scenes from the correct pencil of Zoffany, by the death of Mrs. Garrick, are to be sold.

Mr. Landseer's two animal pictures, *The Alpine Mastiffs*, and *Rat-catchers*, the one exhibited in the British Gallery in 1821, the other at Somerset-House last May, are now engraving, and will shortly be ready for publication.

Mr. Lane Fox, who lately purchased a full-length Portrait of the Duke of Wellington, painted by Mr. Douglass Guest, whilst his Grace resided in Paris, has presented it to his Constituents, the Corporation of Beverly.

David's celebrated Picture of the Coronation of the Emperor Bonaparte is now in this country, and will be exhibited to the public in a short time; we believe in the course of the present month.

An extraordinary Picture, painted by Rembrandt, has been recently discovered, and the progress of the discovery is curious. The President of the Royal Academy saw this picture by chance, with a great mass of other rubbish and inferior productions, which were preparing for

sale by auction. Sir Thomas Lawrence's taste was immediately struck with the merits of this picture, even in its dirty and mutilated condition; he attended the sale, and the hammer was on the point of ratifying Sir Thomas as the purchaser for four guineas, when a lynx-eyed dealer suddenly contended for the prize, and was the eventual purchaser for two hundred guineas.—He took home the picture, had it cleaned and newly mounted, and in the first instance offered it for sale to his tasteful competitor, whose

property it now is, for seven hundred guineas. The picture is said to be the finest ever painted by Rembrandt, and worth seven thousand pounds.—The subject relates to *Joseph and Potiphar's Wife*.

CANOVA.—A portrait of this lamented Artist was painted by Mr. Jackson, R.A., during his visit to Rome, with Mr. Chantry, R.A., at the desire of the latter.—An Engraving from this Portrait decorates the present Number of this Magazine.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

“VELUTI IN SPECULUM.”

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

A NEW Melo-drama, in three Acts, taken from the French, has been produced at this theatre, since our last account.—It is called, *The Two Galley Slaves*; but as we can say nothing favourable of it, we will pass it over in silence.

The comedy of *The Provoked Husband* has been performed. It is a well-written play, but, though not destitute of sallies of wit and pleasant exhibitions of humour, is, upon the whole, very sententious and very tiresome. The comedy was well performed: Mr. Elliston appeared as *Lord Townley*.—The head of the *Wrongheads* was represented by Dowton with great humour.—Munden sustained the character of honest *John Moody*; and his performance was distinguished by that rich vein of humour, which is peculiarly his own.—Mrs. Davison was in the character of *Lady Townley*, and in her early scenes was as volatile as levity could wish; and in the scene that terminates her folly, she was as impressive as virtue could desire.—Mrs. W. West supported the character of *Lady Grace* with considerable ability, proving, that good-natured smiles and friendly laughter were not unbecoming the simple dignity of the character.

Mr. Kean is returned to the Metropolis, and appeared, for the first time this season, in the character of

Richard the Third. The enthusiasm of his reception was extremely great. Mr. Kean's performance of this character was as powerful as ever; and the improvement of the theatre, with respect to hearing, operated much to the advantage of such a performer.—As Mr. Kean has been the best support of this theatre in seasons of adversity, we hail him now as its brightest ornament in prosperity.

Mr. Kean has also performed *Othello*, and of course, attracted a crowded audience. This, unquestionably, is his master-piece:—it stands perfectly isolated, unequalled, and unrivalled. *Othello* is the creature of circumstances; and as these circumstances vary, his emotions also change.—He who personates the *Moor* has to trace, through all their fearful mazes, the most violent passions by which the human heart can be assailed.—Love, suspicion, jealousy, hatred, horror, grief, and finally, despair, demand progressively, their separate and distinct expression. Neither is this all; in the principal scenes, the performer is not required merely to describe a single emotion, but to give soul and spirit to a painful and appalling conflict of emotions.—Mr. Kean never played the character more ably than he did on this occasion; he was in the voice, and he imparted to the most difficult scenes

all the interest which acute discrimination, intense feeling, and appropriately varied elocution, could bestow on them. His last scene was pre-eminently beautiful.—The character of *Iago* was sustained by a Mr. Young, from the Liverpool theatre. His performance was received with flattering plaudits, notwithstanding it was, altogether, a very tame and common-place piece of acting.

We must not omit to mention the first appearance of Mr. Young on these boards, in the character of *Macbeth*; he exhibited in strong but chaste colouring this grand moral picture of human passion and infirmity. Mr. Young was generally received with cordial approbation, and the banquet scene was honoured with three rounds of ap-

plause. Mrs. West's *Lady Macbeth* was more striking than might have been expected from her peculiar turn of mind and feeling, in a character so masenline and terrific. Mr. Cooper as *Macduff* was very effective, especially in the fine scene, where he is informed of the slaughter of his family.

The Siege of Belgrade has also been performed at this theatre, and Mr. Braham made his first appearance for the season in the character of *The Seraskier*. — He introduced some popular airs, unconnected with the original piece, which he executed in his usual style. A great deal of applause attended both the *entré* and the subsequent efforts of this distinguished vocalist. — The house was crowded.

COVENT GARDEN.

MISS KELLY.

We are extremely happy in being able to congratulate the Manager of this Theatre on the acquisition of an actress, who will do honour to the Tragic Drama, and more especially at the present era, when the stage is destitute of actresses capable of treading in the higher walk of Tragedy. Miss Kelly is from the Dublin Theatre, and has made her *debut* on the London boards in the character of *Juliet*: so often attempted by aspiring *debutantes*, and so seldom performed! In this instance the excited expectations attendant on a first appearance have been highly gratified. And it is with the greatest satisfaction we enter on the pleasing duty of giving our distant readers some idea of this fascinating and accomplished actress. Miss F. L. Kelly is only seventeen years of age, of prepossessing appearance, and of easy and elegant carriage, but her personal attractions are certainly not of the first order. Her person is of the middle size, and perhaps, therefore, more appropriate to the character of *Juliet*. Her countenance is intelligent, and full of health and animation, but her features are not of that marked character, which is required by the severer parts of deep tragedy, and which admits of the most flexibility and expression. Not having received

any extraordinary portion of personal charms from nature, Miss Kelly's excellence as an actress, therefore, is the more to be commended, as arising from a fine voice and clear articulation, original conception, vigorous imagination, depth of feeling, cultivated taste, and a certain boldness of genius, that has led her to scorn imitation and trust to her own judgment, which has so happily led her to *personify*, not merely to *enact*, the character of the tender Juliet, whose heart and mind are alike absorbed in one all-subduing sentiment. Miss Kelly was particularly happy in the banquet and balcony scenes, and in the manner in which she received the most emphatic of *Romeo's* protestations. When informed of *Tybalt's* death, her acting was extremely affecting; and her parting from *Romeo* was painfully touching. Throughout the whole representation she exhibits quick and acute sensibility. Miss Kelly exceeds all her predecessors in one respect, particularly, instead of exhibiting the character of *Juliet* in a studied, reserved, and almost matronly air, which we have been accustomed to witness, she is artless, open, and youthful, placing in a prominent light, with modest confidence, the fond impatience, the querulous pettishness, of a very young girl, for the first time, very deeply

enamoured. We scarcely need to add, that Miss Kelly's performances of this character (three times a week) have been received with the unanimous applause of large audiences. Mr. Charles Kemble plays the part of *Romeo*, and if his excellent acting of this character were not well known to the public, perhaps it would be sufficient to say that his *Romeo* is worthy of such a *Juliet*—indeed, we think he is now surpassing his former fame in this character.

We have also to congratulate this Theatre on the return of Mr. Macready, who made his first appearance this season in the character of *Othello*. He was received with enthusiastic applause by a genteel, though not numerous audience. Mr. Charles Kemble admirably represented *Cassio*, and Miss Foote's *Desdemona* was gentle, tender, and affecting, and gave us more pleasure than we expected.

Another *Debutante*, from Dublin, has also graced this Theatre since our last account.—Miss Lacy made her first appearance in the character of *Isabella*, and during the previous part of her performance, did not, we think, exhibit those powers which she so successfully exerted during the last two scenes. Her soliloquy, after she had received the ring from *Biron*, was delivered with great truth of nature; and the subsequent interview with him, whom she believed to have been dead, was in a very high degree affecting. The joy at his re-appearance, swiftly followed by the grief consequent on the recollection of her second marriage, was expressed with much force. Her action, her utterance,

and her countenance throughout the whole of this scene, touched the minds of her auditors most sensibly.—It was enthusiastically applauded. The scene over the dead body of *Biron*, and that with which the tragedy concludes, were also finely represented. In the last two Acts, Miss Lacy displayed a mind exquisitely attuned to the tragic scene.—Her feelings seem to be strongly aroused and excited. Miss Lacy has also performed the part of *Mrs. Haller* in *The Stranger*.—Her performance possessed very great merit, and disclosed traits of an acute and vigorous intellect. The little gaiety that appertains to the character was distinguished by the easy and elegant familiarity of polished life; and the deep remorse, the incurable sorrow, of the unhappy penitent, bore the powerful impress of truth and nature. The discovery of her guilt to the *Countess*, and the concluding interview with her husband, were beautifully pathetic. Her performance was, throughout, honoured with the most fervent applause.—Miss Lacy has also performed the character of *Jane Shore*, and her performance has added considerably to her theatrical reputation. She delineated most pathetically the sorrows of the unhappy mistress of *Edward*. The honest passion which *Gloster's* proposition excites, and which calls forth a benediction on the head of *Hastings*, was expressed most forcibly. The whole of this scene excited fervent applause.—Mr. Charles Kemble played *Hastings* with much ability.—His first scene with *Alicia* deserves the highest encomium.

FOREIGN POLITICAL DIGEST.

ITALY.—Although all accounts concur as to the pacific intentions of the Congress at Verona, and therefore no war will be waged against the liberties of Spain, yet it does not appear that the unhappy state of Italy is likely to be permanently benefited by the labours and cares of so many Emperors and Kings. They do not appear to meet at Ve-

rona with any intention of ameliorating the condition of the subjected Italians. All accounts concur in representing the country as being plundered and oppressed in the most savage manner by the Austrians. The prisons are crowded with persons suspected of being *Carbonari*; no rank, no virtue respected. The Marquis Visconti has been six months

ill in the prison at Milan, and yet they refused to allow his wife to attend on him. The Countess Confalonieri was threatened with imprisonment, because she refused to inform against her husband! The lady of an advocate at Modena was confined five months, for having courageously swallowed a little piece of paper, which she thought might compromise her husband, when his house was searched for papers by the police. No man is safe who has Voltaire, Locke, or Rousseau in his library. All the Lancasterian schools are suppressed, literary institutions, schools of rhetoric, and even agricultural societies, abolished. The funds belonging to Academies for promoting the Fine Arts are partly confiscated.

The eruption of Mount Vesuvius on the 21st and 22d of October, was the most tremendous known since 1794, when the town of Torre del Greco was partly destroyed. A new crater opened; the air was darkened for days with showers of ashes; and torrents of lava, both from the old and new crater a mile broad, poured forth upon the adjacent country, and laid waste 100 acres of land. At night, the blaze of fire from three or more cones, is described as being awfully grand, and the roaring of the mountain was tremendous. The lava set fire to and consumed a forest at Tebese. The people of all the towns adjacent were in the utmost consternation, and universally fled their habitations, taking their most valuable goods. At Naples itself, on the 25th, though the fire seemed spent, yet such was the state of the atmosphere in consequence of the wind blowing the ashes from Vesuvius, that it was dark at mid-day, and umbrellas were absolutely necessary.

SPAIN. -- General Morillo fled from Madrid, on learning that the judge appointed to investigate the transactions of the 7th of July was about to summon him. He was, however, arrested in his flight in the village of Zurza, three leagues from the frontiers of Portugal. The Alcaide of the village arrested him on account of his having no passport. He was conveyed to Placentia, on his way back to Madrid; where he will most probably be brought to

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trial, as the affair of the 7th of July is still the subject of investigation; and the Fiscal, Senor Paredos, has issued writs of arrest against all the late ministers, who are nick-named the *pasteleros* (the pastry-cooks.)

General Espinosa has stormed and captured the Fort of Trati, the principal post of the rebels after Urgel. Quesada, the insurgent general, has been defeated and his corps destroyed at Los Arcos. He afterwards passed the Pyrenees, an almost solitary fugitive, and as soon as he reached Bayonne, he went to the house of the Commander-in-chief of the French army of observation.

The following is the official account of the capture of Castelfollit, a strong-hold of the rebels, garrisoned by 500 men:—

“At last, after seven days’ siege, and a very obstinate resistance, Castelfollit is, with all its forts, in the possession of the constitutional troops.

FRANCISCO ESPOZ Y MINA.

“*Head-quarters, Heights of Castelfollit,*
“Oct. 24, 3 o’clock, A.M.”

The rebels attempted to recover Castelfollit, and in consequence a great battle was fought on the 26th ult. between D’Erolles and Mina, at Tora, near Castelfollit, in which the former was signally defeated. The number of the Army of the Faith is said to have amounted to 5,000 men. —The *Barcelona Gazette* states the battle to have cost Mina comparatively few men.

Balaguer, another fortified post of the insurgents, has fallen into the hands of Mina, the constitutional general. The Army of the Faith marched out by one gate as the conqueror entered by another. The rebel regency, in consequence, has quitted Urgel, and removed to Puycerda, close to the French territory. It is supposed that Mina must have entered at Seo d’Urgel, because the families of the Marquis of Matafflorida and of the Governor of Urgel, had arrived with all their effects at Mirra, a village of Catalonia, near to the French frontiers. Alarm is at its height in the Army of the Faith, the soldiers deserting by hundreds, and the troops at Puycerda were shut up in barracks under the fear of a general desertion. In order

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"to convince foreigners of the heroic patriotism of the Spanish people," the augmentation of the army proposed by the Minister (30,000 foot, and 7,000 horse) was voted *unanimously*.

GREECE.—Accounts from Semlin, of November 2, quote advices from Larissa of October 18th, stating that a corps of 8000 Albanians, whom Chourschid Pacha had posted in advance of Larissa, the capital of Thessaly, deserted in a body to the Greeks, and left Chourschid in such a situation, that he was obliged to abandon Larissa. The intelligence from Arta of the same date, is also favourable to the Greeks. The tribes of Albanians in that neighbourhood had declared for the cause of liberty, and when the Pacha of Arta was defeated by Prince Marcoriato and shut up in Arta, they rose, and joined the Greek besiegers.

Letters from Trieste state, that a considerable corps of Grecian troops had penetrated into the southern parts of Thessaly, where they attacked and entirely defeated the Turkish army commanded by Chourschid Pacha, who, by the able conduct of the Grecian general, Bozzaris, was afterwards forced to take refuge in Macedonia.

The Turks at Athens have lately pulled down a part of the celebrated Parthenon, for the sake of the lead which is employed in the junction of the stones; and the ground is, in consequence, strewn with fragments of sculpture and architecture. What masters for Greece are those barbarians!

FRANCE.—The rumour of a war between this country and Spain, has been the cause of most ruinous fluctuations in the funds of the principal countries in Europe. The panic, however, has been dispelled by the pacific accounts of the Congress at Verona; which is at any rate too wise to enter into a crusade against Spanish liberty under present circumstances. And however the French Army of observation may appear to threaten the Spanish frontier, no hostile measures can be undertaken against Spain, without immediate personal danger to Ferdinand; and a very little political sagacity is requisite to foretel, in case of such an event, the entire removal of the Bourbons of France as well as of Spain.

A number of French and German officers have lately returned to Marseilles from the Morea. They all agree in rendering tribute to the heroism of the Greeks, but declare they were obliged to leave that peninsula from the severe privations they underwent; having frequently had nothing more than a piece of black bread and a few olives to subsist upon for several days together. They had many rencounters with the Turks, in most of which the latter evinced a considerable degree of cowardice, although better armed and equipped than their opponents. During the last few months upwards of 600 French and Germans have taken their passage from this port for the Morea; and there are now upwards of 400 Germans on their way for the same purpose, the first division of which has arrived. The necessary means for their journey are supplied by the subscriptions set on foot for assistance of the Greeks.

In the elections the Royalists have been eminently successful. M. Benjamin Constant is not re-elected, but in his place another opposition candidate, a M. Rousseau, to whom Ministers gave their aid. The department of the North, which elects eight Deputies for the Colleges of Arrondissement, and had seven Liberals in the last session, will not have one in the present. In the last session the second series had forty-four Liberals; in the next they will not have more than a dozen. M. de la Fayette has been returned.

Bayonne is crowded with Spanish emigrants, who continue to arrive in great numbers, but they still consist of priests and monks, with very few men of landed property.

On the 19th November, the Tribunal of Correctional Police condemned M. Benjamin Constant to one month's imprisonment, a fine of 500 francs, and costs, for his letter in answer to the personal calumnies of M. Maugin, Procureur du Roi at Poitiers.

On the 20th, the trial of Colonel Fabvier, Colonel Deutz, Marqué (medical student) and M. Latouche, charged with an attempt to release from prison the four youths lately executed at Paris, was concluded. Colonel Deutz admitted his intention to have liberated them, but denied any share in the execution of

the scheme. Marque admitted having bribed the gaoler. Col. Fabvier was acquitted, the other three found guilty by the Judges, and sentenced, Dentzel to four months' imprisonment, and 300 francs fine; Marque and Latouche to three months' imprisonment, and 100 francs fine each.

BRAZIL.—Advices from Rio Janeiro announce the fact, that the Prince Regent has formally shaken off all dependence on Portugal. His Royal Highness went to visit the province of St. Paul's, and there the disposition of the people so strongly declared itself, that the Prince took an oath to the Junta to maintain the independence of Brazil; and set the example of tearing off the Portuguese cockade. — The Coronation of the Prince as King of Brazil was ex-

pected to take place on the 12th of October.

CHILI.—At the meeting and installation of the National Congress at Santiago on the 23d, the Supreme Director, Don Bernardo O'Higgins, attended, and formally resigned the Directorship, in a patriotic speech. The President, in behalf of the Congress, replied, and tendered the office to his Excellency, who graciously accepted it again at the hands of the Representatives of the people. During the illuminations at night, a transparency exhibited the arms of Chili, and on each side of them, portraits of the Director and Lord Cochrane. Under the latter were the words, — "Long live the Admiral, who left his own country to protect the liberty and independence of Chili!"

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The last agricultural operations have been principally directed to getting in the seed wheat, for which the season has proved favourable. The showery weather has given a regular plant on the lands early sown. The dibbling system now generally practised, manifests, this season, a decided superiority over that of broad cast, or even that of the drill. The corn markets are somewhat better for prime samples of wheat and barley. The crop of potatoes turns out better than was looked for, from the long drought of the summer. The turnips, particularly through Norfolk and other eastern districts, have improved so much in growth through the month as to appear a full average crop. Coleseed and other green feed are also

equally promising in produce. Hay continues low in price from its great abundance. The grass counties abound in feed from the late serviceable rains. The wool market continues dull, except for fine Merino and Down fleeces, for which rather better prices can be obtained. Smithfield has abounded with every thing under the denomination of beef, which necessity has sent up in a half fat state. The supplies of mutton, lamb, and pig-pork have been equally large. Lean stock in beasts have fallen more than 25 per cent. within the last month or two. Store sheep are brisk in sale, and something higher from the general improvement in the green crops.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(*London, Nov. 26.*)

COTTON.—The Cotton market is in a very languid state, yet there are no sellers at any reduction; the purchases in bond, 210 Surat ordinary 5½d., fair 5½d., good fair 6d., and very good 6½d.; 50 Madras 5½d. good fair; 300 Bengals 5½d. fair, to 5½d. good fair; good 5½d., very good 6½d.; and duty paid, 44 Demerara and Berbice good fair 9½d. and 9½d.; and 10 West India fair 8d.

COFFEE.—The public sales of Coffee last week were considerable: the British Plantation descriptions, with the

exception of Berbice and Demerara, which were 2s. a 3s. per cwt. lower: sold freely and at rather higher prices, the two latter have for a length of time rated much higher than the other qualities; good ordinary St. Domingo in casks and in bags sold at 94s. 6d. and 95s. 6d. in considerable parcels. Towards the close of the market last week, the accounts from Antwerp were so very favourable that St. Domingo Coffee became in great request by private contract.

The public sale of Coffee this forenoon, 203 bags St. Domingo, went off freely, fully 2s. per cwt. higher than last week, ordinary to good ordinary realising 95s. a 97s.

SUGAR.—The low brown Sugars last week were rather pressed upon the market, and the holders were so anxious to effect sales, that prices a shade lower were submitted to; the quantity of good and fine samples offering were inconsiderable, and the previous currency was fully supported.

This forenoon the market remained heavy, and the prices of low browns must be stated at a small reduction. There are very few good Sugars on show; several of the holders have withdrawn their Sugars for the present, on account of the languid state of trade.—The deliveries from the West-India Docks have materially fallen off, compared with the delivery of the preceding year.

CORN.—The supplies of Wheat to yesterday's market were confined to the samples by land carriage from Essex and Kent, as the late stormy weather prevented the arrivals by water; the market was, however, heavy, at a general decline of 1s. per quarter.—There were scarcely any parcels of Barley fresh in; fine qualities would have sold freely at the former currency, but the buyers were not eager to purchase, as they anticipate large arrivals when the wind changes. The purchases of Oats last week were so very extensive, that although the supplies at market yesterday were very limited, yet the trade was heavy, and rather lower. Beans were dull at the previous currency.—Grey Peas were 1s. higher; in White there was no alteration.—Rapeseed was dull at the decline off 11. a 21. per last.—There was more demand for Linseed, and the fine descriptions were 1s. a 2s. higher.

RUM, BRANDY, and HOLLANDS.—Brandies are very firm, but there is no improvement in the prices.—Rums are heavy, but no reduction in the currency can be stated.—In Geneva there is no alteration.

HEMP, FLAX, and TALLOW.—The price of yellow candle Tallow declined last week to 37s., but there has been since a small improvement in the demand and in the currency, the market must, however, still be stated heavy; yellow candle Tallow to-day 39s. The request for Hemp has been rather limited, and purchases could be made on rather lower terms.—In Flax there is no alteration.

FRUIT.—The new Spanish and French Fruit went off heavily, and only a small portion was sold; the old Patras Currants were disposed of by private contract; the butts and a few of the carrooteels old Currants were sold at the prices stated. There are several arrivals of new Figs and Smyrna Fruit, and two parcels of new Denia and Valentia.

OILS.—This quantity of Greenland Oil taken by the extensive speculators, it is reported, has been disposed of to an eminent House at about 251.—This circumstance has a favourable effect, the trade declined buying in the anticipation that the whole would be thrown upon the market; there are now buyers 261. a 271.—Seed Oils are also held with more firmness.

NAVAL STORES.—About 400 barrels of Rough Turpentine are reported to be sold at 16s.—Spirits are also lower.—In Tar, Pitch, or Rosin, there is no alteration.

TOBACCO.—The brisk demand for Tobacco which we have lately noticed has subsided; the purchases for the last week are inconsiderable.

LIST OF PATENTS.

TO JOHN COLLIER, of Compton-street, Brunswick-square, Middlesex, engineer; for certain improvements upon machines for shearing cloth. Dated Sept. 27, 1822.

TO WILLIAM GOODMAN, of Coventry, Warwickshire, hatter; for certain improvements in looms. Dated Sept. 27, 1822.

TO JOHN BOURDIEU, of Lime-street, London, esq. for a method or means of improving the preparation of colours for printing wove cloths. Communicated to him by a certain foreigner residing abroad. Dated Sept. 27, 1822.

TO BENJAMIN BOOTHBY, of the Iron Works, Chesterfield, Derbyshire, iron master; for an improved method of manufacturing cannon shot, by which a superior shot is produced in the solidity and smoothness of its external surface. Dated Sept. 27, 1822.

TO JOHN DOWELL MOXON, of Liverpool, Lancashire, merchant and ship owner, and **JAMES FRASER**, of King-street, Commercial-road, Middlesex, engineer; for certain improvements in ships' cabooses or hearths; and also for apparatus to be occasionally con-

nected therewith, for the purposes of evaporating and condensing water. Dated Sept. 27, 1822.

To FREDERICK LOUIS FALTON, of New Bond-street, Middlesex, watch-maker; for certain improvements on, or additions to watches or chronometers in general, whereby they may be rendered capable of marking or indicating the precise moment of any desired observations, or rapid succession of observations, and without the necessity of stopping the regular movement of the watch, as in ordinary stop watches. Dated Sept. 27, 1822.

To THOMAS TIMOTHY BENNINGFIELD, of High-street, Whitechapel, Middlesex, tobacco manufacturer, and JOSHUA TAYLOR BEALE, of Christian-street, St. George's-in-the-East, cabinet maker; for certain improvements on steam-engines. Dated Sept. 27, 1822.

To JOHN WITCHER, of Helmet-row, Old-street, St. Luke's, Middlesex, mechanic, MATTHEW PICKFORD, of Wood-street, London, common carrier, and JAMES WHITBOURN, of Goswell-street, Middlesex, coach-smith; for an improvement in the construction of the wheels of all wheeled carriages, and of all other vertical wheels of a certain size. Dated Sept. 27, 1822.

To JAMES FROST, of Finchley, Middlesex; for a new method of casting or constructing foundations, piers, walls, ceilings, arches, columns, pilasters, mouldings, and other enrichments to buildings. Dated Sept. 27, 1822.

To SAMUEL PRATT, of Bond-street, Middlesex, trunk and camp equipage manufacturer; for certain improved straps or bands, to be used for securing luggage upon chaises or coaches, or for

securing property (generally) when placed in exposed situations. Dated Sept. 27, 1822.

To THOMAS BINNS and JONAS BINNS, both of Tottenham Court-road, engineers; for certain improvements in propelling vessels, and in the construction of steam-engines and boilers, applicable to propelling vessels, and other purposes. Dated October 18, 1822.

To WILLIAM JONES, of Bodwellty, Moumouthshire, engineer; for certain improvements in the manufacturing of iron. Dated October 18, 1822.

To STEPHEN WILSON, of Streatham, Surrey, esq. for a new manufacture of worsted. Dated Oct. 18, 1822.

To SAMUEL FRANCIS SORNES, of Broad-street, Ratcliffe, Middlesex, ship owner; for an improvement in the construction of anchors. Dated Oct. 18 1822.

To URIAH LANE, the younger, of Lamb's Conduit-street, Middlesex, straw hat manufacturer; for an improvement in the platting of straw, and in manufacturing bonnets and other articles therefrom. Dated Oct. 18 1822.

To JOHN WILLIAMS, of Cornhill, London, stationer; for a method to prevent the frequent removal of the pavement and carriage paths, for laying down and taking up pipes, and for other purposes, in streets, roads, and public ways. Dated October 18, 1822.

To JOSEPH BRINDLEY, of Frinsbury, near Rochester, Kent, ship-builder; for certain improvements in the construction of building ships, boats, barges, and other vessels for navigation. Dated October 18, 1822.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF TRADE.

The *Secretary* to the SOCIETY of GUARDIANS for the PROTECTION of TRADE by Circulars has informed the Members thereof, that

SAMUEL RANKEN, of 66, Hatfield-street; of St. Thomas Apostle-court; of Norwood; of 7, Clifford's-inn; and of 4, Copthall-buildings, and

THOMAS MOWER KEATS, were connected with

WILLERTON, BEAUMONT, GRAHAM & Co. Bankers, in Waterloo-place, Pall-mall, and with

WORTON, HARDIE, WALKER and SMYTH, of the Mersey Bank, Liverpool, and that the said SAMUEL RANKEN draws Bills on

JOSEPH HORROCKS, of No. 4, Copthall-buildings, and on

— BOURNE, of Tonbridge, Kent; made payable in Little Russell-street, Bloomsbury;—and also that

Mr. and Mrs. HAWKINS (mentioned some time since), now reside at "Brunswick Cottage, Larkhall-lane, Clapham."

LIST OF BANKRUPTS,

FROM SATURDAY, OCT. 19, TO TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1822.

WITH THE ATTORNIES' NAMES.

Extracted from the London Gazette.

N.B. All the Meetings are at the *Court of Commissioners, Basinghall street*, unless otherwise expressed. The Attornies' Names are between Parenthesis.

BANKRUPTS.

- Armstrong, W. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant, Oct. 29, Nov. 19, and Dec. 7, George Inn, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. (Bell and Brodick, Box Church-yard)
- Ashwell, J. Nottingham, non-founder, Dec. 3, 4, and 17, Punch Bowl Inn, Nottingham. (Holme, Frampton, and Loftus, New-lun)
- Apey, J. sen. Gray's Hill, Essex, cattle-salesman, Nov. 23, 30, and Dec. 21. (Lindsay, St. Thomas-street, Southwark)
- Buckley, J. Saddleworth, Yorkshire, woollen-cloth manufacturer, Nov. 12, 13, 30, Swan Inn, Saddleworth. (Brundrett, Spinks, and Reddish, Temple)
- Blackland, G. Grosall, Staffordshire, grocer, Oct. 28, 29, and Dec. 3, Red Lion Inn, Newport, Shropshire. (Hicks, Gray's-inn-square)
- Bukett, R. Liverpool, dealer, Nov. 20, 21, Dec. 3, George Inn, Liverpool. (Blackstock and Bunce, King's Bench Walk, Temple)
- Brenner, A. Camberwell, merchant, Nov. 2, 16, and Dec. 7. (J. and T. Davies, Lothbury)
- Bellamy, R. Spaxton, Somersetshire, Crown Inn, Bridgewater. (Hartley, New Bridge-street)
- Garratt, W. Eyre-street-hill, Leather-lane, bricklayer, Nov. 5, 12, Dec. 10. (Newton, Great Carter lane, Doctor's-commons)
- Baley, T. W. Basing-lane, wine-merchant, Nov. 9, 19, and Dec. 14. (Amory and Coles, Throgmorton-street)
- Bowman, H. St John-street, Clerkenwell, haberdasher, Nov. 9, 16, and Dec. 14. (Holt, Threadneedle-street)
- Beattie, J. Portsea, victualler, Nov. 12, 19, and Dec. 17, Mitre Tavern, Portsea. (Michen, Verulam-buildings, Gray's-inn)
- Bagnall, W. & J. Walsall, Staffordshire, platers, Nov. 18, 19, and Dec. 21, Mr. Heeley's, Walsall. (Turner and Hutchinson, Bloomsbury-square)
- Bainbridge, J. Whitehaven, plumber, Nov. 26, 27, and Dec. 21, Black Lion Inn, Whitehaven. (Clonell, Staple-inn)
- Brooke, R. Walcot, Somersetshire, common-brewer, Dec. 2, 3, and 21, White Hart-inn, Bath. (Potts and Son, Serjeant's-inn)
- Brown, J. Fleet-market, grocer, Nov. 12, 23, Dec. 21. (Fox and Prideaux, Austin-friars)
- Brooke, J. Liverpool, druggist, Nov. 29, 30, Dec. 24, Castle-inn, Liverpool. (Blackstock and Bunce, Temple)
- Caker, C. Romsey, Southampton, fell-monger, Nov. 20, 21, and Dec. 24, Town-hall, Romsey. (Slade & Jones, John-street, Bedford-row)
- Blackmaster, J. and W. Old Bond-street, army-clothiers, Nov. 23, 30, and Dec. 28. (Pulley, and Son, Fore-street)
- Bellis, B. Liverpool, grocer, Dec. 9, 11, and 28 at Mr. Woods, Liverpool. (Blackstock and Bunce, London)
- Clark, G. D. Strand, merchant, Oct. 26, Nov. 5, 30. (Dodd, Billiter-street)
- Chambers, C. Steel-yard, Upper Thames-street, room-monger, Oct. 30, Nov. 2, 30. (Cole and Wiagg, Ave Maria-lane)
- Cayme, J. J. and F. B. Watts, Yeovil, Somersetshire, spirit merchants, Nov. 12, 13, 30, George-inn, Hamster. (Chilton, Chancery-lane)
- Childe, R. Little Stretton, Shropshire, blacksmith, Oct. 31, Nov. 1, and Dec. 3, Craven arms, Stokesay. (Thomas, Barnard-street, Holborn)
- Cuning, A. Whiston, Worcestershire, draper, Oct. 26, Nov. 9, Dec. 3. (Holt, Threadneedle-street)
- Crang, T. Watling-street, Shropshire, grocer, Nov. 21, 22, Dec. 17, Commercial-rooms, Bristol. (Evans, Hatton-garden)
- Crockett, H. Senr Haddenham, Bucks, grocer, Nov. 25, 26, Dec. 21, Crown-inn, Leamington Priory. (Smith, Basinghall-street)
- Cook, W. Woudham, Kent, corn dealer, Nov. 16, 23, Dec. 21. (Curteon and Robinson, Walbrook)
- Cooper, G. Tuthury, Staffordshire, miller, Nov. 27, 28, and Dec. 28, White Hart-inn, Bilton-upon-Trent. (Cookney, Castle-street, Holborn)
- Collins, W. Crawford-street, Mary-le-bone, linen-draper, Nov. 23, 30, Dec. 28. (Sweet, Stokes, and Carr, Basinghall-street)
- Cooper, J. T. Worcester, draper, Nov. 26, 27, and Dec. 28, White Horse-inn, Worcester. (Becke, Devonshire-street, Queen-square)
- Cookworthy, Bristol, book-seller, Dec. 2, 3, and 31, Commercial-rooms, Bristol. (Poole and Greenfield, Gray's-inn-square)
- Day, I. Fenchurch-buildings, merchant, Oct. 26, Nov. 2, 30. (Lane and Bennett, Lawrence Pountney-place)
- Durham, J. Lower Shadwell-street, butcher, Nov. 2, 9, and 30. (Keeling and Neck, Tokenhouse-yard)
- Douglas, J. and Russel, D. drapers, Fleet-st. Nov. 2, 12, and Dec. 10. (James, Bucklers-bury)
- Dixon, T. Manchester, joiner, Nov. 25, 27, and Dec. 17, Palace-inn, Manchester. (Makinson, Middle Temple)
- Dawson, J. Bury, Lancashire
- Drury, J. Snaith, Yorkshire, coal merchant, Nov. 21, 22, and Dec. 21, Court-house, Leeds. (Batty, Chancery-lane)
- Davies, W. Sudbury, Suffolk, haberdasher, Nov. 28, 29, and Dec. 31, Rose and Crown-inn, Sudbury. (Messrs. Dixon, Gray's-inn-lane)
- Dodd, W. Orton, Westmoreland, drover, Dec. 5, 6, and 28, King's Arms-inn, Kendal. (Wilson, Furnival's-inn)
- Evill, L. Walcot, Somersetshire, money servicer, Nov. 1, 2, and Dec. 3, Castle and Ball-inn, Bath. (Potts, and Son, Serjeant's-inn)
- Eastwood, J. Meltham, Yorkshire, clothier, Nov. 11, 12, and Dec. 10, George-inn, Hud-

- deersfield. (Clarke, Richards, and Medcalf, Chancery-lane
- Edwards, D. Gloucester, tea dealer, Nov. 23, 30, Dec. 28. (Stevens and Wood, Little St. Thomas Apostle
- Fox, F. Bath, grocer Nov. 1, 2, and Dec. 3, Castle and Ball-inn, Bath. (Potts and Son, Sergeant's inn
- Fitz, G. Totness, Devonshire, grocer, Nov. 9, 23, and Dec. 14. (Amoy and Coles, Throgmorton-street
- Foster, L. Liverpool, brewer, Nov. 29, 30, Dec. 24. Castle-inn, Liverpool. (Blackstock and Bence, Temple
- Fountain, J. Cressing, Essex, jobber, Nov. 21, 22, and Dec. 21, White Hart-inn, Bocking. (Moore's, Bromley, Gray's-inn
- Gregson, W. Kingston-upon-Hull, linen draper, Nov. 4, 5, and Dec. 3, Coach and Horse-inn Manchester. (Chester, Staple-inn
- Gill, W. C. Melk-ham, Wilts, linen draper, Nov. 1, 2, and Dec. 7, Castle and Ball-inn, Bath. (Potts and Son, Sergeant's inn
- Girdlehead, H. Stepney-parish-way, master-mason, Nov. 9, 19, and Dec. 17. (Lang, Fenchurch-street
- Giles, H. Billings-gate, fish sales-man, Nov. 16, 23, and Dec. 21. (Allen, Mincing-lane
- Greated, L. Snowhill, auctioneer, Nov. 16, 23, and Dec. 21. (Dyer, Took's court, Chancery-lane
- Green, L. Rednall, Worcestershire, maltster, Dec. 3, 4 and 21, Royal-hotel, Birmingham. (Long and Austin, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn
- Graban, R. Shorter's-court, Throgmorton-st. stock broker, Nov. 23, 30, Dec. 28. (Gregson and Jemmercy, Angel-court
- Graban, L. Dorset-street, Salisbury-square, cotton manufacturer Nov. 23, 30, and Dec. 28. (Hawledge, Temple-chambers
- Hewlett, L. Gloucester, cabinet maker, Nov. 2, 4, and Dec. 3 Spa-hotel, South Hamlet, Gloucestershire. (King, Sergeant's-inn
- Hewson, R. Whitecross-street, timber-merchants, Nov. 2, 7, and Dec. 7. (Deims, Austin-chambers
- Hudson, W. Cambridge, bricklayer, Nov. 2, 12, and Dec. 10. (Hewitt, Tokenhouse-yard
- Harris, F. Lisle-street, Leicester-square, dealer, Nov. 9, 23, and Dec. 17. (Timbrell and Roberts, Marcellus-field street, Soho
- Howse, P. Park-street, Hanover-square, horse dealer, Nov. 12, 19, and Dec. 17. (Bright, Took's-court, Chancery-lane
- Hopps, T. jun. York, cotton factor, Nov. 18, 19, and Dec. 21, at Mr. Rooke's, York. (Wigelsworth and Risdale, Gray's-inn
- Hales, E. Newark-upon-Trent, corn factor, Nov. 29, 30, and Dec. 21. Hotel, Newark-upon-Trent. (Long and Austin, Holborn-court, Gray's-inn
- Hall, R. jun. Bury, Lancashire, cotton manufacturer, Dec. 2, 3, and 21 Eagle and Child-inn, Bury. (Appley and Sergeant, Gray's-inn-square
- Hesse, G. A. Church-row, Fenchurch-street, broker, Nov. 12, 23, and Dec. 21. (Younger, John-street, America-square
- Henley, M. Manchester, draper, Nov. 29, Dec. 2, 28, Albion-hotel, Manchester (Addington Gregory, and Faulkner, Bedford-row
- Huxley, C. R. Newgate-street, wholesale glover, Nov. 23, 30, and Dec. 28. (Watson and Son, Bouverie-street, Fleet-street
- Hays, C. and W. H. Blunden, Oxford-street, linen-draper, Nov. 19, 26, and Dec. 28. (Jones, Saxe-lane
- Huton, I. Banbury, Oxon, tallow chandler, Nov. 21, 30, and Dec. 28. (Hindmarsh, Crescent, Jewin-street, Aldersgate street
- Johnson, B. L. Houndsditch, cabinet maker, Nov. 12, 23, and Dec. 17. (Boxer, Furnival's-inn
- Jones, I. C. Bridgnorth, Shropshire, linen-draper, Dec. 7, 8, and 21, Crown-inn, Bridgnorth. (Mayhew, Chancery-lane
- Johnson, J. Pontefract, maltster, Nov. 29, Dec. 2, and 21, Dolphin-inn, Pontefract. (Blackstock, Sergeant's-inn
- James, R. Stamford Bacon, Northamptonshire, veterinary surgeon, Nov. 19, 30, and Dec. 28. (Rose, Gray's-inn-square
- Kewer, J. Little Windmill-street, Golden-sq Oct 29, Nov. 2, and Dec. 3. (Howard, Took's-court, Caicay-street
- Kemington, C. Glamford Briggs, Lincolnshire, draper, Nov. 14, 15, and Dec. 17, Angel-inn, Glamford Briggs. (Eyre and Coverdale, Gray's-inn
- Kitchen, R. and A. Anery, Liverpool, tailors, Dec. 11, 12, and 28, George-inn, Liverpool. (Lowe, Southampton buildings
- Leyland, R. Liverpool, soap boiler, Nov. 15, 16, and Dec. 3, at Mr. Biahner, Liverpool. (Blackstock and Bence, King's Bench-walk, Temple
- Lee, T. Charles-street, Horselydown, Rehterman, Nov. 9, 12, and Dec. 10. (Kirkman and Sons, Cannon-street
- Lee, T. Liverpool, grocer, Dec. 12, 13, and 28, George inn, Liverpool. (Taylor & Roscoe, King's Bench-walk, Temple
- Lindsey, W. L. W. Bath, silk mercer, Nov. 26, 27, and Dec. 28, White Lion-inn, Bath. (Makinson, Middle Temple
- Middleton, W. Liverpool, tea dealer, Nov. 11, 12, and 30, George-inn, Liverpool. (Chester, Staples-inn
- Mills, O. Watwick, wine merchant, Oct. 26, Nov. 2, and 30, (Cusley and Barker, Ark lane
- Moore, G. jun. Deptford, timber merchant, Nov. 12, 23, and Dec. 21. (Freeman & Sleath-coate, Coleman-street
- Manning, J. Clement's-inn, money-broker, Nov. 19, 26, and Dec. 23. (Auderton, Quality-court, Chancery-lane
- Newman, L. Upper East-Smithfield, slop-seller, Nov. 12, 23, and Dec. 21. (Sweet, Stokes, and Carr, Basinghall-street
- Noakes, W. Old City Chambers, wine merchant, Nov. 23, 26, and Dec. 28. (Wood, Richmond-buildings, Soho
- Parker, T. jun. Wood-street, hosier, Nov. 26, Dec. 3, and 28. (Swain, Stevens, Maples, Pearce, and Hunt, Frederick-place Old-jewry
- Robinson, P. Kendal, mercer, Nov. 18, 19, and Dec. 7, Kings-arms, Kendal. (Addison, Verulam-buildings, Gray's inn
- Rivers, G. Ind-street, Brunswick-square, cabinet-maker, Nov. 5, 12, and Dec. 14. (Hall, Great James street, Bedford row
- Radford, E. High-holborn, draper, Nov. 5, 16, and Dec. 14. (Hind and Johnson, King's Bench-walk, Temple
- Rewed, J. Queen-street, Finsbury, timber-merchant, Nov. 9, 16, and Dec. 17. (Wintet and Williams, Bedford-row
- Robertson, W. Great St. Helen's, insurance broker, Nov. 12, 23, and Dec. 21. (Reardon and Davis, Corbet-court, Gracechurch-street
- Salmon, S. Regent-street, stationer, Oct. 26, Nov. 2, and 30. (Piddlen and Bartley, Duke-street, Grosvenor-square
- Stolworthy, Whitechapel, cheesemonger, Nov. 9, 12, Dec. 17. (Hutchinson, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street
- Sell, I. High-street, Whitechapel, cheesemonger, Nov. 12, 23, and Dec. 21. (Heard, Hooper's-square, Goodman's-ields
- Smith, T. Hampton Wick, timber merchant, Nov. 23, 30, and Dec. 21. (King and Son, Castle-street, Holborn
- Stevens, H. Southbury, Bucks, dairy-man, Nov. 16, 23, and Dec. 21. (Aubrey, Took's-court, Curstow-street
- Stubbs, T. Crawford-street, Montague-square, grocer, Nov. 19, and Dec. 3, 24. (Collins and Weller, Spital-square
- Smith, I. Liverpool, feather cutter, Dec. 11, 12, and 28, George-inn, Liverpool. (Norris, John-street, Bedford-row

Sanders, W. Bristol, fishmonger, Nov. 26, 27, and Dec. 31, Commercial rooms, Bristol. (Clarke, Richards, and Medcalf, Chancery-lane)

Tickle, E. Nuneaton, Warwickshire, mercer, Nov. 11, 12, & Dec. 17, Castle-inn, Nuneaton. (Con-table and Kirk, Symond's-inn)

Thompson, M. C. Kingston-upon-Hull, grocer, Dec. 5, 6, and 28, Dog and Duck Tavern, Kingston-upon-Hull. (Taylor, Clement's-inn)

Thorley, I. Manchester, merchant, Dec. 2, 21, and 28, Bridgewater Arms-inn, Manchester. (Elbs, Chancery-lane)

Underwood, H. Cheltenham, builder, Nov. 14, 15, Royal-hotel, Cheltenham, Dec. 10, Horse and Groom-inn, Gloucester. (Bowyer, Gray's-inn-square)

Wood, I. Bishopsgate-street, Without, grocer, Oct. 29, and Nov. 5, 30. (Collins, and Waller, Spital-square)

White, W. B. Strand, draper, Oct. 26, 29, and Nov. 30. (Gates, Cateaton-street)

Weaver, E. Bristol, ironmonger, Nov. 1, 2, and 30, Rummer-tavern, Bristol (Poole and Greenfield, Gray's-inn-square)

Wilson, E. and P. Methley, Yorkshire, maltsters, Oct. 30, Nov. 11, and Dec. 3, George-inn, Wakeneld. (Walker, Exchequer-office)

Whittle, W. otherwise W. Burtwhittle, Beaminster, Dorset, tanner, Nov. 20, 21, and Dec. 10, White Hart-inn, Beaminster. (Wright, King's Bench-walk, Temple)

Whyte, D. Lewes, linen-draper, Nov. 12, 21, and Dec. 21. (Wilde, Rees, and Peacock, College-hill)

Watts, I. Totness, Devonshire, linen-draper, Dec. 5, 6, and 21, London-inn, Totness. (Blake, Great Surry-street, Blackfriars)

Woodward, E. Derby, inn-keeper, Dec. 6, 7, and 31, Hotel, and King's Head-inn, Derby. (Few, Ashmore, and Hamilton, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden)

Wainsright, B. Hereford, maltster, Nov. 28, 29, and Dec. 31, City-arm's Hotel, Hereford. (Dax and Co. Guildford-street)

Williams, W. T. Brompton, coach-master, Nov. 23, 30, and 31. (Robinson and Stine, Chatter House-square)

DIVIDENDS,

FROM SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, TO TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1822.

Anderson, A. Philpot-lane, merchant, Nov. 16

Atkins, W. W. and S. Chipping Norton, bankers, Nov. 19

Armitage, W. Uppertorpe, Yorkshire, cloth merchant, Nov. 26

Asquith, T. and D. Bermondsey, and T. Mellish, New Kent-road, ship owners, Nov. 30

Abernethie, J. and F. Henderson, Lothbury, merchants, Nov. 12

Abbott, H. R. Throgmorton-street, stockbroker, Nov. 23

Adecock, J. St. Mary-axe, druggist, Nov. 23

Ashworth, J. Manchester, grocer, Nov. 29

Ayton, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant, Dec. 10

Anderson, A. Philpot-lane, merchant, Nov. 30

Blowen, J. H. Mint-square, Tower-hill, gun-maker, Nov. 12

Burgess, D. and M. Lord, Rochdale, cotton-spinners, Nov. 4

Bliss, N. Water-lane, Fleet-street, printer, Nov. 9

Bromley, J. Circus-street, New-road, Mary-le-bone, ironmonger, Nov. 12

Bunyer, J. Whetstone, Middlesex, dealer, Nov. 16

Boyes, J. jun. Wansford, Yorkshire, carpet-manufacturer, Nov. 20

Barnett, T. Kendal, corn-merchant, Nov. 23

Button, W. Bicester, Oxfordshire, inn-keeper, Nov. 26

Broomhead, T. Sheffield, grocer, Nov. 30

Baylis, T. Curdworth, Warwickshire, dealer, Nov. 30

Bristow, R. jun. Lloyd's Coffee-house, insurance broker, Dec. 3

Bell, J. and G. Berwick-upon-Tweed, Coopers, Dec. 21

Barrett, W. Old Broad-street, merchant, Dec. 7

Bilsborough, B. Belgrave-street, Pimlico, cow-keeper, Dec. 14

Chubb, C. Portsea, ironmonger, Nov. 9

Clough, Rev. R. Bathafern-park—Clough, R. B. Glanvorn — D. Mason, Astradeucha — Rev. I. L. Jones, Plas Madoc, Denbighshire, bankers

Cullen, R. and J. Pears, Cheapside, factors, Nov. 26

Cane, E. Battle, Sussex, saddler, Dec. 3

Crickett, D. Hougham, Kent, timber-merchant, Dec. 9

Cole, J. W. Peterborough, banker, Nov. 27

Court, H. Fish-street-hill, straw hat manufacturer, Dec. 7

Cuming, T. Castle-court, Birch Lane, merchant, Jan. 12

Coppard, J. sen. Mitcham, drug-grinder

Dickens, E. Eynsford, Kent, dealer, Nov. 12

Dobell, J. Staplehurst, Kent, tailor, Nov. 11

Day, R. Crooked-lane, oil-broker, Nov. 9

Dixie, P. P. J. and B. Falcon-square, smiths, Nov. 16

Doorman, C. C. Wellesquare, sugar refiner, Nov. 12

Dickens, J. St. Stephen's Hill, Derbyshire, cotton-spinner, Nov. 27

Dodd, S. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant, Nov. 27

Douglas, J. Loughborough, merchant, Dec. 7

Dole, J. Caiberton-street, Mary-le-bone, builder, Dec. 7

Dowley, J. Willow-street, Bank-side, corn-merchant, Dec. 14

Edwards, J. Vine-street, Spitalfields, silk-man, Oct. 29

Eyre, W. Cockspur-street, Charing cross, trunk-maker, Nov. 12

Eddison, T. Romford, Essex, linen-draper, Nov. 30

Edwards, T. Brighton, merchant, Dec. 14

Foster, T. and E. S. Yalding, Kent, maltsters, Nov. 16

Finer, F. Drury-lane, grocer, Nov. 26

Farrell, J. Prospect-place, Newington-causeway, merchant, Nov. 26

Fuller, J. M. Worthing, linen-draper, Nov. 30

Friend, D. Ramsgate, shipwright, Dec. 5

Farr, R. T. and P. Bristol, merchants, Dec. 14

Frost, L. Macclesfield, and J. and M. Ashton, Liverpool, timber-merchants, Dec. 11

Gompertz, A. Great Winchester-st. merchant, Nov. 12

Godwin, W. Cambridge, carrier, Nov. 16

Glyde, I. Chard, Somersetshire, grocer, Nov. 22

Gray, T. T. Wardour-street, Soho, coal merchant, Nov. 26

Green, I. Oxford-street, smith, Nov. 19

Hay, S. Upper Lisson-street, Lisson-green, carpenter, Nov. 19

Holmes, T. Long-acre, coach maker, Nov. 16

Hooper, P. and Bedford, T. Bartholomew-pl. Bartholomew-close, Nov. 30

- Hewett, G. Fair Mile House, Oxfordshire, banker, Dec. 10
 Hayes, F. Wavertree, Lancashire, inn-keeper, Dec. 12
 Howard, I. Mitcham, Surrey, calico printer, Dec. 7
 Harvey, W. G. Battle, Sussex, gunpowder-manufacturer, Jan. 21
 Hirst, T. Marsh, Yorkshire, cloth-dresser, Dec. 11
 Halliday, T. Old South Sea House, Broad-st. merchant, Dec. 17
 Hampshire, I. Kirkburton, Yorkshire, fulling miller, Dec. 11
 Jennings, C. Portsea, grocer, Nov. 12
 Kay, T. Princes-square, Hatchill-highway, coal merchant, Nov. 30
 King, T. Timbridge, carpenter, Nov. 30
 Kemp, W. Bath, banker, Dec. 19
 Leeds, T. Gerards, Cheshire, cotton spinner, Nov. 27
 Little, M. T. D. and Parry, I. Devonshire-square merchants, Nov. 12
 Lutter, J. Windsor, oilman, Nov. 23
 Leigh, T. Manchester, plumber, Dec. 5
 Longwell, K. Croxson, linen-draper, Dec. 10
 Lusk, W. Cophall-chambers, Throgmorton-st. merchant, Nov. 24
 Lowe, G. Commercial-buildings, Mining-lane, wine merchant, Dec. 14
 Mitchell, E. and S. Norwich, wine merchants, Nov. 19
 Matthews, T. High-holborn, linedraper, Nov. 9
 McNamee, Abchurch-lane, merchants, Dec. 3
 McLeod, I. C. Huntley-hotel, Leicester-fields, Nov. 30
 Mutland, D. New Bridge-street, merchant, Nov. 30
 Major, J. W. Frome, Selwood, Somersetshire, clothier, Dec. 10
 Murphy, P. Charlotte-street, Bloomshury-sq wine merchant, Nov. 23
 Mavor, C. Somerset-street, Portman-square, carpenter, Nov. 19
 Mackenzie, C. Caroline-street, Bedford-square, Nov. 12
 Murray, W. Pall Mall-court, Pall Mall, tailor, Nov. 26
 Marshall, I. Gerrard-street, Soho, money scrivener, Nov. 26
 Milard, S. Gloucester, linen-draper, Nov. 27
 Mawdsley, H. Oms-kirk, plumber, Dec. 9
 Marry, T. Barton-upon-Humber, and P. Nicholson, Glanford-Briggs, bankers, Dec. 10
 Noble, M. Battersea, engine manufacturer, Nov. 19
 Noble, R. Clarke's Cannon-street-road, merchant Nov. 30
 Nicholl, E. Hemel Hempstead, wine merchant, Nov. 23
 Nichols, N. Holborn-bridge, baker, Dec. 10
 Osler, J. Truro, grocer, Dec. 12
 Oakley, V. Terrington, Norfolk, Dec. 10
 Pothamer, P. Corporation-row, Clerkenwell, distiller, Nov. 19
 Parker, A. Cheltenham, builder, Dec. 4
 Paradise, J. Newcastle-street, Strand, jeweller, Nov. 23
 Porthouse, T. Wigton, Cumberland, dyer Nov. 23
 Pexton, W. G. Upper Thames-street, merchant, Dec. 10
 Phillips, B. Ashburnham, Sussex, farmer, Dec. 3
 Palmer, S. Burton-on-the-Water, Gloucestershire, mercer, Dec. 3
 Pycock, J. Doncaster, hosier, Dec. 4
 Prest, W. Lawrence Pountney-lane, corn-factor, Dec. 3
 Pexton, I. Skipton, York, inn-keeper, Dec. 6
 Pentpiere, E. South-street, Finsbury-square, merchant, Dec. 21
 Portlock, R. Andover, coach maker, Dec. 14
 Player, I. B. Bristol, bottle liquor merchant, Dec. 17
 Rossiter, I. Shepton Mallet, clothier, Nov. 14
 Royle, I. F. Pall-mall, fancy paper manufacturer, Nov. 16
 Rucker, S. Broad-street, merchant, Nov. 16
 Rowbottom, W. Oldham, Lancashire, machine maker, Nov. 22
 Richardson, G. Mecklenburgh-square, and T. Fookes, Gloucester-street, Queen-square
 Robinson, G. Wapping, ship chandler, Dec. 14
 Simkins, I. Store-street, Bedford-square, tailor Nov. 16
 Shirley, R. Bucklersbury, carpet manufacturer, Nov. 16
 Seager, S. P. Maidstone, dealer, Nov. 16
 Spencer, T. Gray's-inn-lane, livery stable keeper, Nov. 19
 Stabb, T. and I. Preston, Torquay, Devon, and I. S. Prowse, Botolph-lane, London merchants, Nov. 19
 Skinner, O. Gorleston, Suffolk, grocer, Nov. 25
 Schlesinger, M. B. Church-court, Clements-lane, Lombard-st. Indigo merchant, Nov. 30
 Spitta, C. L. F. & G. Molling, and H. A. Spitta, Laurence Pountney-lane, merchants, Nov. 16
 Sykes, I. and I. and W. Redfearn, Almondsbury, Yorkshire, fancy manufacturers, Nov. 26
 Sidwell, R. Bath, shoemaker, Dec. 2
 Somerville, I. London-wall, merchant, Dec. 3
 Senels, I. Fenchurch-street, upholsterer, Dec. 3
 Scarrow, T. and I. Carlisle, wine merchant, Dec. 12
 Schwieso, I. C. and F. Grosjean, Soho-square, harp manufacturer, Dec. 14
 Smith, S. Clapham, Lancashire, merchant, Dec. 13
 Samson, T. Lynn, coach maker, Dec. 14
 Sanders, J. W. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant, Dec. 10
 Tucker, J. H. Jernyn-street, St. James's chemist, Nov. 23
 Turner, T. stock exchange broker, Oct. 29
 Trood, E. Church Staunton, Devon, coal merchant, Nov. 22
 Thompson, H. and T. Moses, Paradise-row, Rotherhithe, wine merchants, Nov. 30
 Travers, J. Lambeth, coal merchant, Nov. 26
 Taitton, J. Liverpool, merchant, Dec. 3
 Tabrun, H. and I. Banon, Manchester, warehousemen, Nov. 12
 Taylor, I. Leominster, skinner, Nov. 30
 Tucker, P. D. and W. Bristol, wholesale grocers, Dec. 10
 Thompson, I. and J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchants, Dec. 13
 Turner, W. and J. North, Mold Green, Yorkshire, fancy clothiers, Dec. 11
 Thornton, D. Ekehatoon, Yorkshire, victualler, Dec. 11
 Vipond, G. Ludgate Hill, linedraper, Nov. 9
 Vincent, N. Northampton-place, Old Kent-ld: draper, Nov. 12
 Weston, M. Wellington, Somerset, draper, Nov. 9
 Wainwright, W. S. Fraser, R. Yose, and J. Low, Liverpool, and New York, merchants, Nov. 29
 Walters, J. Sludham, Herts, farmer, Oct. 29
 Wilson, R. Clements-lane, broker, Nov. 12
 Wood, M. Avton, Kingston-up n-Hull, merchant, Nov. 16
 Whitesmith, W. Old Fish-st. grocer, Nov. 9
 Warwick, H. Warwick Hall, Cumberland, banker Nov. 13
 Wood, W. Wimpole st, wax chandler, Nov. 12
 Ward, R. Maiden-lane, Battle-bridge, mustard manufacturer, Nov. 16
 Wingate, J. Bathwick, Somerset, money scrivener, Nov. 1
 Weetch, S. George-st. Commercial-rd. Linedraper, Nov. 23
 Wellington, J. Jun. Chard, Somerset, grocer, Nov. 22
 Williams, R. H. P. and M. Wilson, Liverpool, merchants, Dec. 10
 Wild, W. Sheffield, merchant, Nov. 25
 Wells, J. Dunstew, Oxfordshire, tailor, Nov. 23
 Wells, S. Middleton-garden, Pentonville, fruiterer, Nov. 26
 Williams, L. W. Fleet st. wine merchant, Nov. 26
 Wotherspoon, M. Liverpool, merchant, Nov. 28
 Willey, W. Leicester, draper, Dec. 18
 Worrall, W. and R. Williams, Liverpool, merchants, Dec. 11
 Williams, P. Jun. Knightsbridge, draper, Dec. 14
 Walker, J. Nicholas-lane, insurance broker, Dec. 10
 Yonden, S. Dover, blacksmith, Dec. 4

REMARKABLE INCIDENTS IN THE MONTH.

BIRTHS ABROAD.

The Lady of Alex. Baillie, esq. Lisbon.
The Lady of Thos. Macquid, esq. Java.

The Lady of Thos. Bonar, esq. (of Camden-place, Kent), in Paris.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Naples, W. Heyman, esq. 2nd R. N. B. Dragoon, to
Cockburn, Miss, daugh. of Gen. Cockburn.

At Noacolly, East-Indies, John Drew, esq.
East India Company's Service, to
Miss Sophia Parker, of Moundford, Norfolk.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Madras, Adjutant Jeremiah Lowe, of the
East India Company's Artillery.
At Bombay, Mr. Stephen Babington, 32, East
India Company's Service.
At Berhamptore, East-Indies, Major Beck, 17th
Foot.

At Venice, Canova, the celebrated sculptor.
At Paris, Mr. David Babington, 22.
On the Land Arctic Expedition, Lieut Robert
Hood, R.N. 21.
At Madeira, Rev. Rt. Williams, A.M. (late of
Bury, Suffolk).

METROPOLITAN OCCURRENCES.

On Lord Mayor's Day, 9th inst. the usual ceremonies belonging to that city festival took place. The procession of Aldermen and other authorities, with all the City insignia, men in armour, &c. went by water to the Courts of Law at Westminster, where the regular forms were gone through, and the new Lord Mayor invited the Judges to dinner. The procession returned by water to Blackfriars about 4 o'clock, and then went to Guildhall, where a dinner was given 1,300 guests. All the cooks, &c. belonging to Mr. Bleadon's Tavern, had been employed for a fortnight previous in preparing it. There were 3,000 pounds of *real turtle*, filling more than 200 tureens! All the delicacies in and out of season, of course.

On Monday, the 11th inst., Mr. Hunt, who had arrived at Hounslow the day preceding, left that town, in a chaise, for London. As he neared the metropolis, a multitude collected and accompanied him. At Knightsbridge, the horses were taken from the vehicle, and he was drawn to the side of a barouche and six, near Hyde-park Corner. Before he entered the latter, an address of welcome was presented by the Committee formed to regulate the proceedings of the day, and Mr. Hunt addressed the assembled multitude. A procession was then formed by the Sawyers' Benefit Society with banners and music, some persons on horse-back, Mr. Hunt in his barouche, dressed in his plaid cloak and a white hat, and some other barouches which followed, containing Reformers, both male and female. It passed through Picca-

dilly and the principal streets. At the Royal Exchange some persons hissed. About five o'clock, three hundred respectable tradesmen, &c. sat down to dinner at the Eagle Tavern, City-road, Mr. Parkins in the chair, and Mr. Hunt on his right. In the course of the evening, a multitude who had assembled in the street, became very clamorous to see Mr. Hunt, and that gentleman addressed them from the balcony.

A Meeting has been held at the City of London Tavern, to consider a project for preventing the frequent taking up of the pavement in the metropolis for the purpose of repairing the sewers, &c. Mr. John Williams, of Cornhill, detailed to the Meeting a plan of "sub-ways," or arched passages under ground, for which he had obtained a patent. In these passages, he proposed that the main pipes for every purpose (water, gas, &c.) should be placed on iron cradles or otherwise, and the service pipes conducted to the houses through door-ways at intervals of 20 feet—A gentleman present observed, that, in Rome, ways of the kind proposed had been long in use. The Meeting adjourned, after resolving that another should be held to forward the plan.

The Order of the Garter, vacant by the death of Lord Castlereagh, has been conferred on the Marquis of Hertford.

From the southern side of Waterloo Bridge down to the Obelisk in St. George's Fields, there will shortly be one continued range of substantial buildings, erected on ground which, but six years ago, was a continued marsh or waste. In this line of build-

ing stands the Coburg Theatre; between which site and the bridge is the New Jerusalem Chapel, built in the Gothic style; a little farther on, is Zion Chapel, on an extensive scale, intended for the use of a Baptist Congregation. The space between that and "The Feathers" is to be raised, and, as soon as the mass is properly consolidated, a foundation for a new Church will be laid, which is to be built on a similar scale to the elegant structure in the New-road, St. Pancras.

A thoroughfare is once more to be established across the centre of the canal in St. James's Park.—Since the destruction of the Pagoda Bridge, the utility of a passage in this direction has been sensibly felt, especially by the inhabitants of Westminster. A carriage road also is, we understand, to diverge from the Park, between Marlborough House and St. James's Palace, by the front of Queen Charlotte's German Chapel into Pall-mall.

BIRTHS.

SONS.

The Lady of Lieut. Col. Sir Grey Campbell, Cadogan-terrace
The Lady of A. H. Menewether, esq. Calne, Wilts.
The Lady of the Hon. and Rev. P. A. Iby, Cottesbrooke, Northamptonshire
The Lady of the Rev. Edw. Peacock, Fifehead, Shaftsbury
The Lady of T. Ross, esq. Topham
The Lady of John Sweetland, esq. Exmouth
The Lady of James Wardrop, esq. Charles-st. St. James's
The Lady of J. Field, esq. Stockwell-common
The Lady of the Rev. T. Eronow, Court Herbert, Glamorganshire
The Lady of R. Remmet, esq. Bedford-square
The Lady of W. Davies, esq. Tittenhonger-green, Herts.
The Lady of R. S. Blucke, esq. Henrietta-st. Brunswick-square
The Lady of W. R. James, esq. Wolverhampton House, Belfs.
The Lady of W. J. Ricketts, esq. Berkeley-sq.
The Countess of Bertine, Cadogan-place
The Lady of R. Baxter, esq. Winchester-row, New-road
The Lady of Joseph Fry, esq. Plasket-house

The Lady of Edw. Warlton, esq. Clapham
The Lady of Henry Morgan, esq. Slover House Devon
The Lady of W. Pulley, esq. King's-road, Bedford-square
The Lady of Sir J. Dunbar, Beath, Nainshire
The Lady of R. Fothergill, esq. Caerlon, Monmouthshire
The Lady of the Rev. Bane Phipps, Chichester
The Lady of the Rev. W. Greenlaw, Blackheath
The Lady of G. Grenfell, esq. Bedford-place
The Lady of W. Pritchard, jun. esq. Ruston-sq.
The Lady of Captain Patterson, of the ship "Canning"
The Lady of E. Bishop, esq. Finsbury place
The Lady of J. G. Scott, esq. Bedford-row
The Lady of Shugar John Sutton, esq. Portsmouth
The Lady of Walter Selby, esq. Biddleston, Northumberland
The Lady of T. Fellowes, esq. Rickmansworth
The Lady of Warburton Davies, esq. Tittenhanger-green
The Lady of W. Jervis Ricketts, esq. Berkeley-square
The Lady of J. Barwis, esq. barrister, Kilkenny

DAUGHTERS.

Lady Charlotte Sturt, Critchell-house
The Lady of the Rev. E. Williams, West Dean, Wilts.
The Lady of the Hon. M. Stapleton, Hastings
The Lady of the Rev. R. Cranmer, Mitcham
The Lady of J. King, esq. Highbury place, Islington
The Lady of W. Beckford, esq. Forest Hall, Essex
The Lady of T. Davies, esq. Hanover-square
The Lady of John Randolph, esq. Bilsdon, Suffolk
The Lady of Lawrence Bicknell, esq. Gower-st. Bedford-square

The Lady of J. Burke, esq. York-street, Portman-square
The Lady of J. Drummond, junr. esq.
The Lady of D. Ramner, esq. Highbury-grove
The Lady of W. Nodes, esq. Howland-street, Fitzroy-square
The Lady of Capt. Fankland, 20th Foot, Marlock
The Lady of R. Blagden, esq. Sackville-street
The Lady of the Rev. W. Foster, Colton, Louth
The Lady of J. Tasker, esq. Fitzwalters, Essex
The Lady of W. H. Witherby, esq. Doughty-st.
The Lady of J. Sidney, esq. Richmond
The Lady of Sir F. G. Powke, esq. East Acton
The Lady of the late Lieut. Col. Blomwing

MARRIAGES

Adeano, Mr. H. J. Barbraham, Cambridgesh. to King, Miss Katherine, Grosvenor-place
Burn, Mr. R. St. Paul's Church-yard, to Britton, Miss Jane, Thames Ditton, Surrey
Braithwaite, Mr. F. New-road, Fitzroy-sq. to Shoubridge, Miss. Turiham-green
Bartlett, Mr. T. Queen-street, to Langton, Miss. Shacklewell
Bray, Rev. E. Alkyns, B.D. F.A.S. Tavistock, to Stothard, Mrs. New Kent-road

Cherry, Rev. B.A. Clare-hall, Cambridge, to Cameron, Miss Anne Alicia
Chaumetta, H. de la, esq. Newington-green, to Maubert, Miss. Norwood
Cartwright, R. esq. Bloomsbury square, to Claughton, Miss A. Myddleton-h. Lancashih
Dyer, Mr. Charles, Winterbourne, to Lavieount, Miss. Frenghay
Dury, Rev. Theodore, Knighley, to Greenwood, Miss Anne, Knowle

Fearnall, Wm. esq. Greenwich, to
 Martyr, Miss Clarissa
 Farrar, Henry, esq. Sealeby, to
 Fawcett, Miss Frances, Sealeby Cast. Carlisle
 Fraser, Wm. esq. Great Grimby, to
 Hardwicke, Miss Jane, Beverley, Yorkshire
 Garnett, Rev. R. Blackburn, to
 Heathcote, Miss, Southwell
 Gray, Rev. James, A.M. Oxford, to
 Powell, Miss Catherine, Bringtonton
 Gore, Hon. Edw. Hanover-square, to
 Douglas, Miss Mary Ann
 Hone, John, esq. Great Marlbor., to
 Gage, Miss, Kebleton-town
 Holmes, R. B. esq. 14th Regiment, to
 Tyrie, Miss, Jamaica
 Hixman, J. esq. 61 Russell-st. Bloomsbury, to
 Bladen Miss Kate
 Kenrick, Rev. Geo. Maidstone, to
 Bowring, Miss Margaret
 Laistre, Mr. G. H. De. Adelphi, to
 Piercey, Miss, Britwell, Bucks.
 Locke, Mr. Wm. Oliver, Plumstead, to
 Dugate, Miss Anne Maria, Tring, Norfolk
 Maltby, Jas. esq. Mansfield, to
 Parsons, Miss Mary, Carrington, Derbyshire
 Myers, Capt. J. 7th Reg. Nat. Inf. Mad. Est. to
 Roberts, Mrs. Louisa
 Newall, Capt. David Rae, to
 Falconer, Miss, Bombay
 Newman, Mr. H. F. Sion College Gardens, to
 Rutland, Miss, Writtle, Essex

Pigott, Grenville, esq. Broadwater, Sussex, to
 Long, Miss Charlotte, Hampton Lodge, Surrey
 Penley, Wm. esq. Rathbone-place, to
 Young, Mrs. Pentonville
 Rantzen, C. F. Baron de, Colwich, Staffordshire, to
 Phillips, Miss M. D. Kilbeeth-hall, Pemb.
 Rolis, Mr. P. S. Basing-lane, to
 Gouldsmith, Miss Jane, Hackney
 Roope, Mr. J. Norwich, to
 Clayton, Miss Jane
 Skinner, Lieut. C. G. McGregor, 24th Lt. Dru. to
 Grant, Miss Christiana
 Sheen, Rev. Sam. Oxford, to
 Miles, Miss Louisa, Southampton row
 Shephard, John, Junr. Doctor's Commons, to
 Highmore, Miss Eliza, Dulwich
 Sherwood, W. esq. Lower Loughton-place, to
 Froggott, Miss Julia Agnes, Workop
 Voysev, Mr. Annesley, Conway street, to
 Green, Miss, Mary-le-bone-street, St. James's
 Whitlow, Mr. Rich. Meddocratt, Manchester, to
 Gardner, Miss Sarah, Pendleton
 Williams, J. esq. of the E. India Comp. Serv. to
 Roxburgh, Miss Sophia
 Wilson, Mr. Ealingham, Royal Exchange, to
 James, Miss Maria, Browning, Essex
 Whish, Rev. Richard Peter, M. A. Wells, to
 Streetfield, Miss, Chiddingfold
 Yonge, Lieut. W. Crawley, Sand Foot, to
 Burgess, Miss Frances Mary, Barbary, Herts
 Young, Henry, Denmark Hill, to
 Leaf, Miss Ellen, East Dulwich Surrey

DEATHS.

Allen, Miss Ann, second daughter of J. Allen,
 esq. Buckingham, 25.
 Bowen, Mrs. Wincanton—Bradley, Mrs. Wake-
 field, 94—Beewick, Mrs. Gristhorpe—Breach, W.
 esq. Sloane-street, 66—Beauvoir, Miss Eliza,
 Englefield House—Bury, J. esq. Hucks, Wor-
 cestershire, 80—Bruce, Rev. Sir Henry Harvey
 Aston, Downhall, 60—Berry Veingsmill, esq.
 Hadley-house, Reconnett—Batson, Mrs. Church-
 row, Limehouse, 79—Ballantyne, G. esq. Wal-
 thamstow—Lady Beaumarice, Wimbleton-hose.
 Surrey, 69.
 Corne, Rev. W. Tirral and Swineston, Staf-
 fordshire, 88—Capel, Miss Sarah, Russell-sq. 18
 Cooper, Mr. S. Bell and Crown, Holborn, 52.
 Desac, J. esq. London-street, Fitzroy-square—
 Daniel, Mrs. J. E. Floore, Northampton, 28—
 Desanges, Miss Georgiana, Tottenham, 20.
 Ellan, Thos. esq. Woodford-bridge—Edwards,
 Chas. Aug. esq. Garratt-lane, Wandsworth.
 Fanel, Mrs. at Bath, 87—Frewin, Rich. esq.
 Fludyer-street, Westminster—Fothergill, Mr. T.
 Austinfriars, 71—Franks, Mrs. Emily Saunders,
 at Beechwood (the residence of her father Sir
 J. S. Sebright)—Furye, Mrs. Upper Grosvenor-
 street, 86.
 Goldamid Asher, esq. Finsbury-square, 71—
 Greenwood, Mrs. Brookwood-park, Hants.
 Green, Mrs. Vicarage-house, Badley, Northamp-
 ton, 28—Gant, Mrs. Acton-place, Kingsland-rd.
 79—Grantley, Rt. Hon. W. Lord, Sloane-st. 82
 Grantony, Mrs. Elizabeth, Cheapside, 84—
 J. esq. Theby Priory, Essex
 Hamlin, D. esq. Stockwell, 74—Houldsworth,
 H. esq. Farmefield, 90—Hawker, Mrs. Catfield,
 Herts.—Hudson, Mr. Thos. Sol. Winkworth-pl.
 City-road, 56—Hagan, Mr. Derby-street, 80—
 Hayes, Miss Catherine, Pall-mall, 17.
 Irvine, Andrew, esq. Sketton, Cleveland, 63.
 Jackson, Mrs. Sarah, Leadenhall-st.—Jones,
 Mr. J. H. Ravenswater, 21.
 Klyne, Mark, jun. Jermyn-street, St. James's
 —Karmlake, Rev. J. Burgess, Killeigh, Devon,
 73—Knight, Mr. Leicester-sq. 59—Knatch-
 bull, Miss Henrietta, daughter of Dowager Lady
 Knatchbull, 14.
 Lawer, J. Mowet, esq. Rothamstead-house,
 Herts—Lane, T. esq. Bedford-r. 61—Laing, D.
 esq. Balham-hill, Streatham, 75—Lateward, Miss
 Julia Eliza, Perrivale, Middlesex.

M'Andrew, J. esq. Elgen, N. B. 61—Molse-
 Rev. Hugh, A. M. Whitechurch, Oxon—Munks,
 Mr. R. Owens-place, Goswell-st. rd.—Magnay,
 Mr. H. son of the Rt. Hon. the Lord Mayor, 7
 Manrix Sir Henry, Eastwood, Pembroke-sh.
 80—Marintyre, Mr. W. Aonachan, Lochaber 161
 Mountford, Mr. Rich. Tottenham green.
 Meyer, G. H. esq. Amsterdam, 55—Mareet, Mr.
 Alex. Great Corn-street, 52—Mannets, Mr.
 Caroline, Lambeth 72—Marks, Mr. R. Owen's-
 place, Goswell-street-road.
 Newton, Mr. Wm. King-street. St. James's-
 square, 31.
 Onley, Rev. C. Stisted-hall, Essex, 89—Ogil-
 vie, Mrs. Englefield-green, Surrey, 69.
 Porter, Rev. H. Springfield, Essex—Powell,
 Sir J. Kynaston, bart. Huddersfield, Salop—Pugel,
 Admir. Peter, Grosvenor-pl. Bath, 60—Price, R.
 esq. Isleworth—Proby, Mr. Chas. R. N. Wool-
 wich, 20—Pugel, H. esq. Clapham, 67—Proctor,
 Maj. Gen. Bath, 59—Page, G. esq. Charlton,
 Somersetshire (of the Lanciers).
 Rhodes, Mr. Sam. of Islington, at Tonbridge
 Wells, 57—Robinson, Lieut. Rob. R. N. New-
 road.
 Spencer, D. M. D. Shaftesbury, 67—Sproule,
 Capt. R. N. Clifton, 58—Smith, J. H. esq.
 M.P. for the University of Cambridge—Savage,
 P. H. esq. Kennington-pl. Van hall, (late Cap-
 tain of the 52nd Regiment and of His Majesty's
 1st Regt. of Life Guards, 55—Sowerby, J. esq.
 F. L. S. M. S. &c. (an Artist of considerable
 talent), 66—Smedley, Mr. J. East-hill, Wand-
 sworth, Surrey, 56—Stringer, T. esq. Walworth,
 85—Stanton, Matthew, esq. Isleworth, 90.
 Trollope, T. esq. Luffenham, near Stamford—
 Trickey, S. J. S. esq. Upper Charlotte-street,
 Fitzroy-square, 54.
 Vulliamy, Mr. Lewis, Edmonton, 73.
 Withy, Mrs. Mary, Bristol, 94—Williams,
 Rev. R. Great Houghton, Northamptonshire—
 Woodson, R. esq. Magdalen College, Oxford—
 Wedderburn, J. esq. His Majesty's Solicit. Gen.
 for Scotland, St. Mary's Isle—Wright, Mr. H.
 Tothill-fields, Westminster, 76—Wood, W. esq.
 Tetbury, banker, 65—Wade, W. esq. Mile-end-
 road, 63.
 Young, Rev. J. Lindsay, M. A. Brasen-nose
 College, Oxford, Derby.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

BERKS.

One thousand acres of land were lately sold, in the parish of Easthamstead, for 5l. per acre, by the Commissioners appointed by an Act of Parliament passed in 1821, for inclosing the waste lands within the said manor and parish, which lands, according to the preamble of the Act, are to be greatly improved by inclosure. It must have been a popular measure, for great and small are said to have signed the Petition for the Bill, from the humble inmate of the poor-house to the Lord of the Manor.

CORNWALL.

The Justices, at the Quarter Sessions at Bodmin, have ordered that a tread-wheel be immediately erected in the Bridewell-yard, for the employment of the prisoners liable to be kept at hard labour.

DEVON.

Orders have been received in the Plymouth Dock-yard for the men to work the long hours in winter, viz. from six till a quarter after five, from the 25th of October to the 9th of November, and afterwards from half-past seven to a quarter before five. It is also directed that 20 per cent. be deducted from the present prices of job and task work. Sixty men, of whom fifty-four were labourers, were discharged from the Dock-yard on Friday last.

R. Ward, Esq. M.P. from the Ordnance Office, has inspected the Artillery Barracks on the Topsham Road, near Exeter, and we understand, the whole will be shortly disposed of.

The swell in the rivers, occasioned by the late rains, has brought down a vast number of eels, some thousand pounds weight of which have been sold in Exeter at from 2d. to 4d. per lb. Salmon, from the same cause, has been plentiful, at 6d. to 1s. per lb.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

At the Rookery, at Wanswell-farm, near Berkeley, there are, at this time, several nests of young rooks, and some other nests on which the old birds are now sitting.

HANTS.

A requisition has been signed by the Yeomanry of Hampshire, for the High Sheriff to call a County Meeting, to petition both Houses of Parliament to take into consideration the alarming state of their property.

KENT.

The dangerous situation of the once much-admired ruins of Ethelbert's Tower, at Canterbury, awfully projecting, rendering it expedient to level that beautiful reman of antiquity, the battering ram was brought to bear on one side of its massy angles, but its compact masonry for some time resisted the united efforts of the workmen. The surrounding spectators uttered shouts of exclamation, as though they had achieved a victory; while the attentive antiquarian could scarce refrain a tear at the premature fate of an object of his earliest veneration and constant regard. Not any thing now remains of this once beautiful specimen of gothic architecture but a shapeless mass of ruin. Several relics have been selected from that mass, which will no doubt be preserved with pious care.

LANCASHIRE.

A curious piece of antiquity was lately found, in digging for turf upon Leyland Moss, Lancashire. It consists of a kind of medal of the exact size of, half-a-crown, with a handle about two inches in length, of the same metal as the medal, which is brass. On one side is an effigy of the Pope, and the same head reversed shows the profile of a figure, which appears to be intended for a bust of the devil; the inscription on this side runs as follows: ECCLESIA. PERVERSA. TENET. FACILEM. DIABOLI. On the other is a plain profile with the following motto:—E. GODFREY. MORIENDO. RESTITUIT. REM. The piece was found several yards below the surface, and about two hundred paces from where a number of Roman coins were discovered some time ago.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

It affords us unfeigned pleasure to contrast the present state of the hosiery trade in this town, with what it was eighteen months or two years ago. About the middle of 1820, framework-knitters by hundreds might daily be noticed traversing the streets in vain in search of employment. Now, what with an increased demand for goods, and a disinclination on the part of the workmen to labour to the extent which they did when compelled to do so by low prices, and the high price of provisions, manufacturers can with great difficulty execute their orders in due time.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

A respectable farmer, of North Petherton, sold, at the late Fair, twenty prime Somerset ewes for fifteen pounds. The same farmer sold a fat pig, two years ago, for ten shillings more than the twenty ewes now fetched!

A quarrel took place lately at Frome between two men; when about to settle, one of them observed that his opponent had but one eye, and, scorning to take the least advantage, immediately and gallantly tied his handkerchief over one of his own eyes.

A tradesman left Bath lately to collect some accounts, amounting to upwards of a hundred and thirty pounds. He called at twenty-three places within a circle of twenty miles, and received the enormous sum of *three shillings!*—his journey cost him 10s. 4d. From people who had been heretofore most punctual, not a shilling was to be had.

SUSSEX.

The Ex-empress of Hayti, with her family, are now resident at Hastings, and much respected by the distinguished visitants to that place.

WILTS.

Within the last five years, we understand, that not less than 500 houses, forming streets, &c. have been built in the town of Trowbridge, and are now inhabited; and that a great number more are in a state of forwardness. This town now contains more inhabitants than any other in the county; its trade still continues extremely brisk, and many of the manufacturers are obliged to keep workmen employed, night and day, in order to execute their orders in time.

YORKSHIRE.

On Wednesday the 30th October, Andrew Allan Hardy, esq. of Sheffield, was elected coroner for the west riding of the county of York, in the room of John Foster, esq. deceased.

A numerous and respectable meeting of the York Whig Club took place on Monday 25th inst. York. Both the Members attended, and the speeches evinced both zeal and sincerity in behalf of reform. A requisition signing throughout Yorkshire for a county meeting, to petition for reform: and the committee appointed for the purpose of taking measures on the subject, will, it is said, open a correspondence with the leading

landholders throughout England, for the purpose of arranging all the other counties to assemble for the same purpose.

William Brown, esq. of Liverpool, having visited his estate at Ormesby, in Cleveland, ordered his steward to call a meeting of his tenants, when their farms were again re-let to them at a reduction of thirty per cent. The worthy and generous landlord then ordered a dinner to be provided for them at the Red Lion, on the Friday following, at his own expense—When will a Noble Lord in this neighbourhood imitate this?

WALES.

A report has got into circulation, that government contemplates discontinuing the Milford and Waterford Packet Establishment altogether. The disadvantages, in a political and commercial point of view, that may result to South Wales, the adjoining counties of England, and the whole of the south-west of Ireland, if that measure be adopted, are incalculable. According to the present line of conveyance from Swansea to Waterford, the time occupied is about twenty-one hours, and the distance about 155 miles, the postage being 10d.; while the proposed route, it is estimated, will occupy ninety-six hours, making the distance about 478 miles, and the postage about 2s.

SCOTLAND.

The foreign trade appears to be rather in an improving state than otherwise, as we learn that the sum remitted to London from customs alone, was, last quarter, 43,068l. 6s. 8d. more than in the corresponding quarter of last year, and the excess during the whole year beyond the preceding one, 23,181l. 5s. 7d.

The Royal Bank of Scotland have come to the resolution of charging interest on cash account credits, at the rate of four per cent. only, at their office here, and at their branch in Glasgow.

The election of a Lord Rector for the University of Glasgow has produced an unusual contest this year. Sir Walter Scott and Sir James Mackintosh were the competitors. Sir James was elected by a great majority, having 750 votes out of 1000.

VARIATIONS OF BAROMETER, THERMOMETER, &c AT NINE O'CLOCK, A. M.

By T. BLUNT, Mathematical Instrument Maker to his Majesty, No. 22, CORNHILL.

1822	Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Obscr.	1822	Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Obscr.	1822	Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Obscr.
Oct. 27	29.50	41	N. E.	Fair	Nov 7	29.81	41	S. W.	Fair	1822	Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Obscr.
28	29.64	39	S.	[Ditto]	8	29.88	47	N.	Rain	1822	Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Obscr.
29	29.89	50	N. W.	Rain	9	29.89	38	N. E.	Foggy	1822	Bar.	Ther.	Wind.	Obscr.
30	29.92	56	S.	Fair	10	29.99	41	N. E.	Fair	20	29.57	41	S.	[Ditto]
31	29.91	58	S.	[Ditto]	11	30.17	44	N. E.	[Ditto]	21	29.67	44	W.	[Ditto]
Nov 1	29.83	55	S. W.	[Ditto]	12	29.84	41	S.	[Ditto]	22	29.77	43	S. W.	[Ditto]
2	30.01	51	S. W.	[Ditto]	13	29.71	40	S. W.	[Ditto]	23	29.56	45	S. W.	[Ditto]
3	30.07	52	S.	[Ditto]	14	29.60	44	S.	[Ditto]	24	29.53	43	S. W.	[Ditto]
4	30.20	55	S. W.	[Ditto]	15	29.19	42	S.	[Ditto]	25	29.47	44	S. W.	Shawy.
5	30.11	50	S. W.	[Ditto]	16	29.17	40	N.	Rain					
6	29.89	49	S. W.	[Ditto]	17	29.53	42	N. E.	[Ditto]					

PRICE OF SHARES IN CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, MINES, &c.

NOVEMBER 19, 1822.

Canals.	Price	Per Share.	Div. per Ann.	Bridges	Price	Per Share.	Div. per Ann.
£.	£	s.	£ s. d.	£.	£.	s.	£ s. d.
Ashton and Oldham ..	100	100	4 10	Southwark ..	100	23	—
Burnsley ..	160	200	10	Ditto, New ..	50	67 10	7 1/2 pr. ct.
Birmingham (divided) ..	25	580	24	Ditto, Loan ..	—	—	—
Bolton and Burn ..	250	112	5	Vauxhall ..	100	22	—
Blacklock and Abingay ..	100	80	4	Waterloo ..	100	5	—
Carlisle ..	50	—	—	Water-works.			
Cheshire ..	100	120	8	Chelsea ..	—	—	—
Coventry ..	100	1070	44 3	East London ..	100	105	2
Cromford ..	100	210	14	Grand Junction ..	50	60	2 10
Croydon ..	100	3	3	Kent ..	100	34	1 10
Darby ..	100	110	6	London Bridge ..	—	50	2 10
Dudley ..	100	63	3	South London ..	100	30	—
Elleston and Chester ..	133	63	3	West Middlesex ..	—	60	2 5
Ettrick ..	100	1000	58	York Buildings ..	100	25	—
Forth and Clyde ..	100	480	20	Insurances.			
Grand Junction ..	100	245	10	Albion ..	500	53	2 10
Grange Surrey ..	100	51	3	Atlas ..	50	5	6
Grange Union ..	100	18	—	Bath ..	—	575	10
Grange West ..	100	3	—	Birmingham Fire ..	1000	300	25
Grange ..	150	145	8	British ..	250	50	3
Hertford and Gloucester ..	100	—	—	County ..	100	43	2 10
Lancaster ..	100	27	1	Tagle ..	50	2 12 6	5
Liverpool and Liverpool ..	100	365	12	Europeau ..	20	20	1
Liverpool ..	—	205	13	Globe ..	100	137	6
Liverpool & Northampton ..	100	73	—	Guardian ..	100	10	—
Loughborough ..	—	3500	170	Hope ..	50	4 5	6
Milton Mosley ..	100	221	11	Imperial Fire ..	500	100	4 10
Monmouthshire ..	100	170	8	Ditto, Life ..	50	11	9 6
Montgomeryshire ..	100	70	2 10	Kent Fire ..	50	57 10	—
North ..	—	415	25	London Fire ..	25	28	1 4
Nottingham ..	150	200	12	London Ship ..	25	20	1
Oxford ..	100	710	32	Provident ..	100	18	18
Portsmouth and Arundel ..	50	40	—	Rock ..	20	2 2	2
Regent's ..	—	44	—	Royal Exchange ..	—	265	10
Rochdale ..	100	60	2	Sun Fire ..	—	—	8 10
Shrewsbury ..	125	170	9 10	Sun Life ..	100	23 10	10
Shropshire ..	125	125	7	Union ..	200	40 10	1 8
Somerset Coal ..	50	107 10	7	Gas Lights			
Ditto, Lock End ..	—	—	5 15	Gas Light and Coke (Chart			
Staffs. & Worcester-shire ..	140	700	46	Company ..	50	71	4
Stourbridge ..	185	200	9	Ditto, New Shares ..	50	65	3 12
Stratford-on-Avon ..	—	17	—	City Gas Light Company ..	100	117	5 12
Stourwater ..	—	495	22	Ditto, New ..	100	62	2 16
Swansea ..	100	185	10	South London ..	100	138	7 10
Taunton ..	100	90	—	Imperial ..	50	12 10	—
Trafford and Medway ..	—	20	—	Literary Institutions.			
Trafford and Severn, New	—	26	—	London ..	75s	28	—
Trent & Mersey ..	200	1910	75	Russel ..	25s	11	—
Warwick and Birmingham. {	100	230	11	Surrey ..	30s	5	—
Warwick and Napton ..	100	210	10	Miscellaneous.			
Worcester & Birmingham	—	26 10	1	Auction Mart ..	50	23	1 5
Docks.				British Copper Company ..	100	52	2 10
London ..	100	120	4 10	Golden Lane Brewery ..	80	9	—
West India ..	100	192	10	Ditto ..	50	5	—
East India ..	100	158	8	London Com. Sale Rooms ..	150	17	1
Commercial ..	100	87	3 10	Carnatic Stock, 1st class ..	—	92	4
East Country ..	100	30	—	Ditto, ..	2d ditto ..	79	3

PRICES OF STOCKS, COURSE OF EXCHANGE, &c.

GOVERNMENT FUNDS.		Nov. 20.	IRISH FUNDS.		Nov. 15
BANK STOCK , div. 10 per cent.	249½	Bank Stock
3 per Cent. Reduced Annuities	80½	a 7	Govt. Debents. 3½ per ct.	332½
3½ per Cent. Consols Annuities	93 a 2½	Do. Stock 3½	92½
4 per Cent. Consols Annuities	98½	a 1	Govt. Debents 4	101
Long Annuities, expire 5th Jan. 1860	20½	11-16ths	Do. Stock 4	100
South Sea Old Ann. div. 3 per cent.	80½	Paving Debents 4
3 per Cent. Consols Annuities	81½	a 1	Govt. Debents 5	107½
4 per Cent. Ditto, New	102½	a ½	Do. Stock 5
5 per Cent. Navy Annuities	Gd. Canal Loan 6 per ct.	69½
India Stock, div. 10½ per cent.	256½	Ditto ditto .. 4
South Sea Stock, div. 3½	93	Pipe Wat. Debs. 5
South S. New Anns. div. 3 per cent.	81½	Do. do. do. .. 6
3 per Cent. Annuities, 1751	City Debents. 5
Imperial 3 per Cent. Annuities	79½	a ½	Grand Canal Stock
4 per Cent. India Bonds	43 a 42 pm.	Royal Canal Stock	20½
Exchequer Bills, £1000. 2d. per day	7 a 5 pm.	Exchange on London	7½
Ditto £500.	7 a 5 pm.			
Ditto small	8 a 6 pm.	BULLION. PER OZ.		
Bank for Account, 27th Nov 1822.	250½	Nov. 19. £ s d		
India for Opening, 27th Nov	Portugal Gold, in Coin
Consols for Opening, 27th Nov.	81½	a ½	Foreign Gold, in Bars .. 3 17 6
3½ per Cent. Consols	93	New Doubloons	3 14 6
3 per per Cent. Reduced	91	New Dollars	0 1 9½
Imperial	79½	Silver, in Bars, Standard 0 4 11½

AMERICAN FUNDS.			FRENCH FUNDS.		
	<i>London, Nov. 19.</i>	<i>N. York, Oct. 22</i>		<i>London, Nov. 19.</i>	
Bank Shares	21 5 a	5 p. Ct. An. with div
7 per Cent.	94	due March 21, and
6 pr. Cts. of 1812.	September 21	89½	50c.
.... 1813	} 92 9½	Bank Shares, div. 3½
.... 1814	Dec. and 30 June	16001
.... 1815	Reconnois. of Liqui-
3 per Cent. 77 8	77 8	dation divid. due
5 per Cent. 1820 104	104	Mar. 21, & Sep. 21
5 per Cent. 1821 105	105	Exchange on Lon-
Exchange on London, 60 days .. 13 pm.	don, 3 months ..	25½	40c.
			Ditto 1 ditto ..	25½	50c.

PRUSSIAN STOCK.	
<i>London, Nov. 19, 1822.</i>	
5 per Cent. Bonds, div. due 31 Mar.
30 Sep. 87½ a 3
Ditto new Loan, 5 per cent. Bonds,
30 June, 30 Sep. 98½ a 3

RUSSIAN STOCK.	
<i>London, Nov. 19, 1822.</i>	
New Loan, 5 per Cent. Stock, div. due 28 Feb
and 31 Aug.—Exchange 3s. 1d.	87½

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.				TUESDAY, NOV. 19	
Amsterdam	C. F.	12	3½	Barcelona	36
Ditto at Sight	12	0	Seville	36
Rotterdam	12	4	Gibraltar	30½
Antwerp	12	4	Leghorn	47½
Hamburgh	37	8	Genoa	43½
Altona	37	9	Venice Italian liv.	27 50
Paris, 3 days Sight	25	50	Malta	45
Ditto	25	80	Naples	30½
Bordeaux	25	80	Palermo	per oz. 118d
Frankfort on the Main	156	Lisbon	52
Vienna effec. 2 M. <i>sto.</i>	10	22	Oporto	52½
Trieste, ditto	10	22	Rio Janeiro	46
Madrid	37½	Bahia	60
Cadiz	36½	Dublin	9½
Bilbon	37	Cork	9½

EXCHEQUER BILLS.

All Exchequer Bills dated prior to Oct. 1821, have been Advertised.

THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,

DECEMBER, 1822 :

WITH A PORTRAIT OF RICHARD WESTMACOTT, ESQ. R.A. F.R.S.A.

Member of the Royal Academy at Florence, &c. &c.

Painted from the Life, expressly for this Work.

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LONDON:

Published for the Proprietors,

BY LUPTON RELKE, 13, CORNHILL.

And Sold by all the Booksellers.

[TWO SHILLINGS.]

TO THE PUBLIC.

As this is the last Number of the Eighty-second Volume, and closes the First over which we, the present Proprietors and Editor, have had *entire* control, it is, perhaps, necessary for us to address our Subscribers and the public, on the subject of our future exertions; although, we are aware, that the best pledge we can offer of future excellence is the improvement which we have already achieved.

We cannot promise, that our future Portraits of distinguished individuals will be superior to those in our present Volume, because we do not think it possible to exceed the fidelity of the likenesses, or the execution of the Engravings.—We are, however, aware, that we cannot maintain our great superiority over all rival publications in this respect, without striving to exceed even our own success; for no degree of excellence can be preserved without unremitting exertions to attain to a still higher degree of excellence. We therefore propose, in our next Number, which will be the First for a New Year and of a new Volume, to make some improvements, which our experience has taught us the propriety of, and for which we anxiously anticipate public approbation.

The Frontispiece of our 83rd Volume, which will decorate our next Number, besides the usual Portrait of a distinguished character, will be taken from a Specimen of Statuary, that has been the admiration of all the lovers of Art in this country, from its first appearance in the Exhibition of the Royal Academy at Somerset House.—THE SLEEPING INFANTS.—This exquisite work of Art forms part of a Monument, by F. CHANTREY, Esq. R.A., and is erected in the Cathedral of Litchfield, whether it attracts every traveller of taste or sentiment. The Plate will be engraved by the same excellent Artist, who so much extended his reputation by his ENGRAVING of "PYCNA," which appeared in our Magazine last July, and which forms the Frontispiece of our present Volume.

Our Literary Department will also continue to be improved; and we beg to invite the attention of our readers to two Articles in our next Number, which will be Specimens of our future exertions.—We allude to a "Sketch of Mr. O'Connell," the Irish Barrister, and the first of a "Series of Letters, supposed to be written by Mary Queen of Scots;" these Letters are the original production of Mrs. ORRE: they have been long expected by her friends and the public, and will be inserted *seriatim* in our Magazine.

We intend to commence a NEW SERIES of our Magazine next Month, in which we shall endeavour to blend the freshness and vigour of a new undertaking with the discretion and propriety that are always justly expected from an old one. From this literary union of youth and age we hope, to add to our already greatly increasing circulation. In order that the purchasers of our New Series may possess the best Articles that have appeared in our Magazine, from the commencement in 1782, we have made arrangements for publishing "THE BEAUTIES OF THE EUROPEAN MAGAZINE," in 4 vols., which, we hope, will appear during the ensuing Spring.

The Proof Impressions of the Portraits and Embellishments of our Magazine, have formerly been sold separately, and at the time of their first appearance; in future, they will be reserved for an Annual Volume, to be published as soon as possible after the close of each year. This Volume will also contain the Memoirs of the distinguished Characters, whose Portraits we give, considerably improved and enlarged; and also, the descriptions of the Frontispieces and other Embellishments. The first volume is already in preparation for the press.

THE
EUROPEAN MAGAZINE,
 AND
LONDON REVIEW.

DECEMBER 1822.

MEMOIR
 OF
RICH^d. WESTMACOTT, Esq. R.A. F.S.A.

MEMBER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY AT FLORENCE, &c.

WITH A PORTRAIT PAINTED FROM THE LIFE EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,
 AND ENGRAVED BY J. THOMSON.

WE should prefix to this Memoir of the celebrated Artist, whose portrait we present to our readers in the present number, some brief prefatory observations on the art of Sculpture, and its rise and progress in this country, as we had not, so lately as last month, given a short yet comprehensive view of the subject under the head of the Fine Arts. It is, moreover, not necessary for us to endeavour further to stimulate public attention to an Art, already made familiar by the annual exhibition at Somerset-house, which has greatly improved the national taste in Sculpture as well as Painting.—In the Statuary art, this country may be said to enjoy a greater degree of celebrity than it has possessed at any period since the Reformation. We have several Sculptors now living, whose reputation, as first-rate artists, extends throughout the civilized world, and whose fame will exist long after all devouring time shall have mouldered into dust their exquisite productions. On the roll of fame that will immortalize these illustrious individuals who have gained an imperishable reputation, and who reflect the highest honour on their country, we fearlessly in-

scribe the name of the well-known subject of our present Memoir.

Mr. Westmacott was born in London, in 1775.—Having early expressed a desire to follow the profession of Sculpture, his father placed him under the instruction of an able master, a native of Carrara; under whom he improved himself in the principles of the Art, in which he has since acquired a most distinguished reputation. At the age of seventeen, he was sent abroad to prosecute his professional studies in Italy, intending, in his way thither, to pass a few months in France, but owing to the political convulsions which then agitated that country, particularly the Capital, he was compelled, after only a few weeks' residence in Paris, to pursue his journey, and he arrived at Rome in January, 1793.—To the late Earl of Warwick, the *Consigliere* Revenstein, and other friends, Mr. Westmacott was indebted for introductions to the most eminent professors, then resident in that city. The celebrated Canova, whose portrait adorned our last number, and whose recent death the lovers and the professors of the Fine Arts throughout all Europe unfeignedly lament, and

who had at that period increased his great reputation by the production of his group of Cupid and Psyche, received our young artist in the most favourable manner. The friendship and attentions, which Mr. Westmacott received from this truly great man, must have made on his mind a deep impression, which, together with the plan of study Canova kindly pointed out to him, must have increased his emulation, and excited him to aspire to that eminence in Historical Sculpture, which he has since attained.

We are happy in being able to state, that the death of Canova can by no persons be more lamented than by the most eminent Sculptors of England, whose sentiments we have had an opportunity of collecting, previously and subsequently to the publication of the Portrait and Memoir of that distinguished Artist, contained in our last number. And no one, even among these ornaments of our country, can lament the loss of such a man, more than Mr. Westmacott. Canova must be considered by every one to have been the barrier that protected legitimate Art from that system of individuality, which the Members of the French school, notwithstanding the admirable examples with which they are surrounded, have adopted in the statues of their heroes, and which is making such extensive progress in this country.

During his stay in Italy, Mr. Westmacott passed the Summer months at Florence, being compelled, as most foreigners are, to leave Rome during the unhealthy season. While he was at Florence, in the year 1794, he received the first premium from that Academy, for the class of Sculpture from the life. This was not the only honour which Mr. Westmacott received in Italy, for in the following year, at Rome, he became a competitor in competition for the Pope's medal at St. Luke's, and which he had the honour to receive from the Cardinals in the presence of His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex

in the Capitol, being the first premium in the first class of Sculpture. It may not be improper to observe here, that Mr. Gandy received a similar compliment at the same time, in the first class of architecture.

On his return to Florence, in 1795, Mr. Westmacott was elected a member of the academy in that city; and being desirous of seeing the interior and unfrequented parts of Italy, he, during this year, visited the celebrated Emissary of Claudius, on the Lago di Fucini, the antiquities of Abruzzo and Calabria, Naples, and the discoveries of Herculaneum and Pompeii, so replete with interest to both the artist and the antiquary.

Mr. Westmacott left Italy in 1797, at a period when that country was in a state of great alarm, not only on account of the advance of the French army towards Rome; but on account of the numerous hoards of banditti, which infested the Papal dominions. Into the hands of a party of these banditti Mr. Westmacott unfortunately fell, near La Storta, close to the tomb vulgarly called "Nero's," on the Flaminian Way. He was rifled of every thing, and in the conflict received a severe contusion on the shoulder. His companion, who was less fortunate, had both his arms broken with the butt end of a musket, which one of the ruffians had discharged. Some peasants, who luckily arrived at the time, probably saved both their lives. In his route, Mr. Westmacott spent a short time at Bologna and Venice, and, being desirous of visiting the galleries of art in Germany, he crossed the Adriatic to Trieste. He then pursued his journey through Vienna, Dresden, and Berlin, and arrived in England at the close of the year 1797.

Mr. Westmacott, in 1815, again visited France, being desirous to refresh his memory of the treasures of art, which the French had possessed themselves of during the brilliant career of Buonaparte. At Paris he met his friend Canova, to whom he had formerly been so

This group was a commission from the late Lord Cawdor, but, as the then distracted state of the Continent prevented its being sent to England, it fell into the possession of Mura, and now adorns the palace of Compiègne in France.

much indebted at Rome. The Italian artist was exerting himself to obtain, through the medium of Great Britain, the restoration of all the works of art, which had for so many centuries spread a lustre on the Vatican—his hopes were realized. Canova, in the same year, visited England, led by an ardent desire to behold the Elgin marbles. During his stay in this country, Mr. Westmacott accompanied him on a visit to the Duke of Bedford, at Woburn Abbey. To a foreigner, nothing perhaps, is more striking than the establishment of an English nobleman, and there is no one in the country more capable of imparting a just and favourable impression than the princely seat of the illustrious house of Russell. Here Canova beheld his own *chef d'œuvre*, THE GRACES, a personification of those virtues, which have adorned the possessors of Woburn through a long line of ancestry.

—“where those on whom they smile,
Great though they be, and beautiful
and wise,
Shine forth with double lustre.”

On their return to London, Mr. Westmacott and Canova visited Ashridge, the magnificent seat of the Earl of Bridgewater, which being planned, built, and inhabited, within the short space of seven years, could not fail to impress the mind of the illustrious stranger with an exalted sense of the wealth, spirit, and importance of this country. This mansion was the first instance Canova had seen of the application of Gothic Architecture to domestic purposes.

Mr. Westmacott was elected an associate of the royal academy in 1805, and a royal academician in 1816. He is also a fellow of the Antiquarian society and a member of the Dilettanti. He is likewise a member of several foreign societies.

The works of art executed by Mr. Westmacott are numerous, and have extended his fame, not only through Europe, but to our various possessions in the East and West Indies. Most of those which remain in England, as monuments of his skill, and as excitements to the rising genius of the young artists

of his native country, we have seen and admired. We are therefore enabled to give our readers a short account of them, rather with a view to direct their attention to the places that contain them than to describe their excellencies, which must be seen to be properly appreciated.

The *Statue of Addison*, now in the poet's corner, Westminster Abbey, was the first work of importance, in which Mr. Westmacott was engaged after his return from Italy.—This monument, being the only one in that part of the Abbey entirely detached from the wall, has a very striking effect, although it be merely a single statue, representing that admirable writer and excellent man with all the placid dignity belonging to his character. The basement is circular, and is ornamented by small figures of the muses in *alto-relievo*.

In 1809, Mr. Westmacott completed the monument to Sir Ralph Abercrombie, erected in the south transept of St. Paul's Cathedral. The Veteran is in his ordinary military dress, and is represented, after having received his mortal wound, as falling from his horse, but as being caught and supported by a Highland soldier. Underneath the feet of the horse is a figure, denoting the defeated enemy, who, although in the agonies of death, is endeavouring to grasp and retain the no longer invincible standard. On each side of the group, which is of heroic size, is a sphinx, to indicate the country in which was achieved the glorious victory, which thus cost Britain one of her bravest sons. This monument is an eminent example, as far as it is possible, of the successful treatment of modern costume in sculpture.

Lord Collingwood's monument, also in St. Paul's Cathedral and in the same transept with the preceding, is his work. The hero is seen reposing in death, on the deck of a galley, shrouded in the colours, which his skill and gallantry had wrested from the foe. His corse is received on the British shore by old father Thames, attended by tributary streams; while Fame, at the prow of the vessel, is proclaiming the glorious achievements of the illustrious admiral. On the

bends of the galley the rise and progress of the art of navigation, from the first discovery of the Nautilus to the perfection of that art by the invention of the mariner's compass, and its application to national warfare, are beautifully illustrated by figures of children in *alto relievo*, in various distinct compartments.

In the South West ambulatory of St. Paul's is a tabular monument, by Mr. Westmacott, erected to the memory of *Sir Isaac Brock*, who fell while nobly resisting an attack on Queenstown, in Upper Canada. It is a military monument, on which are placed the sword and helmet of the gallant officer. His corse reclines in the arms of a British soldier, while an Indian chief is contemplating it with an expression of that profound regret, which the death of a man, who united in his character the most undaunted bravery with the utmost kindness and humanity, was calculated to inspire.

In the nave of the same cathedral is a monument in *alto relievo*, to the memory of *Captain John Cooke*, of the *Bellerophon*, killed in the battle of Trafalgar. The figure of Britannia appears overwhelmed with grief: she is consoled by one of her children, who brings her the trident of the seas. Another child is playfully bearing her helmet. In the back ground is the prow of a vessel.

In the year 1809 Mr. Westmacott produced his first essay in bronze, the statue of the late *Duke of Bedford*; and in 1816 he erected the bronze statue to *Mr. Fox*. These two monuments are of heroic size, and are situated in two semicircular areas in Bloomsbury and Russell Squares, railed off for the purpose and fronting each other (being divided by the length of Bedford place). The Duke of Bedford's statue is in Russell square, and is in an erect posture. His Grace is attired in his ducal habiliments, with his hand on a plough, indicative of his ardent and patriotic encouragement of agriculture. At the corners of the pedestal the seasons are personified by children, and on its sides there are two *alto relievi*, illustrative of the peaceful pursuits of tillage and pasturage. *Mr. Fox's* monument is in Bloom-

bury square. He is seated bare-headed, and dressed in consular robes. The massiveness of the parts and the manly simplicity of the whole of this fine statue are singularly impressive.

To Mr. Westmacott's practice in these bronze statues, and in those of *Lord Nelson*, erected at Birmingham and in the island of Barbadoes, he most probably is indebted for the eminent success that attended the execution of the colossal bronze statue, in Hyde Park, called the "*Achilles*," cast from the antique. For a detailed description of this monument of British art, we must refer our readers to our Magazine for August last, contenting ourselves on the present occasion with a single observation. This undertaking was unparalleled in magnitude and difficulty in this or any country, for upwards of fourteen centuries; and long after time shall have worn away the prejudices, so industriously raised against it, it will remain an honour to the Artist, and an ornament to his country.

In 1814, Mr. Westmacott completed the monument to *Mr. Pitt*, erected in Westminster Abbey; and in 1819 the bronze statue, in honour of the same distinguished statesman, placed in the national debt office in the Old Jury. The former is placed over the great west door, or principal entrance into the Abbey, in a very elevated arch, constructed for the purpose. It consists of a group of three figures, of heroic dimensions, each being in the proportion of nine feet high. *Mr. Pitt* is represented in the costume of his official situation of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and is in an erect posture, with his right arm energetically raised, as addressing the House of Commons. By his side, and with her back to the spectator, reclines the Muse of History, anxiously listening to his eloquence, which she seems preparing to record on her tablet. At his feet, Anarchy, loaded with chains, is writhing in anguish at the discomforture of his revolutionary designs. The bronze statue of *Mr. Pitt*, in the national debt office, is seated, and in its general arrangement is similar to that of *Mr. Fox*.

in Bloomsbury Square, which we have already mentioned; although the contrast between the two faces and figures is very striking. The position of the head, and expression of the countenance, strongly remind the spectator of the lofty and illustrious original.

The *Peasant Girl*, exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1820, was part of a monument, by Mr. Westmacott, to the memory of the late Lord Penrhyn erected at Llandegai, near Bangor.

The *Hindoo Girl*, exhibited in the following year at the Royal Academy, was part of a monument now erected in Calcutta, to the memory of Alexander Colvin, Esq. an eminent merchant of that place.

Mr. Fox's monument, in Westminster Abbey, has only been a few weeks erected, although it has been finished ever since the year 1816.

This delay has been principally occasioned by the preparations for the last coronation. We shall give a detailed description of this monument, as well as of one erected during the present month to the memory of the late Mr. Percival, in our subsequent numbers.

The celebrated statue of *Psyche*, exhibited at the Royal Academy last season, now graces the statue gallery of Woburn Abbey, the magnificent residence of his Grace the Duke of Bedford. An excellent engraving of this admirable statue adorned our Magazine for July last, and as the demand for it was greater than our impression could supply, we have had the plate retouched and greatly improved; proof impressions of which, on India paper, may be had of our publisher through any bookseller in town or country.

IMPROMPTU.

On reading Mrs. Opie's admirable work, "*Temper*," &c., most respectfully inscribed to that justly celebrated Authoress; by her much obliged, and obedient servant—S. HUGHES.

What gives to homeliness a charm,
 Unfading bloom? resistless grace
 Which time improves, whose ruthless hand
 Destroys the witchcraft of the face?

A temper even and benign,
 Sedate amidst the storms that rise
 On life's tempestuous sea, serene
 As evening suns in cloudless skies!

What adds to beauty's winning smile?
 What rivets beauty's pleasing chain?
 What most attracts the good and wise?
 What will esteem and love obtain?

A temper smooth as flows the stream,
 Unruffled as the vernal air
 When Zephyr waves his silken wings,—
 Good temper makes the Fair more fair!

It gives a fascinating grace
 When sets the sun of beauty's pow'r,
 As rising Cynthia's placid beam
 Sheds lustre on the midnight hour.

Edinburgh; 18th. November, 1822.

LINES, BY MRS. OPIE,

TO THE MEMORY OF HER NEAR RELATION,

OLLYATT WOODHOUSE, ESQ.

Late Advocate-General of Bombay,

Written on his birth day, 11th. of December, 1822.

I never loved the garb of woe
Which custom bids the mourner wear,
So oft a vain and outward show,
And mock'd by eyes without a tear;
But now, alas! I weep and start
While I my mourning garments see,
For, lov'd, and lost! it rends my heart
To know I wear this garb for Thee!

For thee, belov'd from childhood's hour,
'To youth's, and life's maturer prime,
Belov'd with undiminish'd power,
Through change of fortune, change of clime;
Oh! how I hoped, in years to come,
Again thy smile of love to see!
And welcome thee to some glad home!
But death's dark house has clos'd on Thee!

This day, the day that gave thee birth,
Has ne'er by me forgotten been,
Amidst the hours of social mirth,
Or in the wisest, gravest scene;
For thee this day a prayer I fram'd,
And wish'd again thy face to see;
Now tears, not prayers the day has claim'd,
And sorrow's garb I wear for Thee,

Yet while to day I Heaven address
In resignation's humble strain,
I pray'd for those thy fondness blest,
Who mourn for thee on India's plain;
But why my votive lay prolong,
Since thou that lay canst never see?
Thy heart held dear my plaintive song;
O! grief to think 'tis breath'd for Thee.

THE TRAGIC DRAMA.

(Concluded from page 411.)

THE character of Congreve was established by his brilliant comedies, before he appeared in the sable garb of tragedy, and his "Mourning Bride" was presented to the town; its first announcement was in 1691; the high fame and celebrity of its author attracted to it universal curiosity and attention, and crowded the Theatre on the night of its performance. The great Dryden, "Glorious John," himself a monument of fame, is recorded to have been present, and to have expressed the highest delight and approbation. The audience followed in the train of the "Mighty Master," and the tragedy was crowned with applause. But, though the opinion of such a man as Dryden must ever be regarded with the highest consideration and respect, it has *not* determined the character of the "Mourning Bride." Congreve's comedies, notwithstanding the vein of licentiousness that runs through them, are splendid productions of the first order of talent: the characters are all drawn with the nicest discrimination to the taste and manners of the age; they are sparkling with wit, and enlivened by the happiest dialogue. It has been remarked, (and justly too) as a proof of his genius, that though all his characters are witty, yet the wit of the master differs essentially from that of the servant, and the man of high fashion scatters his repartee with an ease and indifference far above the second-rate foplings who ape his elevation. It is told of Congreve, that, on his preferment by friends in power to a situation of considerable emolument, on the profits of which he lived in ease and elegance, he wished to throw off the reputation of a literary man, and felt offended at Voltaire's visit to him in that character. Had his fame rested on a less firm foundation than that of his efforts as a comic writer, we fear he would have had little difficulty in disembarassing himself of what he seemed to think a troublesome appendage, were it only supported by the "Mourning Bride." One

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passage, the speech of Almeria on her visit to the tomb of Anselmo, is quoted by that great (yet often prejudiced) critic, Dr. Johnson, as the most poetic in the English language, and it is undoubtedly one of the very highest beauty.

ACT II.—SCENE I.

Enter Almeria and Leonora.

Alm. "It was a fancy'd noise, for all is hush'd.

Leon. It bore the accent of a human voice.

Alm. It was thy fear, or else some transient wind

Whistling through hollows of this vaulted aisle.

We'll listen—

No; all is hush'd and still as death!
'tis dreadful!

How rev'rend is the face of this tall pile,

Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads

To bear aloft its arch'd and pondrous roof,

By its own weight made stedfast and immoveable,

Looking tranquillity! It strikes an awe

And terror on my aching sight; the tombs

And monumental caves of death look cold,

And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.

Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice.

Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear

Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes."

"*Si sic omnes;*" this tragedy would stand on a lofty pedestal of fame indeed, and fully equal the most splendid of this great writer's productions in comedy; but through the play there are few, if any other passages of force or beauty to be found; the scenes are strained, and the dialogue tumid and unnatural. The character of Zara is the most prominent, and the fine acting, the eye and voice, of Mrs. Siddons gave it a force and colouring it never had before; while *she* remained on the stage, the play preserved its ascendancy. The grief and passion of

the dissembled Osmyn are cold, and Kemble amid the aisles of death looked like a monumental statue of his ancestors; there is too much fierceness and fury about Zara, she raves and rants, and changes too extravagantly; the loves of the teigued Osmyn and Almeria, their secret bridal, and sudden separation, are in themselves affecting; but all is chilling about the melancholy Alphonso, and the exclamations of Almeria,

"Not Osmyn, but Alphonso, is my dear
And wedded husband! Heaven! and
earth! and seas!
Ye winds! and waves! I call ye all to
witness,"

are too extravagant to interest the feelings; they have nothing of deep affecting grief or sensibility about them. Congreve, like the celebrated Garrick when *he* appeared in comedy, probably produced this tragedy as an instance of the versatility of his powers; fortunately for him, his reputation stood too high, and was too firmly established, to be shaken by even a much greater failure than this play affords; but, like the transformations of the great tragedian, it did not add to his fame, which, as a dramatic author, must ever rest on those splendid and imperishable productions,—his numerous comedies.

The appearance of "Cato" on the stage, the immortal work of the great Addison, and what Johnson called "the noblest effort of his genius," may be pronounced a dramatic æra in itself; through this fine tragedy are interspersed the choicest passages of classic poetry, and the noblest aspirations of human freedom. Political plays have seldom succeeded, or if they caught the feelings of the audience, or the spirit of the time for a while, their reign has been but temporary, and their triumphs ended with the feelings which supported and gave them birth; but this play, at the interval of more than a century, preserves its influence almost whole and unimpaired, and must continue to do so, in the closet and on the stage, while taste and genius maintain their ascendancy, and histrionic talent can be found to give it life and being in scenic representation. The subject

chosen by the great Addison to form his tragedy, and the successful embodying he has given to it, is a high proof of his powers and genius. Subjects like this, selected from classical history, present great obstacles to a dramatic writer, both from their general familiarity and their political tenor. The interest of any drama, to carry with it excitation, must, in a great degree, be personal, even though founded on public events, or the national feelings of an audience. The astonishing talent of the immortal Shakespeare is *here* further exhibited; his "Coriolanus" and "Mark Antony" are both taken from well-known scenes of Roman story, the eventful progress and incidents of the lives and fates of *both* are familiar to us from our boyhood, and present nothing *new* to interest or affect our feelings; but such is the art of the great poet, that he transfers the whole power of these plays to events and situations almost wholly *personal*; and in his third great tragedy of "Julius Caesar," taken from the same frequented source, the attention is rivetted as much on the passions, personal ambition, friendships, and disputes of the conspirators and others, as on the eventful result of the mighty cause for which they are contending. But Addison has rested the interest of *his* play almost wholly on the great struggle in which the virtuous Cato perished, though he has followed the principles of the French writers in its composition, there is little of passion, and as little of the fervour of love pervading his scenes. Marcia, with the Stoic spirit of a Roman maid, reproves the generous Juba, when he hopes "her kind concern and gentle wishes may follow him to battle," and not until she thinks him fallen does she discard the proud reserve of Cato's daughter, and acknowledge the full force of her passion. Portius and Marcus are both attached to Lucia, but the love-scenes are tame and insipid all through. It is not from any personal incident or feeling this play succeeds; the enthusiastic reception, it experienced on its first appearance, arose from the political spirit of the times: the Whigs applauded the echo of their own sentiments,

and the Tories shouted with equal vehemence, that they might shake off the incumbering mantle of jacobitism, and appear equal friends to freedom as their triumphant adversaries; but its subsequent and present attraction consists in its inspiring appeals to liberty; these sentiments which immortalized ancient Rome while she *was* free, and which still ennoble this great and happy country—these with the high moral feeling which pervades it, its classic poetry, and the affecting picture of a great and good man struggling with the remnant of his little band in a holy cause, against superior force and overpowering ambition, and at length falling by his own hand sooner than swell the conqueror's triumph, when he despaired of his country, *these* form, and must continue to be its certain support, until the people of England feel and think differently from what they long have done: Addison had previously been highly distinguished in the world of letters; he had produced an opera, called "Fair Rosamond," the comedy of the "Drummer," and had taken a part with his friend Sir Richard Steele in his play of the "Tender Husband," his papers in the Spectator still remain the most perfect standard of literary composition in the English language; but his highest ambition seems to have fearfully rested on the success or failure of his "Cato." On the night of its representation, too anxious to remain at home, and too agitated to appear among the audience, he is reported to have placed himself in the green-room of the Theatre motionless and silent, the living statue of fear and apprehension; but the audience were early in their plaudits, and as the play proceeded the welcome shouts forced their way to the retirement of the author, anticipated the reports of the messenger, whom he kept at his side, and the triumph of Addison was proportioned to his anxiety. Pope, who wrote the prologue, declared "that 'Cato' was not so much the wonder of Rome in his days as He is of Britain in ours." This tragedy is executed in such strict unison with all the laws of the severest criticism, and all the unities of the ancient masters (led

by the great Stagyrice) are so strictly preserved, that, unless a critic be more merciless than Dennis, he can find nothing to blame. Yet though the tremendous castigation of Pope annihilated the character of the unfortunate Dennis, his dissection of "Cato," though coarse, is in many respects just. The inconsistencies and failings he points out, from Addison's unvarying adherence to the ancient rules of composition, are fully warranted. We may close our remarks by stating, that though "Cato" must ever command our admiration, and deserve our applause, it will have little effect in moving our feelings, or exciting our passions. Had Addison leisure from his political avocations and the inquietudes of private life, to complete the other dramatic works which he planned, it is probable he would have appealed to the passions more, and founded his triumphs on individual excitement; but on the death of Queen Anne his friends came into power, and he was soon after appointed principal Secretary of State; his genius does not appear to have lain in politics, and his private hours were embittered by a splendid, but unhappy marriage with the Countess of Warwick. He died in 1719, at the early age of forty-seven; the affecting incident of his death-bed and his interview with Lord Warwick are sneered at by Horace Walpole, who says he was then "maudlin with wine." Addison, it is known, indulged in wine partly, perhaps, from coldness of constitution, and as much from private unhappiness; but the sarcasm of Walpole is a foul libel on the memory of a man whose life and writings were dedicated to the cause of morality and virtue, and whose death was regretted by all that was great, and lamented by all that was then good in England.

The "Revenge," of Dr. Young, the author of the "Night Thoughts," is an instance of a tragedy, founded on individual passion and excitement alone, which has kept the stage while his "Brothers" and "Busiris" are neglected, and their sententious morality and more elaborate conception have sunk into comparative oblivion; yet the "Revenge," with all the talents of its author, had not the

merit of originality to support it; it was evidently conceived from the *Othello* of Shakspeare, as the character of Zeluco, in a modern novel, is said to have been taken from Zanga, at a later day. But though the lofty African of Young has deeper cause for vengeance than the villain Iago, who plans his ruthless schemes as if half in cruel sport, and resolves on their bloody execution merely because as regards *Othello*, "he suspects the lusty Moor hath leapt into his seat," and then contrives the ruin and murder of Cassio, partly "because he fears him with his night cap too;" and though the gloomy purposes, and dark conceptions nurtured in the brain of the terrible Zanga, are poured out in loftier language, and more sonorous verse, than the compressed and settled purposes of the fell Italian, yet in point of all that can ennoble a poet or greatly distinguish a tragic writer, Young sinks infinitely below his great original. He has elevated, it is true, his sombre hero far above the wretch "who pours his pestilence into the ears" of *Othello* and discloses his villainy in the cool tone of every-day language; the high-sounding vengeance of Zanga strikes more upon the ears of the audience, and his lofty exclamations,

"Let Europe, with her pallid sours, go weep!

Let Afric, and her hundred thrones, rejoice!"

throw a dark colouring of pomp around him which almost shrouds the iniquity of his ferocious resolves; but however strained or causeless the unnatural plans of Iago may appear, he is yet a villain infinitely more true to nature; his drinking scene with Cassio and others, his careless and affected mirth, the air of unthinking levity with which he sings and calls for more wine as the means of ensuring the intoxication and destruction of his victims, with the mask of noisy revelry under which he conceals his purposes, are worthy of Shakspeare, are finely conceived and executed, and far above any thing presented in the "Revenge." The leading characters of this Tragedy are drawn, undoubtedly, with a masterly hand; the poetry is very fine, and the lan-

guage uncommonly rich and sonorous, but it is too declamatory; it has the swell of words, but wants the feeling of the elder poet. The melancholy lamentations of the credulous Alonzo fade before the terrific, yet affecting exclamations of the agonized Moor; let us contrast them both:—

Alonzo. "Had I ten thousand lives, I'd give them all

To be deceived: I fear 'tis dooms-day with me;

And yet she seemed so pure, that I thought heaven

Borrowed her form for virtue's self to wear,

To gain her lovers with the sours of men:

Oh, Leonora! Leonora!

Othello. By the world,

I think my wife be honest, and think she's not;

I think that thou art just, and think thou'rt not;

I'll have some proof her name, that was as fresh

As Dian's visage, is now begrimed, and black

As mine own face;

Would I were satisfy'd!

Shakspeare has been remarkable for the interest he has thrown around his females, and there is nothing about the heroine of Young that can compete with the fair and gentle Desdemona for a moment; her affecting exclamation on finding herself the suffering object of the jealous fury of her deluded husband,

"Unkindness may do much;

And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love,"

has more of real woman's feeling, of that soul-felt tenderness which marks her sex, springing full of tears and sorrow from the very heart, than the entire part of Leonora. As to the other characters of this play, Carlos, Alvarez, Manuel, and Isabella, they have little to recommend them, whereas, Cassio, Roderigo, and Amelia, are all striking and excellent in themselves. On the stage, this Tragedy has entirely been supported by the merits of the performers who appeared in Zanga; Moscop's first performance was in that part; there was a restless turbulence and spirit about him suited to the character, and from his talents the

play became a favourite with the public; the proud figure and commanding face and form of Kemble were well suited to it also, and he always looked finely, and played most effectively; it is still most energetically portrayed by Mr. Young; but Zanga, in fact, the only striking character in the piece, and the intervals of absence of the Moor from the stage, are those of lassitude to the audience.

It has often been wondered how a writer of the piety and religious feeling which appear so markedly through all the writings of Young, could have embodied a character of such dark and appalling ferocity: but his writings and feelings are said to have been widely different; he is reported to have been fondly attached to that world, its promotions and enjoyments, of which he speaks with so morbid a feeling in his "Night Thoughts;" he is known to have been early connected with the witty and profligate Duke of Wharton, and to have shared many of his riots and excesses. On the Duke's death he entered holy orders, became melancholy and pious, and shared his praises equally with man and Heaven; he followed closely the steps of patronage and power, and the gloom of his images arose, probably, more from the discontent of disappointment than any real sorrow or disrelish for the world; he died in 1765, at the advanced age of eighty-four, and his lengthened and unfeeling proscription of an only son, whom he refused to see or forgive, even on a death-bed, marks an unrelenting spirit of vengeance, more suited to the dark conceptions of his Zanga than to the feelings of a religious writer, or the holy charity of a Christian pastor.

The "Distrest Mother of Philis," one also of the dramas of this period, has been rescued from oblivion by its latter scenes, and the mental energy of the character of Orestes, and is still occasionally seen on our stage; this is one of the few plays we have whose incidents are taken from Grecian story, which has been seldom drawn upon, even by our early dramatists, though affording, from the wildness and mystery of its history, infinitely

more resources than the colder scenes, and more beaten track of Roman action. Bruyere, the celebrated French writer, declares we are come into the world too late to produce any thing new, that nature and life are pre-occupied, and description and sentiment have been long exhausted; this may be Phillips's apology for substituting a mere translation or copy in place of an original, for this play is taken almost wholly from the "Andromaque" of the great Racine, which appeared with such triumphant success on the French stage in 1667, and there is little difference between it and the "Distrest Mother," except in the adaptation of the latter to an English theatre. It has all the faults of the French school, lengthened and passionless declamation, and heaviness of plot and fable. The phrenzy of Orestes redeems it in the closing scenes, and his remorse and madness in the murder of Pyrrhus rush on the mind with appalling effect. His exclamation,

Orestes. "I am dizzy! clouds! quite lost in utter darkness!
Guide me, some friendly pilot, through the storm.
I shiver! Oh! I freeze so! light returns!
'Tis the grey dawn: see Pylades! behold
I am encompassed with a sea of blood!
The crimson billows! oh! my brain's on fire!"

carries with it terrific energy. It is told in the life of Racine, that, on the first representation of his "Andromaque," Montfleury, then a great French comedian, made such efforts in the part of Orestes, that it brought on a violent attack of illness, which ended in his death. The genius of Talma still throws a terrifying grandeur round it, and presents a terrible picture of the mental agonies of the ill-fated lover of Hermione.

Though this play is a copy, its author, Phillips, was a man of acknowledged talent; his two previous dramas of "The Briton," and "Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester," are little known, but he had sufficient reputation to dispute, in his day, the palm of pastoral poetry, even with the great Pope; and nothing but the art of the latter

decided the public balance in his favour. His "Winter Piece," addressed to the Earl of Dorset, possesses great beauty, and commanded the undeviating praise of his great rival. One of his early historical sketches, "The Life of John Williams, Archbishop of York," introduced him to the notice of the whigs, then occupying all the avenues to power, and by them he was promoted to lucrative offices both in England and Ireland. After living in affluence to the advanced age of near eighty, he died at Vauxhall, of an attack of palsy, in 1719.

The mighty genius of Johnson, which failed in his dramatic efforts, affords a striking proof, that powers of the very first order present no certainty of success, in this difficult and peculiar walk of literature; the subject selected by him for his tragedy, which forms one of the most splendid narrations of Gibbon, viz. the total fall of the Eastern Empire, and the taking, and sacking, of Byzantium by the barbarian Mahomet II. one would have thought most suited to the sonorous march of his language, his strong and gigantic conception, and those poetic talents, which had been fully established by his "London," and his admirable poem on the Vanity of Human Wishes. This memorable event (the disgrace of western Europe), including the death of the last Paterologus, which the great historian declares to have been more glorious than the long prosperity of the Byzantine Cæsars, the successful storming of that Great Capitol, then the surviving refuge of civilization and christianity in the East, the bursting the doors of the great church of St. Sophia, by the battle-axes, of the ferocious janissaries of the despot, and the capture (of which the historian Phranza preserves the melancholy record), of the crowd of trembling captives, among whom was the beauteous Irené, with her sacrifice to the passions of her bloody tyrant, and her subsequent murder by his hand, in the face of his assembled squadrons, we should have imagined a subject peculiarly suited to his genius to illustrate and adorn, and that he would have given it with the finest colouring to the English Stage, but his Irené wholly

failed; on the first night of its representation the mutes appearing, with the bow string round the neck of the hapless Greek, the Gallery shrieked out murder, the ridicule succeeded, the catastrophe was changed, and the victim doomed to fall behind the scenes, but the tragedy lived but a few nights; even the patronage of his friend Garrick, could not preserve its existence, the incidents were tame, and the language swollen and bombastic. It was withdrawn from the stage, and with it commenced and ended the dramatic efforts of the mighty Johnson.

The name of Lord Orford, the celebrated Horace Walpole, is too remarkable, in modern Literature, to omit *his* tragedy of the Mysterious Mother, which, though written several years before, was not given to the public until 1781. Though extensively circulated, we do not believe it has ever appeared upon the stage, its incidents and subjects are, in fact, too appallingly horrible for the ears and nerves of any audience. There is a frightful story of the same dark nature, related in a book, known as the *Tales of of the Queen of Navarre*; and a wretched play, founded on almost the same shocking occurrences, but destitute of either the pathos or energy of the present tragedy, was, under the name of the "Fatal Discovery, or Love in Ruins," presented to the public, at Drury-lane Theatre, in 1698; Lord Orford has, himself, given the story of his dark drama, as recorded by Mr. Baker, in his *Biographia Dramatica*, in the following words:—"I had heard, when very young, that a gentlewoman, under uncommon agonies of mind, had waited on Archbishop Tillotson, and besought his counsel; a damsel that served her had many years before acquainted her, that she was importuned by the gentlewoman's son, to grant him a private meeting. The mother ordered the maiden to make the assignation, when she said she would discover herself, and reprimand him for his criminal passion; but being hurried away by a much more criminal passion herself, she kept the assignation without discovering herself; the fruit of this horrid artifice was a daughter, whom the gentlewoman caused to be educated very privately in the

country; but, proving very lovely, and being accidentally met by her father-brother, who never had the slightest suspicion of the truth, he had fallen in love with, and actually married her; the wretched guilty mother, learning what had happened, and distracted with the consequence of her crime, had now resorted to the Archbishop, to know in what manner she should act. The prelate charged her never to let her son and daughter know what had passed, as they were innocent of any criminal intention, for herself, he bade her almost despair."

This is a horrifying tale of human appetite and frailty, forming a subject for the poet's imagination, more dark and terrible than any in the whole range of the Grecian Drama: the story of *Edipus* is appalling; the parricide of *Orestes*, who kills his mother, horrifies us as we read; but there is something in this tragedy of more mysterious guilt and a darker hue. Incest carries with it something so instinctively revolting to our every sense and feeling, that we start from the bare idea of its real existence, and turn from the foul image with sensations of intuitive disgust. This play, however, is sketched with great force of imagination, and equal powers of language, and is superior in composition and effect to any Drama of the day in which it appeared. The scene is laid in *Narbonne*, and the period about the first dawn of the reformation; the artful and sanctified villainy of the designing *Benedict* is forcibly portrayed, and presents a shocking image of the general fraud and rapacity, which then too generally prevailed among the clerical followers of the *Romish Church*, and which led to the great event that followed. *Florian* is drawn with great force, manly, shrewd, and undaunted; the gentle *Adeliza*, is a character of simple innocence and beauty, but that of the wretched Countess is the one which exhibits the greatest ability of the author; her agonies, on discovering the marriage of *Adeliza* with her son, Lord *Edmund*, betray the very convulsions of despairing guilt and horror.

Countess. "Confusion! phrenzy blast me all ye furies;

Edmund and Adeliza! when! where! how!

Edmund wed Adeliza! quick unsay

The monstrous tale, Oh! prodigy of ruin,

Does my own son then boil with fiercer fires,

Than scorched his impious mother's madd'ning veins,

Did reason re-assume its shattered throne,

But as spectatress of this last of horrors,

Oh! let my dagger drink my heart's black blood,

And then present my hell-born progeny With drops of kindred sin, that were a torch

Fit to light up such loves, and fit to quench them."

The crime depicted by the poet is dreadful, but he throws all the palliation round it of which it is capable. The unhappy Countess rushes on it, urged by a conflict of passions, at a moment when long absence had heightened the image, and inflamed the possession of a husband, whom she fondly loved, and whose sudden destruction left her no time for calmness or reflection. Appalling as may appear the period selected for the perpetration of her enormity, it renders her somewhat less criminal, than if she had coolly resolved the commission; independent of this one dark transgression, which does not burst upon the mind until the last act, the wretched heroine has every thing about her to interest and atone: strong sense, deep piety without the superstition of the age, and the most affecting contrition.

Walpole's play never can succeed on the stage, but it must always interest in the closet; his own character seems to have been almost as jarring a compound, as that in any Drama. Great talent, accompanied by as unsparing malignancy, wit barbed by ill-concerted malevolence and satire, the meanest penury and an expensive collection in paintings and *virtu*, a love for intrigue without a taste or ability for politics or public life; with more of talent and literature than his father, the great minister, he owed all he possessed to *his* name and influence, and little or nothing to himself. He was alternately hated and feared while he lived, and unregretted at his death; and, as if he wished to

revenge the exclusion during his life from place and employment, he left at his decease those memoirs, which have since appeared: containing the darkest characters of those he hated from envy, and slandered from the sourness of disappointment.

But it would far exceed the limits of an essay, and we have already trespassed at too much length, were we to allude to all the Tragic writers of the last half century. The names of several pass in review before us, but we can only touch upon them slightly, and with the after exception of a single play or two, pass on to a few of the productions of the present day. The Drama had not yet thrown off the shackles imposed upon it in the days of Dryden and Rowe, and there is little of nervous and original writing in any of the tragedies of this latter period. Thomson had already been distinguished by the finest genius, in his poems of the Seasons, and the Castle of Indolence, before he produced his "Sophonisba," "Tancred and Sigismunda," and other pieces, the latter still holds the stage, but Sophonisba fell by an arrow of ridicule, from the gallery, on the unnatural exclamation in one of its scenes, "Oh! Sophonisba, Sophonisba, Oh!" a wag from that privileged part of the theatre, echoed it, by the laughable parody of "Oh! Jemmy Thomson! Jemmy Thomson, Oh!" it was as conclusive as the description by the French Critic of the fate of one of his national plays, "j'ai vu Léonidas, hélas." Jephson, in his "Brazza" and "Count of Narbonne," broke in some degree from the restraints of this school, there is much more of real nature and strength of character in his plays: the Count of Narbonne is taken from Walpole's Castle of Otranto, on which it is an improvement; the incidents are striking, the several passions of horror, fear, and compassion, strongly and alternately excited, and the language, though highly poetic, is yet unconstrained and simple. It was produced in 1780, and is the best of his pieces.

The "Grecian Daughter," of Murphy, and his "Orphan of China," contain some fine writing, but his comedies, as with the great Congreve, add infinitely more to his fame. The

"Way to Keep Him," and "Three Weeks after Marriage," are in the best style of the day; Murphy, though satirized by Churchill, was a very powerful writer, and an elegant scholar, his translations of Tacitus, and Sallust, possess the very highest character. Home's "Douglas," drew on him the illiberality of his own profession, who, to the disgrace of the Scotch priesthood, excluded him from their body, solely from his having written for the stage. He might have been reduced to beggary, but the influence of Lord Bute procured him a pension from the crown. The character of the villain Glenalvon is drawn with great strength in this tragedy, and throughout it is spiritedly written. Wilkes, who, amid all his political contests, preserved a taste for letters as his translations of Catullus and other pieces evince, selected one passage from this play, as a proof of the bad taste "of his friend, Jack Home."

"The torrent rushing o'er its pebbly banks,

Diffuses silence with a silent sound."

"Douglas" appeared first on a Scotch stage, and its success was decided before it reached an English audience. Home subsequently produced another piece on the London boards, which utterly failed, and was destitute of any merit whatever.

"The Gamester" of Moore ought not to be passed without notice.—Its high moral tendency, and the force and simplicity with which it paints the consequences of the fatal vice or disease of gaming, entitle it to the most unqualified praise. That gambler must indeed be infatuated and irreclaimable, who can see this play—the high-minded Beverley fallen by his own hand, through the snares of a deliberate villain, and the misery entailed on his charming wife and affectionate sister—and still madly devote himself to ruin. It is said, the first reception of this fine tragedy was not favourable: perhaps, the fell pursuit at which it was levelled, in which fortune, fame, and happiness all are squandered, had become too fashionable and general, to have its votaries scared by their own dark portraits. One passage in this play deserves our recording:—it is the interview between the wretch Stukeley and

his minion Bates, after Beverley's last desperate cast at fortune had failed:—

Stukeley. "Tell me of Beverley: how bore he his last shock?"

Bates. Like one (so Dawson says) whose senses had been numbed with misery. When all was lost, he fixed his eyes upon the ground, and stood some time, with folded arms, stupid and motionless; then, snatching his sword that hung against the wainscot, he sat him down, and, with a look of fixed attention, drew figures on the floor.—At last, he started up, looked wild, and trembled; and, like a woman, seized with her sex's fits, laughed out aloud, while the tears trickled down his face—so, left the room.

Stukeley. Why, this was madness.

Bates. The madness of despair."

This is a deep but only a natural picture of what still every day occurs, where, on the turn of a die, or the fate of a card, thousands are recklessly hazarded and lost for ever, which, in the bosom of the family of the heartless profligate, who flung them away, would have brought both respectability and happiness. The despairing countenance of the care-worn Beverley is but a living copy of the looks of those, who, with pale cheeks and swollen eyes, reel from the high club, or the haunts of lower infamy and ruin, with desperation in every feature, returning by the expiring lamp to that home where once all was peace, but then a desert, where, perhaps, the weeping wife had sunk to a perturbed rest from mere exhaustion, and his ruined children slept and smiled, unconscious of the destruction dragged on their innocent heads. A pistol or a razor ends the scene.

There is but one tragedy more of this period which we shall notice at any length, and that not from any peculiar merit in itself, for it is not even an original, but from its being founded on the name of that assumed and artful prophet, whose doctrines changed the faith of so large a portion of Asia and of Africa, whose successes in spreading his fanatic sway desolated the then fairest part of the civilized world, and whose exterminating sword still flames over the heads of the devoted Greeks, carrying massacre and bondage to

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the inhabitants of that land, consecrated by the names of Alcibiades and Plato. The tragedy we have selected is "The Mahomet" of Miller. This play is a translation from the French of Voltaire:—throughout, it is spirited and energetic, and contains a striking picture of the arts and subtilty of the proud impostor, who, born an uneducated camel-driver, amid a burning desert of barbarians, lived to see his arms and doctrines triumphant, through the whole of Arabia, and the greater part of Syria. The tragedy itself is highly poetic: it seizes strongly on the feelings, both from the personages introduced, and the depth of incident and passion that accompany them. The characters of the brave Alcanor and the youthful Zaphna and Palmira, victims to the arts of the sanguinary prophet, are fraught with the most affecting interest. The action commences soon after the power of Mahomet was established in Medina, and a limited sketch of the birth and progress of a man who effected so mighty a change, may not be unacceptable to our readers.

Mahomet, or Mahomed, the great prophet of Islamism, was born at Mecca, in Arabia, in the year of the Christian Era, 570. Since his death, time, among his brother followers, is counted from the Hegira, the period of his flight from Mecca to Medina. Though exercising in his early years the humble situation of a camel-driver, the birth of Mahomet was respectable. He was sprung from the tribe of Koreish, the most illustrious in his country, to whom were entrusted the guardianship of the great object of its veneration, the Kaaba, or black stone. His parents were poor, and having both died when he was in infancy, his support devolved on an uncle, who, when arrived at manhood, employed him to accompany his caravans from Mecca to Damascus. With him Mahomet continued until more than 25 years of age. He then entered into the service of Kadisha, a rich widow, whom he soon after married. The simple loves and contract of the then humble Mahomet and the beautiful Kadisha are still preserved and narrated in the East. The most cultivated part of Arabia, and the entire

of Syria, was then inhabited by Christians. — Damascus was celebrated for its riches, and Antioch, the great capital, was a Patriarchal See; and in his various journeys, Mahomet learned something at once of the doctrines of Christianity, and of the code of the Jews, numbers of whom were scattered throughout Asia. Ambitious and discerning, he soon learned to compare the civilization and riches of Syria with the poverty of the deserts where he lived, and meditated, in secret, on the new ideas he had acquired, until fanaticism persuaded him he was destined by God to be the founder of a new religion, and appointed by him his prophet upon earth, to scatter conquest and conversion together. It was not, however, until the age of forty, that he dared to announce himself in that character, and to proclaim his doctrines publicly. Artful in all his plans, he began, by influencing his own family; his beloved Kadisha was his first convert, and his nephew Ali the next. Prosperous through his marriage, he was enabled to decline his former labours, and secluded himself in mysterious retirement, until that book, which he termed the Coran, a confused mixture of the truths of Christianity and the Jewish tenets, was prepared. This sacred volume, he declared, was transmitted to him, leaf by leaf, in twenty-four thousand miraculous visitations of the Angel Gabriel! To his followers he announced, that he had, in one night, traversed ninety heavens! on the animal, called Borak, one half woman, and one half horse! That, endowed with the gift of miracles, he walked in the sunshine, unattended by a solitary shadow! Caused, with a single word, trees then withered to resume their verdure! Filled the wells and cisterns with water; and cut, in two equal parts, the body of the moon! That, authorised by heaven, he came to propagate a religion most worthy of the Deity, for its sublimity, and suitable to man for the simplicity of its injunctions; its doctrines, the Unity of God; the authority of himself (Mahomet) as his *only* prophet; a solemn duty to pray five times a day; to fast one month in the year; to repair to Mecca once at least in their lives; to pay the

tenth of all they possess; to drink no wine; to eat no pork; and to make war upon all Infidels. On these conditions being observed, each pious Mussulman should enjoy in this life a thousand blessings, and in the world to come, after a solemn trial, his soul being weighed in the balance of good works, his absolution pronounced by the two black angels, and his progress performed over the bridge that crosses the infernal pit, as narrow as a hair, and as keen as a razor. — He should be received in the seat of delights, bathed in rivers of milk and honey, embalmed in the perfumes of India and Arabia, and live in uninterrupted commerce and enjoyment with the celestial houries, who present a continually renewed virginity to the Elect, and they as perpetual a vigour of possession.

Such was the code of Mahomet, and such the doctrines and allurements of which it was composed; an artful and heterogeneous jumble of the faith and traditions of neighbouring nations perverted to his own purposes, and larded over with the grossest sensuality. The whole was prepared by the wily Arabian to suit his ambitious policy, and his projects of future conquest and dominion. The pages of the Coran are little more than the records of the Old and New Testament, mixed up with the tales of Babylon and Chaldaea, and the mythology of Ormuz and Orimanes, transformed into more absurd superstitions. The rest is a compound of vague and unintelligible repetition, or artful and dangerous precepts; the spirit of these precepts is suited but to the objects of the *Apostle*; they are those of a subtle and daring character, who works with skill on the passions of those he sought to influence and govern. — *They* were ignorant, and he flatters them by despising and proscribing all science; *they* were poor, and he excites their avidity and conversion by the hopes of plunder. Having, amid his barren sands, no present rewards to tempt them on earth, he allures them to his standard by the promises of paradise in another world. Fatalism pervades his whole code; if a few privations are enjoined, an unlimited licence is in

all beside allowed; and here, and hereafter, he holds out the fascination of unbounded voluptuousness, to satiate the utmost senses of his followers.

This was the religion, which, bearing conversion or tribute on its banners, carried conquest and extermination in its bloody passage through the entire of Asia, blotting out every trace of arts and civilization, and substituting for the light of science the gloomy twilight of the barbarous crescent, which, in Egypt, consumed the congregated treasures of ages, which, under Genghis and the ferocious Timour, passed the plough over whole cities, and heaped up pyramids of human skulls; overturning the Eastern remnant of the Roman empire, and threatening the extinction of Christianity in the very heart of Europe. The valour of the chivalrous Sobieski rescued Vienna, and routed the swarm of infidels who poured their whitening tents around it,—just when the savage Ottoman had stooped, prepared to clutch his prey. But the same ferocious spirit tramples on the fairest portion of that Europe still, and surrounding nations look coldly on, while the ruthless Moslem spreads murder and desolation through devoted Greece, and reigns amid the silence of the tombs, sooner than cease to govern amid iniquity and oppression.

We have encroached so far, that our notice of the Drama of the present day must be much shorter than we intended. This, certainly, is not the age of vigorous and genuine tragedy. Exhaustless as have been the stores of varied literature proceeding from it, far as the reign of science has extended, and splendid the effusions of high poetic genius we every day see, we do not remember the appearance of one good acting tragedy.—Some from novelty, and the talents of the performers, have kept the stage for a season or two, and then ceased to exist. Mr. Coleridge's "Remorse," and Mr. Milman's "Fazio," as poetic productions, possessed great talent, but were not formed to affect an audience. Mr. Maturin's "Bertram" was supported for one season by the great powers of Kean, which gleamed terrific in the gloomy ban-

dit.—But it had all the faults which mark the latter productions of this eloquent but erratic writer. Overstrained character, wildness of dialogue, and want of real pathos and passion, it possesses the worst errors of the German school; an imitation of the gloom and ferocity of Schiller, without the same compression of energy. It is tainted, too, by that conjugal infidelity and moral absence which run through so many of the pieces of Kotzebue. Mr. Shiel seems to have written with more attention to stage effect than any of his contemporaries; his plays have not that poetic richness which distinguishes the "Mantred," and other writings of the great poet of his age, and are not, perhaps, in general talent, equal to some of Mr. Milman's pieces, or the "Cataline" of Mr. Croley; but they are better suited to the passions and feelings of an audience. His first play of "the Emigrants" wants that force and incident which are embodied in his subsequent dramas. "Evadne," and "the Apostate," are full of deep interest, with great diversity of character. But "Evadne" is not an original; it is almost wholly taken from the "Traitor" of Shirley, one of the elder dramatists, on whom it is any thing but an improvement. The plot is agitating and striking, and the characters of Ludovico and Colonna strongly drawn. The part of Evadne was known to be written for a charming actress now no longer on our boards; and there are some very sweet passages attached to it; but the statue scene, much as it may be calculated to display the powers of the actress, is yet a very unnatural one. A lady, even in Italy, seldom invites her lover to an amatory conference among the chilling statues of her frowning ancestors. The dialogue sinks far below the energy of the original, but there are some very beautiful lines throughout. The following are in Mr. Shiel's best style:—

Evadne. "You look altered.
Vicentio. But you do not look altered:
—would you did!

Let me peruse the face, where loveliness
Stays like the light after the sun is set,
Sphered in the stillness of those heaven-blue eyes,

The soul sits beautiful; the high white front,
Smooth as the brow of Pallas, seems
a temple
Sacred to holy thinking."

But the play wants that native power and originality, conspicuous in the elder dramatists.—Some of the writing is very common-place; for instance:—

"She was pure as an untasted fountain;
Fresh as an April blossom; kind as
love;
As meek as patience; as religion, holy,
And good as infants, giving clarity."

'This is 'beneath criticism. And again:—

—"I do not think
In hell there is a time-glass, if the
damned
E'er ask what time it is.—I've heard
priests say
That conscience answers,—'tis eter-
nity."

This is truly extravagant, and has not, even in the image it adopts, originality to recommend it: it is a gross plagiarism. "The Apostate" has perhaps more originality, but less poetry; there is more bustle of incident and character than in "Evadne." "Bellamira," another play of the same author, is less known. Mr. Shiel is a gentleman of great talent, and, for his years, of considerable acquirements. But, we fear, his plays do not bear that impress, which will carry them down to other days. They have not the stamp of hereafter; they want the energy and spirit of the "older time;" they are sweet, but not permanent or lasting.

Lord Byron has added one other great name to the long and distinguished list of dramatic writers of our country; "Manfred," his first drama, is decidedly (in its line) the finest production of this great, but singular writer. It is an effusion of the very highest genius, full of the sublimest description, and abounding in passages of transcendent power and beauty. "Manfred" is (as might be expected) a dark and solitary being, scorning the commerce and habitants of this lower world, and agitated by troubled heavings after immortality. Repulse and love hold full possession

of his soul—he would recall a lovely being, whom he destroyed in this world,—and gain a prescience of the hidden secrets of an unknown next. Some of his soliloquies are given with all the mournful beauty of the "Philoctetés" of the Greek poet; the scenery of his drama is exquisitely coloured, the frowning Avalanches round the dark Jungfrau, and its mountain cataracts and precipices, live in the poet's description. But "Manfred" is not an original; *his* is but another reflection from the darkened mirror of that imagination which produced the morbid Harold, the stern Conrad, and the mysterious Lara; these are *all* the progenitors of "Manfred," they have his resemblance in character and feeling. Like those painters of the Italian and Spanish schools, whose canvasses shewed nothing but the tortures of hell and the sufferings of the damned, Lord Byron never deals in the joys and happiness of life: *he* embodies nothing but the darkest passions of mortality! His scenes are all sketched as if *he* had never drank at the Castalian fount, but sated his thirst at the gloomy Avernus; *his* mind is not the rich parterre where every shrub that attracts the breeze, and every flower that sips the dew, sport in the sun's rays in varying beauty; it is the dark gloom of the Indian forest, where the richest exotics wanton in all the luxury of growth, but shrouded by those trees of ages, through whose twilight branches the enlivening sun scarce ever penetrates; when *he* descends to human loveliness or human weakness, he does so as if he scorned the feelings they betray, and scoffed at their frailties and sorrows; he seems to fly, like the spirit of another world, at the approach of morning, from the passions of every-day life to the deep recesses of his own dark mind, or the troubled contemplation of another existence. Great as his powers are, *his* mind is almost too metaphysic for the lightness of poetry; he thinks too profoundly, and doubts and reasons with too much depth; mystery seems to be his protecting deity, he flies to it from the gaze of intercourse; it is the mask and covering which he never discards; the wandering

Harold was said to be but a poetic portrait of his own feelings, and the tales that have spread of his oriental habits—his drinking cup of the scull of his ancestor, and the endless other rumours with which he is enveloped serve as clouds to that region of reserve he delights to inhabit. High birth and fortune gave marked celebrity to his *first* productions, and the cutting satire with which he encountered criticism dismayed the holdest of his censors; but his genius alone, bereft of every adjunct, would entitle him to the name of the *first* poet of his age: he has a depth and an originality which no other writer possesses; the walk of the Drama evidently is unsuited to his powers, and he yet adheres to it as if by perseverance he sought to conquer nature. The “Doge of Venice” is laboured and heavy, as in every thing coming from the pen of the noble author there is some fine and energetic writing, but it wants, as a drama, interest and probability *both* to recommend it; a loose jest on the age or infirmities of the Doge, reflecting on his young bride, is (though bottomed on Italian story) too light an injury to rouse the volcano of fury which rages in his bosom; the aggression of the unconscious senate is much too trivial to kindle the terrible passions which agitate the aged Faleri, and prompt him to devote all Venice to massacre and ruin. It appeared on the London stage contrary to the noble author’s wishes; he endeavoured to prevent it by an injunction, and, as his property, had an unquestionable right to do so; nothing *can* be more unfair than to bring before the criticism of an audience a piece never intended for such an ordeal; the writings of authors are, in common justice, entitled to protection from such encroachment. “Sardanapalus,” and the “Foscari” have since proceeded from the same pen, but have *not* been produced on the stage. The character of the *former* is altered from history; in place of the total effeminacy which marks the historical monarch of Nineveh, the “Sardanapalus” of the noble poet betrays a better spirit; roused by the suggestions of Myrrha, a beautiful Greek girl, he shews himself in

arms against the insurrection aimed at his crown and life, which he suppresses at first by his valour, but is ultimately defeated, and perishes with the devoted Greek on a funeral pile within the palace of his ancestors. “The Foscari” is founded, like the first Drama, on Venetian story; the elder Foscari is Doge of Venice, and called to sit in judgment on his son, accused of crimes against the state, and subjected to dreadful tortures; he is finally sentenced to banishment, and sinks beneath his feelings; the father dies in the same way, after being stripped of the ducal dignity. The noble lord seems, as he advances in life, anxious to devote the powers of his great and inquiring mind to speculative subjects of religion and polemics; his opinions, fearlessly advanced on these important questions, have roused the whole congregated host of writers of an *opposite* description against him, and charges of immorality, licentiousness, impiety, and even blasphemy, have been showered on him with an unsparing hand; on the other side, the noble author,

“Collecting all his might, dilated stood
Like Teneriff, or Atlas, unremov’d.”

He has met the fierce assaults unshaken, and replied with fiercest scorn and defiance, becoming himself the assailant; in place of merely remaining on the defensive; one celebrated poet incurred his deadliest ire, and on *him* his blows have been showered with terrible force and fury:—

“Præcitem-que Daren ardens agit ac-
quore toto.
Nunc dextra ingeminans ictus, nunc
ille sinistra
Nec mora, nec requies; quam multa
grandine nimbi
Culminibus crepitant; sic densis ictibus
heros
Creber utraq; manu pulsat versatque
Dareta.”

That strange, but beautiful production of his, “Don Juan,” was alternately condemned as a deliberate effort at moral corruption, or deplored as a waste of the finest genius; it abounds with some of the most beautiful passages in English poetry, and is full of the deepest knowledge of nature and the human heart; but it trifles with its feelings

and sorrows too much; "scarce has a stanza closed of exquisite pathos, which draws forth almost the tears of sensibility, than the next commences by a *cold-hearted* jest on the woes it portrayed, and the sorrows it occasioned. The "Ode or Hymn to Grecian Liberty," is one of the finest any language ever yet produced; it is in itself alone sufficient to give immortality to any poet; how prophetically, yet truly, does it warn the hapless Greeks against foreign promises and desertion, and remind them that every chance of freedom rests on themselves alone!—

"Trust not for freedom to the Franks;
They have a king who buys and sells;
In native swords and native ranks,
The only hope of freedom dwells."

But his last drama, or mystery, as he terms it, of "Cain," has drawn upon him the whole directed battery of indignant piety and religion; it has been more virulently assailed than any other production of this distinguished writer. Some critics have been almost breathless with holy horror, while others, distrusting the powers of the pen, have at once called on the legal authorities to prosecute. The noble poet has replied to all by unqualified defiance; he dares them to the legal assault, and expresses his determination at once to appear and take on himself the whole results; this is at least bold and manly, and worthy of his high and chivalrous bearing. For ourselves, we will not deny that we would have preferred seeing the genius of Lord Byron exercised on any *other* subject; England is a religious nation, its glory and prosperity have gone hand in hand with its religious institutions; were its faith founded on a less firm basis than the immoveable rock on which Christianity stands, yet linked as it is with all the charities of social life, its best feelings and affections, and including, as it does, all the great practical moral duties, it is not well to impeach it in the eyes of the people—with *them* discontent and doubts often arise together; *they* are not sufficiently educated to form accurate conceptions, or think at any depth, and *their* minds once loosened from the anchor of belief,

and the tenets to which they have been taught to give a reverential trust and confidence, all the moral virtues and duties soon part also. Those who employ themselves in the *praiseworthy* task of sapping the faith, and undermining the foundations of *all* religion, have accordingly gladly seized on the *latter* works of Lord Byron to aid their purposes; they appear in *cheap* editions, and "Don Juan" and "Cain" are thus circulated among thousands of comparatively ignorant beings, carrying doubt and infidelity with *them*, where all was confidence and assurance before. But blasphemy is a term of late days much too sweepingly applied, and certainly quite unmerited by any thing in this mystery or drama; like many of the casuists and fathers of former days who were celebrated for their piety, Lord Byron has gone to the origin of sin and evil, and sounded all the depths of fate, free-will, necessity, and knowledge; but it is utterly unfair to load speculative or metaphysical disquisition, either in prose or poetry, with the appalling names of impiety and blasphemy. The great Milton was singularly pious, and yet the exclamations of his Satan against the Deity are fierce and frequent. The Lucifer of Lord Byron is not the lofty, proud, ethereal spirit of Milton; he is more mundane, more apparently conversant in the ways of this former world and its new inhabitants; but if the most daring flights into the regions of doubt and impiety of the noble poet's Lucifer, are compared with those of the Satan of the pious Milton, it will be seen that the *latter* fully equal them in force of language, levelled as aspersion and defiance against the triumphant *God-head*.

We give a passage from both:—

Lucifer. "Souls who dare use their immortality,
Souls who dare look the omnipotent tyrant in
His everlasting face, and tell him that
His evil is not good, if he has made
As he saith—which I know not, nor believe,
But if he made us—He cannot unmake,
We are immortal. Nay, he'd have us
so,

That he may torture, let him, he is great,
But in his greatness, is no happier than
We in our conflict."

Satan. "What though the field be lost,

All is not lost : th' unconquerable will
And study of revenge, immortal hate
And courage never to submit or yield,
And what is else not to be overcome,
That glory never shall his wrath or might

Extort from me, to bow and sue for grace,

With suppliant knee, and deify his power,

Who from the terror of this arm so late

Doubted his empire; that were low indeed,

That were an ignominy, and shame beneath

This downfall, since by fate, the strength of Gods,

And this empyreal substance cannot fail,

Since through experience of this great event,

In arms not worse, in fore-sight much advanced,

We may, with more successful hope, resolve

To wage, by force or guile, eternal war,

Irreconcilable to our grand foe,

Who now triumphs, and in th' excess of joy,

Sole reigning, holds the *tyranny* of heaven."

This is stronger and more powerful language, than any in the *Mystery* of Lord Byron, yet, how ridiculous to think of converting it into a charge of blasphemy against Milton. Again, in the *Address* of Satan to the deluded Eve, the dark spirit uses all the sceptic sophistry of glossing doubt and infidelity, to persuade his victim to the fated crime. Yet, who would be weak enough to select it as a proof of that splendid poet's disbelief, for a moment, of the power and infallibility of the Great Creator.

Satan. "And what are Gods, that man may not become

As they, participating God-like food,
The Gods are first, and that advantage use,

On our belief, that all from them proceeds,

I question it; for this fair earth I see,

Warm'd by the sun, producing every kind,

Them nothing—if they all things, who inclosed

Knowledge of good and evil, in this tree,

That whoso eats thereof, forthwith attains

Wisdom without their leave, and where-in lies

Th' offence, that man should thus attain to know

What can your knowledge hurt him, or this tree?

Impart against his will if all be his.

Or is it envy? and can envy dwell
In heav'nly breasts?

We are pressed for space, or we could select other and stronger passages from the "*Paradise Lost*," which would confirm our confutation of the weak and unfounded accusations levelled against the noble poet. There is some very animated and beautiful writing in this Drama, we shall give one passage more from it as an instance. Cain borne by the dark Dæmon into the vast abyss of space, surveys the multiplying succession of worlds, and bursts into admiration!

Cain. "——— Oh! thou beautiful
And unimaginable ether, and
Ye multiplying masses of increased
And still increasing lights! what are ye? what

Is this blue wilderness of interminable
Air where ye roll along, as I have seen
The leaves along the limpid streams of Eden;

Is your course measured for you? or do ye

Sweep on in your unbounded revelry,
Thro' an ærial universe of endless

Expansion, at which my soul aches to think,

Intoxicated with eternity.

Oh, God! Oh, Gods! or, whatsoe'er ye are,

How beautiful ye are, how beautiful
Your works or accidents, or whatsoe'er

They may be,—let me die as atoms die,
(If that they die), or know ye or your

might
And knowledge, my thoughts are not

in this hour
Unworthy what I see, tho' my dust is

Spirit, let me expire, or see them nearer."

This is highly poetic, and worthy of the noble author, but there are many other passages of prosaic ruggedness throughout. There is great force and originality about Lord Byron as a dramatic writer,

but no *variety*, even Cain is but a darker portrait of Manfred. He is drawn with the *same* unbounded aspirations after the secrets of immortality; he holds the *same* communion with spirits of another world, the *same* troubled mind and brooding discontent absorb him, he rushes on from doubt to defiance, until, in an hour of sudden fury, at the rejection of his sacrifice, his meeker brother falls by his hand. It would be idle to compare this mystery either as a whole, or in any part, with the great poem of Milton, whose powers were of an order, no second poet has since shewn. The genius of Milton soars to the highest heaven of sublimity, while other poets only "wing the mid-way air." We wish Lord Byron would devote his great genius to regular and legitimate poetry, that he would select subjects *worthy* of illustration by his muse; subjects which would hand his name with the associated band of England's greatest poets to the latest posterity. We should be happy to see his mind more tempered, and his writings breathe the spirit of more equable feelings, *less* of the *darker* passions of human life, and more of calm and rational happiness: continual bursts of mental wildness are like the headlong rays of his own eastern sun, too powerful for lengthened endurance; while softer feeling and description, like moonlight stealing through the clustering foliage into the bower of retirement, bring luxury of thought and pleasure in their train. The Dramatic efforts of Lord Byron will not purchase for him permanent fame; we would recommend him to resign that walk of literature, and not to try and force nature into an existence foreign to her, while in the fertile soil of his splendid genius the choicest flowers of poetry will rise in spontaneous abundance, and flourish with only gentle care and cultivation, in rich and delightful profusion.

Our subject has grown upon us, until we fear, it has exceeded all bounds; in fact, the limits of an essay are too narrowed to permit a review of all the Tragic Dramas of the day; we may, perhaps, return to them at a future period. The "*Remorse*," of Mr. Coleridge, is, as we before stated, written with

great powers, but unfitted to the stage; Fazio is simply and beautifully drawn. The jealousy which incites the hapless Bianca, to accuse her husband of the murder, as the only means of withdrawing him from her hated rival, Aldabella, and her subsequent dreadful contrition and remorse, are powerfully depicted. This play has all the marks of genius, without the pomp and splendour of diction, which distinguish the "*Fall of Jerusalem*," "*Samer*," "*The Martyr of Antioch*," and other dramatic poems of the same author. "*The Miranda*," of Mr. Proctor; "*Conscience*," by Mr. Haynes; and Mr. Croly's late fine Tragedy of "*Cataline*," are before us, but we have not *present* space to devote to them as they deserve. "*Mirandola*," has great powers of poetry, and some very affecting scenes. The exclamation of the horrified Duke, on the execution of his son, "I want to die!" possesses great force and nature. The play of "*Conscience*," is chastely and equably written; some very charming passages may be selected from it, but its undeviating adherence to the unities of the ancient masters, and its want of plot and incident, render it (however classical) as a whole, cold and ineffective; its author, Mr. Haynes, has displayed unquestionable powers of composition, and great purity of taste; we have been glad to hear that he has another Tragedy in preparation. "*Cataline*," it is said, is to be brought out at Drury-lane Theatre. The character of the bold and reckless conspirator is portrayed with great effect; but varying essentially in feature from the record left of him by the historian Sallust. His wife, the daughter of the terrible Marius, like the guilty partner of Macbeth, is always rebuking his irresolution, and seeking "to screw his courage to the sticking point." She recalls to his memory the bloody entry of her sanguinary father into trembling Rome, and "his horses' hoofs wet with patrician blood," until Cataline at length appears in arms against his country. We question whether the softened character of irresolution, given him by the Dramatist, adds to his effect, the portrait drawn of him, by Sallust, is most striking. "*Namque animus impurus diis hominibus*

busque infestus, neque vigiliis neque quietibus sedari poterat: ita conscientia mentem excitam vexabat, igitur colos ei exsanguis, faedi oculi; citus modo, modo tardus incessans; prorsus in facie vultuque vecordia inerat."

This is a striking likeness, drawn by a masterly hand of the agitated and remorseless conspirator, and cannot be improved.

The two great faults of tragedy, in general, are inflated dialogue, and want of real pathos and passion. Writers of latter days look less to the feelings which should agitate their personages, than to the pomp of words. It has been often observed, that the deepest agitation of the mind is such, as no language can describe; words can only paint ideas, and not the silent, utter excess of grief or rage, which the soul at times feels with such energy as to be bereft of all distinct perceptions. The look of mute reproach with which the indignant Dido returns the address of *Aeneas*, and then flies into the gloomy shades, and the same reproachful silence with which *Ajax* stalks away from his enemy, mark the great discrimination of the poet. Passion, however, will often call forth expression of the strongest description, by rousing every faculty, and exciting images suitable to the situation of the moment. Anger, which inflames the mind, inspires bold and daring images; those of grief and sorrow, are more broken and subdued:—when passion sleeps, and real genius is wanting to produce it, an unnatural fancy appears as the substitute, and often errs, in creating figures and language utterly unsuited to the scene.

It has been doubted, whether the rejection of the chorus of the Greek tragedians, supported by the authority, in ancient days, of *Aristotle* and *Horace*, and, in later ones, of *Shakspeare*, *Milton*, and *Racine*,

has been an improvement to modern tragedy. There are several objections to it, but it certainly, also, has many advantages to recommend it. It fills up the vacuity between the acts, often so sensibly felt, on the stage; it gives an air of probability and real life, by interposing in the action, and bearing a part in it.—It is, beside, a perpetual moral commentary on the Drama itself, enforcing every virtuous sentiment, and rectifying every vicious one, and points out the great moral to be drawn from the progress and catastrophe.

Without claiming any peculiar moral merit for the Drama, we may assert, that it has a powerful influence on the manners and feelings of a people, generally. In barbarous nations, we have seldom seen the Drama prevail; while, in free and polished countries, it is always cherished. The moral influence of the Drama does not perish with the feelings of the moment. We do not attempt to say, it incites at once to the emulation of any distinguished character, or the attainment of any peculiar virtue; but, it ultimately blends itself with the mass of our feelings, and becomes incorporated with our general ideas. To it, we owe some of the noblest productions in our language, and many of our proudest recollections. It is indissolubly linked with the most perfect of our arts and sciences; Music, Painting, and Architecture have all combined to illustrate and adorn it. Tragedy now appears on our stage in natural and classical costume. Cato no longer dies in a full-bottomed wig, nor is *Macbeth* seen in a tarnished court-suit. The days of *Booth* and *Quin* are gone by; *Garrick* introduced a permanent reform on the stage, by his exertions, and it was perfected by the fine taste and discriminating judgment of *Mr. Kemble*.

BRITISH ANTIQUITIES.

No. II.

It was mentioned in a preceding Number, that the *Barrow* is distinguished from the *Cairn* by the materials of which they are composed; the latter consisting of stones, but the former of earth. It is probable, that the *Cairn* is the origin of the *Barrow*, for it is found among nations in their rude state. In some countries, where the stones are plentiful, the *Barrow* has not displaced the *Cairn*. This may have been owing to the inhabitants retaining a tenacity for the customs of their ancestors, as in Scotland and Wales. Among the nations, which have not changed the rude stone for the loose earth, were the ancient Egyptians, who frequently united both, and adorned the earthen mound with the pyramid of brick or hewn stone.—The probability is, that the *Cairn* may have succeeded the single stone, which, in days of old, was set up as a memorial of some particular event, of which, Scripture-history furnishes us with numerous instances.—“And Jacob rose up in the morning, and took the stone that he had put for his pillow, and set it up for a pillar, and poured oil upon it.”—*Gen.* xxviii. 18. The loose heap of stones, or *Cairn*, was also commemorative of some important circumstance.—“And Joshua said unto them, Pass over before the ark of the Lord your God into the midst of Jordan, and take ye up, every man of you, a stone upon his shoulder, according to the number of the tribes of the children of Israel: That this may be a sign among you, and when your children ask their fathers in time to come, saying, ‘What mean ye by these stones?’ Then ye shall answer them. That the waters of Jordan were cut off before the ark of the covenant of the Lord; when it passed over Jordan, the waters of Jordan were cut off: and these stones shall be a memorial to the children of Israel, for ever.” *Josh.* iv. 5, 8. — We are informed of

a *Cairn* having been raised over the dead body of Absalom.—“And they took Absalom, and cast him into a deep pit in the wood, and laid a very great heap of stones upon him.” 2 *Sam.* xviii. 17.—The design of the *Cairn* in this island has been to commemorate some remarkable event, to perpetuate the memory of the dead, and sometimes for religious purposes. Some suppose it to be the relics of Druidical superstition, and dedicated to the sun, for the purposes of augural calculations and execrations. That several are of later date, and of Roman construction, is evident, from a large one having been opened in 1771, at Turpin’s Hill, in Northumberland, in which were found two stone coffins, the one containing two urns, and copper coins of Domitian, Antoninus Pius, and Faustina. About 1729, one was opened near Atterburne, in the same county. After removing about sixty tons of stones, a cavity of three feet long, two feet broad, and four feet deep, was discovered. It contained first, about eighteen inches of fine mould, then a layer of ashes mixed with bones and half-burned wood, and then two feet of fine river sand. *Pennant* mentions the opening of one in Wales, a few years ago. It had been erected over a room, about nine feet in diameter, and seven in height, forming a hexagon. Round the sides were stone benches, upon which lay a number of bones. The roof being of a single slab was supported by one stone. Many *Cairns* in Scotland, are of recent date. Some were constructed by the friends of individuals, that fell in the Rebellion of 1745. There is a proverb among the Highlanders, to this day, expressive of their respect for the dead: “I will add a stone to your cairn.”

T. R.

Huggate, Dec. 7, 1822.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY AND MANNERS IN LONDON AND PARIS.

LETTER VII.

From Sir Charles Darnley, Bart. to the Marquis de Vermont.

Paris.

MY DEAR MARQUIS,

By the assistance of your numerous and flattering recommendations, I begin to make my way in French society. I am very sensible of the obligations I owe you in this respect, for I find my countrymen are not very popular in this city; and, with the exception of a very small number of persons of exalted rank, who, by peculiar favour, are still admitted, the doors of the most respectable Parisians are shut against the English. Had I not, therefore, possessed such a *talisman*, as the name of your friend bestows on me, I must have been satisfied in dividing my mornings between the gallery of the Louvre, and the promenades of the Thuilleries and Bois de Bologne; and my evenings between the theatres, the Palais Royal, and the gaming-houses. Such is the manner in which two-thirds of British travellers consume their time in this town; and such, and such only, are the opportunities they enjoy of examining your national character.

I, on the contrary, have been hospitably entertained at several houses; and, in becoming better acquainted with the customs of the country, have already reconciled myself to many which, at first, seemed either extraordinary or improper. — For instance: finding, in the commencement of my career, that only an hour was allotted to dinner (which I confess still appears to me too short a period for that meal, if conversation and not the mere gratification of the appetite brings friends together on such occasions), and observing that your countrymen, immediately after these hasty repasts, hurried away to pay a round of visits, I began to suspect that the French were quite insensible of those pleasures from which we derive our best enjoyments, — I mean the charms of a domestic circle. In acquiring a more correct knowledge of your ha-

bits, I perceive my mistake, and acknowledge, that the difference between the usages of the two nations in this respect, is more in the name than the reality. Perhaps it is true, that it happens oftener to an Englishman than to a Frenchman, to spend his evenings with his wife and children, without any company, and with only those amusements which conversation, books, or music afford. But if the *soirées* of a Parisian are not exclusively devoted to the inmates of his family, he does not pass them with strangers. The visitors whom he receives, or the persons in calling on whom he passes the hours after dinner, are generally either his near relations, or old and long-tried friends. He seldom stays by his own fire-side, unless it is enlivened by the presence of some one whom he sincerely loves; but when he goes from home, it is to enjoy the society of those who are endeared to him by the ties of blood, or by those of the tenderest attachment, or not, as is the case too often when we go into the world in London, to mix in heartless crowds of five hundred or a thousand persons, whom vanity, and not affection, brings together.

Indeed, the manner in which the claims of kindred and ancient friendship are attended to, in this country, is highly honourable to the national character. Nothing, I am told, is more rare than a disagreement between parents and children. The remotest degrees of relationship are respectfully remembered, and the nearer ones are considered almost sacred. Indeed, it is delightful, in the centre of a dissipated city, and in the highest circles of its society, to hear those who compose them addressing each other by the primitive but affectionate titles of father, mother, uncle, aunt, or cousin. — On the whole, therefore, I think it may be said, with truth, that if a Frenchman goes oftener abroad than

an Englishman, when abroad the Frenchman is more at home.—His wife and children may not occupy so much of his time, but his parents and near relations see him much oftener. Hence, too, arises another amiable trait, which I have much pleasure in remarking,—I mean the general respect which is paid to age. Instead of persons advanced in life being neglected and rarely invited into company (which I fear are faults of commission and omission equally common in England); I find them admitted into all parties in France, and received with every testimony of marked and becoming respect. The youngest and most dissipated coxcomb of Paris will offer his arm to a matron of seventy, if, in crossing the room, her tottering step betrays her need of such assistance; nor will his politeness cease, till he has led her to an armed chair, drawn a footstool near her, and placed her work-bag on the table before her. Nor have I ever seen here such scenes, as I fear you have too frequently occasion to remark at our balls in London,—I mean, two or three giddy girls leaning on the arm of their partners, and making their way to the supper-room, in high glee and spirits, while their respectable mother, alone and unprotected, seems scarcely remembered, and is left to the mercy of a fashionable, but still ill-mannered crowd. But after making these concessions, which truth and justice demand, I must be permitted to remark another trait in your national character of a different description, which I was led to observe, by being accidentally present at a curious scene, which I shall now relate:—

I must now begin by telling you that I have learnt to conform myself to the usages of this country, and now make a round of daily visits with all the regularity of a London physician. On one of these occasions, while paying my respects to your friend the Countess de —, I found a large party assembled, and busily engaged in a conversation, which my arrival by no means interrupted; for you know, that, in a Parisian circle, every thing is openly discussed, whether it relates to the ingredients of a medicine, or the effects which it has produced,—to the arrangement of a court dress,

or to that of a wedding—to the hiring of a servant or a house, or to some occurrence deeply affecting the fortunes or the affections of the parties. Well, I found that the present discussion related to a splendid gala, for which the Countess had sent out cards of invitation, and which is given in honour of the approaching nuptials of her lovely daughter with the Marquis de —. Now the report of this intended gala having reached the ears of the young *Duchesse de —*, she became extremely anxious to obtain a ticket, because, as the company invited are to assume, on this occasion, the *costume* of the reign of Henry IVth., she had the vanity to think that her person was particularly suited to the dress usually given in the pictures of those days to "*La Belle Gabrielle*."—Not being known to the Countess, she applied to the Chevalier de —, (who is the intimate friend of both ladies) and he willingly undertook the task, which he was now endeavouring to execute. In answer to his request of an invitation for the Duchess, the Countess rather coldly answered, "that the entertainment was solely given to her intimate acquaintance, and that she had not the honour of perceiving the name of the Duchess in that list."

"On which list?" rejoined the Chevalier (who would not be deterred from his object) "No person is more ambitious of appearing than her for whom I apply."

"The Duchess is very polite," said the lady of the house.—"*Mais* "

"*Mais*! what?" interrupted the Chevalier; "You can have no objection to visit the Duchess; for, though beautiful, you know her character is irreproachable."

"Undoubtedly," answered the Countess; "and on any other occasion I should be proud to have the honour of being presented to the Duchess.—*Mais*."

"For God's sake," again interrupting her, exclaimed the Chevalier, "give me no more of these chilling *mais*, but let us come to a proper understanding.—I need not remind you, that with the single exception of your own, the Duchess keeps the most agreeable house at Paris. Her weekly parties

are delightful, and she authorises me to say, that if you will gratify her in this particular instance, she will be happy to invite you and your fair daughter to these her regular *souées*, and also to a masquerade which she is soon to give; and by way of obviating every difficulty on the score of ceremony, before the evening of your *fête*, she will leave her card at your door."

The Chevalier had now touched the magic chord, (for these weekly parties had long been the subject of many an anxious wish in the bosom of the Countess) her frigid word *mais* was no more repeated—every scruple vanished—the lady smiled—the ticked was signed, sealed, and delivered, and M. Le Chevalier hastened away to the expecting Duchess, not more pleased at having executed his commission than the Countess

seemed to be at having made so profitable a bargain. Now, though there was no harm in all this, it disclosed a characteristic trait, and shews that such is the ardour of the French, in the pursuit of pleasure, that even the proudest of them are disposed to make a sacrifice of every feeling of delicacy, when amusement offers its seductive bait.

Here, in spite of the unaltered prejudices of your *haute noblesse* against the very name of trade, two ladies of the highest rank were seen bartering ball against ball, with all the trading spirit and manœuvring adroitness which commercial men display when exchanging bales of cotton for hogsheads of claret, or loads of iron for cargoes of East or West Indian produce.

Adieu.

CHARLES DARNLEY.

LETTER VIII.

From the Marquis de Vermont to Sir Charles Darnley, Bart.

London.

MY DEAR DARNLEY,

It gives me great pleasure to find, both from your own letters, and from those of my correspondents, that you have already made yourself popular in those circles to which it has been my good fortune to be the accidental cause of first introducing you. My national vanity, too, is much gratified in drawing from you an acknowledgment, that if we have many foibles, we have still some virtues. In your last dispatch, you shew your discernment in observing, and your justice in admiring, the respect which is generally paid to age in France, and to all the ties of kindred attachment and ancient friendship.

As your residence lengthens amongst us, and consequently your knowledge of our habits, I flatter myself that you will discover other objects deserving your commendation; and I am persuaded, that in spite of the caricature drawn in one of your letters of the manner in which you suppose marriages to be contracted amongst us, you will discover that examples of conjugal felicity are at least as common at Paris as in London.

With regard to the negotiation for an exchange of parties between two ladies, I shall only now observe, that if our *belles* make a trade of their amusements, I suspect, that, among the wives of the graver English, similar arrangements (though concealed and managed with more art) are by no means rare. Perhaps I shall have occasion to revert to this subject hereafter, but for the present I have other topics to discuss.

If my letters have been of any use to you, the obligation has been amply repaid by the benefit which I have received from your recommendations in London. I have already received so many invitations to the hospitable tables of your friends, that I have had frequent opportunities of witnessing the manner in which the English associate together on these occasions. I have by accident visited at the houses of persons in very different situations of life, and probably of very different fortunes; and nothing has surprized me more, than to observe in all of them a similar character. I have dined in the families of merchants, lawyers, physicians, private gentlemen, privy-counsellors, and peers, without remarking any distinguish-

ing circumstance, which could have shewn the class to which they respectively belonged. Every where I find a party of sixteen or eighteen persons, who are ushered from the drawing-room to the eating-parlour with *heraldic* precision, according to the rank which each individual is by law entitled to claim. Every where numerous tapers, held in lofty candelabra, or lamps in classical shapes, diffuse a brilliant light. Every where champagne sparkles in the silver ice-pails, while innumerable other wines of the rarest kind, and richest flavour, are handed round in troublesome profusion.

Every where two copious services, with various removes, appear on dishes of embossed plate, or on those of the most beautiful china, and are followed by a dessert of equal magnificence. Every where the attendants are numerous and well dressed, and every where reigns that corresponding neatness and propriety which so peculiarly distinguish your establishments.

Now, though wealth is very generally diffused in this country, I cannot understand how all those persons, among whom this wealth must have fallen in very different proportions, contrive to live with equal splendour and expense. The only difference I can perceive is, that in some houses the dinner is better dressed than at others, and the servants more at home in the performance of their duty. In other respects, an almost tiresome uniformity prevails in the style of the entertainment. *A propos de la cuisine*, you must pardon me for observing, that the desire of adopting not only the style of our eating, but also the names of our dishes, (which is so prevalent as to become almost a *rage*) leads your ladies and gentlemen into as many mistakes in talking of them, as their cooks commit in the composition of these favourite articles. Thus at one dinner I was asked to help the *bully beef*, at another I was offered a *cutlet* of mutton, and at a third I was assured the *raggoo veal* was excellent, yet the persons from whose lips fell these barbarisms were, in other respects, neither vulgar nor illiterate. After acknowledging the expensive hospitality with which stran-

gers are received in England, and the taste and elegance which the entertainments given by the higher ranks in this country display, I am sorry to say, that my praises can go no farther. The utmost care seems taken that each side of the table should present a corresponding number of *plats raisonnés*, that the *perigord* pie should be matched with the *vol au vent*, and the *cotelettes à la minute* with the *fricandeau*. In short, that every dish should fill its appropriate station as exactly as the soldier finds his in a military parade. But though such is the regularity observed in the arrangement of the festive board, very little consideration is paid to the selection and placing of the company invited to one of these costly banquets. I mean as to the respective qualities and dispositions of those who *malgré eux* are made close neighbours for three or four hours, at one of these protracted dinners. It is true, as I have already observed, that every body, who has the slightest pretension to precedence, is given the post of honour with all possible attention to his rank, and with very little regard for his wishes or inclinations;—but here ends the duty of the master of the house, and the rest of his friends are allowed, *pell mell*, to range themselves as chance may direct.

It does indeed seem to me most extraordinary, that, at tables where such large sums are lavished in procuring every possible gratification for the eye and appetite, no regard should be paid to the mutual taste and feelings of the guests. I see every day the most glaring incongruities of this kind at houses, the owners of which would think themselves mortified and degraded, if their servants committed the slightest deviation from received usage, in the arrangement of the various luxuries with which their table is loaded. Thus I have remarked a beautiful and lively young girl seated between a superannuated beau and a prim doctor of divinity. A *blue-stocking belle*, with a giddy officer of the guards on one side, and a fox-hunting squire on the other — a lady of the evangelical school next a professed libertine, a talkative and speculative widow near

a married man, (who was also deaf,) and a violent oppositionist by the side of a peer in office. I have seen an author condemned to have for his neighbour, the known writer of a critique, under the severity of which he was still smarting; and two Frenchmen placed side by side, who, though both emigrants to this country, were driven hither by the violence of their opposite opinions, the one for his unabated attachment to the fallen Napoleon, and the other for his ultra-zeal in the cause of legitimacy. In short, nothing can be more comical than the confusion produced by such ill-assorted parties, and I have sometimes been half tempted to suspect that the giver of the *fête* had amused himself in bringing together the persons least suited to each other.

The natural consequence of the little attention paid to the selection of the company is, that at these great dinners there is but little conversation, and except for professed gluttons no real enjoyment. Indeed, I find, that while the ladies remain at table, a certain number of common place questions are so often repeated, in lieu of the sensible remarks which I expected from the well informed English, that I am no less tired of hearing them echoed than of receiving the circular visits of the servants, who plague one almost every five minutes, with the offer of some fresh kind of beverage. The interrogations I allude to are, with little variation, as follows:—

Will you do me the honour of taking a glass of wine with me? Do you prefer Sauterne or Hermitage? Champagne or Hock? Were you at the Opera last night? What do you think of the new ballet? What news have you from Paris? Do you like England? Are you going to Lady Bell Barbone's *quadrille*, or Lady Lappet's "*At Home*?"

When the moment arrives at which, according to your ungallant customs, the female part of the company disappears, those who remain become, I am ashamed to say so, more at their ease, and less disposed to formality. I must confess that I have never yet witnessed one of those Bacchanalian scenes, the dread of

which formerly made a journey to this country appear an object of horror to the mind of a Frenchman. Still it seems strange that the absence of that sex (whose presence every where is the signal of pleasure) should here act as a charm in unbending the heart of John Bull. But though on these occasions your countrymen throw aside their gravity, they do not become either more entertaining or more decorous, and I have often heard a kind of conversation at the best tables, such as in France would only be tolerated at the mess of a garrison town, or among professed debauchees in their moments of secret and vicious indulgence.

An English gentleman, free from all prejudices, who has often given me very valuable information, and to whom I have remarked, as I have done in this letter to you, how generally magnificent and generally dull I find the dinners at London, assures me that the one characteristic is occasioned by the other. He says that expensive entertainments are given by many who can but ill afford them, and as the grand object (next to making a *display* for the sake of giving themselves the appearance of men of wealth and importance) is to *repay* those entertainments of which they have already partaken, and to challenge similar invitations from those whom they are ambitious of visiting, they crowd together as many guests as possible, selecting them, not according to their social qualities, but as policy or vanity dictates, after examining the *ledger account* in which they regularly enter their parties, past, expected, and to come.

Indeed my informant goes farther, and pretends that *first* and *second-hand dinners* are quite common in London, that is to say, two feasts are given in the same week. To the first all the highest titled and wealthiest of the donor's acquaintance are exclusively invited; and to the second (which is simply a hash of the former repast) his poorer and more distant connexions and country cousins, mixed up, perhaps, with some needy Scotch lords, or minor members of the *corps diplomatique*, who are reserved for the inferior banquet, in order to excite the wonder and respect of the rest of the company.

My friend has described one of these 'newspapers', but which, with his permission, I shall now venture to transcribe:—

If with limited means you would make a display,
Come listen to me, and I'll shew you the way;
Pick acquaintance with persons of fashion and state,
I mean such *as are*, or who *think themselves* great;
For our folks of distinction, high rank, and high birth,
Mix strangely with some of the basest on earth;
And those counterfeit great ones pass current, I'm told,
Just as pieces of paper were taken for gold.—
Hire a house in the purlieu of *Ton*, and take care
That it stands in a street near some *smart-sounding* square:
Such as *Hanover*, *Grosvenor*, or *Portman* at least,
Then make your arrangements for giving a feast.
Of your room and your table first measure the feet,
To see if a score of these dons you can seat.
Wedged together like slaves in a ship, for you know
The object you aim at 's not *comfort* but *show*;
Next, send out your cards, and remember *then size*
Is a thing which by no means you ought to despise;
For a large printed card, like a thundering knuck,
Announces a person of no vulgar stock;
And after inviting lords, *dandies*, and wits,
With some belles, and a few of the feed-giving cits,
Let your board, deck'd by *cuisinier françois* display,
As per contract agreed on, *des plats raisonnés*;
And so having made on that day a great *dash*,
You may ask your old friends on the next to a hash;
For these Frenchmen a plan economic pursue,
And out of one dinner, contrive to pinch two.
To be sure it may happen, that things may go wrong;
That the fish may be stale, or the soup not too strong;
That the sauces prove sour, and the creams rather acid;
But keep your own secret, dear Sir, and be placid;
Your second-hand guests (form'd of quizzes who dine
At home on boil'd chickens, roast beef, or cold chine,)
In spite of wry faces will cram, and suppose
That all faults are the faults of their taste or their nose.
And if the next morning their stomachs should rue
The honour allow'd them of feasting with you,
They'll think it a tax, though discover'd too late,
Which the *little* must pay when they mix with the *great*.

After saying so much above respecting the dinner-parties of London, I must add a few words on the assemblies, with which they are generally concluded. Here, again, as a Frenchman, I shall appear ungrateful, when I complain of the old English country-dance having been abandoned for one, which you now call the *quadrille*, but which, formerly, in your rage for foreign misnames, you used to style the *cotillon*, a word in French, which expresses nothing but an *under-petticoat*, in which sense it is used in one of our most ancient ballads. Well, it appears to me, that the good peo-

ple of this town have, since the peace, been seized with a *dansa-mania Gallica*. Whenever persons meet of both sexes within the extensive limits of this over-grown metropolis, no matter of whom the company consists, a *quadrille* must be got up, and in adjourning from the dining to the drawing-room, at all the houses which I frequent, I am sure to find an exhibition of this sort already begun—or the lady of the mansion using all her influence with the young men, to offer their hands in this dance to some of the many anxiously expecting damsels who crowd her party.

Though nothing can be prettier than the *quadrille*, when correctly and gracefully danced, it is so difficult to attain any thing like perfection in the performance, that, even at Paris, none make the attempt but the youngest of our beaux and belles; and those who do so devote half their mornings to previous rehearsals. Is it surprising, then, that in England it is rarely well executed? Indeed, nothing can be more absurd to the eye of a Frenchman than to see eight, or, at most, sixteen persons of different ages and figures, monopolizing the attention of a numerous assembly, while some unfortunate girl, disappointed of a partner, plays, unwillingly, the part of the musician at the piano-forte. On such occasions, it seems to me that this fashion has the happy effect of making a small number of individuals ridiculous, and condemning every body

else to give away their evenings in apathy and ill-humour. But before I conclude, I must beg you to understand, that in venturing to tell you how little pleased I am with the ostentatious entertainments which I have attempted to describe, I am far from wishing to insinuate, that real hospitality is effaced from the list of your virtues; for though, certainly, a plain dinner has now become as rare in London as a plain coat was formerly at Paris, I have, at many sumptuous banquets, been received with the utmost cordiality and unaffected kindness. — And though, at the generality of houses, there is more taste displayed in the choice of the dishes than in that of the company, there are not a few, where the selection of persons of corresponding dispositions is never neglected, and it is in such parties that my happiest days are spent. Farewell.

DE VERMONT.

STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO MRS. H*** ON HER BIRTH-DAY

On! banish stern winter, thine aspect of sadness;
Be sunny the heaven, be rosy the earth,
To welcome, with ev'ry expression of gladness
The day which to fair Mariana gave birth.

Sweet theme of my verse, who in honour hast mounted
To womanhood's zenith, the noon of life's day;
Though happy the years in the past thou hast counted,
May the years yet to come be more happy than they.

Thy cheek glows so youthful! thine eye beams so brightly!
As if time had felt loth such perfection to mar,
He has swept o'er thy brow with his pinion so lightly,
Even envious detraction shall not trace a scar.

A long race of glory, a gay splendid vision,
A path strewn with gold, be thy public career!
May thine hours of retirement be sweet and elysian,
Till in bliss as in beauty thou hast not a peer!

And would eloquence seek for some fit appellation,
So brilliant thy talents, so spotless thy fame,
To describe all that's great, good, and fair in creation,
He may sum up the whole by pronouncing thy name.

E. N. B.

THE PASTOR OF ARLEY.

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon of a bleak day in December, that the benevolent Pastor of Arley was returning home to his little parsonage, when, in crossing the church-yard, which lay immediately contiguous, he observed a young man of very shabby yet not vulgar exterior, and whom he did not recognize for a parishioner, resting his folded arms on the gate through which he must necessarily pass. Having arrived at the extremity of the pathway, he waited a minute or two, in the expectation that the stranger would proffer the courtesy of pulling open the wicket, but in vain; he merely retreated a few paces, and allowed Erpingham to perform the service for himself. —A strange face was a rare sight in the obscure village of Arley; and the degree of curiosity, which this alone would have excited in the vicar's mind, was augmented into a feeling of strong interest, by the singular and almost wild expression of the countenance which he caught a glimpse of, as it was half turned towards him and then hastily averted. Erpingham halted; and, in a conciliatory tone, addressed the stranger with a remark on the severity of the weather. —A sullen monosyllable was the only reply elicited, the brevity of which only served but to tantalize the spirit of inquiry it seemed intended to repress; he aimed a second observation, and a third, which were no less abruptly disposed of; till, at length, the mild pertinacity of the one overcoming the other's reservedness, — Erpingham was enabled to glean, that the stranger was come there from a neighbouring market town, yet without any avowed object, since he was not acquainted with the name of a single inhabitant of the village, and appeared to be devoid of any fixed place of habitation.

A violent gust of wind driving a cloud of sleet full in his face, reminded the pastor of the vicinity of a comfortable fire-side, and he terminated the parley by inviting the stranger to follow him to the cottage before them, which was acceded to by the other, if not with manifest

reluctance, at least without any acknowledgment of the vicar's disinterested civility.

Being entered into the house, Erpingham commended his companion to the hospitality of his housekeeper, in the kitchen, while himself proceeded to partake, alone, of the meal which had been, for the last half hour, waiting his return.

The honours of dinner despatched, he sent for the stranger, and, inviting him to a seat on the opposite side of the fire, renewed his friendly and well-meant questions; when his unwearied affability, and the exhilarating influence of some gooseberry-wine, succeeded in dispelling the panoply of gloom and moroseness which had hitherto invested his companion, who was induced, after some hesitation, to confide the particulars of his story, which he did, as concisely as possible, thus:—

"My surname," said he, "I would wish to be exempted from communicating; my christian name, which will serve well enough to know and call me by, is Henry. My father, who was a military officer on foreign service, died when I was young, and I was brought up by my mother, who had me educated at a considerable expense, and with, no doubt, great privation to herself, for her pension was but small, —not that she ever suffered me to feel the pressure of her poverty. At the age of sixteen, she procured for me a *writership* to an attorney; she had no interest to do any thing better, in which occupation I might have gone on soberly and respectably enough, but that, among the young men in our office, was one, a wild, dissipated fellow, whose frank vivacity of manners led me into extreme intimacy with him, and, at the same time, into all kinds of mischief. I was naturally possessed of a very powerful voice, and a good ear for music; and at all the clubs and convivial meetings, to which he was accustomed to introduce me, my vocal talents acted as a letter of recommendation, and proved a passport to favourable distinction and noisy honour, though seldom attended with any more

substantial advantage. The vehement plaudits, which invariably followed my exhibitions, vibrated on my heart long after they were silent to the ear, until, intoxicated by vanity, I suffered myself to be persuaded by partial, and, probably, incompetent judges, that I was destined to arrive at wealth and fame, as a public singer of the first order; and, having acquired a smattering of musical knowledge, resolved to abandon the drudgery of penmanship for the free and roving life of a player, and obtained, through the patronage of one of my social friends, an engagement with, of course, a very low salary, at one of the minor theatres of the metropolis.

"I had not been long on the stage before one of the girls, who was principal dancer belonging to our company, cajoled me into marrying her. We had one little boy, (thank heaven he's dead), and, for nearly three years, lived tolerably merry together; till my Jezebel of a wife thought proper to go off with our head tragedian. I would not appear to grieve greatly for her loss at the time, but quitted my quarters, to rid myself of the mockery of pity, that secretly derided my misfortune, and united myself to a strolling troop in the West of England, with whom I remained for several years. I then again visited London, and was permitted to make a first, and, alas! a last appearance at one of the theatres-royal.

"This failure of my fondest hopes, this fall from the summit of my ambition, just as I had touched the height, together with the regret which I have since felt for my wife's treachery, and the numberless mortifications and disappointments to which those of our profession are perpetually subject, have, perhaps, operated on a naturally sanguine and irritable temperament to render me cynical and misanthropic.

"About a fortnight ago I came to Atherstone, having concluded a treaty with Mr. W the manager, to perform at his theatre there: but, in my journey down on the outside of the coach, I caught a cold attended with such an inveterate hoarseness, as to utterly incapacitate me from fulfilling my engagement; I did in-

deed make one essay, but was so hooted for the attempt, that I was compelled to cancel my articles altogether, while the gentleman, who undertook to supply my place, has succeeded triumphantly. I applied to an apothecary at Atherstone, who, after drenching me with emulsions and pectoral draughts, declared that it might be several months before I regained my voice; I paid his bill with my last shilling, and left a small portmanteau to discharge my reckoning at the inn, since when, not choosing to shew my face at Atherstone where I am known, I spend the day in loitering about the adjacent villages, and sleep at night wherever I can find shelter; and I am not ashamed to confess it, had not tasted food for nearly eight and forty hours, till your liberality supplied me with a dinner. So here I am, a prisoner at large, a being isolated in society, without a single penny in my pocket, nor the means nor prospect of procuring one; I am anxious to get back to town, but have neither cash, clothes, nor credit to carry me there."

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Erpingham, with an unfeigned expression of sympathy; "yours is a pitiable case, truly; but take heart, young man; we will see what can be done for you; you want to go to London; what, is your mother there?" "My mother! no; thank God, she's saved from seeing me come to want bread. No; it was among the rest of my agreeable reflexions in the church-yard just now, that I was dutiful and grateful enough to break her heart; but she's better off in heaven than here; that is, if there be any such place."

"I am sorry to find you have any doubt upon the subject," said the pastor, placidly.

"Why, I guess *you* can't pretend to be over-certain about it," rejoined Henry.

"So certain, that if I was anxious to disbelieve it I *could* not. I have been zealously and sincerely employed for thirty years in shewing my parishioners the way to heaven, and a man can hardly be constantly in the habit of giving instruction to others, on any subject whatever, without at the same time teaching something to himself; preaching

taught me to ask myself if the doctrine I preached was sound doctrine, and led me to 'try the spirits whether they were of God.' I read, sought, examined, weighed, compared, and believed."

"What, Sir! believed all the absurdities, and inconsistencies, and impossibilities, that are in the Bible?"

"Every word, every letter of it; the seeming incongruities of the Scriptures are to my mind one of the proofs of their genuineness and authenticity; I do not shut the Bible in despair and disgust because I find in it some things hard to be understood: I should not feel so much reverence for, nor put so much faith in, a Scripture purporting to be a revelation from heaven, if its sublime mysteries were capable of being comprised within the scanty bounds of human comprehension: 'the ways of God are not as our ways, nor his thoughts like our thoughts.' The foundation of all Christian faith, all Christian virtue, and even of all social kindness, is humility; the impious pride of man disdains the mediatorial doctrine of Christianity, while his sensual and revengeful passions rebel against its precepts; men persuade themselves to *think* the Bible is not true, because they *wish* it to be not true."

"Well, all I know is, that some of the greatest rogues I ever met with, cheating rascals, fellows who did not mind what they did, so they kept their necks out of a halter, have been mighty good Christians for all that; which convinces me that religion is nothing but a tissue of canting, hypocritical stuff."

"You are under a mistake, my friend; the persons you allude to were no more Christians than they were Mussulmans or Hottentots; a Christian is a character very rarely met with. But as a man's reputation may be more materially injured by a misrepresentation of the truth, than by the propagation of an actual lie, so the cause of Christianity suffers more from being badly supported, than from direct opposition. Suppose, by way of illustration, that a magnificent piece of music, replete with the most sublime and difficult passages, the work of a composer who had lived many cen-

turies ago, had been handed down through successive generations to the present. That a large proportion of persons, some because it was customary to know a little of the subject, some in the course of education, some for the purpose of making money by teaching it to others, and some for the real pleasure they derived from listening to its grand and graceful movements, undertook to play over and practise this superb composition; but, suffering more agreeable occupations to allure them from the task, not one in a thousand had mastered the subject sufficiently to be able to afford a correct idea of its beauties; though many could perform a few bars, here a little and there a little, they did not play it so completely throughout, as to produce the sentiments of admiration it was so well calculated to inspire, yet, because this divine production was thus inadequately executed, we should not be warranted in decrying it as an inharmonious jumble of discord; but should rather set to learn the work ourselves, and we should find that the more perfect we became in it, the more we should delight in the study."

"Ay, well, you will never persuade me to be a Christian."

"Yes, I think I could, if I were to attempt it in earnest," said Erpingham, with his wonted serenity of manner; "for, not to insist on the conclusiveness and undeniable-ness of the internal evidence of Christianity, which, of course, you do not recognize, but to take you merely on your own grounds, to shew you the reasonableness, nay, the policy of adopting the Christian faith; to reduce the question to the lowest footing possible, I would argue, that if it is wisdom in any matter, of two evils to choose the least, it would be the lesser evil to find oneself in a future state in the presence of one God, where we expected to meet three, than to encounter the avenging frown of a Saviour, whose existence we had till that moment stoutly denied; and I cannot but think that it would be less offence to the Majesty of heaven, to have believed so plausible a statement as the Bible, though it were not his holy word, than to have

scoffed at and rejected it, if it were. To say nothing of the heavenly consolations that Christianity holds out; the hope of re-union in heaven with those we have loved and lost on earth; the cheering prospect to the dying penitent; the something pleasant, always in reserve and anticipation to the dreariness of old age; the pleasure, I could almost say, the luxury of prayer."

"Yes, I admit that Christianity is not without its advantages, it serves as a kind of social cement, and does altogether very well for age, infirmity, and women; a better Christian never patterned a *pater noster* than my own mother."

"And your wife, was she a Christian?"

"My wife! no, she was just what I taught her to be, only she used to go further than I did; but somehow I hate to hear women prating about *liberty*, and *necessity*, and *materiality*, things they do not understand a syllable of; the light of philosophy is too strong for their weak sight; they are like some horses that will go very well as long as they are blind-folded, but stumble, and start, and play a thousand tricks, if the bandage is removed. But though I confess the uses of Christianity, yet with respect to its consolation in death, I must say, I have seen some infidels, or deists, or whatever you please to call them, die with as much tranquil resignation, and calm fortitude, nay more, than your Christian; who, notwithstanding all his bright promises of everlasting felicity before him, often seems dreadfully frightened and unwilling to partake of them."

"I admit you, my friend, that there is not that difference in the aspect of the death-bed of the believing and the unbelieving which the awful difference of creed might lead you to expect; of course it has fallen within the scope of my experience to see frequent instances of both; but in endeavouring to explain a man's perceptions and feelings in his last hour on earth, I always take the natural character and constitution of mind largely into the account, together with the peculiar circumstances under which he dies; added to this the wearisome-

ness of protracted sickness, or the insupportableness of corporeal pain, induces either an indifference and apathy, or a vehement wish for change, which makes the appearance and effect the same, though the one is actuated by the expectation of future enjoyment, and the other by a desire to escape from present suffering. But I confess it strikes me as being somewhat singular, that in your mode of life you should have had either leisure or inclination to contemplate such serious subjects as these at all."

"No more I should, had I been like the generality of public performers, who have a world of their own in the theatre they belong to, and whose almost exclusive attention is engrossed by the squabbles and intrigues of a green-room. I, on the contrary, have passed much of my time in mixed society, and in the various coffee-houses, and so forth, to which I was accustomed to resort in London, as well as at the inns and farm-houses in the country; I have occasionally joined in all subjects of conversation, and all gradations of company, which has laid the foundation of a liberality of sentiment and opinion that it is next to impossible should be hereafter contracted or revoked."

"Well, my friend, I am not angry with you because I differ from you; deeply as I lament it, I never quarrel with a man for not being a Christian, but for not being a better Christian. It is the man who puts his hand to the plough and yet looks back, that I think I can never sufficiently reprove; the sin of infidelity is an offence against God, and with God be the punishment; 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.' But if I cannot advance your interest in the next world, perhaps I can assist you in this. My poor sainted sister used to say, that she reckoned the days of her sojourning on earth like turning over the pages of a dull tale, of which she was only anxious to arrive at the conclusion, having had an assurance that the *denouement* of the story was inconceivably interesting and delightful."

"How often have I heard my mother say the same words!"

"Indeed! the same words? your mother—I could fancy a likeness—is your surname Bruton?"

"Yes, it is," answered Henry, in a tone of surprise.

"Henry Horace Bruton?" demanded the pastor.

"The same," was the reply.

"Gracious providence—my sister's son!"

Such was the fact. — Mrs. Bruton, who had married when very young, in a manner extremely adverse to her brother's wishes and expectations, had resided, since the death of her husband, entirely in London; and, in her correspondence with Erpingham, wisely judging that it was worse than useless to harass him, by complaining of wrongs and sufferings, which he had not the power either to redress or alleviate, forbore to disclose the extent of her son's ingratitude and unkindness; nor ever acknowledged, that her heart was breaking, until it broke in making the confession.—And, when Erpingham came up to town in her last illness, the letter, that was despatched to Henry with the intelligence, was delayed so long, in consequence of the frequent shifting of his abode, that when he did hasten to London, in the hope of seeing his mother, he learned that she had been dead more than a month previously to his arrival.—His uncle, too, had returned home shortly after the interment, and had, consequently, never seen Henry since his boyhood.

This discovery put an end at once to all further theological discussion.—Each had so much to inquire and to relate—there was so much to regret in the past, to admire in the present, and to regulate in the future, that the night was far spent before they separated to retire to rest.

It was on the fourth day after Henry had thus unexpectedly found a father, a friend, a protector, a home, when Erpingham was seized with a complaint in the chest, to which he had been occasionally subject, during the last two or three years of his life, but from which no immediate danger was apprehended, as medical skill had always hitherto succeeded in effecting a

temporary cure.—The present attack was unusually severe: Erpingham himself, at its commencement, expressed his conviction, that he should not survive the paroxysm. The best medical advice that Athelstone could supply was immediately obtained, but without affording any mitigation of the fatal symptoms.

"Dear Sir," cried Henry, "give me, I intreat you, the direction in London of Mr. Marsden the surgeon, who, I am told, used to be so fortunate in recovering you.—I have ordered every inquiry to be made in the village where he lately resided, but no one is acquainted with the address, save yourself, Sir.—Would to heaven he had been here still! I beseech you let me send for him this instant, Sir."

"Be more calm, Henry," said Erpingham; though, on account of the difficulty of respiration, he had been prohibited from speaking.—"I would rather the thirty or forty pounds were in your pocket, my poor boy, than in Mr. Marsden's:—when I am gone, you will stand in need of all that I may have to bequeath, and that is but little indeed."

"Do not talk of dying, uncle,—I am sure you will recover."

"I have no wish to recover,—though you, Henry, would now be a tie to bind me to existence."

The surgeon here interposed to forbid any further conversation; and, having persuaded his patient to swallow a small portion of a composing draught, left him for the night, and, Erpingham sunk into a quiet slumber, but awoke again in about two hours afterwards, more languid and exhausted than he had ever yet appeared. Henry was sitting by the bed-side, and a small bible, that had been Erpingham's constant companion, lay upon the bed; the dying pastor raised his eyes to Henry, then cast them wishfully on the book; he was now too weak to hold it himself, or he had never have required Henry to read for him; but Henry either did not, or would not, understand the touching eloquence of the appeal, until his uncle further explained his desire, by stretching out his hand, and, inserting his finger within its pages, gently put it towards Henry: it was his last act of consciousness,

Henry took the bible, and began to read at the place where Erpingham had chanced to open it,—the magnificent 38th Chapter of the Book of Job.—He read it to the end, then, pausing, looked towards Erpingham, but started at beholding the sudden change that was become visible:—the indescribable indications of approaching dissolution were already in his face.—Henry continued to watch the variations of his countenance in breathless silence, as it were the flickerings of a flame that was nearly extinct; and seemed to

count and listen to the footsteps of death, in his short and difficult respiration; till, like the faint ticking of a watch that was unwound to its last turn, it stopped at once—he had expired!

“Oh, God!—Almighty, eternal, invisible God!”—exclaimed Henry; and, burying his face in the bed-clothes, his voice was lost in emotion but, in a few moments, again broke forth in audible ejaculations, “*Oh, let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his*”

ARIETTA.

STANZAS.

“DULCIBUS EST VERRIS MOLLIS ALENDS AMOR.”—OVID.

My Clara! love can never brook
The chilling glance, and altered look;
The careless eye's averted ray,
Which dimly tells of truth's decay:
The words—that fill the soul with gloom,
Like fancied sounds from some lone tomb,
Where feeling, thought, and joy are dead,
And hope's divinest blossoms shed.

My Clara! love can never bear
The lingering step and cautious air,
The heartless smile, and hateful sneer,
Aversion's sigh, or falsehood's tear,
The sullen lips on which his kiss
Is frozen ere it turn to bliss,
The passive and unthrilling press
Which speaks disdain in silentness.

No! love expects that every tone
Shall be the echo of his own;
That looks ne'er cold, and brows ne'er dim,
And sweetest smiles, shall welcome him:
That pressings of the hand, which tell
Of love so mutely—yet so well,
Shall greet his coming, and have pow'r
To solace e'en the parting hour.

He loves to mark the laughing eye,
Emitting truth's sincerity;
To feel two bosoms throb as one,
In dear and perfect unison;
And (as the morning's joyous beam
Beholds its light in some clear stream,)
To gaze upon a visage fair,
And see himself reflected there.

AZAR.

ON PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

(Continued from page 344.)

To form a perfect religious orator requires a combination of excellencies seldom united in a single individual, and, consequently, it is more surprising, that our pulpits are so frequently adorned by specimens of masterly, though, perhaps, seldom, of finished eloquence, than that they are constantly exhibiting men formed by nature in her most niggardly mood for the lowest offices in the machinery of society, voluntarily developing their own incapacity, by assuming the exalted characters of instructors of mankind.—To constitute an accomplished Christian orator, it is requisite, in the first place, that he should be perfectly convinced of the truth of the religion he advocates. I am not now speaking of hypocrisy as a moral, but as an oratorical defect; for the consciousness that he is defending what he firmly believes to be true will impart a dignity, an earnestness, and an energy, which nothing else can supply. It is scarcely necessary to observe, that he must have studied theology deeply, and with the Bible, and the Bible only, for a foundation have erected a superstructure of sound rational divinity. Our clergy can never be at a loss for assistance in their theological researches, while the writings remain of such men as Jeremy Taylor, Tillotson, Warburton, Paley, and Tomline. He must, likewise, examine with candour the objections advanced against Christianity, that he may be competent to confirm the faith, and rectify the erroneous opinions of his hearers; he must be a good classical scholar, critically acquainted with the niceties of the Greek language; his mind should be enriched with a general knowledge of men and things: it is a mistaken opinion entertained by some of the clergy, that they should confine their attention to the study of theology, and almost totally neglect other subjects, for there is scarcely a branch of knowledge, however inconsiderable and apparently unconnected with divinity, but may tend, in some way, to

strengthen argument or illustrate obscurity.—He must possess a vivid and creative imagination, capable of enjoying and displaying what is beautiful or interesting in the subjects he discusses; he must present religion to his hearers, disencumbered of the terrors in which it is arrayed by bigotry and superstition, and exhibit it as the unerring guide to earthly peace and heavenly happiness. Moderation must arrest every approach towards intolerance or uncharitableness; ardent though tempered zeal prevents the slightest approximation towards lukewarmness and indifference.

Undaunted in the prosecution of his duty, he must fearlessly brave the censure of the wicked; anxious to re-unite the sinner to his God, he must fan into a flame the faintest spark of penitence, and encourage even despairing guilt to repent, and be forgiven. His judgment should be correct, totally unbiassed by prejudice or interest, capable of discovering that method of imparting instruction to his hearers, which, with reference to local circumstances and peculiar prepossessions, is most probable to succeed. With respect to his delivery, it should be dignified and impressive; calm and energetic; undeformed by the appearance either of haughtiness and pride, or of a servile attention to the opinions of his congregation: he should be equally free from boisterous vulgarity, and lisping affectation; from a levity which scarcely seems to regard as sacred the temple and the altars of the Most High; and from a superfluous sanctity of demeanour, which appears to demand admiration for the piety and holiness it evinces. A distinct enunciation, a powerful, melodious, well modulated voice and graceful action are minor, but indispensable qualifications of an accomplished orator, and resemble the polish of the diamond, which, though it impart nothing to its intrinsic value, yet discloses those beauties which but for it would have existed only for concealment.

I now wish to say a few words upon a practice which has created much hatred towards the Clergy, which has excited the reproofs of their friends, and the assaults of their enemies; I allude to the practice of preaching political sermons. This evil has been so long complained of, and springs so frequently from one of the principal motives of conduct, self-interest, that I have scarcely the slightest hope of convincing those, who advocate it, of its impropriety and pernicious tendency; but as these remarks may possibly be perused by some who are hesitating between the conviction that the pulpit is sacred to religion only, and the desire to display the excellence of their political creed, I have a faint expectation that what I have to offer may occasion the scale to preponderate on the side of religious propriety, of christian decorum. The causes are various which render the pulpit peculiarly unfit for the discussion of political questions. The rancour and bitterness, which so frequently mingle with party-feeling, are at war both with the letter and with the spirit of our religion; and whether the cause is to be sought for in the original constitution of the human mind, where the elements of strife are implanted and blaze forth at the kindling touch of opposition, or in the nature of political subjects, which, by operating remotely or immediately on self-interest, bring the passions into action, certain it is that more violent dissensions, more implacable animosities have had their rise in political disputes than in any other subject that ever was discussed.

Is the pulpit, then, possessed of such a conciliating influence, that it can convert bitter to sweet, and divest venom of its sting? impossible! A clergyman may conclude that because custom and decorum have imposed silence on his hearers, that his eloquence has convinced them of the truth of what he is advancing; but, could he withdraw the veil which envelopes thought, and behold the chafed and angry spirit regarding its instructor with contempt, perhaps with malice—could he hear the ridicule and indignation with which the attempt

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to bias their opinions is treated by his congregation, he would probably confess that the abortiveness of his efforts would justify him in desisting from them for ever. If the human intellect were infallible in its decisions, the propounder of a political code for the observation of his flock would merit praise for his endeavours to impart the benefits of truth to the unreflecting; but, composed as the human mind is of strength and weakness, of reason and passion, alternately the slave of prejudice, of pleasure, and of interest, it should pause before it presumes to offer its unauthorized opinions for the adoption of others; for the few political texts contained in the New Testament are insufficient to support the numerous theories which have had them for their pretended foundation. I am unwilling to suppose, that an ardent desire to propitiate the powers that be has been the motive, which has actuated every clergyman who has preached a sermon in favour of the Government, I have no doubt that, in so doing, many of them believed they were discharging their duty; but the intemperate language and the servile ideas, contained in some of these harangues, sanction the suspicion, that the hope of not being overlooked at the ministers next distribution of preferments has operated more powerfully than the dictates of disinterested patriotism. On the other hand it is urged, may not the minister of religion incite his auditory to the resistance of arbitrary power? May he not teach them to trample upon thrones and dynasties, if they be attempting to enslave the people? Certainly not; for the press, and the press alone, is sufficient to effect the object without any other assistance. Notwithstanding all the empty declamation, which has been advanced in support of the contrary position, the christian religion is not a political engine; it may be incorporated with the state, but the state is not essential to its being; for if all the princes in the world were to conspire its destruction, they would be unable to effect their purpose; it has its root more firmly, more deeply, than in the will of kings, or the mandates of governments. But it

may be said that if the public tranquillity is threatened by a hostile invader, then surely it is the province of the pulpit to assist the constituted authorities of the land, in exhorting the people to provide for their defence and security. To this the same answer may be given as to the former proposition,—the press is capable of producing whatever results may be desired. Previously to the introduction of printing, indeed, the admonitions of the clergy were useful, when it was

necessary either to create, direct, or extend a national impulse, but the powerful sensation in the public mind, which the press can invariably command, renders any other interference superfluous; and I trust that our national clergy will not again degrade their office and their faith, by rendering them subservient to the purposes either of faction or authority.—Characters of eminent preachers will begin in my next communication.

CRITICUS.

TO ISABEL.

I knew but the half of thy beauty I vow,
While a smile ever dimpled thy face,
'Till the frown, that just crossed o'er thy clear sunny brow,
By its shadows developed new grace.

'Twas in day's high meridian a moment of night,
The dark ivy in yon rosy wreath;
'Twas the *dim* of the rainbow, so misty yet bright;
A diamond obscur'd by a breath.

As a discord makes harmony sound the more sweet;
A speck on the cygnet's white breast;
Lovers' parting increases the joy when they meet,
For 'tis contrast gives pleasure its zest.

Then I'll grant ye Minerva majestic and tall,
Venus lovely beyond any doubting,
Euphros'ne bewitching, but far above all,
O! give me a *Hebe* when pouting.

ANTONIO.

MAN'S FIRST REQUEST.

When man fresh from his Maker's hand
Forth came, and viewed this ample sphere;
With fond delight each scene he scann'd,
And sought the power that brought him here.

All nature smiled and tried to please
Creation's Lord, but tried in vain:—
Nor fragrant grove, nor hill could ease
Man of his more than fancied pain.

'Till then with utterance unsupplied,
Man now the strings of silence broke;
For what he wished he soon applied,
And thus th' immortal pow'r bespoke.

To make my state supremely blest,
I, pow'r divine, thine aid implore;—
Add but one gift to all the rest,—
Give woman, and I ask no more.

I. F.

ON THE ADVANTAGES OF LITERARY CORRECTION.

— — “Turpem putat inscitè, metuitque lituram.”

HORACE.

— — “Otway fail’d to polish or refine,
And fluent Shakspeare scarce effac’d a line :
E’en copious Dryden wanted or forgot
The last and greatest art, the art to blot.”

POPE.

To persons of literary taste and discrimination it is a pursuit of no unpleasing or uninstructional nature to examine the various methods, by which many of our best writers have distinguished themselves in the annals of learning, and raised themselves to eminence and renown; to observe the numerous instances of improvement either in idea or expression; and to discover the frequent traces of deep thought, and the obvious marks of diligence, which they have displayed in the final polish and correction of their works. Researches of this description cannot but be productive of infinite pleasure and advantage. They tend to form and enlarge the understanding, and to throw a new light on subjects connected with the various branches of learning and philosophy. They lead the imagination to take a wider range in the walks of literature, and to follow the mind of the writer from the rudeness of its first conceptions to the elegance of its last. It is pleasant also, as Dr. Johnson well remarks in his *Life of Milton*, to see great works in their seminal state, pregnant with latent possibilities of excellence; nor can there be a more delightful entertainment than to trace their gradual growth and expansion; and to observe how they are sometimes suddenly advanced by accidental hints, and sometimes slowly improved by steady meditation.

In this agreeable and rational pursuit, the attentive reader will find ample materials for employment in the works of our most celebrated divines, philosophers, and poets. He will there perceive such a wide scope for research, and such an expanded field of observation, that it must be the consequence

either of indifference or negligence if the study is not attended with the most beneficial effects.

The first author of eminence, whom we may select as remarkable for industry and perseverance in his literary pursuits, is the learned Dr. Barrow. Though an appearance of negligence in his style be occasionally observable, owing probably to the warmth and profusion of his ideas, it is well known that he paid great attention to the structure of his native language. He consequently found it very difficult to please himself; inasmuch that he generally transcribed his sermons three or four times over before he was satisfied with their diction. It is to this patient assiduity that we may ascribe his freedom from that intricacy and protraction, which mark the periods of Lord Clarendon and others of his contemporaries. In Barrow the sentences are perspicuously arranged and divided; seldom, if ever, tedious by their length, and usually closing with cadence and dignity.*

The style of Archbishop Tillotson, to use the language of Dr. Blair, is pure and perspicuous, but careless and remiss, and too often feeble and languid; with little beauty in the construction of his sentences, which are frequently suffered to drag inharmoniously with seldom any attempt at strength or sublimity. His manner is free and warm, and he approaches nearer than most of the English divines to the character of popular speaking. We must not indeed consider him in the light of a perfect orator. His compositions are too diffuse, and frequently too destitute of animation, to deserve that high character; but there is in many of his sermons so much warmth and earnestness, and through

* Drake's Biographical Essays, Vol. II.

them all there runs such a vein of good sense and sincere piety, as justly entitle him to be esteemed one of the most eminent preachers that England ever produced.

Bishop Atterbury, observes the same judicious critic, ought to be particularly mentioned as a model of correct and beautiful style, besides having the merit of a warmer and more eloquent strain of writing than is commonly met with. At the same time he is more distinguished for eloquence and purity of expression than for profoundness of thought. His language, though sometimes careless, is upon the whole neat and chaste, and more beautiful than that of most writers of sermons. In his sentiments he is not only rational, but pious and devotional. *

To the style and manner of Swift we possess a most striking contrast in the writings of Lord Shaftesbury, who, more than any other author of his age, was solicitous to round and polish his periods. All is elaborate in the compositions of this nobleman; every page bearing witness to the unwearied diligence with which he modulated and constructed his diction. His sentences flow with the most studied cadence, and their clauses are balanced and distributed with the greatest accuracy and precision. He possessed a rich and ardent imagination; and, when describing the beautiful and sublime in nature, his language was uncommonly elegant and appropriate. † The work, entitled "*An Enquiry concerning Virtue*," is remarkable for the great difference between the first edition and the corrected one, as it now stands among his works; and is mentioned by Dr. Blair as one of the most curious and useful examples of the *limæ labor*, the art of polishing language, breaking long sentences, and working up an imperfect sketch into a beautiful and highly finished performance.

The style of Lord Bolingbroke, on the contrary, is that of one declaiming with heat, rather than writ-

ing with deliberation. He abounds in rhetorical figures, and pours himself forth with great vigour and impetuosity. He is copious even to a fault, places the same thought before us in many different views, but generally with life and ardour. He is bold rather than correct; a torrent that flows strong, but often muddy. His sentences are varied as to length and shortness; inclining, however, most to long periods, sometimes including parentheses, and frequently crowding and keeping a multitude of things upon one another, as naturally happens in the warmth of speaking.

St. William Temple is a remarkable writer in the style of simplicity. All is easy and flowing in him; he is exceedingly harmonious; smoothness and what may be called amenity are the distinguishing characteristics of his manner; but he was apt to relax into a prolix and remiss style, which a little attention and a close and careful revision of his subject would easily have corrected. ‡

That in the early part of his life Milton wrote with more than ordinary care is evident from the manuscript of his works preserved in the University of Cambridge, in which many of his smaller poems are found as they were written with the subsequent corrections. Such reliques, says his biographer, shew how Excellence is acquired. What we hope ever to do with ease, we must first learn to do with diligence.

It is related by Richardson, that, when Milton was composing his *Paradise lost*, he would sometimes lie awake whole nights without being able to make a single verse; but now and then his poetical faculty would rush upon him with a sudden and irresistible inspiration. At other times he would dictate more than forty lines in a breath, and then reduce them to half the number.

Fenton, in his entertaining observations on Waller, mentions a

* Lectures on the Belles Lettres, Sect. XXIX. In these Lectures are contained some excellent observations on the style and manner of many others of our most eminent writers, with judicious remarks on their general character as authors.

† Drake's Biographical Essays.

‡ Blair's Lectures, Sect. XIX.

curious anecdote concerning the great industry and correctness with which Waller polished even his smallest productions. "When the Court was at Windsor, a few verses (not more than ten in number) were written in the Tasso of her Royal Highness the Duchess of York, at Mr. Waller's request, by Sheffield, the late Duke of Buckingham; and I well remember to have heard his Grace say that the author employed the *greatest part of the summer* in composing and correcting them. So that however Waller is generally reputed the parent of that swarm of insect wits, who affected to be thought easy writers, it is evident that he bestowed much time and attention on his poems before he ventured them out of his hands."*

It is well known, says Dr. Warton in his learned Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope, that the works of Voiture, of Sarassin, and La Fontaine cost them infinite pains and trouble, and were gradually laboured into that facility for which they are so famous by the aid of repeated alterations and many erasures. Moliere is reported to have passed whole days in fixing upon a proper epithet or rhyme, although his verses have all the flow and freedom of conversation. It was the practice also of Boileau to make the second line of a couplet before he composed the first: and he was used to declare that it was one of the grand secrets of poetry to give, by this method, a greater energy and meaning to his verses. Of the patience and diligence of this celebrated writer we have a striking example in his "*Equivoque*," a poem consisting of only three hundred and forty-six lines, which employed him eleven months in writing, and three years in revising.

Considering the period in which he wrote, Addison also was peculiarly attentive, not only to grammatical purity, but to the modulation of his sentences; which, though never exhibiting any studied cadences, seldom fail to please the ear. It is related of him that he was so very particular in his com-

positions, that when an entire impression of a number in the Spectator was nearly thrown off, he would stop the press to insert a new preposition or conjunction; and indeed the numerous and minute *errata*, annexed to many of his papers in the original folio editions, strongly tend to confirm the report. How early he commenced this critical diligence is apparent in perusing No. 117 of the Tattler; where he has with his own hand marked for correction many errors in orthography and punctuation, and substituted several words which contributed to the improvement or illustration of the text.

In reading Dr. Johnson's "*Lives of the Poets*," we find that most of them bestowed great labour and attention in correcting and polishing their different works. Sheffield was all his life-time improving his "*Essay on Poetry*," by successive revisions, so that there is scarcely any poem to be found of which the last edition differs more from the first. In his remarks on Prior's "*Solomon*," Dr. Johnson observes, that it was undoubtedly written with great care and labour; that its author had infused into it much knowledge and much thought, had often polished it to elegance, often dignified it with splendour, and sometimes heightened it even to sublimity.

Dryden was accustomed to pay very little attention either to the propriety of his subject, or to the correctness of his language. He wrote, as he himself tells us, without much consideration; when occasion or necessity called upon him, he poured out what the present moment happened to supply; and, when once it had passed the press, banished it from his mind; for when he had no pecuniary interest, he had no further solicitude. That the noble music ode, "*Alexander's Feast*," has not received the last touches of the poet's hand, is evident from the frequent deficiency of corresponding rhymes. His "*Fables*" also, particularly those of Palamon and Arcite, Cymon and Iphigenia, and Sigismonda and Guiscardo, exhibit many

proofs of carelessness in the versification, and a want of dignity both in style and expression.

Pope, on the contrary, was not content to satisfy, he desired to excel; and, therefore, always endeavoured to do his best. He did not court the candour, but dared the judgment of his reader; and expecting no indulgence from others, he shewed none to himself. He examined lines and words with minute and punctilious observation, and retouched every part with indefatigable diligence, till he had left nothing to be forgiven.—For this reason he kept his pieces very long in his hands, while he considered and re-considered them. He is said to have sent nothing to the press until it had lain two years under his inspection. By so doing, he suffered the tumult of imagination to subside, and the novelties of invention to grow familiar. The only poems, which can be supposed to have been written with such regard to the times as might hasten their publication, were the two satires of “Seventeen Hundred and Thirty-eight;” which, as Dodsley once informed Dr. Johnson, were brought to him by the author, that they might be fairly copied. “Almost every line,” he said, “was then written twice over; I gave him a clean transcript, which he sent some time afterwards to me for the press, with almost every line written twice over a second time.”

His declaration, that his care for his works ceased with their publication, is not strictly true. His parental attention never abandoned them; what he found amiss in the first edition, he silently corrected in those that followed. The “*Essay on Criticism*” received many improvements after its first appearance, as did also the “*Essay on Man*;” and it will be found, that he seldom made them without adding clearness, elegance, and vigour. He appears, also, to have revised his translation of Homer’s *Iliad*, and to have freed it from some of its imperfections. To those who have skill to estimate the excellence and difficulty of this great work, it must be

very desirable to know how it was performed, and by what gradation it advanced to correctness. Of such an intellectual process, the knowledge has very rarely been attainable; but, happily, there remains the original copy of the *Iliad*, which, having been obtained by Lord Bellingbroke as a curiosity, descended from him to Mallett, and is now deposited in the British Museum.* As a proof of the unwearied diligence, with which Pope polished and corrected that excellent translation, Dr. Johnson, in his life of that poet, has preserved a specimen which well deserves the study and attention of the reader.

Of the great and uncommon powers of Dr. Johnson, in almost every department of literature, so much has been said by his numerous biographers, that it were needless here to enlarge on them; but whilst on the subject of correction, it may not be irrelevant to observe, that many of his *Ramblers*, which might well be supposed to have been laboured with the slow attention of literary leisure, were written in haste as the moment pressed, without ever being read over by him before they were printed. He once assured Sir Joshua Reynolds, that he wrote his *Rasselas* in the evenings of one week, sent it to the press in portions as it was published, and had never since read it over. The mode, in which he acquired this unusual correctness in composition, can only be accounted for, says Mr. Boswell, in this way; that by reading and meditation, and a very close inspection of life, he had accumulated a great fund of miscellaneous knowledge, which, by a peculiar promptitude of mind, was ever ready at his call, and which he constantly accustomed himself to clothe in the most apt and energetic expressions. Sir Joshua Reynolds once asked him, by what means he had attained such extraordinary accuracy and flow of language, to which he replied, that he had early laid it down as a fixed rule, to do his best on every occasion, and in every company; to impart whatever he knew in the most forcible and correct language; and that by constant practice,

* Johnson’s Life of Pope.

and never suffering any careless expression to escape him, or attempting to deliver his thoughts without arranging them in the clearest manner, it became habitual to him.*

Having thus selected a few examples from the best and most approved English writers, it may be useful to add some cursory remarks on the great advantages of strict and impartial correction; and of acquiring a habit of close attention in literary pursuits. These are, indeed, the only steps by which a writer can attain to eminence, or by which he can expect to gain the approbation of his readers, as well as to secure his own reputation.

The advantages of correction are two-fold; in the first place, as it contributes to render a work more complete and perfect; and, secondly, as it not unfrequently places the subject in a new light, and enables the author, by the aid of mature reflection, to add such ideas as tend more fully to illustrate and simplify it. Besides, every literary composition, in its unfinished state, is liable to error and misconstruction. It is, at first, *radix indigesta-que moles*,[†] a chaos of words and ideas; but when it is subjected to the strict and impartial eye of criticism, the alterations and additions, which it receives, quickly reduce it to shape and order. And here it may not be unentertaining to observe the different manner in which authors in general have acted, with regard to their works. By some, the "*lma labor*," or task of correction, is undertaken with a mixture of pleasure and anxiety; by others, with difficulty and dislike. Some begin regularly with the outline, and gradually finish their design "with patient touches of unweary'd art;" whilst those whose genius is more active, and less accustomed to restraint, abandon what they have written, as it were, by a kind of *curiosa felicitas*, in the heat of fancy and the ardour of imagination;—either from disdain of correction, or from despair of improvement. Others, again, employ at once memory and invention; and, with lit-

tle intermediate use of the pen, form and polish large masses, by continued meditation, and write their productions only when, in their own opinion, they have completed them. It is related of Virgil, that his custom was to pour out a great number of verses in the morning, and pass the day in retrenching exuberances and correcting inaccuracies. The method of Pope, also, as may be collected from his translation of the *Iliad*, was to write his first thoughts in his first words, and gradually to amplify, decorate, rectify, and refine them.†

It is a sure mark of ingenuousness and candour, when an author receives, with temper and moderation, the suggestions of those who are better able than himself to form a dispassionate opinion of the merits and defects of his works. Of this, Pope has given us an example in his own person, in the "Prologue to the *Satires*:"—

"Did some more sober critic come
abroad,
If wrong, I smil'd; if right, I kiss'd
the rod."

This great poet, says his biographer, well knew that the mind is always enamoured of its own productions, and would not, therefore, trust his first fondness. He consulted his friends, and listened with great willingness to criticism; and, what was of more importance, he consulted himself, and let nothing pass against his own judgment.

His contemporary, Wycherley, does not, however, appear to have possessed the same open and liberal sentiments. He submitted his poems to the revision of Pope, who corrected them with equal freedom and judgment; but Wycherley, who had a bad heart and an insufferable share of vanity, was soon disgusted at the ingenuousness of Pope, inasmuch, that he came to an open and ungenerous rupture with him.

A different picture is presented in the conduct of Boileau and Racine, who were accustomed to communicate their works to each other with the utmost sincerity and unreservedness; of which, many amiable in-

* Boswell's Life of Johnson.—Vol. i. page 181.

† Johnson's Life of Pope.

stances appear in their correspondence. Boileau shewed to his friend the first Sketch of his *Ode on the Taking of Namur*. It is entertaining to contemplate a rude draught by the hand of such a master, and it is no less pleasing to observe the good temper with which he receives the objections of Racine. Racine, in return, submitted his tragedies, as they were written, to the correction of Boileau.

It does not display much prudence or judgment in an author, to indulge an undue fondness for his first productions. The records of literature, indeed, present us with too frequent examples of writers, whose fame has suffered from this over-weening partiality, and this wilful blindness to their own errors. They have thus allowed many objectionable passages, sanctioned either by the taste or the licentiousness of the age, to stand uncorrected, which it would, in all respects, have been better to have blotted from their works. Shakspeare, Otway, Beaumont and Fletcher, Congreve, Dryden, Farquhar, Vanbrugh, and other dramatic poets of eminence, have transmitted their names to posterity with greatly diminished lustre, owing to this very cause. Few, indeed, are there, who imitate the praiseworthy resolution which Waller displayed, when he expressed his firm determination "to erase from his poems every line which did not contain some incentive to virtue;" or who deserve the tribute of praise which Lord Lyttleton, in his prologue to the tragedy of *Coriolanus*, so justly paid to the memory of his friend and companion, Thomson:—

"His virtuous muse employ'd her well
taught lyre,
None but the noblest passions to inspire;
Not one immoral, one corrupted
thought,
One line which, dying, he could wish
to blot."

I shall conclude this subject with the following excellent remarks by Dr. Blair:—"We must observe, that there may be an extreme in too great an anxious care about words. We must not retard the course of thought, nor cool the heat of imagination, by pausing too long about every word that is employed. There is, on certain occasions, a glow of composition which should be kept up, if we hope to express ourselves happily, though at the expense of allowing some inadvertencies to pass. A more severe examination of these must be left to the work of correction. For, if the practice of composition be useful, the laborious task of correcting is no less so; it is indeed absolutely necessary to our reaping any benefit from the habit of composition. I should therefore advise that what is written should be laid by for some little time, till the ardour of composition be past; till the fondness for the expressions we have used be worn off, and the expressions themselves be forgotten; and then reviewing our work with a cool and critical eye, as if it were the performance of another, we shall discern many imperfections which at first escaped us. Then is the season for pruning redundancies, for examining the arrangement of sentences, for attending to the juncture and connecting particles, and for bringing style into a regular, correct, and supported form. This important task must be submitted to by all who would communicate their thoughts with proper advantage to others; and constant practice in it will soon sharpen their eye to the most necessary objects of attention, and render it a much more easy and practicable work than might at first be imagined."

D. F.

FOREIGN.

BIOGRAPHY, RECENT PUBLICATIONS,

AND

Literary and Scientific Intelligence.

MEMOIR OF GOETHE.

JEAN WOLFGANG GOETHE, one of the most celebrated authors of Germany, who, on account of his advanced age, is become the patriarch of German literature, was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main, the 28th of August, 1749. He was the son of a celebrated Jurisconsult, and received an education favourable to the development of those talents with which nature had richly endowed him. After having studied law at Leipsick, and received a doctor's degree at Strasbourg, he established himself in his profession at Wetzlar, in the year 1771; at this place he published his celebrated work, "The Sorrows of Werter," which was founded on a tragical adventure that had recently occurred within his own knowledge. This work immediately drew public attention to the author, who had proved himself so intimately acquainted with the secret recesses of the human heart, and who, in a simple, but always interesting story, captivated the mind and heart of his reader. Courtied by all the most distinguished men in Germany, Goethe soon found in the young Prince Charles Augustus of Weimar, not only a protector, but a friend. He travelled with this prince through Germany and Switzerland, and on his return in 1782 was appointed a privy councillor and president of the Ducal Chamber of Weimar. In 1786 he obtained the permission he so ardently desired of visiting Italy; after having travelled throughout this interesting country, and made some stay in Sicily, he resided at Rome, where he studied antiquities, and did not return to Weimar until he had been absent three years. This city, whose sovereign was constantly the protector of literature and the arts, was already called *the Athens of Germany*. A rare concourse of celebrated men was established in this city, among whom was distinguished in the first rank, Wieland, Herder, Schiller, and Goethe. The last seems to have partaken of a great portion of the public esteem previously bestowed on his illustrious predecessors.

Eur. Mag. Vol. 82.

The republic of letters has contained but few citizens who ever enjoyed such a bright reputation with so little alloy, and obtained while living the full meed of glory justly due to their useful labours. Goethe may be cited among the small number of fortunate writers, whose personal and mental qualifications have been honourably appreciated by their contemporaries. Loaded with years and honours, his first as well as his last step in the long career, which he has so honourably filled, have been marked by the most brilliant success; the esteem and veneration with which he has inspired his fellow-citizens, without excepting even his numerous rivals, approach to a species of adoration. His statue is about to be erected, at their expense, in Frankfort, his native city, and many other cities of the Germanic Confederation are disposed to follow this example. Napoleon, during his stay at Erfurt, desired to see Goethe; and, after a long and animated interview, placed the cross of the Legion of Honour on the breast of this honourable man. "Goethe," said Madame de Staël, "represents in his own person the whole of German literature; not because there are no writers superior to him in some respects, but because he unites in himself all that distinguishes the German mind, and no one is so remarkable for a peculiar kind of imagination, which the Italians, the French, and the English acknowledge. We find in him a great profundity of ideas, a grace which springs from the imagination, a sensibility, although sometimes fantastic, yet even from that very quality more adapted to interest the readers, who seek in books materials wherewith to vary their monotonous existence, and seek in the charms of poetry to enliven the *tedium* occasioned by a paucity of the real occurrences in life."

The genius of Goethe embraced every department of literature, physics, natural history, and the fine arts,

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and he published works of almost every kind, such as songs, ballads, epic poems, tragedies, operas, comedies, proverbs, romances, &c. the list alone of his numerous writings would exceed the limits prescribed for our present article; we can therefore only cite his principal works. Attached to Schiller by the ties of a long and constant friendship, a worthy rival of that great man, he has with no less fruitful hand enriched the stage of their common country. His first piece, *Goetz de Berlichingen*, or the Iron-handed Cavalier, an historical drama, had at first a prodigious success. The author traces in a naïve and piquant manner a faithful picture of the chivalrous manners of former times. He afterwards published *Faustus*, a piece replete with original and brilliant beauties; *Iphigenia in Tauris*; *Tasso*; *the Natural Daughter*; *Clavijo*; *Stella*; *Count Egmont*, &c. He also translated two of the tragedies of Voltaire, *Mahomet* and *Tancred*. His epic poem, *Hermann and Dorothea*, has been translated into French by M. Bitaubé, and more successfully by Baron Humboldt, the elder brother of the illustrious traveller of

that name. M. Boulard has also given an interlinear translation. The romance of *Werter* has been translated into all the languages of Europe. Another romance, *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre*, the years of apprenticeship of William Meister, has been imitated rather than translated, in French, by M. Sevelinges, under the title of *Alfred*, who has also translated with less success the *Elective Affinities*, one of the last of Goethe's romances. Goethe published at Tübingen, in 1813, the first part of *Memoirs of his Life*, containing an account of his travels in Italy, and which has created a great desire for the continuation. *The Complete Works of Goethe* were published in numbers at Tübingen, from the year 1806 to 1810. He is an honorary member of the principal academies in Europe, and is a corresponding member of the French National Institute. For some years past he has relinquished the direction of the theatre at Weimar, and discontinued the large parties that used to be held at his house, where travellers from every part of Europe were accustomed to resort, curious to behold this celebrated man.

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

Plutarchi Alcibiades, textum e Cod. Paris. Recognovit, perpetua annotatione instruxit, dissertationem de fontibus hujus vitæ præmisit Christ. By M. Baehr.

This is a new edition of Plutarch's Life of Alcibiades, corrected from manuscripts in Paris, with notes, and a dissertation on the sources whence Plutarch drew the materials of his life; by M. Baehr, professor at the university of Heidelberg. The author is well known in the literary world for several excellent philological treatises, such as his ingenious dissertation on *Minerva Præmigenia*, and on the *Apollo Patricius*. But it is to the study of Plutarch that this young author has particularly dedicated his studies; he has given in the *Molemata* of M. Creutzer observations on Artaxerxes, in which it may be perceived, that he has comprised all that remained to be done towards the elucidation of the text, and for the comprehension of ancient biography.

He has now completed his labours on Alcibiades, and in a very short time he will finish his Pyrrhus. M. Baehr has closely adhered to the edition of Schæffer, as his standard, which is most known all over Germany. He has with scrupulous assiduity collated all the manuscripts in the Royal Library of Paris, which is minutely described in the preface. This preface is followed by a critical dissertation on the sources whence Plutarch drew the materials which composed his life of Alcibiades. M. Baehr confutes those commentators, who endeavour to shake the credit which the Greek historian merits. He maintains that Plutarch has invariably followed the surest guides, such as Thucydides, Xenophon, Ephorus, Theopompus. He asserts that where the authorities, whence Plutarch drew his information, were of doubtful tendency, they were not received till after a mature deliberation; and these are not empty assertions. At pages 216 and 222, an example of M. Baehr's manner of reasoning may be seen; there we may be convinced that Plutarch often followed

his originals so closely, that he appears in many places to have transcribed their very words, according to M. Schneider (*ut exscriptis adeo verba videatur*). In the notes M. Baehr has followed his author step by step, and, on any particular event, we are directed to some passage in the more ancient authors, which supports him.

Plutarch took a great deal from Xenophon, Thucydides, Theopompus, and Duris of Samos, who claimed an alliance with the family of Alcibiades. M. Baehr shows by a passage in the life of Pericles, that Plutarch did not undertake the life of that extraordinary man inconsiderately. Our author afterwards speaks of Satyrus, from whom Plutarch borrowed his 23d chapter, without any acknowledgement, but Athenæus treating on the same subject, supplies that deficiency, by ascribing it to Satyrus. M. Baehr afterwards passes to Antisthenes, who wrote a treatise on Alcibiades, which has not only served Plutarch, but all those who have commented on Alcibiades from Plato to Proclus, and Olympiodorus. Theophrastus has also contributed to assist him, and Philochorus has furnished him with the materials of his twenty-sixth chapter on Hermes. Among the orators, Demosthenes, Antiphon, and Andocides have been consulted. Even the comic poets such as Aristophanes, Eupolis, Archippus, Plato, and Phrynichus, have been quoted. M. Baehr has displayed great erudition in his researches, and has drawn the most just conclusions from those revered authorities which have served as guides to Plutarch, and for this reason the historian has not been so faithful as he ought to have been in the biography of the others. We know that M. Heeren has already treated on this subject, and, if M. Baehr would extend his labours to the whole of Plutarch with the same talent he has exhibited in the work before us, philology would be much benefited by his labours.

This young philologist has also promised us an edition of the Fragments of Ctesias, *cum notis variorum* ancient and modern, he will endeavour to vindicate Ctesias from the frivolous objections of the learned Larcher. We cannot dismiss this work without calling the attention of our readers to an interesting digression.—Cupid, represented on the shield of Alcibiades, holding a thunder-bolt in his hand. M. Baehr reconciles this passage with a similar one from Athenæus, and with some epigrams from the Anthology of

Jacobs; he also supports it by a passage from Pliny, who mentions a statue of Cupid, holding a thunder-bolt in his hand: this accords with those mystic emblems of the young God represented as the creator, preserver, and destroyer of mankind. M. Baehr has proved, that although Jupiter claims the thunder-bolt, as the chief attribute, yet it was not his exclusive privilege. We are sorry that our limits will not permit us to follow the author in his philological discussions, and in his digression relative to the ancient Plynthus.

Histoire des événemens de la Grèce depuis les premiers troubles jusqu'à ce jour, &c.—History of the late Events in Greece, with Notes; to which is added an Account of Constantinople. By M. C. D. Raffenel, an eye-witness of the principal facts. 1 vol. 8vo. price 9s. 6d. Paris, 1822.

M. Raffenel has excited a very lively interest in his work, which is augmented still more by the present circumstances; the war still continues, and we find it almost impossible to follow these actual events, without associating those which have long preceded them, and the principal causes which gave rise to them. In this history these matters are represented to us with fluency, clearness, and precision.

We see, as it were, before our eyes, the *Dramatis Persona*, performing the most tragical spectacle, one party agitated by the passion of religious liberty, the other raging with the most bigoted and despotic fanaticism. Here we have the representation of manners and characters entirely unknown amongst us. Their language, habits, costume, and manners of living, are all different. Even their ferocious actions have a barbarous but savage grandeur about them, at which we are the more astonished, as civilization brings all nations to uniformity. Their wars, punishments, laws, and usages, all resemble those of more polished countries. This book presents many charming digressions, when the importance of these events was not the object of the author. We have only to regret, that the author did not extend his account of the principal characters of this war, such as those of Prince Ypsilanti, and of Bobelina, who, to avenge the death of her husband, fitted

out three ships of war, which she armed at her own expense, and displayed in the woman the valour of a hero.

Nothing is more valuable in history, than exact delineations of character and correct descriptions. We could have wished, also, that he had given us some of their speeches, whether delivered at the head of the army, or in their political assemblies, because speeches paint the thoughts and actions of men much better than the most animated narration. The descriptions of the several events would have been better in a more connected view.

We cannot help recommending this work, as being remarkable for a fluent facility of style, rarely to be met with; for an accurate description of manners, and for reflections which do great credit to the author. The work throughout bears the stamp of truth, and is the most complete account hitherto published of one of the most extraordinary revolutions of the present age.

Mélanges de Philosophie, de Morale et de Littérature.—A Moral, Literary, and Philosophical Miscellany. By J. H. Meister. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 700. Price 10s. Geneva, 1822.

The author of this new work is an old labourer in the fields of literature, and well known in the learned world as the friend of Diderot, Grimm, Suar-det, and Necker.

He and M. Garat are the only two *littérats* now surviving, who lived in the intimate friendship of the philosophers of the eighteenth century. If the name of Meister do not fire the imagination so much as those of his illustrious contemporaries, the least we can say of him is, that he stood clear of those rocks on which the most part of his friends were foundered.—He was always the zealous advocate of that religion, whose principles are supposed to be founded on eternal truth. All his works breathe the very spirit of sensibility and mildness, dictated by the purest and most exalted sentiments.

His *Discourses on the Immortality of the Soul, and Old Age*, are well known. As an historian, M. Meister is known by the continuance and completion of Grimm's Correspondence.—The work, of which we now speak, is different from those hitherto published by the author. The philosopher and

man of letters appear by turns, and are successively loved and admired. The first volume, contains a *Treatise on Friendship*, replete with original views, where the interest is sustained by the author's oratorical talents in every section, presenting, at times, his ideas in the form of letters; sometimes, like Cicero, in the form of dialogue; and, lastly, in the form of sentimental aphorisms.

The second part contains fragments on several subjects of literature and morality. These pieces will always afford great pleasure, however often they are read. Some of them previously appeared in the public journals, but they are well worthy of being collected and preserved. Their titles are—*On Translations—A Letter to my Friend on Homer—On the Bon Ton—On the Art of Speech—On Personality—General and Particular Causes of the Powerful Influence gained by Philosophy in the Eighteenth Century.*

The second volume is also divided into two parts.—The first part is entitled, *Biographical Sketches*, including panegyrics on Diderot, Lavater, Necker, and Grimm. At the end of this volume is a collection of *detached thoughts*, on Morality, Politics, Metaphysics, and Literature.—The author's style is fluent and pithy, and much more elegant than we could expect from a man who writes not in his native language. But it is not a new thing to see the scholars of Zurich *Docti sermonis utriusque lingue*.

Histoire de Charlemagne, &c.—History of the reign of Charlemagne, preceded by an introduction or description of the reign of Pépin; for the use of young people. By M. le Comte de Ségur. 12mo. Price 4s. Paris 1822.

A work of this sort, already recommended by the name of the author, will be well appreciated by an extract. At the end of the introduction he says,

"Many political crimes, of which Charles Martel was never guilty of, tarnished the glory of Pépin. He is justly accused of being the cause of the death of his cousin Theobald, his brother's Carloman and Grifon, of that of his nephews, and also of the misfortunes of the Duke of Gascony, vanquished and made prisoner, and the degradation of his king; but as he increased the fortune and the power

of the clergy, he was absolved and blessed, whilst Charles Martel, the liberator of France and free from crimes, was condemned to eternal fires by the clergy; whom he had forced to bear a part in the expenses of a war against the Musselmans, for the deliverance of his country and the church. Posterity has been more just, it has immortalised this hero; but, although acknowledging the talents of Pépin, a modern Philip who laid the foundation of the glory of a modern Alexander, it has engraved on his tomb only this simple inscription: "*Ci git Pépin pere de Charlemagne*" — Our author has written for youth, but the history of Charlemagne is full of examples and precepts useful to every age.

"One day the emperor, seeing the noblemen of his court decorated with their silks, fine furs, and brilliant plumes, while he was only dressed according to his usual custom, in a simple doublet of otters skin, a woolen tunic, and a blue cloth cloak, amused himself with taking them out hunting. There, they were soon torn by thorns, frozen by wind and snow, drenched with rain, and then returned to the palace in a state of disorder which their ruined magnificence rendered still more ridiculous. Charles

quickly drying himself by a large fire, said, laughing, to the great delight of the multitude, to his wet and disfigured courtiers, 'Foolish young men, you see the difference between your luxury and my simplicity; my clothing covers me and defends me, costs little, is not hurt by the injuries of time, and is quickly and easily replaced; you expend treasures for your's, and yet the least accident destroys it.'" M. Segar thus completes his history: — "It is very certain, that his reign, for ever celebrated, formed a new era in modern Europe. The Church owes her independence to him, the western Empire its birth, sciences and arts their revival, many its civilization, and France her repose and grandeur." His memory was so long cherished, that, several ages after the destruction of his dynasty, the marriage of one of our kings with a princess, supposed to be one of his descendants, excited universal joy in France. But amongst all the praises loaded on this monarch, the most honourable, perhaps, was that of a contemporary author, the historian of Louis le Debonnaire; this eulogium, which was repeated by the whole empire, excepting only the Saxons, contains merely these words: *L'homme juste est mort.*"

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

AMERICA.

Professor Gibson, of the University of Pennsylvania, has lately invented an instrument for cutting the lentil which forms in the crystalline humour in cases of cataract. The instruments used by Saunders, by Sir William Adams, and by other oculists are neither strong nor sharp enough to separate the lentils when they are very indurated, and instances of which frequently occur. Professor Gibson has contrived a pair of scissors so delicate and yet so sharp as to divide the thickest lentils without wounding any part of the eye. The scissors are constructed upon the principles of those of Dr. Wollaston, and have two sharp blades. Dr. Gibson has made several experiments which have fully established the superiority of his invention.

About a quarter of a mile from the village of Milan, on the banks of the

Huron, there is a spring of inflammable water, on approaching which with a lighted candle the water ignites and throws out a very clear and brilliant flame. The inhabitants of the neighbouring towns have the design of using this water to light their houses.

AFRICA.

The following are extracts from the 6th and 7th letters of Messrs. Cailland to M. Jomard, Member of the National Institute of France, upon the antiquities of Nubia. "I have just returned from the desert, where I have found two spots abounding in antiquities. — M. Linant, a Frenchman, not having left Sennar, saw them a few days before. Near the village of Wetbeyt Naga there are the ruins of two small temples in the desert. Eight leagues to the S. E. are the remains of seven small temples. The ruins and the

valley through which you approach, them bear the name of Naga, and I have no doubt they are the remains of the ancient city of Naka. Three of these temples are in pretty good preservation. One of them consists of but one apartment and is interesting for its ornaments; the figures have a costume different from that of Egypt, and with robes resembling those of the figures in the pyramids, of which I have spoken to you. The second temple is larger with an avenue of sphinxes. The third is an isolated portico, very curious, and of a less ancient construction: the architecture is a mixture of Grecian and Egyptian, having several Corinthian Capitals, &c.; the other temples are in a complete state of ruin.

In a large valley of the desert, a six hours journey from the Nile and an eight hours journey to the S. E. of Chendy, are ruins much more considerable, which, I conceive, must be the remains of the place of study (or College) of Meroe: they consist of eight small temples in a line with galleries and terraces. It is an immense structure, composed of a crowd of chambers, temples, passages, and galleries, surrounded by double enclosures. I can only now give you a slight idea of these ruins. The temple in the centre communicates with the others by three galleries or terraces, of more than sixty metres (195 feet) long. Each temple has its particular compartments, and its elevations are in a strait line. There are in all eight temples, thirty-nine chambers or apartments, twenty-six passages, twelve stair-cases, &c. These ruins cover a space the circumference of which is more than eight hundred metres (about 2,500 feet).

But in this immensity of ruins every thing is of the smallest proportions, the buildings as well as the materials. The stones are in rows of twenty-five centi-metres high, and frequently squared. The largest temple is only eleven metres long. Upon the columns are Egyptian figures, whilst some of the columns of the same portico are fluted in the Grecian style. On the base of one of them I thought I perceived the remains of a zodiac: there were Gemini and Sagittarius, and I took a correct drawing of them. Time and the elements, which have annihilated the ancient Saba and so many other monuments, appear to have been willing to preserve as the observatory of Meroe, without destroying any of its parts. It would be practicable

completely to restore the design. At present there is no water in this spot, and I always found it necessary to provide myself with water from the Nile.

At a few hundred paces from these ruins are the remains of two other small monuments, and the evident traces of a large piece of water surrounded by great banks to preserve it from the sands. We did not find here any site of a city, or heaps of rubbish, or any tomb. If the ancient Meroe had been in this spot, I am of opinion that they would not have elevated the Pyramids, at the distance of a two days journey. I am inclined to think that the college of Meroe stood on this spot. The form and the building, as well as every thing else, indicate the fact; but the city was near the tombs, where are the forty-five pyramids, the latitude of which corresponds with the ancient latitude of Meroe, whilst the latitude of these ruins is very different.

We are astonished in all these ruins to find so few hieroglyphics, there are only six columns forming the portico of the middle temple which have any hieroglyphics; all the walls are bare of sculpture.

When I visited this spot, the Choucrey and Bycharyeh Arabs had revolted against Ismael Pacha; they every day plundered the inhabitants of the shores of the Nile. M. Linant was pursued by these Arabs, but we had the good fortune to escape them. These circumstances induced me to renounce my project of going to Goz, Redgeb on the Atbara, as well as to the deserts on the borders of the Red Sea, where all the Bycharyeh Arabs were in revolt.

I finished my labours at Barkal.—Being at the upper extremity of the province of Sokkot, I went to Selima, which is an *Oasis* in the desert. I expected to discover antiquities there, but I found only a Christian habitation consisting of eight small rooms, and with about two hundred date trees. Selima is now inhabited, and forms one of the stations of the great caravan of Darfour.

During this long and laborious journey, I have been so fortunate as to enjoy a continued state of good health. I lost seven camels. I was obliged to pay for forage at the rate of one franc per lb. and for other things in proportion. When it was impossible, at any price, to purchase camels, the Prince made me a present of one."

To this communication M. Jomard adds the following observations;—In

the correspondence of M. Cailliaud, doubts have been expressed as to the place called Wetbeyt Naga, situated at three quarters of a day's journey from Chendy, and having fifteen small pyramids. On entering the desert, eight leagues S. E. of this point, we find several small temples, one of which has sphinxes before it, and another is enclosed by Corinthian columns. With respect to the site of Wetbeyt Naga in relation to Chendy and Assour, and to the more considerable ruins found by travellers to the S. E. of Chendy, six leagues from the river, it appears that these ruins (the supposed habitations of the priests of Meroe) are about twelve leagues S. and by E. of Assour. This distance from the College of Meroe to the city may perhaps appear rather considerable, and it is also surprising that a place of this description should be so far from the Nile. On the other hand it is rational to conclude, that the latitude of Meroe given by the ancients must be that of the observatory and of the spot where the priests were established. But there ought to be twenty-five minutes difference of latitude between the ruins of Assour and those situated eight leagues S. S. E. of Chendy.—From these data, I am induced to infer that it is scarcely probable that the college or observatory of Meroe was situated in this spot. But before deciding, we must wait for more precise details than those contained in a letter written in haste.

A very interesting result of the travels of M. Cailliaud is the proof, that many of the antiquities of Nubia are of more recent date than the monuments of Thebes. I have always been of opinion that if Ethiopia was the cradle of the arts, their development was in Egypt, and this opinion is continually strengthened by the modern discoveries. It was at Thebes and at Memphis that the arts rose to that elevation in which we now witness them in the antiquities of these countries. From thence they re-ascended the Nile, down which they had formerly travelled, but with improvements appropriate to the climate and sun of the Thebaide, and which are entirely different from those of Ethiopia.—When the Greeks became masters of Egypt, they mingled the Grecian style with the Egyptian, and, in turn, carried their arms and their architecture into Ethiopia. The vastness of the materials, which appears to me to be the proof of the high antiquity of the Egyptians, is a character wanting in the greater

number of Nubian antiquities: this is another indication of a more recent epoch. Upon any other hypothesis, we shall never elucidate the religion and arts of Egypt by the climate, and productions of the countries situated between the tropics.

The new researches of M. Cailliaud prove him a traveller of indefatigable zeal. After having travelled more than one thousand leagues through countries entirely unknown or known but imperfectly, he will return loaded with the spoils of science sufficient for his own fame, if not to console us that he has not been able to reach the source of the Nile. Before a year is expired he will be on his return to France, bearing with him a description of every Oasis known to us, and of the entire course of the Nile up to the 10° of latitude; and with a port-folio rich in observations upon ancient monuments, geography, and natural history.

ASIA.

If we can believe the *Diario Romano*, the Queen of Thibet, in order to convert her subjects to christianity, has made a requisition of the Pope for eighty missionaries from the college, *Propaganda fide*, at Rome. Five Capucins have already set out for Thibet. An Italian of Brescia has become the Prime Minister of the Queen; and it is to him that we are indebted for her Majesty's conversion.

SYRIA.

A French Monk, of Mount Lebanon, has conceived the design of writing a periodical paper, to contain every thing new in literature and politics, which can be interesting to that part of Syria. It is, perhaps, the first Gazette ever circulated in the interior of the Ottoman empire. It is rendered into French, and has been published for several years, in numbers of one page each month, and under the title of "the Hermit of Mount Lebanon."

RUSSIA.

M. de Langsdorf has left Russia for the Brazil, under the authority of the Emperor, who has appointed him Director of a scientific journey throughout South America.—M. de Langsdorf has, for a long time, devoted himself to scientific researches in the Brazil, where he has resided and has acquired large estates. He purposes to establish a colony a few leagues from Rio de Janeiro, and to cultivate coffee with the negroes; but his present voyage is totally unconnected with this project,

—He is accompanied by M. Maurice Regendan, a painter of Augsburg and son of the celebrated artist of that name, by Méneirier, a French naturalist and an old scholar of the polytechnical school of Paris, and by the Baron de Drals, a mathematician, entrusted with the geographical and astronomical labours, and, finally, by M. Riedel, a botanist.

The Bible Society of Moscow, on the 10th of March (26th February, old style) 1822, held its Ninth Anniversary Meeting.—The Meeting was opened, by a speech from Archbishop Philaret, proving the utility of Bible Societies in Russia.—The Society consists of 284 members, and 712 subscribers.—It appears, by the report of the Society, read at this Meeting by the Secretary, Gortchakof, that the Bible Society of the Russian Empire consists of fifty-four divisions, established in almost every province, and of 168 Auxiliary Societies. The Society of Moscow, in the course of the last two years, has published and distributed 106,000 copies of the Scriptures, in thirty-two languages, and, since its establishment in 1813, it has printed more than 550,000 copies.

Within these few years, a district School has been established in the city of Novof Oskole. M. Raievsy, Marshal of the Nobility, with a view of enabling all the inhabitants to peruse Russian books at a very moderate price, has, at the expense of 1500 francs, added to this School a library, consisting of the best Russian books and journals. It is by these means, that intellectual light will penetrate the most ancient and obscure cities of the Ukraine.

Two eminent artists have lately received liberal rewards from the Emperor. The first, Boris Orlovski, a sculptor, pupil of Campioni and of Trescorni, has produced several marble busts, wrought with the hand of a master.—This artist was enfranchised from the most odious slavery, by M. Chalkof; he is now attached to the Academy of Arts, and has been sent to perfect himself in his profession, under the celebrated Torvaldsen.—The second is John Silan, engraver and architect; he has presented to the Emperor the model of a temple, the majestic architecture of which evinces great knowledge as well as taste, combining a fine mixture of Corinthian and Gothic with the modern orders.—Silan was enfranchised by General Ismailof. —Talents require encouragement and reward with liberty, which elevates and enables them.

GERMANY.

A great number of the Jesuits, expelled from Russia, have been permitted to establish themselves in Galicia, and have been appointed to the direction of the Gymnasticum of Tacnopol. An Imperial Decree relieves them from all the fines and taxes imposed by the laws of Mortmain, on condition of their giving a declaration of all their property or acquisitions.—On the arrival of the Jesuits from Russia, a provincial of their order at Vienna directed their final destination, retaining some in the Austrian provinces, and ordering others into Italy. These were treated with kindness in their passage through Hungary. The Jesuits have succeeded in obtaining at Vienna an establishment for novices, but it is doubtful, whether the order will be allowed to establish themselves entirely in the Austrian dominions.

SWITZERLAND.

The Orphan Establishment in the Canton of Geneva. At the end of 1804, several ladies, impressed with the miserable state and numerous dangers of female orphans of the lower classes of society, formed a society into which children of this description were admitted, for the objects of receiving moral and religious instruction, and of acquiring habits of industry. Numerous difficulties were overcome, and in 1805, six children were received into the establishment. This number has been increased in proportion to the improved means of the society; seventy have been admitted, and of which thirty-seven are now on the establishment, thirty-two are in Geneva, and five are put out to lodge in the country. The age of admission is restricted from five to ten, in order that none may be received whose morals have been contaminated, and who are not susceptible of receiving a complete education. They have a uniform dress, and are taught every thing necessary to a good laundress and house-maid. They are also taught reading, writing, the elements of arithmetic and of sacred music. They have morning and evening prayers, but the religious instructions are judiciously adapted to touch the heart rather than to load the memory. The punishments are reproofs, or the loss of good marks; the rewards are prizes of three, four, or six-pence, distributed every fortnight. At the end of the year, in the presence of the subscribers, the pupils receive other prizes, accompanied by public commendations, whilst public reproofs are

given to those who have incurred blame. On leaving the Asylum each girl receives a present of nine louis. The Establishment is governed by a committee of ladies, each by turns superintending for the space of a fortnight. Those orphans, who have left the Establishment, are yet allowed to resort to it for advice, or for succour in case of illness or misfortune. The average of expenses, after deducting the earnings of the children, has been twenty sous per diem for each child. The Establishment has recently received the sanction of Government, and will, no doubt, be greatly increased.

ITALY.

There has lately been discovered in the library of the family of Ricci, heirs of the property and MSS. of Machiavelli, a speech which he pronounced before his Government, and which hitherto has not been published. In this speech he examines the particular state of the republic and its general relations with the other states of Italy. This speech has been inserted in the *Anthology of Florence*, No. 19, and it merits attention as an historical document, and as a farther proof of the genius of Machiavelli, which does not yet appear to be fully appreciated.

GREECE.

From the invasion of the Morea by the Turks, the Greeks have displayed a heroism worthy of their ancestors. Thousands of young warriors and of old men chaunt a patriotic song composed by a Greek professor, and set to music by a German. This song is said to have contributed to rouse the courage of the Greeks, who destroyed the army of Chourschid Pacha. The following strophe is remarkable:—"Our's is not a war of ambitious conquerors, or of the enemies of humanity—it is sacred. Nature and religion impose upon us a duty to drive away our tyrants, and to have a country."

SPAIN.

The new Penal Code of Spain, prepared by the Committee of the Cortes, and approved by Ferdinand VII. was solemnly published at Madrid, on the 26th of September last—but it is not to be acted upon until the 1st of Jan. 1823, in order to give the magistrates and the public time to study its enactments.

PORTUGAL.

The Cortes, desirous of giving the Portuguese civil and political institutions worthy of a free people, have offered a large reward to the person, who, by the 1st of December, 1824, shall present them with the best digest

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of a Civil Code. Five umpires, named by the Cortes, will decide the question, and their decision will be finally submitted to the Cortes. The successful candidate will receive 30,000 crusadoes of gold, payable in twenty years, and 600,000 reas will be annually set apart for the purpose. A medal valued at 50,000 reas will be given in addition, and the unsuccessful candidates will be rewarded in proportion to their merit.

FRANCE.

The Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Bourdeaux contains forty boys and thirty girls; at the meeting of the 28th of August was read the first part of the report of the proceedings at the school during 1822, and which relates to the rudiments and to the development of the method of instruction and management. The pupils of both sexes were questioned relative to this first part. In the meeting of the 29th the pupils answered questions put to them relative to the completion and application of the method, and which was the subject of the second part of the report. The clearness of ideas and the precision of the answers were striking. The boys obtained prizes for intelligence, good behaviour, the elements of arithmetic, emulation, grammar, philosophy, ethics, religion, geography, the use of the globes, craniology, history, mythology, mathematics, and for their labour as shoemakers, tailors, turners, and joiners. The deaf and dumb girls received prizes for intelligence, labour, memory, needlework, ironing, embroidery, &c.

Monsieur Le Roi, of Paris, has invented a simple method of teaching writing. A sheet of thin transparent horn of the size of letter paper, is to be laid over the copy, and the child, with a pen and ink is to trace on the horn the outlines of the copy underneath. The horn can be washed with water, and thus a great saving of paper is effected. This method supersedes the former plan of the master's making the letters upon the paper, or of making the pupil write upon oiled tracing paper, or of following the outlines of letters under a pane of glass, or of confining the hand by particular contrivances. The Minister of the Interior has rewarded M. Le Roi; and the Society for encouraging elementary instruction, as well as the Academy of Writing, have bestowed their approbation upon this invention, which enables mothers to teach their children in the absence of a master, or even to supersede the necessity of hiring one.

LONDON REVIEW:

OR,

NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

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QUID SIT PULCHRUM, QUID TURPE; QUID UTILE, QUID NON.  
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ENGLISH.

Memoirs of Benvenuto Cellini, a Florentine Artist; written by himself. Containing a variety of information respecting the Arts, and the History of the Sixteenth Century. A new Edition; corrected and enlarged from the last Milan Edition. With the Notes and Observations of G. P. Carpani. Now first translated by Thomas Roscoe, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. 1822.

Benvenuto Cellini was one of the most singular, and we may add, comical characters, of the sixteenth, or perhaps, of any other century. He was bold, impetuous, conceited, credulous, superstitiously virtuous, and wickedly moral, endowed with a genius fertile in expedients, and capable of accomplishing the greatest designs, and a spirit supported by physical energies, that enabled him to surmount difficulties while it prompted him to encounter dangers from which a less turbulent but a more refined and comprehensive genius would shrink with terror. Born at Florence, in the year 1500, where he acquired a knowledge of the goldsmith and jewellery business, he repaired to Rome to make himself master of his art. Here he met with extraordinary success, and rivalled the first artists in the city. Whilst in the service of Pope Clement VII. in the double capacity of goldsmith and musician, for he played in a most masterly manner on the flute, the passion which his father intended him to follow, he was employed by Francesco de Bobadilla, Bishop of Salamanca, then at Rome, in making a large silver vase for holding water; which he executed in a very inimitable style. The Bishop, though pleased with the performance, was by no means satisfied with the length of time which he had delayed it. He concealed his

displeasure, however, till he first got the plate into his possession, as if aware of Cellini's character, and then giving vent to his passion, swore that he would be as slow in paying as Cellini was tedious in executing the work. Cellini was mortified, but he had no resource: he cursed the Spaniard in his heart, and all who were friends to the country from which he came. The bishop was in the constant habit of exhibiting the vase to all his friends and visitors, but, happily for Cellini, it met with an accident one day which brought it once more into his possession. The accident happened through the awkwardness of a gentleman who was handling it in the bishop's absence. Alarmed at his mischance, he sent it immediately to Cellini to have it repaired with the greatest dispatch, offering him his own price. The task was hardly executed, when the person who left it came in the most violent hurry, saying, "My Lord Bishop had called for it to shew it to other gentlemen.—Quick, quick, bring the plate in all haste." "Being determined," says Cellini, "to take my own time, and not to let him have it, I said I did not choose to make such dispatch. The man then flew into a passion, and clapping his hand to his sword, seemed ready to break into my shop by main force; but this I prevented by dint of arms, and menacing expressions; I will not let you have it, said I. Go tell your master, it shall not be taken out of my shop till I am paid for my trouble. Seeing he could not obtain it by bullying, he began to beg and to pray in the most suppliant manner, saying, that if I would put it into his hands, he would take care to see me satisfied. These words did not in the least shake my resolution; and as I persisted in the same answer, he at last despaired of success, and swearing that he would return with a body of Spaniards and cut me to pieces, thought proper to depart. In the mean time I, who had given some credit to

Spanish assassinations, resolved that I would defend myself courageously; and having put in order an excellent fowling-piece, I said in my own mind, he that takes both my property and my labour, may as well deprive me of life.

"Whilst I thus argued with myself, a crowd of Spaniards made their appearance, with the above-mentioned domestic at their head, who, with great arrogance, bid them break open the shop. At these words I shewed them the muzzle of my loaded fusil, and cried out with a loud voice, miscreants! traitors! cut-throats! are the houses and shops of citizens of Rome to be assaulted in this manner? If any thief among you should offer to approach this door, I will shoot him dead. Then taking aim at the domestic, and making a shew as if I was going to fire at him, I cried out, as for you, you rascal, that set them on, you are the very first I shall make an example of. Upon hearing this, he clapped spurs to a jennet upon which he was mounted, and fled at full speed. The disturbance had now brought all the neighbours out of their houses, when some Roman gentlemen passing by said, kill the dogs, and we will stand by you. These words had such effect on the Spaniards, that they left me in a terrible panic, and told his lordship all that had happened. The bishop, a proud, haughty man, reprimanded and scolded his servants very severely, both because they had committed such an act of violence, and because they had not gone through with it."

Cellini, however, on the assurance of some Roman gentlemen that he should be paid for his trouble, was induced to take the vase to the bishop's. "I repaired," says he, "armed with my dagger and coat of mail, to the house of the bishop, who had caused all his servants to be drawn up in a line. There I made my appearance, Paulino, (his apprentice) following me close with the piece of plate. To make my way through the line of domestics was like passing through the zodiac. One of them looked like a lion, another like a scorpion, and a third like a crab, till at last we came into the presence of this reverend prelate, who uttered the most priest-like, Spaniard-like words that ever I heard. All this time I never once looked at him, or so much as answered a single word, at which his lordship seemed to discover more resentment than ever, and having ordered pen, ink, and paper, desired me to write him a receipt. I then looked

him full in the face, and told him that I would readily do so after I had got my money. The haughty bishop was then more exasperated than ever; but, in fine, after a great deal of scolding and hectoring, I got my money; and, after having written an acquittance, I left the place in high spirits."

This incident will enable the reader to form some opinion of Cellini's constitutional temperament and independency of character; for who but a Cellini in those times would dare to cope with a bishop, and that in Rome too? The work, throughout, is replete with incident, character, humour, and interest; and the simplicity of the manner, in which he sometimes lets you into his character, possesses a degree of *naïveté* which, we must confess, seldom characterizes the works of our own writers. What Cellini gains, however, in *naïveté*, he loses in dignity of style. Indeed his work will not suffer to be tried by the laws of criticism. You perceive in a moment he is an artist, but no writer. To writing, however, he makes no pretensions, nor is it possible to discover in these two thick octavo volumes a single expression, from which it can appear, either directly or indirectly, that Cellini thought any thing of himself as a writer. His style is that of conversation, and he seems to forget that the reader has any right to examine whether it be good or bad. He had, however, a most extravagant opinion of his genius and powers as an artist. Indeed he seems to think that he cannot praise himself too highly.

Cellini's merit was unquestionably great, but, perhaps, it may be said, that his pride was still greater, a circumstance which prevented him from doing justice to the merits of other artists. His moral principles were good, but his actions were not always in accord with them. Before we condemn him too hastily, however, we must look to the age in which he lived. At every turn, he gives us a transient but distinct view of the characters connected with the history of his life. He relates his intimacy with Michael Angelo, Titian, and all the celebrated Italian sculptors of the age; his connexions with Francis I., the Emperor, Charles V., Popes Clement VII. and Paul III. the Dukes Alessandro and Cosmo, of Florence, and with many of the princes, statesmen, distinguished commanders, and dignified ecclesiastics of that turbulent age—an age which called forth all the energies of Europe, and compelled even Cellini himself to quit his peaceable profession, and to exchange

the chisel for the sword. Cellini, indeed, was capable of acquiring fame by either, and whenever his enemies attempted to throw obstacles in his way, or to depreciate his merits, he made them feel the edge of his sword, his dagger, or his spear. To plunge a dagger into the bosom of the man, who injured him, was as praiseworthy an action in the mind of Cellini, as to say a *pater* and *ave*, or to go on a pilgrimage; and it would be difficult to ascertain which he performed with most zeal and enthusiasm. No man, however, possessed more humanity and generosity, nor has he, in any instance, turned his rage, except against some wretch, who attempted to injure his professional reputation.

The adventures, which Cellini met with in Rome, are too numerous to be related within the narrow limits to which our space confines us. Having distinguished himself as the first jeweller and goldsmith in that capital, he applied himself to seal engraving, and damaskeenings of steel and silver on Turkish daggers, in which art he made considerable improvements.

About this period of his life, the Duke of Bourbon laid siege to Rome, and Cellini, by a well-directed shot, killed him as he was scaling the walls. Rome, however, being taken and plundered, Cellini was obliged to retire to the Castle of Angelo, where the Pope had taken shelter. Here Cellini acted as bombardier, gunner, engineer, &c., and signalised himself in a most extraordinary manner. He wounded the Prince of Orange by a cannon-ball, and though the Castle was obliged to surrender, Cellini received the Pope's acknowledgments of his high and important services.

To recount the adventures of Cellini, from the capitulation of Rome to the death of Pope Clement, and from that period to his imprisonment by Paul III., through the instigation of his illegitimate son, Pier Luigi, who had married the daughter of Pompeo, of Milan, whom Cellini had killed in a fray, his sufferings during his imprisonment, through the severity of a crazy constable, his extraordinary escape, and second imprisonment, his resignation during confinement which he expected would be for life, as he had been accused of stealing some of the Pope's jewels, when acting as bombardier in the Castle of St. Angelo, and his final release through the intercession of Cardinal Borghese, would far surpass our limits; and to give a brief account of them, would serve only to lessen the interest

which the reader would derive from a perusal of the work itself.

After his release, he proceeded to France, and entered into the service of Francis I., who had long anxiously wished to have him in his service. He presented the King with a fine basin and cup of silver, together with a salt-seller of the same metal, of admirable workmanship. The King was so highly pleased with them, that he presented Cellini with a grant of naturalization, and made him lord of the house he resided at, called, *Petit Nisle*. Here he was employed in making large silver statues of Jupiter, Vulcan, and Mars, for the King; but not having noticed Madame d'Estampes in any of his designs, she endeavoured to alienate the King's affections from him, and encouraged Primaticcio, otherwise called Bologna, the painter, to torment and rival him. At her instigation, he undertook to execute some of Cellini's designs, but he was soon intimidated, and diverted from his purpose, by Cellini's menaces to take away his life. Having dislodged, by force of arms, several people who occupied a part of the house granted him by the King, he was implicated in a troublesome lawsuit by one of them; but either from the natural impatience of his temper, or a belief that little reliance could be placed on the honesty of a court of justice, he took the law into his own hands, and settled the matter by his usual weapon—the sword.

Finding his situation in France reudered, at length, disagreeable, by the artifices of Madame d'Estampes, he resolved on returning to Italy, and, having received the King's permission, he proceeded to Florence; where he entered into the service of Cosmo de Medici. Here he undertook a large statue of Perseus and Andromeda, which, after meeting with many difficulties through the perfidy of rival artists, he executed to the admiration of his greatest enemies. During his residence at Florence he executed many other pieces of art, highly admired for their exquisite workmanship.

We have no account of his having entered into any other service after this. He tells us, in the opening of the first volume, that he was then in his 58th year, peaceably settled in Florence.

We shall now conclude our observations on this work, with the following character of Cellini, from the pen of Dr. Johnson.—

"He is at once a man of pleasure, and a slave to superstition; a designer

of vulgar notions, and a believer in magical incantations; a fighter of duels, and a composer of divine sonnets; an ardent lover of truth, and a retailer of visionary fancies; an admirer of papal power, and a hater of popes; an offender against the laws, with a strong reliance on divine providence. If I may be allowed the expression, Cellini is one striking feature added to the human form—a prodigy to be wondered at—not an example to be imitated.”

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The School for Mothers; with the Politics of a Village. 3 vols. Svo. pp. 947. 21s.

It is certainly among the unequivocal indications of the improving tone of public taste in the present day, that those mawkish tales of love and sentiment, of which the Novel of former times almost exclusively consisted, are no longer tolerated; and that, even in works of mere fiction, the reader now looks, not for the silly reveries of a boarding-school girl, but for natural and vivid representations of real life. We are happy to observe, that in the volumes under our consideration he will in that respect not be disappointed. “The School for Mothers” presents a picture, which, although in parts not very skilfully composed, is every where richly and powerfully coloured. Many of the passages in it have a surprising air of truth and reality, highly creditable to the powers of observation and description from which they have proceeded, especially as the writer states that this is the first production of a female pen.

Besides the main story, which abounds in incident, there are several episodes, the principal of which relate to the adventures of Edward Osborne; of Jessy, and of Stirup. The first, although very interesting in itself, comprehending as it does much information respecting the manners and superstitions of the Hindoos, and a touching history of a young Indian widow, who, by the interference of the English Government, is prevented from immolating herself on the funeral pile of her husband, is much too long, and is rather awkwardly introduced. There are several other indications of the inexperience of the writer. Her scenes in high life, also, are by no means so successful as those in which she has made the middle class of society the subject of her description; but this perhaps arises from the greater

force and originality of character in the latter. One pre-eminent merit of the work is, that it is wholly free from affectation. The style is perfectly simple and unambitious, although occasionally a little incorrect; a defect to which the want of sufficient vigilance in the detection of typographical errors has evidently contributed.

As a specimen of the talent of the author we will conclude by an extract from the affecting relation of Mrs. Irwine's death. It is necessary to premise that Lady Potceana, Lady Ridgway, and the Honourable Mrs. Dashwell are some of Mrs. Irwine's fashionable friends, that Davy is a country servant, as remarkable for his fidelity as for his simplicity and provincial dialect, that Mr. Carter is a jeweller from whom Jessy had borrowed diamonds of the value of between three and four thousand pounds, for the purpose of adorning herself to go to the masquerade, and that “the benevolent baronet” is Sir James Melville, a gentleman who, at the close of a long night passed by Mrs. Irwine and Catherine in the greatest anxiety, calls and communicates to them the afflicting news of the flight of Jessy with the villain Stirup.

“From that moment Mrs. Irwine took a final leave of hope. She sat down quietly. Her eyes were wide open, but they had a look of vacancy. A total alienation of mind, wearing the semblance of tranquillity, seemed to have taken place, infinitely more distressing than if she had given way to the most frantic grief.

“Wine was offered her; but the lips were firmly compressed. ‘My dearest mother,’ said Catherine, taking her death-cold hand in her's, ‘will you go up stairs, or have a fire lighted here?’ She heard not—she felt not. ‘My God have pity on her!’ exclaimed her wretched child, ‘what can be done for her?’

“I will send a medical friend of mine, my dear Miss Irwine,” said the benevolent baronet, who was greatly affected, ‘and in the mean time depend upon my endeavours to find out where your sister is.’

“The doctor, on his arrival, revived, in some degree, the hopes of Catherine, by pronouncing the case of her mother to be only a temporary suspension of the faculties. He ordered her to be put into a warm bed, and cordials to be administered to her. No resistance was made. Mrs. Irwine was carried up as an infant, but all attempts to

give her nourishment failed. The whole of that day and night she lay in this unconscious state, never once closing her eyes, or appearing to move her eyelids. Dr. G—— looked grave the following morning, on not seeing any alteration in his patient; but recommended them to dress and take her into the drawing-room; which was accordingly done. Breakfast was brought in. Catherine poured out the tea as usual, and presented a cup to her mother. But all in vain. Motionless,—she sat like a living statue.

"And now the door was beset with the curious and the idle. Carriage after carriage rolled up, and footmen were rapping all day, leaving cards of inquiry; every one of which inflicted a fresh wound on the heart of Catherine; who, powerless, sat contemplating the deplorable state of her mother, and calculating the hours she had been without food.

"Lady Poteena was extremely distressed at what had happened; for, as she truly observed, Mrs. Irwine could no longer read to her. 'It hurts me very much' said she, 'but I must not think about it, for fretting does not agree with me.'

"Lady Ridgway felt inconsolable. 'She should never recover it. What would the world say? How should she be reflected on for suffering herself to be led into such disgraceful society! She was more to be pitied than the poor woman; who it seemed was gone mad, and of course was insensible to the misery of her situation.'

"Then the Honourable Mrs. Dashwell's servant, who had been sent to inquire in Baker-street, asserted on his return that he heard Mrs. Irwine rambling in a shocking manner. This exaggerated account gathered like a snow-ball; and in the course of the day it was confidently reported that Mrs. Irwine was raving mad—had made an attempt on her own life, and on that of her daughter—had on a strait waistcoat—was dying—was dead, and this every one had heard from good authority.

"But to return to the true state of things. For several days Mrs. Irwine remained in this fixed condition. No medical aid seemed of any avail, and the whole family appeared to partake the disorder of its mistress. A mournful silence reigned through the house which had been so lately the scene of mirth and gaiety. The servants went about like mutes, or spoke only in whispers, almost starting at the sound of their own voices. It was on the

morning of the fifth day that a loud knock was heard, and, as the servant was coming up the stairs, Mrs. Irwine slowly raised her right arm, and, holding up her finger as if to impose silence, distinctly articulated a long 'Hush—sh—sh!'

"Blessed sound!" said Catherine; clasping her hands, and offering up a silent prayer of thanks. 'Dear, dear mother, speak again. Oh! let me hear that voice once more.'

"No answer responded to the wish; no look, no motion that indicated returning sense.

"A few moments after this, a loud altercation was heard in the hall, in which Davy's voice was very distinguishable. 'Come a step surder, if you dare.' Catherine rang the bell to inquire the cause; and as the servant entered the room, again her mother held up her finger and pronounced 'Hush—sh—sh!'—'Mr. Carter, Ma'am, insists upon seeing my lady, alive or dead;' said Jane aside to Miss Irwine, 'and Davy has almost fought to prevent him.' 'Show him into the next room,' replied Catherine, 'and do you, Jane, stay with my mother, while I speak to him.'

"Let it not be supposed that Catherine's forgetfulness of the borrowed jewels proceeded from careless principles. The fact was, the state of her mother so fully occupied her mind, that this additional misfortune had wholly escaped her memory. Even the loss of her sister was at this time a secondary consideration.

"All news (it is said) travels fast! Yet, in this instance, Mr. Carter the Jeweller was the last to hear of the elopement, and the probable loss of his property. Instantly taking the alarm, he did that now which he should have done before he lent the articles; namely, made diligent inquiries among his customers who Mrs. Irwine was, and how she was circumstanced; and found his worst apprehensions confirmed, by being told that really no one knew any thing about her. Hastening to Baker-street, and asking if Mrs. Irwine was at home, he was answered in the affirmative by Davy; who admitted that his lady was at home, but affirmed that she could not be seen by any body. 'I must see her however, and immediately too,' said Mr. Carter, at the same time endeavouring to make his way in. 'I tell ee, it's of no use,' persisted Davy, stretching out his arms to prevent Mr. Carter's entrance; 'She have got the mumps, and a'vent spoken

these five days. Why, I had um myself for a fortnight, when mother —, and Davy would have gone on to relate all the particulars of his case, but was angrily interrupted by the jeweller; who, taking the lad's simplicity for impertinence, thought, that in addition to the risk he ran of losing his jewels, he was laughed at, and insulted. He became highly incensed and without further parley pushed past the servant; and it was at this point of time that Miss Irwine rang the bell, to inquire what was the matter.

"The look of calm despair and outward composure with which Catherine met Mr. Carter still further irritated him. He thought it effrontery, and in a high tone told the young lady his business was not with her; he wanted to see Mrs. Irwine.

"If Sir," said Catherine, there was any use in seeing my unhappy mother—

"Oh!" he exclaimed, rudely interrupting her, 'all that I have been told below stairs; but let me tell you, young lady, it is no trifling business I am come upon.'

"At this moment 'Hush—sh—sh!' was distinctly heard in the next apartment. 'There is some collusion here,' said Mr. Carter; and, immediately passing into the front drawing-room, he stood before Mrs. Irwine. The entire stillness of posture, fixed look, and altogether supernatural appearance of Mrs. Irwine, suddenly checked his impetuosity. He paused for a moment; and then, in a gentler tone, addressed her with 'I believe, madam, you are the lady who came to my —,' when he was interrupted by the emphatic 'Hush—sh—sh!' and upraised arm. 'Good God!' said he, 'her head is quite gone.' The 'Hush—sh—sh!' was again repeated, and the disconcerted man was standing, irresolute how to act, when Catherine, who had seen the invalid twice open her lips in so short a space, felt a sudden ray of hope; and, kneeling before her mother, in a pathetic tone exclaimed, 'Oh! speak—once more speak—only say that you know your wretched child.' No answer, no corresponding look was returned. The daughter covered her face with her hands, and sobbed audibly.

"Mr. Carter stood a silent spectator of this scene. He felt touched to the very soul. 'Miss Irwine' said he, with impeded utterance, 'permit me to say I was not prepared for this. But let me assure you I will not add

to your present affliction. Good day.' Miss Irwine was about to ring the bell for the servant to attend; when, waving his hand, he bowed silently, left the room, let himself out, and gently closed the door after him.

"Mrs. Irwine was put to bed, Catherine despondingly placed herself by her side. Jane continued in the room. The evening was fast approaching, and they sat for some time in profound silence, which was at length broken by a sigh from Mrs. Irwine.

"Was I mistaken?" thought Catherine, taking hold of her mother's hand. But who shall attempt to describe her emotions on feeling its pressure returned! At the same time, Mrs. Irwine gently drew her daughter towards her. Scarcely daring to breathe Catherine leant forward, and, stooping down, kissed her cheek.

"Mother, do you know me?" said she, in a half whisper.

"Oh yes! my own Catherine. Heaven bless my dear child!" replied Mrs. Irwine in a faint voice, and still fast holding her daughter's head.

"That moment seemed to repay Catherine for all she had suffered. 'Let us have lights, Jane,' said she, anxious to witness returning animation. But ere the servant could obey, the pressure relaxed—the hand gently relinquished its hold—and the agitated spirit fled for ever!"

Traditional Tales of the English and Scottish Peasantry. By Allan Cunningham, Author of *Sir Marmaduke Maxwell*, a Dramatic Poem, &c. 2 vols. 12mo.

These tales are chiefly collected from the fire-side stories of the Scottish and English peasantry, which have been handed down to them from the days of chivalry and supernatural agency, by its itinerant novelists or story-tellers; when witches, ghosts, goblins, elves, fairies, spunkies, and water-kelpies were as common as candle-light; and when spectre shallops, and haunted ships with their unearthly tenants lay in Solway, when maritime spirits plotted against godly men, and fell in love with their wives.

Few countries afford such matter for stories of this kind as Scotland and Wales, if we except Ireland. Mr. Cunningham says, he is "more the collector and embellisher than the

creator of these tales." We believe him: they possess all those characters of improbability and wildness which designate traditional tales. Mr. Cunningham, however, seems to have forgotten that while the improbable, the wild, and the supernatural might be allowed to remain, consistency, at least, should be more attended to, and nothing related which even a sensible rustic could not believe, however strong his faith may be in the existence of visible or invisible spirits. Each story is related within the compass of fifty or sixty pages.* Though the characters do not possess much originality, they do not, however, appear to be borrowed. The stories, however, on the whole, are finely descriptive of the manners, customs, habits, superstitious, fanatical, puritanical, and general theological notions of other days, when witchcraft and religion, chivalry and superstition, walked hand in hand.

The poetry interspersed throughout these pieces have considerable sweetness, simplicity, and *naïveté*. In point of natural feeling and natural sentiment they have a decided advantage over Sir Marmaduke Maxwell. The

ballad of the seven foresters of Chatsworth is written in the true spirit of ancient English poetry, and strongly reminds us of the old ballad of "Chevy Chase," so much applauded by Addison, and of which Ben Johnson would rather have been the author than of all his dramatic works. It contains a number of beautiful strokes, many of which are equal, and some superior, to the happiest in the "Chevy Chase."

The great fault in these tales is their brevity: we only get a sight of the characters when they are withdrawn; and as they have the appearance of men from whom much might be expected, if their energies were put into action, we feel a sort of regret in losing them so soon. Any of these tales, in the hands of Sir Walter Scott, would swell into a novel of three volumes; and we cannot think so lightly of our author's talents as to suppose that he would not be capable of constructing a larger work than a tale of fifty or sixty pages. He is best acquainted, however, with his own abilities; and consequently he may have acted judiciously in confining himself, like *Montmellet*, to a narrow compass.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Literary Notices and Lists of New Publications are requested to be sent before the 20th of the Month.

There are four new Cantos of Don Juan now in the press. These Cantos are full of whim and variety, and contain some admirable specimens of good taste, after the author's finest manner. They are to appear in January.

In the forthcoming Journal of Las Cases, which we understand, is nearly ready for publication, there are some very extraordinary passages, likely to excite a peculiar interest, and other passages also calculated to confirm, if further confirmation were necessary, those portions of Mr. O'Meara's work which have been attempted to be as-
sailed.

The Second Number of the *Liberal*, which is to be out on the 1st of January, contains, we hear, the dramatic

poem of Lord Byron, called *Heaven and Earth*, which was announced to appear along with *Werner*, but which did not appear with that tragedy. A more than ordinary interest is connected with it, inasmuch as the subject is the same as that of Mr. Moore's *Loves of the Angels*, which will be published nearly at the same time. Lord Byron's poem, which he calls a *Mystery*, is understood to be particularly powerful in the description of the Deluge, and its appalling effect upon men's minds.

We understand that three new tragedies have been accepted at Covent-Garden Theatre, and will in due time be submitted to the public.

Cymbeline is preparing for representation at Drury-Lane Theatre, in order

to afford another opportunity of witnessing the combined talents of Mr. Kean and Mr. Young.

Mr. Hornor is about to publish an illustrated Prospectus of his Panoramic View of London from the Summit of St. Paul's; containing various Engravings, shewing the superior advantage of the Cathedral as a central point of view, including a Geometrical Section (fifty inches by thirty) of that Edifice, with the North and South Sides of the Church-yard, and exhibiting the ascent from the Base, through the circular Stair-case, the Dome, and Scaffolding to the Observatory erected above the Ball and Cross, from which the Drawing was taken. It will also contain an account of the Origin, Progress, and Completion of the undertaking, and of the extensive range of the Metropolis, its Suburbs, and surrounding Scenery, which will form the subjects of the Engraving intended to be published.

Proposals are issued by Mr. Richard Baynes, Ivy-lane, for the publication of an uniform edition of Dr. John Owen. To be edited by Thomas Clout, M.A.

Shortly will be published, in 1 vol. 8vo. A Diary of a Journey through Southern India, Egypt, and Palestine, in the Years 1821 and 1822. By a Field Officer of Cavalry, illustrated with Maps, &c.

A Sermon was lately preached at the Parish Church of St. Anne, Soho, by the Rev. H. G. White, M.A. for the benefit of the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear. It appears that since the establishment of the Charity, in 1816, upwards of 3750 patients, afflicted with Deafness and other Diseases of the Ear, have been received, the greater number of whom have been cured or relieved, to which may be added several Cases of Deaf and Dumb in which much effective aid has been administered. It must be gratifying to know that the benevolent views of the Charity are not confined to the inhabitants of the Metropolis, but extends its aid to every individual, and in those unfortunate instances which do not admit of professional assistance acoustic instruments are gratuitously supplied.

Mr. J. P. Neale is preparing for publication, early in the year, a Series of Original Views of the Collegiate and Parochial Churches of England; to be accompanied with Historical Descriptions.

Mr. Thomas F. Evans is engaged in translating a collection of the Constitutions, Charters, and Laws, of the various nations of Europe and of North Eur. Mag. Vol. 82.

and South America, with Historical Sketches of the Origin of their Liberties and Political Institutions. From the French of Messrs. P. A. Dufau, J. B. Duvergier, and J. Guadet.

The first volume, containing the Rise and Progress of the Governments of France and the Netherlands, will appear very shortly, and the remaining volumes will be published periodically.

Mr. Ackerman is about to commence a Spanish quarterly Magazine, with the title of *Variedades, o Mensajeros de Londres*. The first number of which is expected to appear in the course of January, 1823. In this Miscellany every thing that can tend to inflame party spirit will be carefully avoided, and it will be equally adapted for circulation in Old Spain and in her late colonies. Each number will contain about One Hundred royal 8vo pages, and be illustrated with Twelve coloured Engravings.

IN THE PRESS.

Relics of Literature; with a Frontispiece of Autographs of eminent Characters. 8vo. By Stephen Collet, A.M.

The Lives of Scottish Poets, an entirely new work, will be ready in a few days. 3 vols., with thirty portraits.

The Noble Pilgrim, in verse. 3 vols. By W. Gardener, Author of the Story of "Pigou," &c.

Edward Williamson, a Narrative. 1 vol. 12mo., fine plate, by Freeman. By the same Author.

A new Novel, entitled, *The Actress*; or, *Countess and no Countess*. 4 vols. By the Author of "*Malcolm, Douglas*," &c.

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Life of G. B. Pirausie, by his Son, with an Account of his Works.

A complete Architectural Illustration and Display of the Whole of the Interior of Henry the Seventh's Chapel, York and Salisbury Cathedrals, &c. &c.; also shewing the constructions of the Gothic Architects, on thirty large atlas folio plates.

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Tales of Old Mr. Jefferson, of Gray's Inn, collected by the Young Mr. Jefferson, of Lyon's Inn.—Series 1. Mandeville, or the Voyage; the Welsh Cottage, or the Woodman's Fire-side; the Creole, or the Negro's Suicide.

December Tales, in one neat volume.

Liberalism Examined. 1 vol. 8vo. By the Author of "Italy and the Italians, in the Nineteenth Century."

Falcaro; or, the Neapolitan Libertine; in commemoration of the singular propensities, and demoralizing principles, of a celebrated individual at present on the Continent. The work is written in the stanza of Beppo, and each Canto will contain from 800 to 1000 lines.

Topographical and Historical Sketches of the Boroughs of East and West Looe, in the county of Cornwall; with an Account of the Natural and Artificial Curiosities, and Picturesque Scenery of the Neighbourhood. By Thos. Bond.

The Enchanted Flute, with other Poems, and Fables from La Fontaine. By E. P. Wolferstan.

Mr. Grant, of Crouch End, has nearly ready for publication a new edition of his Institutes of Latin Grammar, revised and considerably augmented.

Sequel to an Unpublished Manuscript of Henry Kirke White's; designed to illustrate the Contrast afforded by Christians and Infidels, at the Close of Life. By the Author of "the Wonders of the Vegetable Kingdom Displayed," &c.

The Antiquities of Freemasonry; comprising Illustrations of the Five Grand Periods of Masonry, from the Creation of the World to the Dedication of King Solomon's Temple. By George Oliver, Vicar of Clec, in the county of Lincoln, P.G.

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and its Environs, to correspond with Pinnock's County Histories, with an admirable Map of Twenty-five Miles round the Metropolis.

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An Introduction to the Hebrew Language, 12mo. By W. Heinemann, Professor of the Hebrew and German Languages, and Author of the Catechism of Hebrew Grammar, an Introduction to German Reading.

In the course of this Month will be published, Part II., of John Bohn's Bibliographical, Analytical, and Descriptive Catalogue of Books; comprising above Sixty Thousand Volumes in all Languages and Classes of Literature; accompanied by Literary Notices.

The First Part of the Cabinet of Portraits will appear on the First of January, containing Burns, engraved by Scriven; Corneille, by Thomson; Shaw, the Linnean Professor, by Cooper; Bishop Sherlock, by Freeman; and the late President, West, by Nuyser; accompanied by Biographical Sketches. By Robert Scott, Author of the History of the Reign of George III. A Part, containing Five Prints, will appear every Month.

Mr. Boyce has in the press an improved Edition of the Belgian Traveller, with additional Views.

A new Edition of the Traveller's Guide down the Rhine. By A. Schreiber, Historiographer to the Grand Duke of Baden.

In a few days will appear, Part I., containing "The Tempest," dedicated with permission to Earl Spencer;—Shakspeare, 48mo.; from the text of Johnson, Stevens, and Reed.—Each play to be illustrated with a fine Engraving, from the Designs of Stothard, and other eminent Masters.—This portable Edition of Shakspeare, when completed, will form the most elegant ever published, and will be printed uniformly with Corral's Minature Classics.

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THE FINE ARTS.

THE CORONATION OF NAPOLEON,

BY M. DAVID.

During the last month, a picture of stupendous size, lately imported from Brussels, has been exhibited to the public, in the great room, belonging to the Society of Painters in Oil and Water-colours, in Pall Mall. It represents the Coronation of Napoleon Buonaparte, and is the production of M. David, the celebrated French painter, whose conduct during the French revolution is well known, and who was sent into exile by Louis XVIII. for his political principles.

Before we enter into any particular investigation of the merits of this work, we think it but common justice to the artist to state several general reflections, which occurred to us on viewing it.

In the first place, it is probable that the spectator will be very much influenced in his judgment of the picture by his opinions with respect to the real character of the extraordinary individual, whose exaltation to imperial dignity it is intended to commemorate. By a number of persons in this country, that individual is considered as having been the illustrious champion of liberty and knowledge; as having warred, and during the greater part of his wonderful career triumphantly warred, against despotism and superstition; breaking the chains with which the one seeks ever to enslave, and dispelling the mists with which the other seeks ever to blind the human race. But, by a still greater number of persons, he is viewed merely as a military adventurer, of genius and good-fortune; who availed himself of intrigue, and of the ample means which the French Revolution placed at his disposal, to grasp supreme power; and who then lost the noblest opportunity, that man ever enjoyed, of obtaining a truly glorious and immortal fame, by abusing that power for the purpose of self-aggrandizement, and for the gratification of an ambition, that evi-

dently contemplated the subjugation of the civilized world. It is manifest, that the latter class of persons will not regard the picture with so favourable an eye as the former.

In the second place, it is probable that the English spectator, whose acquaintance with the Fine Arts is comprehended in an annual visit to Somerset House, may be struck with the great difference between the style in which this picture is executed, and the style to which he is accustomed; and, with a true John Bull feeling, may instantly pronounce the former inferior, because not the same as the latter. Far, very far, are we from denying that it is much inferior: all that we deprecate is a sudden, and ignorant, and partial judgment. The only just criterion of excellence in the Fine Arts is a comparison of their productions with nature, properly understood, and with those works of the great masters which have endured the test of centuries, and have passed down to the present day, sealed with the admiration of the competent judges of all countries. Such a comparison can be made by few.

In the third place, it is certain that no spectator, unless he is a professional artist, or one very intimate with professional artists, can be fully aware of the manifold miseries attendant on the execution of such a subject. Several of those miseries, and among them the Emperor's orders, sometimes very difficult to put in harmony with the exact truth, and also the pretensions of powerful men, who were all ambitious of the most conspicuous place, are slyly hinted at in the little printed account of the picture, sold in the room where it is exhibited: but they are only hinted at. It is impossible, however, to doubt that if M. David chose to publish a faithful narrative of the obstacles which ignorance, presumption, and caprice, threw in his way, in the

progress of his work, he might easily fill an octavo volume. From the general conception, down to the minutest details of finishing, the artist's sense of what would be advantageous to his picture must have been constantly subservient to his sense of the necessity of not displeasing the numerous, dignified, and powerful individuals who contributed to its composition.

In the fourth, and last place, great allowance must be made for the insufficient size of the apartment in which the picture is shown. Although large, it is not large enough to permit the spectator to retire to a station, whence he might embrace the whole picture at one glance; and thereby be enabled to judge fairly of the effect. Some remedy for this evil is attempted by suspending a mirror on the wall opposite the picture. This, however, would be a poor expedient, even if there were only a single spectator present, and is entirely unavailing in the usually crowded state of the room.

Having made these preliminary, and we trust not uncandid remarks, we shall proceed to describe the picture, and afterwards briefly to express our opinion of it; endeavouring to divest ourselves of prejudice, from whatever cause arising; but at the same time not permitting any apprehension that we may be suspected of being biassed by prejudice to deter us from the frank declaration of our sentiments.

The original picture was painted by Buonaparte's express command. As, in the somewhat mysterious language of the printed account, "it exists no more for the public," the present picture, which is, "a repetition by the same artist, considerably improved," is probably the largest in the world; being thirty-three feet long, and twenty-one high; the Marriage in Cana, by Paul Veronese, hitherto entitled to that distinction, being only thirty-three feet long, and eighteen high. It contains the portraits of two hundred and ten persons; nearly eighty of whom are represented from head to foot. The scene is the choir of Notre-Dame, at Paris. The period chosen is when Napoleon, after having been attired in the

imperial robes, and, after having crowned himself, first with the imperial crown and then with the crown of France, advances to place the latter on the head of Josephine. He stands rather to the right of the centre of the picture, at the edge of the highest step of the altar, in an erect posture, holding the crown with both hands, his arms stretched out before him, and somewhat elevated. Josephine kneels on a cushion, placed on the lowest step of the altar; her head bowed, and her hands closed, as in prayer. The Pope, in his pontifical robes, is seated immediately behind Napoleon, and near the altar; his right hand and arm gently raised in the act of benediction. Close to his holiness are Cardinal Caprara, (the legate to the French court,) Cardinal Braschy, a Patriarch of the Greek church, and several other dignified ecclesiastics. Behind this groupe is the great altar. At some distance on the other side, and filling up the space between the papal groupe and the altar, are the various foreign ambassadors, resident at the time in Paris. In the foreground, towards the right hand corner of the picture, are the Duke of Plaisance, holding the imperial sceptre, the Duke of Parma, (Cambaceres) bearing the wand of justice, the Prince of Wagram, (Berthier) holding the Imperial globe of Charlemagne, and the Prince of Benevento, (Talleyrand) carrying the basket containing the imperial mantle. On the steps of the altar, and rather more distant than the last mentioned personages are Prince Eugene Beauharnois (Josephine's son) the Duke of Vicenza, (Caulincourt) and the Prince of Porte Corvo, (Bernadotte, now King of Sweden) just before them are the Cardinals Pacca and Fesch, and just behind are several Roman clergy to assist in filling up the composition to the side of the picture; which object is completed by part of a descent from the cross, in marble, elevated on a pedestal. We now return to the centre of the picture. Josephine's train is supported by her ladies of honour, Madame de Lavalette and the Countess of La Rochefoucault. On the side opposite to the spectator,

and of course fronting him, are seen Prince Murat, (afterwards King of Naples) the Duke of Conegliano, (Moncey) the Duke of Treviso, (Bessierre) Conte Segur, the Pope's cross bearer, and several Roman prelates. At a small distance behind the ladies of honour appear the three sisters of Napoleon, namely, Maria Annunciade Carolina, (Princess Murat) Maria Paulina, (Princess Borghese) and Maria Anna Eliza, (Princess of Lucca and Piombino). On their left, are Hortense Eugenia Beauharnois, (daughter of Josephine, and wife of Lewis Napoleon) and Maria Julia Clary, (wife of Joseph Napoleon). Approaching the fore-ground, towards the left hand corner of the picture, stand Lewis Napoleon, (afterwards King of Holland) and Joseph Napoleon, (successively King of Naples, and King of Spain.) The interstices between them and the ladies, and on the further side of the latter, are filled up by the Cardinal du Belloy, (Archbishop of Paris) allowed to sit in consideration of his great age, the Duke D'Abrantes, (Junot) the Duke of Dantzic, (Le Febvre) the Duke of Frioul, (Duroc) and about a dozen other men of high rank. There are several galleries. In the principal one, which is in the centre, is represented Madame Napoleon's mother, (who, however, was not actually present at the ceremony) attended by her ladies in waiting, and the officers of her household. In the other galleries are a number of spectators; among the most conspicuous of whom are M. David, with his wife and daughters, the painter Vien, the poet Lebrun, and the musician, Gretry.

To arrange such a multitude of individuals on the canvas, in a way which, while it conveyed the idea of fulness, should avoid that of confusion, must have been a matter of much consideration and difficulty. We think M. David has eminently succeeded in this respect. In strict accordance with the old maxim, "*Ars est celare artem*," great skill in the general plan of the composition is concealed under the appearance of complete simplicity. It forms an extensive sweep, of a circular, or rather of an oval ten-

dency; occasionally swelled, occasionally indented; with just as much variety as the nature of the subject would admit.

The chiaro-scuro, also, is evidently the result of much experience and study. The principal light falls on the groupe near the centre, of which Napoleon is, as it were, the focus. It is contrasted by the dark figures of the Duke of Plaisance, Cambacères, Berthier, and Talleyrand, in the fore-ground; and is carried off the other way by gentle gradations, until it dies into half-tint. Some larger masses of deep shadow would unquestionably have strengthened and improved the effect; but it ought to be recollected, that they could not have been easily introduced without sacrifices, which it is probable the artist could not venture to make.

It has been said by some, that the moment of time is not well selected; for that the picture represents the Coronation of Josephine, and not of Napoleon. This objection does not appear to us to be just. An artist is not bound to adhere to the very letter of accuracy in such a case. He is to exercise his own judgment and discretion. To have represented Napoleon placing the crown on his own head would have been to represent an awkward action. And besides, French gallantry would scarcely have tolerated the introduction of Josephine as a spectator, instead of a participator of her husband's elevation.

Of the colouring, and mechanical execution of the picture, we regret to say that we are unable to speak in terms of high commendation. With the exception of the central group, which is comparatively warm and pleasant, the whole canvass is pervaded by a coldness of hue, that in some parts becomes absolute ice. The drapery is painted with great care, and occasionally with success; but, in general, it savours too much of the lay-figure; and wants that union and breadth, that neglect of small folds, in order to communicate greater value and dignity to the large, so essential to the character of historical painting. The flesh is very indifferent indeed. Some of the older heads are tolerably, and only tolerably coloured, the sha-

dows being all heavy and opaque; but every attempt to represent the tender and pearly tints of youth and beauty has so completely failed, as to have been productive of little but the resemblance of lead, wax, and snow. Great deficiency also is betrayed in that quality of the art which is technically called "keeping." This is peculiarly manifest in the galleries; where, although the tone of colours is properly enough diminished in strength, there is nothing of that slurring of distinctness in form, inseparable from distance. With regard to the execution we are no friends to slovenliness or bravura of pencil; and we willingly admit, that the English school, though reforming, has still much to correct in that point; but we are sure that to those who are familiar with the works of the great masters of antiquity, and with the bold, painter's feeling, which those works evince,—bold, in the confidence of knowledge, not in the audacity of ignorance,—the constraint and littleness in the handling of this picture must be very disagreeable.

But there is a fault yet untold, in comparison with which all other defects shrink into insignificance. We allude to the absence of MIND in the picture. The personages of whom it is composed are, generally speaking, the essence of tameness and insipidity. So far are they from resembling intelligent and sensitive human beings, assisting (to use the French idiom) at the performance of an august and interesting ceremony, that they have not even the second-hand expression of the theatre. There they stand, like so many statues, or, rather, puppets; and, indeed, it is difficult to believe, that M. David did not, in addition to his own, borrow all the *Manequins*, which are so abundant in the *ateliers* of the leading artists in Paris; and, having clothed them in appropriate costumes, did not make them his sole models, without further reflection, or any troublesome and disconcerting reference to nature. — From these remarks, there are but

five individuals, who have the slightest pretension to be exempted; and of those we cannot say much in praise. The attitude of Josephine is graceful; but her countenance is vacant. Of her two attendants, one is singularly plain, and ill-shaped. The face of the Pope resembles that of a dull boor, by Teniers; and even in Napoleon himself there is scarcely the least indication of that profundity of intellect, which all who have seen that extraordinary person concur in declaring to have been the marked and distinguishing characteristic of his head, and which is so powerfully expressed in the noble and unrivalled bust of him by Canova, now, we believe, in the possession of the Emperor Alexander.* As for the surrounding spectators, we must confess we never saw so many unmeaning, and, where not unmeaning, hideous visages assembled together.

Such is our opinion of this laborious but spiritless production; an opinion which has been most conscientiously formed, under a thorough sense of the numerous disadvantages to which M. David must have been subjected, and on which we have already thought it due to him to dwell. It would be a work of supererogation to enter into any further consideration of minor imperfections, otherwise, we might comment on the absurdity of representing Josephine as about eighteen years of age, in the presence of a son and daughter, who appear quite old enough to exchange relations with her;—we might remark on the vulgarity of Napoleon's sisters; a vulgarity which, even if it actually belonged to them, ought to have been softened, if not obliterated, by the refining pencil of the artist;—we might point out the unpardonable bad taste, which, on the one hand, refused to mitigate the avowed ugliness and deformity of the Countess de la Rochefoucault, and, on the other hand, chose to display her, thus ugly and thus deformed, in full view, instead of making her change places with the beautiful

* Canova executed nearly thirty busts of Buonaparte, in marble; but the one to which we allude (and which was at Malmaison), far transcended all the rest.

and elegant Madame Lavalette, so interesting for her devotion to her husband, and her subsequent misfortune. We might indulge in a laugh at the egotism and vanity, which tempted M. David to introduce not merely himself, (for that would be perfectly excusable), but his wife and family, in one of the most conspicuous situations in the picture—we might—but we check ourselves, having already devoted to this subject as much space as our limits will allow.

Before we conclude, however, we beg to observe, lest it should, for a moment, be supposed that we are so unjustly patriotic, as to be incapable of admiring any modern works of art, except those of our own countrymen; that, although we certainly entertain a thorough dislike of many of the properties of the modern French school of painting, and especially of some of those properties on which that school particularly plumes itself, we most willingly admit, that it has produced men of undoubted genius. Among others, we would name Guérin, and Girard. We shall not easily forget the impression which the Sextus and the Phædra and Hypolitus of the former of those artists (now unfortunately no more), made on us. Nor can we refrain from paying the most ample tribute to French talents, when we recollect the fine picture by M. Jérick, that was exhibited some years ago in London, representing the sufferers on the raft, from the Medusa, at the moment when they discovered a sail in the horizon. The subject was a dreadful and arduous one; but it was treated in a daring and masterly spirit. Not only was it most correctly drawn, and faithfully coloured, not only was the composition highly picturesque, and the effect powerful almost beyond that of any modern picture which has come under our observation, but it was pre-eminent in that quality, without which, all

historical or poetical painting is "like a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,—signifying nothing."—we mean *EXPRESSION*. From the dim eye of the famished and half-expiring wretch, who could scarcely be roused from his torpor to listen to the joyful news of approaching succour, to the convulsive effort of the eager sailor, who, mounted on the shoulders of his tottering comrades, was endeavouring to render a signal of distress visible by the distant vessel, all was full of that inestimable quality; and all afforded indisputable evidence of emanating from sterling and legitimate genius.

Do we pretend to insinuate that the subject of M. David's picture was susceptible of equal pathos and variety? By no means. But surely it would have admitted of some little animation. Although the decorum that must of course have been diffused over such an assembly, so occupied, would necessarily restrain the exhibition of any violent emotion, it is difficult to believe that Napoleon, the Pope, Josephine, and her two attendants were the only persons present who gave any signs of life. Courtiers as the spectators were, and disciplined in artificial manners, still they could not have been absolutely heartless. They must have betrayed some diversity of character, some sensibility, some sympathy with what was passing before them. Some incident, however trifling, must have partially discomposed the general formality; some pebble, however small, must have gently agitated the surface of the stagnant pool of apathy. We readily allow that there was no opportunity for the introduction of the passionate and energetic; but surely the monotony of the scene might have been relieved by some of the milder and more delicate demonstrations of human interest and feeling.

INTELLIGENCE RELATIVE TO THE FINE ARTS.

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

The Royal Academy of Fine Arts, at Paris, held its annual public meeting on the 5th of October last,

under the President M. Guérin. The lectures were: 1st. *Historical Sketch of the Life and Writings of M.*

Vanspaendonck, by M. Quatremer de Quincy, Permanent Secretary.

2. A Report upon the Works of the King's Pensioners at the French Academy at Rome, by M. Hyot. Historical Sketch of the Life and Works of M. Dufournay, by M. Quatremer de Quincy, Permanent Secretary.

Prizes awarded.—The first prize for painting. The subject, Orestes and Pylades, surrounded by the Shepherds; the subject from the *Iphigenia* of Euripides. The Academy decided, that sufficient claim had not been made to the first great prize; but awarded the second great prize to M. Augustus Hyacinth Debay, of Nantes, aged eighteen and a half, and a pupil of M. Gros, Member of the Institute. The second great prize (second class) to M. François Bouchot, of Paris, twenty-two years old, pupil of M. Lethière, Member of the Institution.

3. Honorary testimonies, and a silver medal to M. Sebastian Louis Wilken Norblin, of Warsaw, twenty-five years old, a pupil of M. Regnault, Member of the Institute.

Principal Prizes for Sculpture.—The subject prescribed by the Academy was—Jason carrying the Golden Fleece—but it was decided that no sufficient claim had been made to the first great prize. The second great prize was won by M. Charles Marie-Emilie Scurre of Paris, aged twenty-four, and a pupil of M. Cartellier, Member of the Institute. The second great prize, second class, was awarded to M. Louis Desprez, of Paris, 23 years old, pupil of M. Bosio, Member of the Institute.

Great Prize for Architecture.—Plan of a Hall of Decision for the theatre of the Opera, to be erected near the centre of the city, in any spot where the greatest number of convenient avenues converge.—The first great prize was gained by Emile-Jaques Gilbert, of Paris, aged twenty-nine years, pupil of M. Vignon. The second great prize was awarded to M. Peter Francis Louis Fontaine, a native of Pontoise, a pupil of M. M. Percier and Fontaine, Members of the Institute. The second grand prize, (second class) was won by Jules Frederic Bouchet, of Paris, aged twenty-two years and a half, pupil of M. M. Debret and Guenepin.

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The Academy made honourable mention of, and granted a medal to M. Leon Vandoyer, of Paris, aged nineteen, pupil of M. M. Vandoyer et le Bas. The Academy expressed itself highly satisfied at the proficiency of the students in Architecture.

Sir Thomas Lawrence will exhibit, in the ensuing Spring, a selection of his choicest Works, at the Gallery in Pall Mall, near Carlton Palace, which was used by the late President of the Royal Academy for a similar purpose. Among the paintings will be the excellent portrait of his Majesty, which Sir Thomas has recently produced; and also the portraits of the Foreign Sovereigns and Statesmen which he painted during his last visit to the Continent; together with a variety of portraits of distinguished public and private characters of this country.

Wilkie's celebrated picture of the *Penny Wedding*.—It may be interesting to the admirers of this admirable picture to be informed, that the principal figures are portraits. The bride is said to be a portrait of one of the beautiful and lovely daughters of Lady Sheffield.

Mr. Turner has just finished an engraving in *Mezzo tinto*, of Sir Thomas Lawrence's full length picture of the late Marquess of Londonderry, in his robes of the Order of the Garter. Our readers will recollect that the picture was exhibited at Somerset House, last year. The engraving, we understand, is of very large dimensions, and has been executed with great care.

Mr. Heath's engraving from West's grand picture representing Our Saviour Healing the Sick, which was purchased by the British Institution for three thousand guineas, is completed. It is said, Mr. Heath has obtained one thousand eight hundred guineas for his engraving, which was to have been finished in four years, but it is now nearly eleven since its commencement.

A monument to the memory of the late Right Honourable Spencer Percival, executed by Mr. Westmacott, has been very recently erected in Westminster Abbey: in one of the compartments—Bellingham, his assassin, is introduced. The likeness of the late minister is considered excellent.

THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

"VELUTI IN SPECULUM."

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

It must be confessed that the Manager of this theatre has exhibited the best taste during the last month in the selection of his performances, which have been worthy of the excellent performers, whom he has engaged to divide the public approbation. Had he been as successful in his engagements of actresses as of actors, no rival theatre could have resisted his success, which has, however, we are happy to state, been sufficiently brilliant, and indicative of a most productive season.

Mr. Kean and Mr. Young have repeated the characters of *Othello* and *Iago*, several times, and always with that distinguished success that must ever accompany the happiest efforts of finished art in the one, and the unrivalled bursts of the greatest natural talent in the other.

The operatic performances are commenced with the aid of Messrs. Braham and Horn, Miss Povey and Mrs. Austin, from the Dublin stage, whose talents are not unworthy of such an association. Mrs. Austin's voice is by no means remarkable for strength, but its tones are extremely sweet and clear, and the facility, with which she runs through the most difficult passages, imparts a graceful ease to her execution, which even at its highest stretch is unembarrassed by the appearance of effort. The character in which she made her first attempt before a London audience was that of *Rosetta*, in *Love in a Village*. The airs peculiar to the piece itself are of a very simple kind; but the introduction of a few solos and duetts, from other sources, according to the custom of our most popular singers, rendered the undertaking a much more comprehensive test of her abilities, than it could have afforded under a strict adherence to the original music. *Rosetta*, as now performed, must not only possess the feeling required in simple melodies, but that command of voice which the intricate combinations of modern science have rendered necessary;

whether for better or worse, the age in which they are so strenuously patronized is not the one to determine. It may be collected from what we have already said, respecting the qualities of her voice, that this lady's style is upon the whole rather insinuating than commanding, and therefore rather calculated to grow into fame by repeated impressions, than to achieve the point at once by a sudden and nervous display. Mrs. Austin's person is prepossessing: she is delicate in her form, and her features are *petite*, and possess animation, but are not remarkable for their beauty. She has also appeared in the character of *Mandane*, in Dr. Arne's opera of *Artaxerxes*. Although she does not possess that extensive compass of voice, so necessary to the varied and intricate harmonies annexed to this difficult character, yet she gave the recitatives pleasingly, and in some few instances with considerable feeling and expression. Mr. Braham, in the character of *Artabace*, maintained his long-established reputation as the best vocalist on the English stage. In this character he finds ample opportunity of displaying that florid style, in which he delights to luxuriate. His execution of that well-known air, "Water parted from the sea" combined all that is rich in science and delicate in taste. Madame Vestris sustained the character of *Artaxerxes*, with her usual excellence. It is impossible not to admire her song "In infancy our hopes and fears," which she gave with chaste simplicity, and admirable expression: it was, as usual, loudly encored. In English opera, Madame Vestris excels, in our opinion, all the vocalists, both male and female of the present day, because she not only *sings* but *acts*. In singing, merely, she may be rivalled, and, of course, can bear no comparison with Braham. Her voice and action mutually assist each other: and she never forgets

the character while she is singing, well knowing that songs are intended, or should be intended, by

the author to illustrate the business of the opera.

COVENT GARDEN THEATRE.

THE course of policy adopted by the Manager of this rival establishment, has already manifested itself in results the most fortunate and unexpected. Having no changes or decorations to set forth in his bills, he properly directed his attention to the collecting of new Performers and new Pieces; in the prosecution of which plan he has introduced many clever persons to the London boards, upon some of whom we have had occasion to remark in our former notices of Theatrical transactions.— Since our last account, three new pieces have been exhibited at this Theatre: a farce, an opera, and a tragedy. The first is a lively little piece entitled the *Irish Tutor*, said to be the production of the Earl of Glengall. The leading Personage, indeed the only one deserving of mention, is the *Tutor* himself, who exhibits, though not in very glowing colours, that mixture of wit and absurdity, which has long been considered as almost the exclusive peculiarity of the wild compound of Irish mind. A clear plot, a plain and unaffected current of dialogue, and a sufficient portion of vivacity, not without its puns, constitute the principal merit of a work, which is by its nature exempted from any rigid examination. While farces excite laughter critics may condemn; but the public, who go to laugh, will retort upon the critic, ridicule his seriousness, and laugh at his pedantry.

The opera is entitled *Maid Marian* and is founded on a pleasant little novel of the same name; in adapting which to the Theatre, much of the dialogue has been preserved entire, and the songs are chiefly selected from the simple but expressive poetry which is scattered with no unsparing hand throughout the work. The piece which is founded on the adventures of Robin Hood and his merry outlaws, commences with the preparations for the union of *Matilda*, the heiress of *Baron Fitzwalter*, with *Robert Fitzooth*, *Earl of Huntingdon*, afterwards

Robin Hood. The nuptials are prevented by the arrival of *Sir Ralph Montfaucon*, who is deputed by *Longchamp*, Archbishop of Canterbury, (the Regent appointed in the absence of *Richard Cœur de Lion*, who is in Palestine) to attain *Huntingdon* of high treason. The latter, assisted by his followers, defeats *Montfaucon's* force, and flies to "Merry Sherwood." He is here joined by his faithful *Matilda* and her father; the old Baron having fired his castle, sooner than it should become the prey of *Prince John*, who endeavours, in the absence of his brother *Richard*, to ascend the English Throne. In this "shady green retreat" *Matilda Fitzwalter* consents to give up her name of quality; she is re-baptised by the merry, drinking, fighting *Friar Tuck*, as plain *Maid Marian*; and is formally espoused to *Robin Hood*. Several laughable adventures occur to the outlaws in the prosecution of their freebooting system, and they have occasionally to contend, sword in hand, in defence of their assumed right to taste of the King's venison; but *Richard Cœur de Lion* having escaped from foreign enthrallment, happens, when bewildered in the mazes of the forest, to fall in with this sturdy band; and, pleased with the loyalty they express to the person of (as they suppose) their absent sovereign, he pardons their trespasses, and all are made happy. The opera is very languid, except where *Friar Tuck* or *Baron Fitzwalter*, is actively employed. The former character was most humourously supported by Mr. C. Kemble. He was in truth an excellent representative of the "Church Militant." His jest, his flagon, and his quarter staff flew about most merrily. He even ventured on a verse or two of an old ballad, and thus completed the character of the jolliest of Priars. Mr. Farren, in the character of the testy *Lord Fitzwalter*, made many good points. Miss M. Tree, most deservedly a favourite with the public, played the fair *Matilda*.

Her performance was distinguished by the most bewitching *naïveté* and her singing by taste and science.—Several of her songs were encored. The music is by Mr. Bishop, and except a very small portion of it, is by no means in unison with the character of the piece. The scenery, as is usual at this theatre, was beautiful. The landscape clear and brilliant, and the architecture grandly correct. The banquet scene was in every respect gorgeous.—The opera was received by the audience with the most enthusiastic applause.

The tragedy is from the pen of Mr. Shiel, and is called "*The Huguenot*," it was originally announced under the more appropriate title of "*The Convict*." This play, like all the others by the same author, is written with too palpable an aim at stage effect; so that instead of each scene being as it were a step, which advances and conducts to the final catastrophe, the whole five acts is composed of an unconnected succession of striking situations; the spectator's feelings are hurried along with the actor from one distress to another, till both arrive fatigued at the conclusion of the piece. Nevertheless the incidents are frequently interesting, perhaps affecting, and sometimes even new. The fable, it can scarcely be denominated a plot, of the *Huguenot* is this:

Margaret Romont, the daughter of a reduced noble, in order to save her father from ruin has consented to marry the *Duke of Monville*, notwithstanding that her affections, as she acknowledges to her confessor, are still irrevocably rivited on *Adolphus Polignac*, with whom she had three years before exchanged vows of unalterable constancy, but who had subsequently released her from her engagement by writing to bid her an eternal adieu. During the performance of the nuptial ceremony, the *Convict*, who is no other than the identical *Adolphus Polignac*, and who, for the confession of a murder, had been condemned to the gallies, rushes in, disguised, and, demanding a few moments' private audience of the bride, represents himself as a friend of her former lover; and, having

given her a picture, is on the point of retiring, when *Margaret*, being awakened to a suspicion of the truth by the fervent and familiar tone of his farewell, attempts to detain him. The *Duke* and the father, who had very accommodately retired during the conference, come forward; *Polignac* is seized and discovered; *Margaret*, on beholding his features, falls senseless; a scene of altercation ensues between the lover and bridegroom, wherein it appears that they had formerly been rivals in arms, as they now are in love, and the *Convict*, we presume, through the *Duke's* influence with the legislative authorities of the place (*Orleans*) is ordered for immediate execution. *Margaret*, on recovering, refuses to wed *Monville*; and her father, being reduced by the failure of this alternative to utter beggary, upbraids her unkindness, and, abjuring her for ever, leaves her to perish in the streets. She follows the sound of the death bell, and arrives at the place of execution just at the moment her lover is about to mount the scaffold, when *La Roche*, the priest, very opportunely enters, bearing the death bed confession of a blind old man, *Polignac's* father; who, with his last breath, had acknowledged himself to have been the perpetrator of the murder, for which his son is about to suffer, from being bound by an oath never to reveal the truth; but who is now restored to liberty and *Margaret*; and we are left uncertain whether most to execrate the selfish and unnatural tyranny of the parents, or to admire the filial devotedness of their children. There are two female characters besides *Margaret*, but which are introduced solely for the purpose of redeeming the objection, that has been made to the indecorousness of a young lady walking through five acts without some other female to keep her in countenance.

The diction of the play is elegant, and did not appear to be so inflated as is usually the case in Mr. S's productions; but, though the language is frequently flowery, there is not any thing like fine poetry; such imagery as this we must decidedly protest against, as being in

bad taste and not in keeping; "the slimy bravery of shame" and "dishonour breaking from a man, like a noxious vapour from a grave." A frequent application too of the term "bad" serves as a substitute for some more limited and undefined epithet, "this bad world"—"this bad heart"—"bad man," &c. The paraphrase on the vulgar adage "Misfortunes never come single" had better have been omitted. All this is very slovenly. But we pass with pleasure from criticising the tragedy to the more pleasing task of praising the performers.

Though the whining sorrows of the heroine afforded no adequate display of Miss Kelly's highly original talents, yet her personification of *Margaret* was distinguished by the nicest discrimination. In the former scenes of the play, where she has only her own sorrows to sustain, she claims a right to indulge in grief; but, from the first moment that she hears her lover's character assailed, she becomes a new creature. She dries her tears in order to arm herself with strength for his defence; she undertakes to stand up as his champion; and her fortitude and resolution never once faint under the task; exhibiting a

beautiful picture of woman's real courage. Miss Kelly has ventured a bold experiment in resolving to trust to an imitation of nature alone for success. Her style of acting is very peculiar; we heartily wish it may become popular. The manner in which the words as it were gushed from her heart, in her supplication for divine aid, was finer than any of the finest touches we ever remember of Miss O'Neill's.

Of Mr. Macready in the character of the *Huguenot*, without going into the detail, it is sufficient to say, that he transcended all his former efforts. It has been observed of him, in this part, that Mr. Kean *might* have equalled him, certainly no other living performer; this is saying a great deal, but we think not too much. Why is he not allowed to appear more frequently in Shakespeare? Mr. Abbot preserved a serenity of demeanour, that was perfectly in unison with the pacific disposition of the character he represented: perhaps he looked somewhat too young and interesting to accord exactly with our notions of a young lady's ghostly confessor. Mrs. Vining was a very handsome bridesmaid; but she should have been dressed in white.

FOREIGN POLITICAL DIGEST.

THE Duke of Wellington is arrived in London from Paris, but nothing has transpired relative to the probability of a war between France and Spain. The opinion, however, of the best-informed politicians, appears decidedly in favour of peace. This is also strengthened by the fact of a treaty, offensive and defensive, having been entered into between the constitutional governments of Spain and Portugal, and the engagement on the part of the latter Power to furnish an army to their Ally, in case of invasion by France. The formidable preparations for war making by Spain will, doubtless, have a powerful effect on the councils of her enemies, and the armies of France, led on by young officers without experience, will not be made very effective instruments in fighting against the cause of li-

berty, for which they have endured so much.—Weak, indeed, must be the Bourbons of France, if they cannot discern their security and happiness in peace, and their misery and ruin in war!

SPAIN.—The insurrection is dying away in all the Provinces.—Nearly all the officers and sub-officers have taken refuge in France. All the couriers from Madrid, and every other part of the Peninsula, now arrive at Bayonne without delay.—A Proclamation of Mina denounces severe penalties against those faithless Spaniards who either aid the rebels, or abandon their towns and houses from cowardice. The accounts all concur in representing the Constitutional arms as every where successful, and the Rebels as defeated and dismayed.—The military preparations of the

Spanish Government are proceeding with extraordinary activity, and are well seconded by the enthusiasm of the people. The new levies are proceeding rapidly; volunteer companies are forming in all the towns, the fortresses are repairing, and the manufactories of arms and stores have given employment to multitudes of the poor. Large portions of the communal and uncultivated lands are distributed by the Political Chiefs among the rural population; and a numerous race of small proprietors is thus created, whose enjoyment of their property depends on the stability of the Constitution. — Enthusiasm in favour of the Constitution is at its acmé in Madrid. There are lectures on the Constitution, Constitutional catechisms, Constitutional calendars, Constitutional ribbands, Constitutional taverns, Constitutional confectionary, Constitutional songs, in abundance, and Constitutional plays. — The Cortes have come to a resolution respecting the insurgent guards: On the memorable 7th of July, 400 of the rebels laid down their arms to two Constitutional officers, upon a pledge from the latter, that their lives should be spared. They had no authority for giving such a pledge, but the Cortes have not only confirmed it, but decreed, that even the rebel guards taken without capitulation, and in process of trial, shall be exempted from their legal liability to the punishment of death.

FRANCE. — A disturbance took place at the School of Medicine on the 18th of November. — The Abbé Nicole, who is rector of the academy, had no sooner appeared to address the young men, than the cry of "*A bas les Jésuites !*" and other offensive expressions, were uttered. The Abbé could not be heard, and M. Desgenettes, who tried for an hour to gain a hearing, could not succeed. After this tumultuous conduct had continued for some time, an end was put to the sitting; and the Rector on going out was saluted with still stronger testimonies of disapprobation. "The prevalence of liberal opinions," says a private letter, "among the different colleges and lycées of Paris, is very striking; and it appears, that the measures of rigour adopted against their fa-

vourite instructors and professors, only tend to increase their attachment for what they consider the persecuted truth." — In consequence of this disturbance, a Royal Decree was issued on the 21st, which entirely suppressed the faculty of medicine, and ordered the Minister of the Interior to present a plan for its reorganization. The Grand Master is, however, allowed "to authorize those of whom he may receive favourable information, to resume their inscriptions either in the faculties of Strasburg, Montpellier, or in any of the secondary schools." The suppressed school was governed by twenty-five professors, the most eminent surgeons of France, and gave instruction to four thousand students. — A Royal Ordinance, dated the 20th November, appeared in the *Moniteur* of Sunday, December 1, calling out forty thousand men of the Levy of 1822, which are not an addition to the army, but for the purpose of replacing forty thousand men, whose term of service expires this year. Several officers of Gen. Mina arrived at Perpignan, who had been made prisoners at Urgel, and conducted to Toulouse. They came from that town, where they entered quite in rags, and were at first very badly received. They were taken for the men of the Faith, but as soon as the error was discovered, they were amply compensated. People stripped off their clothes to give to them; a subscription was immediately opened in their favour; and they say, had they received every thing which was offered them, as clothes and other succours, it would have been impossible to carry them into Spain. — The determination of this Government, to maintain peace if possible, is said to have been brought about in a great measure by the ascertained temper of the French army. Letters have been received from the frontiers, which speak of occurrences there the most alarming — of insubordination and desertion.

GREECE AND TURKEY. — Private letters state the taking of Napoli di Romania by the Greeks; they entered it on the 1st of November, and found 500 pieces of cannon in that fortress. The Turks had their lives spared, though they broke the capi-

tulation which they had concluded a month before.

Constantinople has recently been the scene of great disturbances. The violent clamours of the Janissaries against the favourite Minister, Haleb Effendi, at length alarmed Sultan Mahmoud, who resolved to convince himself by his own eyes of the truth of the statements. He traversed the streets of Constantinople on the 9th in the strictest *incognito*. The most profound tranquillity prevailed. He spoke with several persons who met him; the information which he obtained on this occasion decided his purpose. Haleb Effendi was dismissed and exiled, as were also his friends the Grand Vizier and the Barber Pacha or Chief Barber. This change was supposed greatly to increase the prospect of war with Russia, as Haleb was thought to favour the pacific mediation of Austria and England, and the Janissaries, who have triumphed have long been furious for war.

BRAZIL.—The Prince Regent published a proclamation on the 21st of September, declaring the final separation of Brazil from Portugal, and announcing his own promotion to the dignity of Emperor.—On the 12th of October, when his Highness attained his 24th year, he was solemnly proclaimed at Rio Janeiro, Constitutional Emperor and Perpetual Defender of the kingdom of Brazil, by the title of Don Pedro the First. The forms were gone through in the hall of the Senate of the Camora, and the enthusiasm of all classes was very great. In the evening the city was illuminated, and the Emperor, accompanied by his consort, Donna Maria da Gloria, went to the theatre, where pieces were represented and hymns sung, adapted to the occasion.

PORTUGAL.—On the 4th of October, the General and Extraordinary Cortes, their labours in framing the Constitution being concluded, closed their session. The King attended and delivered a very eloquent and constitutional speech. His Majesty congratulated the Cortes on the completion of their glorious labours, which had made the people free and prosperous, and himself happy. In regard to foreign relations, the King

announced that they were of the most pacific description; and he added,—“I have particular satisfaction in being able to announce to you, that the most positive declarations of the Governments of France and England have fully secured us against the fears of any attack upon our independence.”—In reply, the President delivered a long and able address, in which he eloquently alluded to the order, peace, and harmony, which had characterized the Revolution. “Portugal,” he said, “has given to astonished Europe the first example of a regeneration commenced and concluded in the short space of two years, in which the inhabitants of great cities and of the poorest villages have not for a single day discontinued their usual occupations—in which no parties have dared to shew themselves in a way capable of affecting the security of the Republic,—and in which all citizens have with marked alacrity, or at least with firm resignation, sacrificed their own interests to the public welfare.” The ceremony took place amid the enthusiastic plaudits of all present. In the sitting of the Cortes on the 4th, a report was made on a despatch from the Minister for the Home Department, in which the Congress was informed that the Queen, having refused to take the oath to the Constitution of the Monarchy, the King had resolved on carrying into execution the decree of the Cortes, ordaining that whoever shall refuse to swear to the Constitution shall quit the kingdom, and renounce the rights of a Portuguese citizen. In the sitting of the following day, Senhor Pato Moriz read the following motion:—“It being indispensable that the law should be carried into effect, as well with regard to the Ex-queen of Portugal, as any other person who may refuse to swear to the political constitution of the monarchy; and its execution having been delayed by the report of the physicians, stating that her life would be endangered by the severity of the weather, if she should travel in the present state of her health; I propose that the Government be required to order, that the same ten physicians do continue to

attend the Ex-Portuguese citizen during her residence in the Quinta de Ramalhao, and accompany her up to the period of her quitting the

Portuguese territories."—This proposition remained over for a second reading.

LIST OF PATENTS.

THOMAS LEACH, of Blue Boar-court, Friday-street, Cheapside, London, merchant, for an improvement in steam engines, by the application of steam immediately to a wheel, instead of the usual process. Communicated to him by a certain foreigner residing abroad. Dated Oct. 28, 1822.

WILLIAM PIPER, of Cookley Iron Works, Wolverley, Worcestershire, Civil Engineer; for several new anchors for the use of shipping and other vessels. Dated Nov. 1, 1822.

ALFRED FLINT, of Uley, Gloucestershire, engineer; for a machine for scouring, pising, and washing woollen cloths. Dated Nov. 1, 1822.

JOHN OXFORD, of Little Britain, London, Gentleman, for an improved method of preventing premature decay in timber, metallic substances, and canvas, by the application whereof to such several bodies, respectively, the same are rendered impervious to the dry rot, damp rot, worms, insects, or rust, to which the same are respectively liable, and the same are rendered thereby more durable, and less liable to decay. Dated Nov. 1, 1822.

JOHN DOWELL MOXON, of Liver-

pool, Lancashire, ship owner, and merchant; for improvements in the construction of bridges, and works of a similar nature. Dated Nov. 9, 1822.

FRANCIS DEAKIN of Birmingham, Warwickshire, sword manufacturer and wire-drawer; for an improvement in the manufacture of holster-cases, cartouch boxes, and certain other description of cases. Dated Nov. 9, 1822.

JOHN JEKYLL, of Roundhill-house, Wincanton, Somersetshire, Captain in his Majesty's navy; for certain improvements in steam or vapour baths, to render the same more portable and convenient than those in present use. Dated Nov. 9, 1822.

RICHARD ROBERTS, of Manchester, Lancashire, civil engineer; for certain machinery or implements applicable to the process of weaving plain or figured cloths or fabrics, which may be used on, and in conjunction with, looms now in common use; and also certain improvements in the construction of looms for weaving plain and figured cloths or fabrics, and in the method of working looms, either by hand, by steam, or other power. Dated 14, 1822.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The latter sown Wheats have generally planted well, but the open weather has thrown out abundance of weeds, on the bean and pea eddishes; which, from the inability of the occupiers, were not sufficiently cleared and cultivated for the reception of the seed. The grazing districts are full of grass, and the common turnips were in full growth, until the late frost; but the Swedes have almost universally failed. —Mangel-Wurzel and Coleseed are abundant in most parts, particularly in the Fen districts of Lincoln, Cambridge, and Huntingdon. The meat markets

continue their low prices: Smithfield having an over-supply on Mondays and Fridays, though principally of beasts of inferior condition. Lean stock is somewhat dearer; but more so in store sheep than in bullocks; and milch cows sell freely for more money. The Hay-market is heavy, from the large quantity of feed, which the open weather every where supplies. The potatoe crop has been good in most districts; but not so large as that of last year. There is but little doing in the Hop-trade; and the Wool-market is dull nearly at last month's prices.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

(London, Dec. 24.)

COTTON.—There has been a very extensive speculation entered into in East-India Cottons; the buyers have continued purchasing regularly for some time, and in so quiet a manner, that the extent of the speculation did not transpire until all the purchases were made. The estimated quantity is nearly 8000 bags, viz.: 5500 Bengals, 4½d. a 5½d., and 2500 Surats, 5d. a 5½d. being nearly the same prices as the average of last India sale. One of the first India houses disposed of all their stock of Cotton.

SUGAR.—The demand for Muscovades last week was without interest till towards Friday, when very considerable purchases were made, owing, no doubt, to the closing of the market previous to the holidays: no improvement in the good and fine samples could be stated; the low browns were heavy, and were offered 6d. a 1s. per cwt. lower to induce buyers to come forward, but no progress could be made in the sales.

COFFEE.—The public sales of Coffee last week were inconsiderable; the St. Domingo fully supported the previous prices, ordinary to good ordinary 99s.

a 100s.; middling Brazil sold 112s. and 112s. 6d. fine ordinary 105s. 6d., good ordinary 98s. 6d. The remainder of the Coffee consisted of Demerara and Berbice descriptions, generally ordinary and damaged; they sold at a reduction of 2s. a 3s. By private contract, good ordinary clean Jamaica was in great request, and for one parcel 102s. was realised.

CORN.—There was a good supply of Wheat to yesterday's market from Essex and Kent; a few of the best runs were early selected out, and purchased eagerly at an advance of 1s. per quarter; the trade afterwards became heavy, and some proportion of the supply remained over undisposed of.—The late very large arrivals of Barley have supplied the malsters with stock, the demand was in consequence languid, and no progress could be made in the sales.—Oats were very heavy, and no buyers would purchase to any extent, unless a decline of 6d. a 1s. per quarter was submitted to, the reduction was in several instances confirmed, but no general decline in the prices can be stated.—Beans were without alteration.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF TRADE.

The *Secretary* to the SOCIETY of GUARDIANS for the PROTECTION of TRADE by Circulars has informed the Members thereof, that

JOHN NIGHTINGALE, of 21, Bruton-street, Berkley-square,

GEORGE HODGSON, of 29, Alsop's-buildings, New-road,

ANDREW KAUFFMAN, musical instrument maker, formerly of Angel-court, Skinner-street, Snow-hill, and since of 13, Water-street, Blackfriars,

THOMAS CLOSS, of the Quadrant, Regent-street, and

FREDERICK RANKIN, surgeon, late of Buckingham-street, Strand, and since of 54, Hatfield-street, Blackfriars, are reported to this Society as improper to be proposed to be ballotted for as Members thereof:—that

JOHN JULIAN, coal and provision warehouse, Park-street, Borough, is connected with

HUNTER and RICHARDSON, 12, Hadlow-street, Brunswick-square:—and that

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GEORGE SMITH pretends to be in the employ of the respectable House of Messrs. Harding and Co. of Pall Mall, as well as in that of Messrs. Howell and James, of Regent-street.

A thin woman, of rather mean appearance, with a sallow complexion, and dark brown hair parted in the front, dressed in a buff spotted cotton gown, a drab whittle, and a black silk bonnet, calling herself

MARGARET THOMPSON, has obtained money from various tradesmen, by pretending to be the housekeeper of a respectable family, and to bring orders for mourning, &c. She generally gives a letter to a respectable silk house in Waterloo-place for the goods.

SAMUEL RANKEN, who is described as a man of colour, is not Mr. SAMUEL BRANDON RANKEN, of Chapel-place, Norwood;—one of the addresses of the above SAMUEL RANKEN being at Norwood renders this notice necessary.

LIST OF BANKRUPTS,

FROM SATURDAY, NOV. 23, TO SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1822:

WITH THE ATTORNIES' NAMES.

Extracted from the London Gazette.

N.B. All the Meetings are at the *Court of Commissioners, Basinghall-street*, unless otherwise expressed. The Attornies' Names are between Parenthesis.

BANKRUPTS.

- Austin, J. Berkhamstead, St. Peter, Herts, coach-maker, Dec. 10, 21, and Jan. 18. (Williams and Goddard, Grays-inn-place)
- Atherstone, J. Nottingham, dyer, Dec. 19, 21, Punch Bowl, Nottingham, (Briggs, Taylor, and Gould, Lincoln's-inn-fields)
- Beiry, N. Huddersfield, merchant, Dec. 21, and Jan. 1, 2, at the Pack-horse Inn, Huddersfield. (Batty, Chancery-lane)
- Bridgman, E. L. Fish-street-hill, undertaker, Nov. 30, Dec. 7, and Jan. 4. (Sheffield, Great Piccadilly-street)
- Beams, H. Lordship-lane, Surrey, stock-broker, Dec. 3, 14, and Jan. 7. (Fishers, Aldersgate-street)
- Bailey, T. Shoreditch, seedman, Dec. 3, 10, and Jan. 7. (Hodgson, Salisbury-street, Strand)
- Butler, J. Milk-street, merchant. Dec. 17, 18, Jan. 11, at the White Bear Inn, Manchester. (Hurd and Johnson, Temple)
- Palmer, J. Poultry, vromonger, Dec. 10, 17, Jan. 14. (James, Bucklesbury)
- Bovkan, J. Bolton-le-Moors, grocer, Dec. 21, 27, Jan. 14. Bridge Inn, Bolton-le-Moors. (Addington, Gregory, and Faulkner, Bedford-row)
- Browne, J. N. Manchester, cotton spinner, Dec. 21, 26, Jan. 18. Bridgewater Arms-inn, Manchester. (Milne and Parry, Temple)
- Balden, W. Sherborne, Dorset, Minister, Dec. 11, 21, Jan. 18. (Nichols, Great Winchester-street)
- Blackband, J. Newport, Shropshire, grocer, Dec. 17, 18, Jan. 21, Red Lion Inn, Newport. (Hicks, Gray's-inn-square)
- Bury, J. Manchester, J. Bury, Pendlehill, Lancashire, and T. Bury, Bucklebury, calico-printers, Jan. 1, 8, 21, Bridgewater Arms Inn, Manchester. (Makinson, Middle-temple)
- Butterton, J. Drayton in Hales, Shropshire, money-scrivener, Jan. 2, 3, 38. Talbot-inn, Drayton in Hales. (Baxter, Gray's-inn-place)
- Bennett, H. L. Liverpool, tobaccoconist, Jan. 7, 8, 28, King's Arms Inn, Liverpool. (Swain, Stevens, Maples, Pearce and Hunt, Old Jewry)
- Craney, J. Snow Hill, grocer, Nov. 30, Dec. 7, Jan. 4. (Messrs. Tuttle, Richardson, and Gaunt, Poultry)
- Clark, H. Swallowfields, Wilts, grocer, Dec. 3, 1, Jan. 4, Angel Inn, Reading. (Hamilton and Twining, Berwick-street, Soho)
- Craig, J. High Holborn, linen-draper, Dec. 3, 11, Jan. 11. (Hobler, Size-lane)
- Chaplin, J. Lissen-grove, St. Mary-le bone, bricklayer, Dec. 7, 14, Jan. 14. (Carlon, High-st. Mary-le-bone)
- Crisp W. Bramfield, Suffolk, grocer, Dec. 21, 21, Jan. 18, New Swan, Southwold. (Pugh Bernard-street)
- Cottrell, W. Bishop's Cleeve, Gloucestershire farmer, Dec. 12, 13, Jan. 18, Swan Inn Tewkesbury. (Edmunds, Exchequer Office Lincoln's-inn)
- Clift, H. Painswick, Gloucestershire, clothier, Dec. 21, 24, and Jan. 21. (J. Chadborn, Gloucester, & King, Sergeant's-inn, Fleet-street)
- Cookson, J. Leeds, woollen cloth manufacturer, Dec. 20, 21, Jan. 21, Court-house, Leeds. (Wilson, Greville street, Hutton-garden)
- Colep, J. Pakenhall, Suffolk, shoekeeper, Jan. 2, 3, 28, Angel Inn, Halesworth. (Cufaude, Norfolk-street, Strand)
- Dawson, T. St. Thomas's Mill, Staffordshire, miller Dec. 11, 12, Jan. 4. (Wheatley and Barlow, Stone, & Barber, Fetter-lane)
- Deaville, E. Manchester, wholesale grocer, Jan. 3, 1, 21. Mole Arms Inn, Manchester. (Herd and Johnson, King's Bench Walk, Temple)
- Dare, W. Woking, Surrey, nurseryman, Dec. 7, 11, Jan. 11. (Walthew, Wine Office-court, Fleet-street)
- Edwards, J. Lougharne, Carmarthenshire, inn-keeper, Nov. 28, 23, Jan. 1, Blue boat Sun-street, Chats. (Clarke, Richards, and Metcalf, Chancery-lane)
- Edwards, T. Gerrard-street, Soho, woollen-draper, Dec. 3, 10, Jan. 11. (Sweet, Stokes, and Carr, Basinghall-street)
- Ellis, H. Friston, Suffolk, farmer, Dec. 9, 10, Jan. 11, White Hart Inn, Wickham Market. (Hine, Temple)
- Errington, R. Hexham, Northumberland, butter-factor, Dec. 30, 31, Jan. 18. Bush Inn, Hexham. (Addison, Verulam-buildings, Gray's-inn)
- Evans, J. P. Freeman's Court, Cornhill, law stationer, Dec. 21, 28, Jan. 23. (Watson and Broughton, Falcon-square)
- French, G. Whitechapel road, provision agent, Dec. 3, 10, Jan. 4. (Saunders, Henwood, and Matthews, Upper Thames-street)
- Fairclough, T. Liverpool, slater, Dec. 18, 19, Jan. 7, George Inn, Liverpool. (Blackstock and Bunce, Temple)
- Field, J. and L. Royston, Leeds, cloth-merchants, Dec. 16, 17, Jan. 11, Court-house, Leeds. (Robinson and Son, Essex-street, Strand)
- Gilading J. Ipswich, victualler, Dec. 5, 6, Jan. 7. Golden Lion, Ipswich. (Bromley, Gray's-inn-square)
- Goldstein, N. High-street, Shadwell, wholesale slop sellers, Dec. 7, 14, Jan. 11. (Hutchinson, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street)
- Grocott, J. T. Manchester, wine-merchant, Dec. 16, 17, Jan. 11, Star Inn, Manchester. (Ray, Manchester)
- Gray, C. Upper Montague-street, horse-dealer, Dec. 3, 17, Jan. 11. (Mr. Benton, Union-street, Southwark)
- Glyde, J. Yeovil, Somersetshire, farmer, Jan. 6, 7, 25, Mermaid Inn, Yeovil. (Williams, Red Lion-square)
- Griths, W. Abergavenny, seedsman, Dec. 21, 28, Jan. 25. (Tustin, Bride court, New Bridge-street)
- Gream, H. H. Lower Fountain-place, City-road, merchants, Dec. 24, and Jan. 7, 25. (Hodgson, Salisbury-street, Strand)
- Hoult, L. Norwich, iron-founder, Dec. 23, 24, Jan. 11. Castle and Lion Inn, Norwich. (Longdill and Butterfield, Gray's-inn-square)
- Heap, W. Cobber's Nab, Lancashire, cotton spinner, Dec. 23, 24, Jan. 18, Bridgewater Arms Inn, Manchester. (Milne and Parry, Temple)
- Hawkes T. & C. Little Abington-street, coal-merchants, Dec. 17, 21, Jan. 18. (Orchard, Gray's-inn-square)

- Hudbert, T. otherwise T. S. Hulbert, Chippingham, Wilts, linen draper, Dec. 11, 25, Jan. 21, Bush Tavern, Bristol. (Williams and White, Lincoln's-inn, Old-buildings)
- Hudson, T. Lower Pilleiton, Warwickshire, weaver, Dec. 30, 31, Jan. 25. (Warwick Arms-Inn, Warwick. (Chester, Staple Inn.)
- Jermyn, J. Great Yarmouth maltster, Dec. 6, 13, Jan. 4, Black Lion Tavern, Great Yarmouth. (Swain, Stevens, Maples, Pearse, and Hunt, Frederic's-place, Old Jewry.
- Jardine, A. Sen. Leatherhead, Surrey, draper, Nov. 30, Dec. 14, Jan. 7. (Lester, New court, Crutched-friars.
- Jones, J. C. Bridgenorth, Shropshire linen-draper, Dec. 6, 7, 21, Crown Inn and Royal Hotel, Bridgenorth. (Mayhew, Chancery-lane.
- Jones, T. Cleobury Mortimer, Shropshire, Innholder, Dec. 19, 20, Jan. 18, Black Horse Inn, Worcester-shire. (Becke, Devonshire-street, Queen-square.
- Kirby, T. Market Weighton, York-shire, common brewer, Dec. 16, at the Cross Keys Inn, Beverley, Dec. 17, Jan. 11, at the house of T. Rotsey, Innholder. (Lys, Lincoln's-inn fields.
- Knipe, T. Liverpool, merchants, Jan. 6, 7, 28, George Inn, Liverpool. (Willetts, Essex-street, Temple.
- Lee, P. Bocking, Essex, victualler, Dec. 16, 17, Jan. 14, Horse and Groom Inn, Bocking. (Taylor and Roscoe, King's Bench-walk, Temple.
- Marks, M. Romford, Dec. 3, 10, Jan. 4. (Hall, Great James-street, Bedford-row.
- Matthews, T. Ross, Herefordshire, currier, Dec. 9, 10, Jan. 11. King's Head Inn, Ross. (Bridges and Quilter, Red Lion-square.
- Martley, L. H. Finsbury-square, merchant, Dec. 7, 14, Jan. 11 (Faren, Serveney and Stuart, King's Arms-yard, Coleman-street.
- Misthews, T. Starston, Norfolk, farmer, Jan. 3, 4, 25. Rampant Horse Inn, Norwich. (Fairbank, Staple Inn.
- Morgan, J. Elder-street, Norton Folgate, lead pipe manufacturer, Dec. 21, Jan. 4, 25. (Puddicombe Thavies-Inn.
- Nettleton, W. Edgeware-road, victualler, Dec. 3, 10, Jan. 4. (Wiglesworth and Ridsdale, Gray's-inn-square.
- Pearson, T. Oxford-street, oilman, Nov. 20, Dec. 7, Jan. 4. (Popkin, Dean-street, Soho.
- Pasman, J. Old-street-road, merchant, Nov. 30, Dec. 13, Jan. 7. (Hodson, Salisbury-street, Strand.
- Paul, J. Winchester, maltster, Jan. 3, 4, 25, Black Swan Inn, Winchester. (Minchin, Verulam buildings.
- Pile, M. Jun. Sidmouth, Devon, cabinet maker, Jan. 2, 6, London Inn, Exeter, Jan. 29, Dolphin Inn, Hinton. (Lys, Lincoln's-inn-fields.
- Roylame, S. Liverpool, merchant, Jan. 8, 9, 24, York Hotel, Liverpool. (Mason, New Bridge-street.
- Ridley, W. and D. Wilson, Whitehaven, curriers, Dec. 10, 11, Jan. 4, Black Lion Inn, Whitehaven. (Glennell, Staple Inn.
- Rainy, G. Marshall-street, Cavendish-square, ironmonger, Nov. 30, Dec. 7, Jan. 4. (Bulls, Holles-street, Cavendish square.
- Riethmüller, C. U. Mark-lane, broker, Dec. 10, 17, Jan. 11. (Leas, Crutched friars.
- Roy C. Le, Pall-mall, Haberdasher, Dec. 7, 14, Jan. 14. (Leigh, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house.
- Spedding, R. G. Jun. Rickmansworth Herts, coal merchant, Dec. 23, Jan. 4, 25. (Kirkman and Sons, Cannon-street.
- Seward, J. H. Leominster, mercer, Jan. 7, 8, 28, Queen's Head Inn, Leominster. (Carter, Leominster.
- Stockdale, J. J. Strand, bookseller, Nov. 20, Dec. 3, Jan. 4. (Neale, Strand.
- Sowter, R. Water-street, Blackbarn, merchant, Nov. 30, Dec. 7, Jan. 7. (Redgrave, Salisbury-street, Strand.
- Stock, G. Ashweek, Somerset, farmer, Dec. 7, 12, Jan. 11, White Lion Inn, Bristol. (Edlington, Gregory, and Faulkner, Bedford-row.
- Singer, J. Sen. Keyford, Somerset, clothier, Dec. 14, 16, Jan. 14, Wheat Sheaves Inn, Frome Selwood. (Bridges and Gubler, Red Lion-square.
- South J. Cardiff, ironmonger, Dec. 17, 18, Jan. 14, Commercial Rooms, Bristol. (Boyle and Greenfield, Gray's-inn-square.
- Shackle, J. Milk-street, Cheap-side, London, Dec. 14, 21, Jan. 18. (Pentec and Bone, St. Swithin's lane.
- Scott, J. Alexfield, Cumberland, butcher, Jan. 2, 3, 21, Rush Inn, Carlisle. (Nesbitt and Thompson, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house.
- Tuck, J. L. Haymarket, jeweller, Feb. 3, 12, Jan. 4. (Wright, Temple.
- Thompson, J. J. Bermondsey-wall, boat builder, Dec. 7, 17, Jan. 11. (Jones and Lewis, Rivington-lane.
- Turner, T. Sandridge, Herts, haberdashery, Dec. 10, 17, Jan. 18. (Ruche, Chichester-street, Covent-garden.
- Todd, D. J. Douglas, and D. Russell, Fleet street, and W. Russell, Bow Church-yard, drapers, Dec. 21, Jan. 4, 25. (Hudd and Johnson, Temple.
- Wenton, E. J. and K. Manchester, bon dealers, Jan. 3, 4, 25, Dog Fawcett, Manchester. (Wills, Watson, and Bower, Throgmorton-street.
- Walker, E. Huddersfield, clothier, Dec. 11, Jan. 4, Pack Horse Inn, Huddersfield. (Battye, Chancery-lane.
- Wingfield, G. Worthing, Sussex, miller, Dec. 9, 10, Jan. 11, New Inn, Worthing. (Bucks, Gray's-inn-square.
- Wheeler, J. Frome Selwood, Somerset, clothier, Dec. 14, 16, Jan. 11, Wheat Sheaves Inn, Frome Selwood. (Rills, Haberdashery-court, Gray's-inn.
- Wiltshire, J. Woolton Bassett, Wilts, scholar, Dec. 20, 21, Jan. 18, Angel Inn, Wiltshire. (Bassett. (Thompson and Jay, Gray's-inn-place.
- Wilcox, J. Madeley Wood, Shropshire, printer, Jan. 7, 8, 21, Bull's Head Inn, Wellington. (Benbow and Alban, Lincoln's inn.
- Watts, R. Laurence-poulteney-hill, mercer, Dec. 17, 21, Jan. 21. (Swain, Stevens, Maples, Pearse, and Hunt, Old Jewry.
- Wych, J. Ashton-under-line, Lancashire, timber-merchant, Globe Tavern, Ashton-under-line. (Battye, Chancery-lane.
- Wells, W. Burton-hole, Hendon, Middlesex, hay salesman, Dec. 17, 23, Jan. 25. (Gylby, and Allen, Cathale-street, Soho-square.
- Woodward, E. Whetstone, Middlesex, butcher, Dec. 21, 21, Jan. 25. (Wills, Watson, and Bower, Warrford-court, Throgmorton-street.
- Yates, J. A. Weymouth, ironmonger, Jan. 2, 3, 25, Commercial Rooms, Bristol. (Bouldition and Hewitt, Broad-street, Cheap-side.

DIVIDENDS,

FROM SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, TO SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1822

Alvin, R. P. Elm-street. Gray's-inn-lane, ale brewer Jan. 7.

Armstrong, G. J. Priuces-square. Ratcliffe-highway, coal-merchant, Dec. 14.

- Andrews, R. Worcester, bookseller, Dec. 18.
 Atkinson, T. Manchester, shop-keeper, Dec. 23.
 Andrew, S. and H. Mickelhurst, Cheshire, wool-
 len-manufacturers, Dec. 31.
 Anderson, A. Salter's-hall-court, Cannon-street,
 Jan. 14.
 Browne, J. and J. Gregson, Charles-street,
 Grosvenor-square, upholsterers, Nov. 30.
 Bamford, R. Pontefract, maltster, Dec. 17.
 Bland, J. Fen-court, insurance broker, Dec. 17.
 Rickerton, W. Oswestry, Shropshire, druggist,
 Dec. 19.
 Butcher, T. Mitchel Dean, Gloucestershire,
 timber-dealer, Jan. 13.
 Broughton, J. Linthwaite, Yorkshire, cloth-
 merchant, Jan. 4.
 Benson, J. R. Artillery-place, Finsbury-square,
 merchant, Dec. 28.
 Bliss, N. Water-lane, Fleet-street, printer, Dec.
 14.
 Cuming, T. Castle-court, Birch-lane, mer-
 chant, Jan. 11.
 Coleman, T. Birmingham, carrier, Dec. 14.
 Carrell, C. Bury St. Edmunds, carpenter, Dec.
 20.
 Cawson, J. Liverpool, broker, Dec. 20.
 Chater, W. Kingston-upon-Hull, grocer, Dec.
 31.
 Carter, R. Hertford, farmer, Jan. 14.
 Day, J. and J. Spratswell, Tavistock-street,
 Covent-garden, drapers, Jan. 7.
 Dodd, J. and W. Kirkswald, Cumberland, gro-
 cers, Dec. 19.
 Dohell, J. Cranbrook, Kent, currier, Dec. 17.
 Deakin, T. and T. Dyer, Birmingham, dealers,
 Jan. 10.
 Daniel, G. and W. Cross, Birmingham, mer-
 chants, Dec. 28.
 Dixon, T. R. and G. J. Heckman, George-street,
 Spitalfields, sugar-refiners, Jan. 14.
 Davidson, W. Liverpool, merchant, Jan. 7.
 Davison, G. Upper Berkeley-street, Portman-
 square, upholsterer, Jan. 25.
 Day, R. H. Tovil, Kent, seed-crusher, Dec. 17.
 Edmunds, E. Newport, Monmouthshire, draper,
 Jan. 7.
 Edleston, R. and E. Blackburn, cotton-manu-
 facturers, Jan. 15.
 Farrer, R. Bread-street, Cheap-side, warehouse-
 man, Dec. 21.
 Fildes, J. Lamb's-conduit-street, upholsterer,
 Dec. 21.
 Fuller, J. M. Worthing, Sussex, linen-draper,
 Dec. 28.
 Fletcher, P. C. and T. Queenhithe, coal mer-
 chants, Jan. 4.
 Fearnie, C. Old Broad-street, merchant, Jan. 25.
 Griffith, T. Huddersfield, Warwickshire, victual-
 ler, Dec. 23.
 Griffiths, T. High-row, Knightsbridge, plumber,
 Nov. 26.
 Gosse, T. Cawston, Norfolk, cattle-jobber, Dec.
 27.
 Gooch, A. Norwich, bombazine manufacturer,
 Dec. 23.
 Gorton, J. Henry-street, Hampstead-road, smith
 Jan. 11.
 Hulke, S. Nottingham, silversmith, Dec. 19.
 Haswell, J. Richard-street, Islington, bookseller,
 Nov. 30.
 Hunter, J. Barge-yard, Bucklersbury, merchant,
 Dec. 7.
 Holton, W. S. Rochdale, Lancashire, woollen-
 manufacturer, Jan. 3.
 Harrison, W. Yeldersey, Derbyshire, dealer,
 Dec. 31.
 Irving, N. Carlisle, inn-keeper, Dec. 20.
 Johnson, J. Leamington, Warwickshire, drug-
 gist, Dec. 21.
 Johnson, J. Sculcoates, Yorkshire, corn-factor,
 Dec. 31.
 Kemp, W. Bath, banker, Jan. 10.
 Knight, J. Burton-under-Needwood, draper,
 Dec. 26.
 Leech, J. and J. Hinchcliffe, Cateaton-street,
 wholesale stationers, Dec. 3.
 Law, W. Copthall-chambers, Throgmorton-
 street, merchant, Dec. 21.
 Lind, T. Hem Heath, Staffordshire, carpenter,
 Dec. 21.
 Longhurst, W. Tonbridge, ironmonger, Dec. 21.
 Lynn, T. Jerusalem Coffee-house, Cornhill,
 merchant, Dec. 14.
 Lucas, R. and H. Southampton, linen-draper,
 Jan. 8.
 Lloyd, W. and W. Lower Thames-street, slop-
 sellers, Dec. 28.
 Little, A. Honley Woodhook, Yorkshire, clo-
 thier, Jan. 6.
 Miller, J. C. and A. Bishopsgate street, mer-
 chants, Nov. 30.
 M'Camley, P. Liverpool, merchant, Dec. 16.
 Morgan, G. M. Queenhithe, wholesale stationer,
 Dec. 21.
 Nicoll, E. Hemel Hempstead, Herts, wine-mer-
 chant, Dec. 14.
 Nutter, H. and J. and T. Wake, Huddersfield,
 merchant, Jan. 6.
 Orr, J. Barge yard, Bucklersbury, merchant,
 Dec. 7.
 Palmer, H. F. Lloyd's Coffee-house, insurance-
 broker, Dec. 14.
 Pallet, T. Bath, mason, Dec. 17.
 Parry, T. R. Seaton, and J. Armitage, Manches-
 ter, cotton-spinners, Dec. 19.
 Parsons, J. Swaffham, Norfolk, linen-draper,
 Dec. 26.
 Palmer, S. Bourton-on-the-Water, Gloucester-
 shire, mercer, Dec. 17.
 Payn, T. and J. D. Cateaton-street, warehouse-
 men, Dec. 31.
 Peirson, T. and W. Sammon, Russia-row, Milk-
 street, Irish factors, Jan. 7.
 Reay, T. South Shields, merchant, Jan. 21.
 Rendall, J. Bridport, painter, Jan. 27.
 Relly, R. Southampton-row, Bloomsbury, man-
 milliner, Nov. 30.
 Ross, A. and J. Murray, Leadenhall-buildings,
 Gracechurch-street, merchants, Jan. 7.
 Rymill, W. Banbury, Oxon, currier, Dec. 21.
 Robinson, T. and R. Hancock, Manchester, cot-
 ton-merchants, Dec. 23.
 Rothery, J. and T. Pape, Leeds, seed-crushers,
 Jan. 7, 8.
 Shepard, S. Wellington, Shropshire, banker,
 Jan. 20.
 Snape, W. Lichfield, mercer, Dec. 16.
 Sanders, J. Coventry, auctioneer, Dec. 20.
 Searight, B. Liverpool, merchant, Dec. 19.
 Smith, J. Manchester, dealer, Dec. 23.
 Smith, J. H. Bristol, auctioneer, Dec. 28.
 Stevens, D. G. Harlow, Essex, linen-draper,
 Dec. 28.
 Slater, R. and J. Samlesbury-mill, Lancashire,
 cotton-spinners, Jan. 7.
 Sandford, W. and J. Box, Salford, dyers, Jan. 6.
 Sampson, S. Size lane, auctioneer, Jan. 14.
 Thompson, E. Globe-stairs, Rotherhithe, ship-
 builder, Dec. 14.
 Thompson, H. and T. Mules, Paradise-row, Rô-
 therhithe, wine-merchant, Dec. 14.
 Turnbull, J. J. Forbes, R. A. Crawford, and D.
 Skene, Broad-street, merchants, Jan. 18.
 Thornley, J. Manchester, hat-manufacturer,
 Jan. 18.
 Vincent, J. Regent-street, Mary-le-bone, victu-
 aler, Dec. 17.
 Welch, J. Ainsworth, Lancashire, cotton cloth-
 manufacturer, Dec. 14.
 Wilson, J. Workop, Nottinghamshire, money
 scrivener, Dec. 23.
 Wilkins, G. Bradford, Wilts, victualer, Dec.
 21.
 Webster, R. and W. Bishop Wearmouth, Dur-
 ham, Dec. 23.
 Williams, J. Cornhill, stationer, Jan. 21.
 Wood, T. and R. and W. Troughton, Smitham-
 bottom, Surrey, Jan. 18.
 Whitehead, G. Jun. and G. Clarke, Rasinghall-
 street, Blackwell-hall factors, Jan. 18.
 Ward, R. R. Maiden-lane, Battle-bridge, mus-
 tard-manufacturer, Jan. 18.

REMARKABLE INCIDENTS IN THE MONTH.

BIRTHS ABROAD.

The Lady of G. Baring, esq. at Naples.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Penang, East Indies, Lieut. Stuart Corbett, of the 20th Bengal regiment, to Miss Caroline Britten, Suffolk-lane
At Barbadoes, Oct. 22, Lieut. Colonel Anwytt, 4th foot, to Miss Senhouse Barrow, of Barbadoes

At Sedan, France, Adolphe Lecomte, esq. of Sedan, to Miss H. S. Siondet of London
On the 15th ult. at Memel in Prussia, John Maclean, esq. of Danzig, to Eliza, eldest daughter of James Moir, esq. of the former place.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Jamaica, Rev. Jas. Daun, M. D. Rector of Westmoreland, 28
At Roseau-Dominico, Edward Holmes, esq. 38
At Calcutta, the Right Rev. T. Fanshaw Middleton, D. D. Bishop of Calcutta

At Calcutta, the Lady of Brigadier Alexander Knox, 2d regiment Native Cavalry
At Paris, Miss Elizabeth Hume, niece of Arthur Hume, esq. Teller of the Exchequer.
At Bombay, 1st Aug. Wm. Milburn, esq.

METROPOLITAN OCCURRENCES.

The only remarkable occurrence we have to record during the last month, is an attack that has been made on the Viceroy of Ireland (the Marquis Wellesley) while he was at the Theatre at Dublin. Some outrageous orangemen, enraged at the liberal policy pursued by the Noble Marquis, for the benefit of that portion of the British empire, not only insulted him by hissing and hooting, but threw bottles and rattles with an intent, it is supposed, of killing him. The Privy Council has investigated all the particulars connected with the outrage. This investigation has been carried on under the direction of the Attorney and Solicitor-General; and evidence has been disclosed, it is said, which throws a deeper tinge of desperate malignity over this horrible affair than was at first imagined possible. The Head Police and College-street offices have also been engaged in the development of this atrocious transaction. Applications had been made, whilst these examinations were pending, to admit the persons held in custody to bail: bail was refused, however, and others were subsequently taken into custody.

The following persons were fully committed, from which it appears that the proceedings have at length assumed a decisive character:—

Henry Handwick and George Graham were fully committed by Counselor Gabbett, for having, with divers other persons, feloniously conspired, confederated, and agreed to kill and murder his Excellency Richard Marquis Wellesley, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Mr. James Forbes was apprehended

under a warrant from the Magistrates of the Head Office, and fully committed on the above capital charge.

Matthew Handwick is committed for conspiring to cause a riot, and for actually, with others, having caused one on the night in question.

William Graham and William Brownlow have been apprehended on a warrant, charging them that they did, on the night of the 14th instant, conspire and combine, together with others, to commit a riot, and that they did actually commit a riot in the Theatre.

The distress in the county of Galway is now at the greatest height. There are very few gentlemen of even from 2,000l. to 5,000l. per annum (nominally) who can shew their faces out of doors for fear of being arrested.—As to obtaining rents, it is next to an impossibility, as many tenants are really unable to pay, and others take advantage of their not having been paid themselves by the under tenants, and assert their inability, so that those land owners who have to pay the interest of money lent to them, jointures or annuities, are obliged to hide themselves. No price is to be obtained for any article, save whiskey, and those gentlemen, who, twelve months ago, were the most active in preventing the making of it, are now obliged to wink at illicit distillation, in order to procure a few pounds. Government are doing what they can, but nothing effectual is in their power. Provisions are very cheap. A turbot that would dine six people, 2s. 6d. Turkeys are 10d. each. Beef 3d. Mutton 2½d. per pound.

We trust and believe, that the plan

of holding a Third Assize in the Home District will be attended with such beneficial effects, that it will be extended to every district. There are at present in the Kent County Gaol no fewer than ninety-one prisoners for trial, the greater number of whom would, but for this assize, have to lie in gaol three months longer before they could be brought to trial. A man committed in August last might have had to lie in gaol upwards of seven months, and at the expiration of that period be acquitted by a Jury of his country of the charge laid against him. The general good must occasion some individual inconvenience, but it is in every point of view, desirable to shorten the period of imprisonment before trial as much as possible.

LORD AMHERST.—The Honourable Court of Directors of the East India Company gave a grand dinner to this nobleman, in consequence of his appointment to the important station of Governor General of our Asiatic Pos-

sessions. This honorary banquet took place at the Albion tavern, Aldersgate-street.

The King's Theatre will open on the 4th of January, with Rosini's Opera of *Il Tancredi*, in which Madame Borgondio makes her first appearance in this country. The opera has been already twice rehearsed. It was first intended to commence the season with Mozart's *La Clemenza di Tito*, but the Manager has, on second consideration, thought it more expedient to give Madame Borgondio the earliest opportunity of making her *debut* before a British public. Among the improvements made at the King's Theatre during the recess is that of a new stage.

The magnificent edifice now building in Piccadilly, for Mr. Alexander Bearing, is expected to be finished and furnished by Lady-day next.

A plan is said to be in preparation to light all the public clocks in London with gas by night.

BIRTHS.

SONS.

The Lady of Captain Patterson, of the Can-
ning, East Indiaman
The Lady of Wm. Bell, esq. Streatham Hill,
Surrey
The Lady of Major Sweetenham, Somerford,
Boscon Hall, Cheshire
The Lady of the Rev. Barne Phillips, St. John
street, New Town, Chichester
The Lady of John Sutton Shugar, esq. Ports-
mouth
The Lady of the Hon. Mr. Caveleton
The Lady of the Hon. Mr. Ivby, Llanidan, An-
glesea
The Lady of W. Maherley, esq. Charles-street,
Manchester-square
The Lady of Cyril J. Monkhouse, esq. Craven-
street, Strand
The Countess of Verulam, Gorhambury
The Lady of Charles Phillips, esq. Southamp-
ton-buildings

The Lady of Mr. Bartley, of Covent Garden
Theatre
The Lady of R. Walmsley, esq. Kensington
The Lady of Dr. Birbeck, Broad-street
The Lady of Major General Sir Patrick Ross,
Millbrook, Hants
The Lady of ——— Haydn, esq. Historical
Painter
The Lady of the Rev. T. H. Ripley, Wootton
Bassett
The Lady of C. Power, Esq. Falmouth
The Lady of Lieut. Col. Downman, R. H. Ar-
tillery, and C. B.
The Lady of Mr. Stroud, Newington-causeway
The Lady of D. Carnuthers, esq. St. Arvan's,
Monmouthshire
The Lady of Joshua Blackburn, esq. Liquor-
pond-street
The Lady of the Rev. G. Ernest, Howman.

DAUGHTERS.

The Countess Brownlow, Betton House, Lin-
colnshire
The Lady of J. Platt, esq. Burton-crescent
The Lady of Matthew Munro, esq. Loperwood
House, Hants.
Lady Harriet Drummond, Albany Park
The Lady of H. O. Connor, esq. Mountjoy-
square, Dublin
The Lady of Captain Bradshaw, R.N.
The Lady of Henry Seymour, esq.
The Lady of Henry Boldero, esq. Queen-street,
May-fair
The Lady of Wm. Fox, esq. Russell-square
The Lady of Capt. Stanhope Baddock, Bellevue
Lodge, Richmond
The Lady of the Hon. J. T. Leslie Melville,
Wimpole-street

The Lady of John Tyrrell, esq. Underwood
Cottage, near Exeter
The Lady of Spencer Mackay, esq. Gloucester-
place
The Lady of the Rev. R. H. Champa (of
twins, still born)
The Lady of J. B. Heath, esq. Bloomsbury-
place
The Lady of Dr. Mogg, Bennett-street, Bath
The Lady of Major Edward Wildman, 6th Dra-
gon Guards
The Lady of Mr. C. Bullo, Old Jewry
The Lady of T. Clarke, esq. Lincoln's Inn-
fields
The Lady of James Christie, esq. Orange-hill,
Edgeware
The Lady of Geo. Drysdale, esq. Princes' place,
Kensington.

MARRIAGES.

Aubyn, W. J. Esq. Avel, to
 Lennard, Miss, Bell house, Essex
 Aldersey, H. S. Esq. Hackney, to
 Osborne, Miss, Tavistock place
 Blair, W. Davidson, Esq. Glasgow, to
 Bruce, Miss Jane, Upper Gower-street
 Browne, Rev. George St. Albans, to
 Riddle, Miss Grace, Hull
 Baker, W. Esq. M. D. Northampton, to
 Bernard, Miss, Southampton
 Browne, The Hon. Thomas, to
 O'Callaghan, Miss, Catharine Kelgory Clate
 Barstow, Jas. Esq. Gray's-inn, to
 Willis, Miss, Hackney
 Barry, Charles, Esq. Ely-place, to
 Rowsell, Miss Sarah, London
 Ballard, Rear Admiral Haxley, to
 Beevey, Miss Catherine, Haxley Abbey
 Belfast, The Earl of, to
 Buller, Lady, Havret
 Curry, Geo. Gilbert, M. D. Half-Moon-street, to
 Dennis, Miss, Alverton, Penzance
 Cornwall, John, Esq. Hendon, to
 Gregory, Miss Charlotte Susan, Kenward
 D'Almaine, Mr. George, Chandos-street, to
 Hewson, Miss W. J. Edmonton
 Drew, Mr. Henry, Leicester-street, to
 Smith, Miss Marian, Pottton, Bedfordshire
 Eldrid, T. Esq. Fore-street, to
 Stubbs, Mrs. Walsall
 Featherstonhaugh, John, Esq. Isleworth, to
 Clarke, Miss, Stow's-place
 Forster, John, Esq. Lambeth, to
 Cooper, Miss Catherine Matilda, Riverhead
 Goum, R. S. Esq. Bramdean, Hants, to
 Fox, Miss, Parliament-street
 Hutton, Samuel, Esq. Birmingham, to
 Mills, Miss H. St. Clement's Church-yard
 Hargr, Mr. J. B. Monument-yard, to
 Everett, Miss, Heytesbury, Wilts

Hinxman, John, Esq. Great Russel street, to
 Bladen, Miss
 Howell, Mr. C. Upper Cumming street, to
 East, Miss Anne, Edmonton
 Kent, Mr. G. K. Spitalfields, to
 Kent, Miss, Gracechurch-street
 Lease, Major Robert, H. M. 63d foot, to
 Long, Miss, Coddenhall
 Lawes, Robt. Esq. Change-alley, to
 Bull, Miss, late of Hamburg
 Leffer, Mr. Frederic, Apothecaries' Hall, to
 Laurence, Miss, Birchm-lane
 Radcliff, Thomas, Esq. Castle Coote, to
 Armstrong, Miss, Boyle, Rosecommon
 Roberts, Mr. John, Foley-place, to
 Roberts, Miss, Baampton, Oxon
 Stanhope, The Hon. Spencer, Yorkshire, to
 Coke, Miss, Holkham
 Streetfield, John, Esq. Christ's College, to
 Darby, Miss
 Simson, Geo. Jun. Esq. Sillwood Park, Berks, to
 Sutherland, Miss Mary Anne, Gloucester-pla.
 Shaw, George, Esq. Eglantine, to
 Chippeudall, Miss Maria, Petcham-grove
 Shaw, Mr. Edmund, Tottenham, to
 Thompson, Miss, Teston, Kent
 Seymour, Mr. James, Gerrard street, Soho, to
 Whiston, Miss, New Milman-street
 Tode, George Paul Esq. Regent-street, to
 Twell, Miss, High Holborn
 Turner, Major G. Royal Artillery, to
 Ramsey, Miss Margaret, Berra
 Yesdon, Rev. W.—B. D.—Waddington, to
 Hanbury, Miss, Church Langton
 Wigney, J. N. Esq. New Taker, Sussex, to
 Waller, Miss Caroline, Devonshire-place
 Wormald, Richard Esq. Cookebridge Hall, to
 Gott, Miss, Armlay House
 Wright, E. W.—M. D.—Ship-ton-upon Stour, to
 Rinkman, Miss, Peckham, Surrey

DEATHS.

Annesley, Lieut. James, R.N. 28—Atkin, John, M. D. & Stoke Newington, 76—Austin, Mrs. Great Dover-street, Southwark, 61—Abbet, Mr. Thomas, Broughton-terry, Dundee, 103—Anderson, Mrs. Brick-street, Piccadilly—Ardesoit, Stephen, Esq. Watford, 70—Adkins, Mr. Wm. governor of the House of Correction, Coldbath-fields—Alsager, Mrs. Clayton-place, Kennington, 77.

Bloxam, Lady, York-street, 75—Bunn, John, Esq. Hatton-garden, 39—Butter, Mr. Richard, Upper Gower-street, 13—Brereton, Rev. Geo. Rahau, Cork—Balme, Rev. Edward, Russell-place, Fitzroy-square—Bunning, Mr. D. J. Bernard-street, Russell-square—Blair, Wm Esq. Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, 57—Brook, Mr. Ashford, Kent, 70—Beardmore, John, Esq. Bolton-street, Piccadilly, 67—Bury, Miss Mary Ann, Whitley, near Wventry.

Cooper, Wm. Esq. Balton-upon-Thames, late solicitor of his Majesty's customs, 81—Coppin, Mrs. Lack-place, Chelsea, 57—Currey, Dr. G. Gilbert, Half-moon-street—Casterton, Mrs. Islington, 89.

Debrett, Mr. John, Upper Gloucester-street, Regent's Park—Denner, Mr. John, Furnival's Inn Coffee-house, 76.

Fearon, Francis, Esq. Middle Temple—Fennell, Miss Eliza, Lisson-green, 18—Fleider, John, Esq. Greenwich, 58.

Gillow, George, Esq. Hammersmith—Griffith, Thomas, Esq. Pall Mall—Gill, Mr. Edwin, St. James's-street, 30.

Hodgson, Miss Sarah, daughter of the late coroner for Middlesex—Halford, Mrs. Hamp-

stead—Hamilton, Captain, Calais, 34—Hargrave, Mr. Joseph, Cullum-street, Fenchurch-street, 31—Halford, Mrs. Broad-street buildings, 76—Harrison, Mrs. Hanover-street, Walworth, 60.

Lees, Mrs. Nicholas-lane, 61—Low, Mrs. Brompton-road, Knightsbridge—Lowndes, the Hon. Wm. a Member of Congress for South Carolina

Mackrill, Mrs. Church-row, Richmond—Middleton, Mrs. C. Eton, 74—McGhie, Mrs. Stamford-Hill, 36.

Nodder, Capt. Bright, 88th Foot, Marsh-green, Derbyshire, 75.

Ossulston, the Right Hon. Charles, Earl of Tankerville, Baron &c. &c.

Rownson, Mr. Wm. Camberwell, 24—Rowcraft, Capt. Chelsea College—Roper, R. S. D. Esq. Lincoln's-lun—Randall, Mrs. St. Peter's-hill, Doctor's Commons—Rowley, Wm. Esq. Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-lun-Fields, 58—Richards, Mrs. R. V. Montague-place—Russell, Mr. John, Great Portland-street—Richter, Mrs. Mary, Cottage, Sloane-street.

Skyner, Rev. Melmouth, Coking, Sussex, 90—Sandford, Thomas Hugh, Esq. Sandford, Salop—Sterry, Mrs. Sarah, Gilbert's-buildings, Westminster-road, 82.

Tippel, Mr. John, Sturston Hall, Suffolk, 40—Trales, Mr. G. Norfolk-street, Strand professor of astronomy in the Royal Academy, Berlin—Thurbin, Frederick, Esq. Harmondsworth, 33—Tenbey, Mr. Richard, Grove House, Woodford, Essex—Todd, Mrs. Kennington, 60—Tatham, Mrs. Hart-street, Wood-street.

PRICES OF STOCKS, COURSE OF EXCHANGE, &c.

GOVERNMENT FUNDS.		DEC. 21.	IRISH FUNDS.		DEC. 21
BANK STOCK, div. 10 per cent.	245½ a 5	Bank Stock
3 per Cent. Reduced Annuities	79½ a ½	Govt. Debents. 3½ per ct	93½
3½ per Cent. Consols Annuities	91½ a 4	Do. Stock 3½	92½
4 per Cent. Consols Annuities	97½ a ½	Govt. Debents 4	103½
Long Annuities, expire 5th Jan. 1860	20 3-16ths	Do. Stock 4
South Sea Old Ann. div. 3 per cent.	79	Ditto, ditto, New 4	102
3 per Cent Consols Annuities	Govt. Debents. 5
4 per Cent Ditto, New	Do. Stock 5
India Stock, div. 10½ per cent.	Gd. Canal Loan 6 per ct.
South Sea Stock, div. 3½	Ditto ditto 4
South S. New Anns. div. 3 per cent	Pipe Wat. Debs. 5
3 per Cent. Annuities, 1751	Do. do. do. ... 6
Imperial 3 per Cent. Annuities	City Debents. ... 5
4 per Cent. India Bonds	33 a 36 pm.	Grand Canal Stock
Exchequer Bills, £1000. 2d. per day	4 a 6 pm.	Royal Canal Stock
Ditto £300.	4 a 6 pm.	Exchange on London	8½ a ½
Ditto small	4 a 6 pm			
Bank for Account, 17th Jan. 1823			
India for Opening, 15th Jan.			
Consols for Opening, 17th Jan.	40½			
3½ per Cent. Consols	91½			
3 per Cent Reduced	79½			
Imperial			

BULLION. PER OZ.

	DEC. 24	£. s. d.
Portugal Gold, in Coin
Foreign Gold, in Bars ..	3 17	6
New Doubloons	3 14	6
New Dollars	0 4	9½
Silver, in Bars, Standard	0 4	11½

AMERICAN FUNDS.

	London, DEC. 24.	N. York, Nov. 15.
Bank Shares	£21 5 a ..s.....	103½ div. June, Dec
7 per Cent.	94	105½
6 pr. Cts of 1812.	103
.... 1813.	92 100	104½
.... 1814	106½ 7
.... 1815.	108½ 9½
3 per Cent.	70	77 8
5 per Cent. 1820	96	104½
5 per Cent. 1821	97	105½
Exchange on London, 60 days..	13 pm.

FRENCH FUNDS.

	London, DEC. 24.
5 p. Ct. An. with div.
due March 21, and
September 21	88f. 50c.
Bank Shares, div. 31
Dec. and 30 June
Reconnors. of Liqui-
dation divid. due
Mar. 21, & Sep. 21
Exchange on Lon-
don, 3 months ..	25f. 40c.
Ditto 1 ditto	25f. 50c.

PRUSSIAN STOCK.

London, DEC. 24, 1822.	
5 per Cent. Bonds, div. due 31 Mar.	
30 Sep. 85½ a 6	
Ditto new Loan, 5 per cent. Bonds,	
30 June, 30 Sep. 86	

RUSSIAN STOCK.

London, DEC. 24, 1822.	
New Loan, 5 per Cent. Stock, div. due 28 Feb.	
and 31 Aug.—Exchange 3s. 1d.	82½

COURSE OF EXCHANGE.

TUESDAY, DEC. 24

Amsterdam.....C. F.....	12	6	Barcelona	36½
Ditto at Sight.....	12	3	Seville	38½
Rotterdam	12	7	Gibraltar	38½
Antwerp	12	6	Leghorn	40½
Hamburgh	37	9	Genoa	42
Altona	37	10	Venice Italian liv.	27 50
Paris, 3 days Sight.....	25	65	Malta	46
Ditto	25	85	Naples	36
Bourdeaux	25	80	Palermo	per oz. 117½d.
Frankfort on the Main	157		Lisbon	53
Vienna effec. 2 M. flo.	10	26	Oporto	53
Trieste, ditto	10	26	Rio Janeiro	46
Madrid	36½		Bahia	50
Cadiz	35½		Dublin	91
Bilboa	36½		Cork	91

EXCHEQUER BILLS.

All Exchequer Bills dated prior to Oct. 1821, have been Advertised.

VARIATIONS OF BAROMETER, THERMOMETER, &c. AT NINE o'CLOCK, A. M.
By T. BLUNT, Mathematical Instrument Maker to his Majesty, No 22, CORNHILL.

1822	Bar	T ^h	Wind.	Obscr.	1822	Bar	Ther.	Wind.	Obscr.	1822	Bar	Ther.	Wind.	Obscr.
Nov 26	29.41	46	S. W.	Shrwy	Dec. 7	29.90	36	S. W.	Fair	1822	Bar	Ther.	Wind.	Obscr.
27	29.55	47	S. W.	Ditto	8	29.91	32	W.	Ditto	18	30.08	32	W.	Fair
28	29.30	40	W.	Rain	9	30.04	35	N. W.	Ditto	20	30.14	29	N. E.	Ditto
29	29.27	39	S. W.	Ditto	10	30.33	33	N.	Ditto	21	30.00	30	N. E.	Ditto
30	29.29	32	S. W.	Ditto	11	30.52	30	S. W.	Foggy	22	30.01	33	N. E.	Ditto
Dec. 1	29.18	36	S. W.	Ditto	12	30.50	32	N. W.	Fair	23	29.98	35	E.	Ditto
2	29.00	33	S. W.	Ditto	13	30.44	30	N.	Ditto	24	30.00	36	E.	Chdy
3	29.31	32	N.	Fair	14	30.46	31	W.	Ditto	25	30.15	33	E.	Fair
4	29.60	34	S. W.	Ditto	15	30.31	32	N. E.	Ditto	26	30.30	30	E.	Ditto
5	29.72	32	W.	Ditto	16	30.29	32	N.	Ditto					
6	29.86	34	S. W.	Ditto	17	30.46	31	N. W.	Ditto					

PRICE OF SHARES IN CANALS, DOCKS, BRIDGES, WATER-WORKS, FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES, INSTITUTIONS, MINES, &c.
DECEMBER 21, 1822.

	Price	Per Share.	Div. per Ann.		Price	Per Share.	Div. per Ann.
	£.	£ s.	£ s. d.		£.	£ s.	£ s. d.
Canals.				Bridges.			
Ashton and Oldham	100	100	4 10	Southwark	100	20	—
Barnesley	100	200	10	Ditto, New	50	60	7 1/2 p. cl
Birmingham (divided)	25	580	24	Ditto, Loan	—	—	5
Bolton and Bury	250	114	5	Vauxhall	100	26	—
Blacknock and Abergav.	150	80	4	Waterloo	100	5	—
Carlisle	50	—	—	Water-works.			
Chesterfield	100	120	8	Chelsea	—	—	—
Coventry	100	1070	44 & 3	East London	100	110	3
Cromford	100	270	14	Grand Junction	50	61	2 10
Croydon	100	3	3	Kent	100	31	1 10
Derby	100	140	6	London Bridge	—	50	2 10
Dudley	100	63	3	South London	100	30	—
Ellesmere and Chester	133	63	3	West Middlesex	—	60	2 1/2
Erwash	100	1000	58	York Buildings	100	25	—
Forth and Clyde	100	480	20	Insurances			
Grand Junction	100	248	10	Albion	500	53	2 10
Grand Surrey	100	54	3	Atlas	50	5	5 6
Grand Union	100	18	—	Bath	—	575	40
Grand Western	100	4	—	Birmingham Fire	1000	300	25
Graham	150	145	8	British	250	50	3
Hereford and Gloucester	100	—	—	County	100	43	2 10
Lancaster	100	27	1	Eagle	50	2 12	5
Leeds and Liverpool	100	375	12	European	20	20	1
Leicester	—	295	13	Globe	100	Shut	6
Leicester & Northampton	100	80	—	Guardian	100	10 10	—
Loughborough	—	3500	170	Hope	50	4 10	6
Melton Mowbray	100	220	10	Imperial Fire	500	Shut	1 10
Monmouthshire	100	170	8	Ditto, Life	50	11	9 6
Montgomeryshire	100	70	2 10	Kent Fire	50	57 10	—
Neath	—	400	25	London Fire	25	20 10	1 5
Nottingham	150	200	12	London Ship	25	21	1
Oxford	100	740	32	Provident	100	18 10	18
Portsmouth and Arundel	50	35	—	Rock	20	2	2
Regent's	—	48	—	Royal Exchange	—	273	0
Rochdale	100	65	2	Sun Fire	—	—	8 10
Shrewsbury	125	170	9 10	Sun Life	100	23 10	10
Shropshire	125	125	7	Union	200	40 10	1 8
Somerset Coal	50	120	7	Gas Lights.			
Ditto, Lock Fund	—	—	5 15	Gas Lights and Coke (Chart	50	71 10	1
Stafford & Worcestershire	140	700	40	Company	100	118	5 12
Stourbridge	145	200	10 10	City Gas Light Company	100	62	2 16
Stratford-on-Avon	—	17	—	Ditto, New	100	138	7 10
Stroudwater	—	495	22	South London	50	12 1/2	—
Swansea	100	185	10	Literary Institutions.			
Tavistock	100	90	—	London	75s	24	—
Thames and Midway	—	20	—	Russel	25s	11	—
Thames and Severn, New	—	26	—	Surrey	30s	5	—
Trent & Mersey	200	2000	75	Miscellaneous.			
Warwick and Birmingham	100	230	11	Auction Mart	50	23	1 5
Warwick and Napton	100	210	10	British Copper Company	100	52	2 10
Worcester & Birmingham	—	27	1	Golden Lane Brewery	80	9	—
Docks.				Ditto	50	5	—
London	100	Shut	4 10	Ditto, London Com. Sale Rooms	150	17	1
West India	100	Ditto	10	Carnatic Stock, 1st class	—	91	4
East India	100	127	8	Ditto, do do do	—	79	3
Commercial	100	96	3 10				
East Country	100	30	—				

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